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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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TRAVELS IN PERU AND INDIA.*

When the Spaniards first landed upon that part of the American continent which bore the name of Peru, it comprehended the whole of that enormous territory west of the Andes, from the second degree north to the seventh degree of south latitude, and included the valleys and tablelands lying between the great mountain-

chains, with certain tracts east of the Andes, constituting the whole of that vast region now subdivided into the five States of New-Granada, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chili, and Peru. It extended for four thousand miles in a straight line, and varied in breadth from three hundred to four hundred miles. These republics now occupy the territory of a great native empire, and its inhabitants tread on the dust of an ancient people, whose government was in every respect the most complete contrast to their own. Immobility was its characteristic, and that attribute is stamped on all the great public structures which have survived the ravages of time; for they exhibit a cyclopean architecture as vast as that of Babylon, and almost as solid as that of Rome. A state of turbulence constantly verging upon anarchy

^{*} Travels in Peru and India, while superintending the Collection of Chinchona Plants and Seeds in South-America, and their Introduction into India. By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. London. 1862.

Outco and Lima: a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of Modern Peru. By CLEMENTS R. MARK-HAM, F.R.G.S. London. 1856.

Travels in Peru and Mexico. By S. S. Hill, Author of Travels in Siberia, etc. London, 1860. Antiquarian, Ethnological, and other Researches in New Granada, Equador, Peru, and Chill. By William Bollarnt, F.R.G.S. London. 1860.

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has been inflicted on the descendants of the men who destroyed a mighty empire which, if despotic in its form, was paternal in its aspect, and certainly made the welfare of its subjects the primary object of its care; for this great monarchy fell not from the effects of any internal corruption, but it became the prey of a gang of rogues, plunderers, and ferocious bravoes, such as probably never before or since disgraced the flag of a Christian State.

Of the different fragments into which this great political edifice was broken, modern Peru is perhaps the most interesting, if not the most important. It has long suffered, and we fear still suffers, from great misgovernment, but it abounds in the elements of wealth, and many of its most important material interests are connected with those of England. propose, therefore, to avail ourselves of the opportunity which the publication of Mr. Markham's works presents, to bring before our readers some of the principal features of a country which he has recently explored, for a purpose to which we shall hereafter refer.

The civilization which Peru had attained, when it first became known to the Spaniards, is sketched by Robertson, and more minutely delineated in the attractive and popular pages of Prescott. government may be described as a system of imperialism associated with communism. The sovereign was supreme and irresponsible; and, like the Emperor of China, he was regarded as the vicegerent, almost as an impersonation, of the Deity. A redistribution of the soil was made every year, and it was proportioned to the wants of every individual. Labor was enforced on all for the benefit of all. Idleness was not only reprobated as a vice, but punished as a crime. Marriage was obligatory on all. The subject worked more for the community than for himself. A system of organized labor provided for the construction of great public works; and magazines were established for the support of the people in case their ordinary resources failed. The country was exempt from the two greatest afflictions of modern society—pauperism and war. No powerful and ambitious neighbor disturbed its repose; the only enterprises undertaken were against the wild frontier tribes, and their only object was to bring savages under the civilizing rule | It is remarkable that this very ancient civ-

of a beneficent despotism. Not a beggar was to be seen within the limits of the empire. Under this peculiar system, if no one could be poor, no one could grow Competition, the mainspring of modern progress, was unknown; a monotonous uniformity, compatible with much happiness, but destructive of individual self-reliance, must thus have constituted the normal condition of the ancient Peruvian nation under a government to which they are represented as having been devotedly attached.

No writer has yet thrown any clear light on the origin of this peculiar civilization, or has been able to pronounce positively whether it was self-originated or derived. Either Japan or China, however, probably first molded the institutions Junks have been often of the Incas. blown upon the Western coast of South-America, and wrecked; and it is conceivable that, although the first communication between the countries was thus accidental, an intercourse of some kind may at a very early period have been established between them. There are traces of this early connection between China and Peru in some ancient ceremonial observances. Thus the remarkable annual solemnity in which the Emperor of China recognizes the importance of agriculture, had an almost exact counterpart in an observance of the Peruvian sovereigns. sod was annually turned at a stated season by the monarch, who guided a golden plow, and the day was kept as a public festival, and passed in general rejoicing.

There was, however, an earlier civilization in Peru than that which is supposed to have been introduced by the Incas. Near Lake Titicaca, and twelve thousand nine hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, are still to be seen the ruins of vast edifices which must have belonged to a people considerably advanced in the arts of life. These consist of immense monolithic doorways and masses of hewn stone, on which the Incas themselves are said to have gazed with astonishment. Colossal male and female figures, crowned with turbans, indicate a people very different from the population of Peru under the Incas, and the very curious sculpture, together with its minute detail and high finish, points to another phase of civilization, if not to a separate race.

ilization should have had its seat in a region so elevated as not to be very propitious either to the respiration of man or to cereal production, being a plain, almost constantly frozen, one hundred and thirtyfive feet above the lake. Some subsequent upheaval of the country has probably changed its climatic condition. The remains of the great temple and city of Pachacamac, near Lima, afford additional evidence of the remote civilization of Peru. On a conical hill, four hundred and fifty-eight feet above the level of the sca, are the ruins of a temple, which, if the stories of the Spaniards are to be believed, must have even surpassed in splendor the more celebrated Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. It was built of sun-dried bricks, but all the riches of the country must have been lavished upon its interior decoration. The massive doors were plated with gold and studded with precious stones. was dedicated to Pachacamac; * and, as it contained no image or representation of the Deity, a pure and simple Theism is supposed to have been the primitive religion of Peru, which was afterward corrupted by the Incas into an idolatrous worship of They are said not to have venthe sun. tured at first to demolish this great temple, or to pollute it by the introduction of any visible symbol of the Godhead, but to have built by its side another temple dedicated to the Sun, to whose worship they hoped gradually to convert the conquered race.

The ancient empire of Peru contained a population of thirty million souls, and the country was cultivated in a manner of which China now affords the only exam-Sandy plains were rendered fertile by irrigation, and mountain-steeps, from which the llama could have scarcely picked its scanty food, were shaped into terraces, and tilled with elaborate care. The andeneria, as they were termed by the Spaniards, rose one above another, tier over tier, up the steepest acclivities of the hills. No ground was neglected on which a blade of corn would grow; and harvests waved on hights now visited only by the condor and the eagle. When subsistence was secured, taste was gratified. hanging-gardens of the Andes were the delight of a people who, by fixing their habitations in the most picturesque situa-

tions, evidently appreciated the scenic grandeur of their country. The palaces of an ancient nobility are yet to be discovered by their crumbling walls, in places now rarely trodden by the foot of man, and where the jungle has for ages effaced every trace of former cultivation. Boundary stones, indicating a very minute subdivision of the land, are still to be met with in every part of Peru; and innumerable huacas, or vast burial-mounds, attest the former populousness of the country. The western coast, once one of the most populous and productive districts of the empire, is now, with the exception of a few valleys, a desert; and these valleys, which open upon the Pacific, do not now contain a tenth part of their former population. The valley of Santa, for instance, once maintained seven hundred thousand inhabitants; the number does not now exceed twelve thousand. There were once in the valley of Ancullama, in the Province of Chancay thirty thousand individuals who paid tribute; there are now only four hundred and twenty-five people, of whom three hundred and twenty are negroes. The city of Cuzco, which numbered two hundred thousand inhabitants at the time of the conquest, now contains only twenty thousand. A vast territory, extending from the Amazon to the Andes, and from the shore of the Pacific to the sources of the Paraguay, is now almost as depopulated as if it had been smitten by a destroying angel, or had fallen under the scourge of a Genghis Khan.

The representations of the conquerors of Peru must of course be received with considerable reserve. They were thrown into a state of temporary delirium by the wonderful wealth that met their eyes on every side. In a country which possessed no external commerce, and where money was unknown, gold and silver could have been valued only as ministering to luxury, or as applicable to ornament and to the arts. It is quite credible, therefore, that the royal gardens at Cuzco possessed fountains of solid gold, and imitations in gold and silver of flowers, fruits, insects, animals, and birds. Vases and statues of gold on every side presented themselves to the excited Spaniards; but when they pretend to describe funeral piles constructed of golden faggots, and vast granaries bursting with a plethora of gold dust, we may be certain that they have wandered into the regions of romance.

^{*} Pacha signified in the ancient language of Peru "the Creator;" Cama "the Earth."

No object so much excited their cupidity as the magnificent golden plate which symbolized the Peruvian Deity in the great temple at Cuzco, and which, sparkling with the finest emeralds, was placed to catch the first rays of the sun as it rose above the mountains and to fill the edifice with dazzling light. This sacred emblem before which millions had bowed in adoration, fell by lot to one of the adventurers, by whom it was afterward lost in play. It was ultimately broken up by the military ruffians, who plundered indiscriminately, temples, palaces, and tombs.*

The administration of Spain in Peru resembled that of her other great Transatlantic dependencies. The viceroyalties of the New World were often conferred on men of honor and humanity, but they were the instruments of a policy adapted only to ruin a colony, and eventually to impoverish the empire itself. If the highest appointments of the Crown were generally conscientiously made, this can not be said of the inferior offices; and of all the South-American viceroyalties, Peru was the one which most excited the cupidity of parvenues and adventurers. It was preëminently the land of gold. Every ruined spendthrift and needy grandee looked to it as a place wherein to repair his shattered fortune. Even the Church was often recruited from persons notorious either for their incapacity or their vices; and it was not uncommon for the degenerate member of some noble family, whose conduct had brought reproach upon its name, to undergo a sudden conversion, and to be at once transformed into a colonial bishop or a dean. The riches of the country were believed to be inexhaustible. There was no necessity to dig the earth, or to grope in the beds of streams, or to undergo any other exhausting toil; the labor of thirty millions of human beings, reduced to a condition of practical slavery, was to be commanded for the production of gold.

It is asserted by Robertson, and his statement has been repeated by subsequent writers, that the humane laws which were framed by the great Council of the Indies for the protection of the natives of South-America negative the common belief that they were subject to the revolting cruelties which have been gene-

erally imputed to the first settlers in the New World. The rapid depopulation of the country can, however, be accounted for in no other way. The regulations which emanated from Spain were certainly intended to protect the Indians from colonial oppression; but the edicts were rarely put in force, and the provincial magistrates, who were themselves often the greatest offenders, possessed an efficacious mode of blinding the eyes and shutting the ears even of the members of that august court, with many of whom they were generally believed to have had secret relations. The "Mita," or system of forced labor, caused that unprecedented consumption of human life in Peru, which has reduced the country to its present depopulated state. The mines had been worked for ages by a system of forced labor under native dynasties, but it was regulated by justice and humanity. No toil was allowed that proved injurious to health, and the hours of labor were limit-The demand made by their new masters upon the industry of the Indians was enforced without measure and with. out mercy, and it was as efficacious in depopulating the country as if it had been visited by the united plagues of pestilence, famine, and the sword.

The number of inhabitants in that portion of the ancient empire of the Incas which now constitutes Peru, has been computed to have once amounted to ten millions. At the close of the eighteenth century it had fallen to less than two millions. We had occasion in a recent article * to notice a system practiced by the pretty chiefs of Borneo called the "serra," or forced trade, in which the head man of a district enters another district, and compels its inhabitants to purchase goods at exorbitant prices. The same form of oppression was practiced by Europeans in The "reparto," resembled the "serra" of Borneo. Merchants and traders were allowed the privilege, for which they doubtless paid highly, of entering any Indian village, and forcing the people to buy their goods, whether they required them or not. The refuse of warehouses, and all the unsaleable articles which encumbered the shops of Lima and Cuzco, were thus imported into the mining districts and thrust upon unwilling purchas-Damaged velvets and tawdry bro-

^{*} The late General Miller ascertained this curious fact from the archives of Cusco.

^{*} Quarterly Review, No. 222.

cades were offered to Indians who required only a covering of coarse baize; men were requested to buy silk stocking who passed their lives in the beds of rivers searching for gold; spectacles were thrust upon youths who were gifted with the eyes of eagles, razors upon those who had no beards, and books upon people who were unable to read them. The vampires of the State sucked the blood of the unhappy Indian during his life, and the vultures of the Church preyed upon his A funeral, furnished by the corpse. priest, wax-lights and masses, consummated the work of plunder, consumed the little property that remained, and made his widow homeless and his children beggars. It is easy to account for the intensity of the hatred which induced the Indians to sympathize with the Creoles in their revolt from the mother country, and to fight furiously in their cause against Spain.

Of all the great officers of the Spanish Crown, the Viceroys of Peru were the most magnificent, but they were beset with temptations almost too great for humanity. The instant one of these great functionaries set his foot in Peru, he was surrounded with greater pomp than his sovereign, and he received a homage rarely bestowed on the greatest of kings. Alcaldes crowded round him and vied for the honor of holding his stirrup and helping him to his horse; governors of provinces supported the golden canopy under which he walked in state; flowers were strewn in his path; and the grossest forms of adulation met his ear; for he could make or mar the fortune of any man in his viceroyalty. One act of homage paid to one of these great functionaries is highly characteristic. On the occasion of his public entry into Lima, the streets through which he passed were paved with silver ingots of the value (it is alleged) of sixteen million pounds. The revolt of Peru from Spain was the necessary result of the system on which the great dependency had been governed. It had felt alike the heavy oppression of the monarchy and the arrogant domination of a democracy. The revolutionary junta of 1808 was as proud, imperious, and unconciliating as the Crown had ever been; while the great American colonies, with a growing sense of their importance, possessed no small portion of the hereditary pride of the mother country. They were no longer content to be regarded as inferiors, and I deserted their generals, and sometimes the

to be held in no estimation except as ministering to the wants or augmenting the power and dignity of Spain. Like the other South-American republics, Peru owed to foreign aid much of the success of its efforts to acquire freedom. The courage of English auxiliaries had been chiefly instrumental in effecting the liberation of Columbia, and a portion of the same force afterward assisted in achieving the independence of Peru.

From 1821 to 1860 there have been twenty-one rulers of this country, who have assumed the various titles of Protectors, Presidents, Delegates, Dictators, and Supreme Chiefs. In Bolivia, which at first formed a portion of the state of Peru, and which is naturally a part of Peru, one President is reported to have quelled more than thirty revolutions in seven years. Contrasted with the chronic anarchy of Mexico and the habitual turbulence of Bolivia, Peru must be regarded as a well-regulated commonwealth. Of the thirty-seven years of its national life, twenty-eight have been passed in peace. It has had seven years of civil dissension, but only two of foreign war. Peru was for a short time a member of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation, but the federal principle of government has failed as completely in South as in North-America. It has been shown to be completely unsuited to countries of such vast extent and imperfect civilization. disorganization of Mexico is principally attributable to its unhappy form of government. Central-America, New-Granada, and the Argentine Confederation, have all suffered and still suffer from a similar cause. In extensive and thinly-peopled regions, without roads, or very imperfectly provided with them, and where there are but few educated men qualified to discharge public duties, the local governments become the centers of unceasing conspira-A vigorous central power is the condition of national existence; without it there can be neither permanence, solidity, nor cohesion. Peru employed the first years of its independence in endeavoring to annex Guayaquil, but failed. In the many ignoble civil contests to which the country has been a prey, the soldiery seldom knew for whom or for what they were fighting, and the rival armies more than once put an end to the contest by fraternizing with each other. The troops sometimes generals their troops. A distinguished commander is said to have fled from the field of battle while his battalions were still hotly engaged, and to have first heard of the victory they had gained many days after the event; and on another occasion the leaders of both armies "retired" during the contest, the one into a wood, the other to the shelter of a British ship-of-war.* Leaving, however, the present political and social state of Peru for further remarks, we proceed to notice some of the physical peculiarities and moral features of the country.

features of the country. The modern republic of Peru is about eleven hundred geographical iniles in length and two hundred and forty in width, and is divided into three well-defined zones. First, the sandy waste on the coast, varying from forty to sixty miles in width; secondly, the sierra, commencing at the foot of the Western Cordillera, and terminating at the base of the Eastern Andes; the third, or most easterly portion of Peru is the montaña, which is but little known, and consists of vast impenetrable forests and alluvial plains, extending to the frontier of Brazil. From the coast the surface gradually rises to the region of paramos, or frozen plains; and from the eastern slopes of the Andes run those great rivers that pour their waters into the Amazon. The Andes, with their ramifications, have been roughly estimated to cover, in Peru, an area of two hundred thousand square miles; and the plateaux connected with them are, with the exception of Thibet, the most elevated table-land on the globe; but unlike Thibet, instead of merely affording pasture for cattle and sheep, it is the seat of an advanced civilization, of cities towering far above the region of clouds, and of villages perched on hights exceeding the summits of the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn. The city of Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, is twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-four feet above the level of the sea; La Paz, in Bolivia, is twelve thousand one hundred and ninety-two; the town of Potosi thirteen thousand three hundred and fifty; and the celebrated mines of that name, sixteen thousand and eighty-three. Rising far above even these lofty regions are the great Eastern Andes

in a continuous chain, from Cuzco to Bolivia, covered with perpetual snow. The geological formation of a large portion of this vast mountain-range consists, according to Mr. Forbes, of fossiliferous schists, micaceous and slightly ferruginous, with frequent veins of quartz. The loftiest peaks in South-America belong to this formation. Illampu, or Sorata, twenty-four thousand eight hundred and twelve feet high, Mr. Forbes states, is fossiliferous up to its summit.* The city of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, the romantic beauty of whose environs probably determined the choice of its site, is eleven thousand three hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, or two thousand feet above the Great St. Bernard, and although only eight hundred miles from the equator, enjoys a temperate and delightful climate. The great lake Titicaca, lying between the two mountain chains, the Cordillera or coast range, and the Eastern Andes, is one of the most remarkable features in Peru. It is twelve thousand eight hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea, one hundred and sixty miles in length, from fifty to eighty miles in breadth, and two hundred and forty miles in circumference. Silver and copper abound in the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded, and its aspect is one of wild and gloomy grandeur. The only mode of navigating this lake is still the Indian "balsa," a rude boat constructed of reeds tied together. The first map of the lake was made by Mr. J. B. Pentland, H. M. Consul-General in Upper Peru.

On the eastern slopes and spurs of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes grow those trees which supply one of the most valuable of known medicines. The chinchona, which produces the quinine of pharmacy, is found from nineteen degrees South latitude to ten degrees North, following the almost semicircular curve of the Andes over an area of seventeen hundred and forty miles. Growing on the declivities and in the ravines of the mountains, these trees are the objects of eager search to the cascarilleros or bark-collectors of Bolivia and Peru, who pass the greater portion of their lives in the woods, but who, if they once lose themselves amidst the trackless forests, or provisions fail, are seldom heard of again. No precipices daunt and scarce-

^{*} Markham's Cuzco and Lima, p. 332.

[†] Wheat, rye, barley, and maize, all thrive well at these elevations in South-America.

^{*} Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, 1861.

ly any torrents can stop them. The object of Mr. Markham's visit to the forests of the Peruvian Cordillera was to procure some of these trees for transplantation to India.* The export of bark from Peru has been gradually falling off in consequence of the improvident manner in which it is collected by the cascarilla dealers. The bark is often obtained by the most reckless and improvident destruction of the trees. Humboldt reported that in one district alone twenty-five thousand chinchona trees were destroyed every year by barking, and allowing them to die by rot. This was the more extraordinary since all that was required was to cut the trees down instead of barking them standing. If the trees are felled, a rapid growth of young wood immediately springs up, and in six years the saplings, in favorable regions, are ready to be felled again; but if left standing and deprived of their bark, myriads of insects penetrate the stem, and soon complete their work of destruction. importance of making at attempt to introduce the chinchona into our possessions, where it is most largely and beneficially used, was obvious. It had been urged by Mr. Pentland in 1838, and by the late Dr. Royle in 1839. An experiment had been tried by the Dutch in Java, but with imperfect success. The Neilgherry and Sylhet hills were pointed out by Dr. Royle as excellent localities for naturalizing the chinchona in India. The difficulties inseparable from the conveyance of many hundred trees from the slopes of the Andes to the ghauts of Southern India were not all that Mr. Markham had to encounter. Popular feeling in Peru had been greatly excited by the attempt to trans-

* The discovery of quinine is due to the French chemists Pelletier and Caventon, in 1820; they considered that a vegetable alkaloid analogous to morphine and strychnine existed in quinquina bark, and they afterward discovered that the febrifugal principle was seated in two alkaloids, separate or together, in the different kinds of bark ealled quining and chinchonine with the same virtues, which, however, were much more powerful in quinine.—Markham's Travels, p. 17.

† "Since quinine has been more extensively used, there has been a steady diminution of mortality among the European troops in Bengal; and whereas, in the year 1830, 3.66 was an average per centage of mortality in cases treated, 1 per cent may now be counted the average. Nor have the results among Sepoys been dissimilar."—Quinine and Antiperiodics in their Therapeutic Relations, by John Macpherson, M. D.

Calcutta. 1856.

port the chinchona to other countries, and it was only by great courage and tact that Mr. Markham was enabled to baffle the schemes that had been formed for interrupting his undertaking. He has reason to be satisfied with the complete success of his enterprise. The chinchona is now established in our Eastern possessions; young trees of all the valuable species are flourishing and multiplying in

Southern India and in Ceylon.

The vast and desolate ridges of the Cordillera, rising in regular progression, form the gigantic steps to those mountain masses, the Andes, the peaks of which have been found wholly inaccessible to the footsteps of man. Mr. Bollaert in 1856 ascended Tata Jachura, seventeen thousand feet above the sea, and from it he obtained a near view of the higher Andes, many of the summits of which he thinks must have been from three thousand to six thousand feet higher than the one on which he stood. The cloudless sky at the elevation which he reached was the color of the deepest indigo, the icy peaks and serrated ridges showed a bold and well-defined outline, and the stars were as visible as at night. The passes which open into the Trans-Andean regions are so narrow and rugged, that Mr. Markham compares them to an attic staircase after an earthquake. The ravines and the sides of the hills, even at very high altitudes, are covered with wild flowers, many of which have been long naturalized in England, and form some of the chief attractions of our gardens. Lupins, fuchsias, blue and scarlet salvias, verbenas, and calceolarias, cover the valleys with their brilliant tints, and heliotropes load the air with their perfume. A large extent of the Andean region is, it appears, capable of cultivation, and might, as it formerly did, maintain tenfold its present population.

In descending the Eastern slopes of the Andes, Mr. Markham was greatly impressed by the extraordinary scenery.

"As we continued the descent," he says, "the scenery increased in magnificence. polished surfaces of the perpendicular cliffs glittered here and there with foaming torrents, some like thin lines of thread, others broader and breaking over rocks, others seeming to burst out of the fleecy clouds, while jagged black peaks glittering with streaks of snow pierced the mist which concealed their bases. descending for some leagues through this glorious scenery, the path at length crossed a ridge and brought us to the creek of the deep

and parrow ravine of Cuyo-cuyo.

"The path down the side of the gorge is very precipitous through a succession of andeneria, or terraced gardens, some abandoned and others planted with ocas, (Ozolie tuberosa,) barley, and potatoes, the upper tiers from six to eight feet wide, but gradually becoming broader. Their walled sides are thickly clothed with calceolarius, celsias, begonias, a large purple selanum, and a profusion of ferns; but it was not until reaching the little village in the bottom of the hollow that all the glories of the some burst upon me. The river of Sandia, which takes its rise at the bead of the ravine, flows by the village of Cuyo-cuyo, bordered by forms and wild-flowers. It is faced near the village with fern-covered masonry, and is crossed by several stone bridges of a single arch. Almost immediately, on either side, the steep, precipitous mountains, lined, at least a hundred deep, with well-constructed andeneris, and faced with stone, rise up abruptly. In several places, a cluster of cottages, built on one of the terraces, seemed almost to be hanging in the air. Above all, the dark rocks shoot up into snowy peaks, which stood out against the blue sky. A most levely scene, but very sad—for the great majority of those carefully-constructed terraces, eternal monuments of the beneficence of the Incas, are now abandoned.

"In the morning, I rode down the beautiful gorge to the confluence of the rivers of Sandia and Huscouyo. After this junction, the stream becomes a roaring torrent, dashing over huge rocks, and descending rapidly down the ravine toward Sandia. On both sides, vast masses of dark, frowning mountains rear themselves up for thousands of feet, and end in fantastically-shaped peaks, some of them vailed by thin, fleecy clouds. The vegetation rapidly increased in luxuriance with the descent. At first, there were low shrube, such as Baccharis edorata, Weinmannia fogaroides, etc., which gradually gave place to trees and large bushes, while all the way from Ouyo-cuyo there were masses of ferns of many kinds—begonias, calceolarias, lupins, salvias, and celsias. Waterfalls streamed down the mountains in every direction, some in a white sheet of continuous foam for hundreds of feet, finally seeming to plunge into huge beds of furns and flowers—some like driven apray—and in one place a fall of water could be seen between two peaks, which seemed to fall into the clouds below. The descent from the summit of the pass over the Caravayan Andes to Sandia is very considerable, nearly seven thousand feet in thirty miles, from an arctic to a subtro-pical climate. The hight of Crucero is twelve thousand nine hundred and eighty feet; of the pass, thirteen thousand six hundred; of Cuyocuyo, ten thousand five hundred and ten; and of Sandia, mixty-nine hundred and thirty feet above the sea.

The chinchons had remained a wild tree of the forest from the time of its dis-

covery in 1638 until Mr. Markham succeeded in introducing it into India. The exportation of bark from Peru is now insignificant—the principal supplies are derived from Bolivia-but the seedlings and suckers, upwards of five hundred in number, which Mr. Markham procured, he obtained from the province of Caravaya, in Peru. Their usual companious are ferutrees, Melastomaceæ, and arborescent passion-flowers. A few only of the chinchonas yield valuable bark, the others are commercially worthless. They are never found nearer the equator than twelve The C. Calisaya (the degrees south. most valuable of the Peruvian-bark trees) is, Mr. Markham says, by far the most beautiful tree of these forests. The leaves are of a dark, rich green, smooth and shining, with crimson veins, and a green petiole, edged with red. The deliciously sweet bunches of flowers are white, with rose-colored lacinize, edged with white marginal hairs. The greater number of the plants which Mr. Markham had succeeded in procuring unfortunately perished on their route to India vid England and the Red Sea, being unable to endure the heat to which they were exposed. Seeds and plants had, however, been obtained by the agents employed by him in other districts, and these, with some trees presented by the Dutch Government, have enabled him to establish plantations in the Neilgherry Hills, at Darjeeling, and in Ceylon. We may, therefore, reasonably expect ample supplies of the invaluable Peruvian-bark from the carefully tended chinchona districts of India, at a time when the forests of Peru and Bolivia will have probably ceased to yield any in consequence of the injudicious treatment to which they have been long ex-

The character of the Trans-Andean region of Peru is that of vast forests, frequented by a few Indian tribes, who shun the approach of civilized man, and resent any intrusion into their haunts by a flight of poisoned arrows. The aborigines of the valleys of the Eastern Andes are the most cruel, ill-favored, and untameable of South-American savages. They wander naked through the dense woods by tracks unknown to any but themselves, and are armed with bows and slings. They live on monkeys, birds, bananas, and fish. Of these people, called Chunchos, little is known. They are supposed to cosupy a

large extent of territory within the Brazilian empire, and they are accused of cannibalism. Missionaries who have penetrated into their country affirm that there are three tribes, the Antes, the Chunchos, and the Cascibas, which war upon each other solely for the purpose of gratifying their passion for human flesh; but tales of cannibalism are seldom supported by the testimony of eye-witnesses, and, in countries where animal food is easily procurable, they are seldom entitled to credit. The Chunchos are said to make an exception unknown in the usages of the other tribes—they never eat their female pris-This forbearance, however, does not arise from any superior humanity, or from any chivalrous feeling, but from a confirmed belief that women are impure beings, and were created for the torment of man, and that there flesh is to be eschewed as in the highest degree poisonous.*

The richness of the vegetation of the Peruvian forests, particularly on the borders of the great tributaries of the Amazon, almost exceeds belief. Trees growing on the banks of the Purus reach the hight of two hundred and ninety feet, and they are of proportionate thickness, and support on their trunks a hundred different parasitical plants, which presents the appearance of a shrubbery growing on one majestic tree. Some distil fragrant gums, others are laden with the richest fruits. The chirimoya, the pride of Peru, which Mr. Markham compares to "spiritualized strawberries," possesses that happy mixture of sweetness and acidity which is so grateful in a tropical climate. The scent of the blossom is as exquisite as the flavor of the fruit.† It is difficult to conceive a greater source of enjoyment than even such a partial glimpse into the virgin forests of the world. These wildernesses of wood had scarcely before been entered by a European. To scale

"the immeasurable hights Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,"

and that in an enterprise so beneficial to mankind, must have given rise to thrilling emotions. Mr. Markham especially deserves our commendation for the interesting narrative in which he has described his achievement.

In striking contrast to this Trans-Andean region of Peru is that belt of land which extends from the foot of the Western Cordillera to the sea. rain never falls—a damp mist pervades the atmosphere, and vails the sun for months. Instead of the rich and varied foliage of the montaña, gigantic cacti, forty feet high, abound. The extreme dryness of this portion of Peru is caused by the prevalence of the south-easterly winds, which are deprived of their moisture in their passage over the continent before they reach the eastern slopes of the Andes. Little snow or rain, therefore, falls in the Cordillera of South Peru. The dry winds from the Andes passing over the lands of the western coast are the cause of its peculiar aridity. If the winds blew from the west, they would, of course, arrive charged with moisture from the Pacific, and the now desert tract of Peru would be a garden. The smaller area of sterility caused by the prevalent direction of the winds can not but be regarded as a beneficent arrangement; Brazil would otherwise have been a desert instead of a small portion of Peru; and a country of boundless resources, adapted for the future home of millions, would have been almost uninhabitable for want of that humidity which is the principal cause of its exuberant fertility. The desert region is now confined to a comparatively unimportant strip of land fronting the Pacific, and lying between the lowest range of the Andes and the sea.

The productions which chiefly contribute to the resources of Peru are not now derived from mines of silver and gold, but from substances the commercial value of which has been of comparatively recent growth, and the steady demand for which promises to enrich the Republic to an extent which could never have been anticipated. The desert region before referred to abounds in a mineral for which there is a great and increasing demand namely, nitrate of soda, which is found in layers, several feet thick, over a space of nearly fifty square leagues. Its existence in Peru had been known to Europe for more than a century, when, in the year 1820, a small quantity was imported, by way of experiment, into England; but the duty being considered greater than the supposed value of the commodity, the

^{*} Hill's Travels in Peru and Mexico.

[†] The chirimoya, Mr. Bollaert says, takes its name from the "chiri," cold, and "mahu," seed, or cold-seeded. It is a species of anona, and sometimes weighs as much as two pounds.

nitrate was thrown into the sea. In 1830, a cargo reached the United States, but it proved unsaleable. In 1831, another attempt was made to introduce it into England, and it then realized from thirty to forty shillings per ton. Pusey was one of the first to call the attention of agriculturists to its valuable properties, and, having instituted a series of experiments, he gave it the preference for many purposes over guano. When mixed in equal quantities with common salt, he found that it produced on some soils a greater effect than the better known fertilizer; applied in the early spring, it was found to act as a cordial to feeble and sickly vegetation, and its influence upon cold and undrained clays was found to be most beneficial.* It was moreover proved that the poorer the soil the greater was its effect, and it supplied to wheat previsely the kind of nourishment which it required. Such being its recognized importance in agriculture, it is satisfactory to know that the supply from Peru is practically inexhaustible. The province of Tarapaca alone contains nitrate of soda that will suffice for the supply of the world for centuries.

The exports of nitrate of soda from Peru, which were only eighteen thousand and seven hundred hundred-weights in 1830, amounted in 1858 to sixty-one thousand hundred-weights. In 1860, the export from the port of Iquique alone amounted to one million three hundred and seventy thousand two hundred and fortyeight hundred-weights. Allowing one hundred pounds of nitrate for every square yard of the deposits already known, they will yield sixty-three million tons—sufficient, at the present rate of consumption, to last for thirteen hundred and ninety-three years. An interesting description is given of these valuable deposits by Mr. Bollaert, by whom their extent and importance were first fully made known. The principal places in which nitrate of soda is found are on the western margin of the pampas, in the sides of ravines, and in the hollows of the mountains on the coast; and it is remarkable that no deposit has yet been discovered within eighteen miles of the sea. It appears to be the received opinion that com-

mon salt has gradually undergone a chemical conversion into nitrate of soda. Salt being the probable origin of nitrate of soda, it becomes a curious subject for inquiry how such vast accumulations could have been formed in the dry region of Peru. Malte Brun describes the surfacesalt in several places as "reflecting the image of perpetual winter," and says that small crystals, resembling hoar-frost, might frequently be observed suspended from the trees; and Mr. Bollaert conceives that the great Pacific, under a cloudless sky and burning sun, is converted into a caldron perpetually giving off saline particles, which are waited to the land and there precipitated. The ordinary dews are sensibly saline. Wherever salt is deposited there it remains, as there are no rains to wash it back into the ocean. The soil thus becomes in the course of ages saturated with salt, and the large salures or superficial deposits appear to have been drawn from the earth by the action of a powerful sun on a surface moistened The salt, if removed speedily, with dew. A trader who had quite clearreappears. ed the mountains of Santa Rosa of their salt, found, he says, "a very fair crop" on them three years after the time of his first visit.†

It has been ascertained that sodium is almost universally present in the atmos-This has been proved by some recent and interesting experiments on the chemical effects of the prismatic spectrum. The salts of certain metals are found to impart bright colors to the flame of the blow-pipe. Every metalic base produces a certain bright line in the spectrum; the color of the line and its position afford a decisive test of the presence of the metalic base by which it is produced, and this effect is observable even when the quantity present is infinitesimally small. Sodium produces a bright yellow color, and its universal presence has been ascertained by its detection even in dust blown from a book at a distance of several feet from the spectrum. A curious result of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere charged with saline particles has been observed in some of the more elevated regions of Peru. The

The result of these experiments is detailed in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society for 1853.

[•] Geography, vol. v., p. 447.

[†] Near the town of La Nueva Noria are two towns, Noria and Salar, both of them constructed entirely of salt.

[‡] See Researches on the Solar Spectrum, by Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg.

pure drying winds have the effect of embalming bodies submitted to their influ-The ancient Peruvians appear to ence. have occasionally availed themselves of the desiccating quality of the air by leaving their dead above ground instead of burying them. In the desert of Atacama there is a cemetery of this description, which was accidentally discovered by Dr. Reid, a late traveler in Peru. He found the dried bodies of six hundred men, women, and children, all in a perfect state of preservation, and in a sitting posture, arranged in a semicircle, gazing as it seemed on vacancy. There they had sat for centuries; a jar of maize and a cooking utensil were found by the side of each.

Peru has recently contributed a new and valuable substance to the arts in borate of lime. It is found in the nitrate districts, in nodules generally imbedded in dry saline mud. This discovery is likely to be one of importance to Peru, inas much as it at present possesses a monopoly of an article which is extremely valuable in some manufactures, sixty pounds per ton having been paid for this mineral in England by smelters. The Peruvian Government does not permit the working and export of borate of lime except as a monopoly, conceiving it to be an important element in the future wealth of the country.

In the Bay of Pisco, and about twelve miles from the main land, is situate that small but celebrated group known as the Chincha Islands, from which Europe for the last twenty years has chiefly received its supplies of the most valuable of manures. Little could the Spaniards have imagined, when they first visited the coasts of Peru, and were amazed at the vast flocks of sea-birds which darkened the sky in their flight, that these birds had deposited in the course of ages on a few barren islands a treasure which rivaled the riches of the Peruvian mines; that hundreds of ships would proceed annually from Europe to carry it away; that it would excite the cupidity of civilized nations, and even become the subject of civil conflict, and the prize of successful revolution.* The guano of Peru, like the nitrate of soda, greatly affected the course of British husbandry. One great merit of this manure is its condensed form, which admits its transport for six thousand miles at a considerable profit. It may be almost termed a fertilizing essence, so powerful are its properties.* Yet this substance forms the mass of lofty cliffs, and is quarried in some places eighty feet deep. The region of this extraordinary accumulation of the excrement of seabirds, may truly be called Pacific Ocean. No rain has ever been known to fall there; no storms of thunder and lightning disturb the perpetual serenity of the atmo-The ocean is of an ultramarine The sunsets are glorious beyond belief, and the sky glows with tints as bright but as evanescent as those of the rainbow. A tepid sea swarms with fish, which provide the multitude of birds which haunt it with inexhaustible nutriment. The ancient Peruvians knew and appreciated this manure, but from the limited means of transport which they possessed the consumption could not have been very great. The first cargo of guano arrived in England in 1841, and the demand has since rapidly increased. Calculations have been made of the quantity yet available for exportation. It was at one time estimated that the Chincha Islands contained two hundred and fifty million tons of guano, and that at the then selling price in England, it would realize three billion pounds.† On a careful survey made by the Peruvian Government in 1846, the quantity of guano then remaining on the islands was supposed to be about thirty-three million one hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and ninety-five tons, which, at a profit of four pounds per ton to the Government, represents a sum of one hundred and thirtytwo million six hundred and eighty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-four pounds. Mr. Markham, however, gives the total quantity of guano in the three Chincha islands in 1853 as twelve million three hundred and seventy-six thousand

The Peruvian civil war of 1853-4 was called the Guano War, and the possession of the Guano Islands was the prize. The United States attempted to assert a right of carrying away the guano without paying for it, on the pretext that it was an uninhabited island, and the common pro-

perty of the world; and even Daniel Webster lent his great name to this attempted aggression upon the rights of another nation, which was supported by a large party in the States. It is needless to say that Europe repudiated all participation in the meditated spoliation.

^{*} The convicts who work the guano are provided with iron masks, so great is the pungency of the ammoniacal salts.

[†] Bollaert, p. 149.

one hundred tons; and as from that time to 1860 two million eight hundred and thirty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-five tons have been exported, he estimates that there were remaining in 1861 only about nine million five hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-five tons, which, at its present rate of consumption, will last until 1883. No further supplies can then be expected. It is to be hoped, therefore, either that nitrate of soda will adequately supply its place, or that science will provide some

adequate substitute.

The cultivation of cotton has recently become a favorite speculation in Peru. The soil and climate of the coast valleys are well suited to its growth, and the quality is excellent. The quantity of land available for cotton cultivation is immense, and the profit has lately been such as to tempt capitalists into this branch of agriculture. Peru may therefore speedily become a valuable source of supply for England. An important service has lately been rendered by Peru to India, by giving it the true Peruvian cotton-plant. Peruvian cotton has long been known in India, but the species introduced came originally from Brazil, and was grown in, and adapted for, a hot moist climate. The native cotton of the Peruvian coast valleys had never been tried. On a dry soil it is found to succeed admirably, and as it possesses a staple even longer than that of New-Orleans cotton, it may eventually render England independent of future supplies from the American States, and we shall obtain an article of first-rate quality from our own great dependency. Considerable excitement has been caused in the Madras Presidency by this opportune disco-

Peru has also recently contributed to our Australian colonies an animal of great value and importance. The introduction of the alpaca into New-South Wales will probably form a new starting-point in the marvelous progress of Australia, and in its results may even surpass the introduction of the merino by Macarthur. Australia owes the possession of a considerable flock of alpacas to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Charles Ledger, a gentlemen who had long devoted himself to the study and breeding of these useful creatures in Peru. Neither the llama nor its allied species, the alpaca and vicuña, were known to Europe before the con-

quest of Peru. The two former were found in a domesticated state by the Spaniards, while the vicuna ranged the Andes as the chamois does the Alps. From the earliest period to which Peruvian traditions extend, the llama has been used as an animal of burthen, beasts of draught being unknown in the country, and they were considered capable of carrying from one to two hundred pounds. The Spanish writers inform us that eleven thousand of these animals, laden with gold from the different provinces of Peru, were simultaneously put in motion by order of an imprisoned Inca, to carry to Caxamaca the treasure that was to redeem him from captivity. The llama is still used as a beast of burthen, but its chief value consists in its wool. In 1834 the importation of llama and alpaca wool into Great Britain amounted to only fifty-seven hundred pounds; in 1859 it had risen to two million five hundred and one thousand six hundred and thirty-four pounds. The future value of the alpaca to Australia will arise from its fleece, which is wrought into many admirable textures. Blended with silk, the glossy wool of the alpaca produces a fabric equal to the most lustrous satin; wrought in patterns, it has an effect equal to the richest silk brocade; it makes an admirable substitute for figured silks; when it is mixed with cotton, an attractive article is produced at a very moderate price; while, for tropical use, a coat may be made which has all the appearance of fine cloth at a fourth of its cost, and is of less than a fourth in weight. Such being the value of the wool of the alpaca, it became of importance to ascertain whether it could be introduced and acclamatized in one of our colonies.

It was the earnest desire of Mr. Ledger to convey a flock of these animals to New South Wales, the climate and soil of which he conceived were suited to their constitution and habits. A peculiar grass (ichu,) their favorite food, grows abundantly on the Australian uplands. The difficulties, however, to be surmounted in getting the animals out of Peru, were great. It was necessary for Mr. Ledger, in order to get his flock on board ship, first to elude the Peruvian authorities,* and then to drive his alpacas through the

^{*} The exportation of the liams and alpaca was prohibited under severe penalties; but the prohibition has since been removed.

territory of the Argentine Confederation. After a series of extraordinary adventures, extending over a period of four years in collecting his flock, he left the eastern slopes of the Andes in March, 1858, with 843 alpacas, and commenced a journey of seven hundred miles through an inhospitable country, varying in altitude from eight hundred to seventeen thousand feet above the sea, and safely shipped three hundred and forty-five, being all that remained, in the following September at the Chilian port of Caldera. Of these he succeeded in landing two hundred and fifty-two at Sydney, in the following December, having from sickness and accidents, lost nearly two thirds of his original flock.

Expectations are justly entertained, that the acquisition of these animals will produce immense results to the Australian colonies. The wool already shows a considerable improvement, and Mr. Ledger, by a cross between the llama and alpaca, has succeeded in producing an animal far superior to either. "Brought," Mr. Ledger writes, "from a dreary and barren situation, an inclement, boisterous, and variable climate, to a climate and country equally well adapted to its habits, and at the same time infinitely healthier and better adapted for feeding, the alpaca attains to maturity earlier than in South-America, has a larger form, an improved general appearance, and, without the least doubt, a heavier and finer fleece."* The alpaca feeds contentedly with sheep, and even acts as their protector. In Peru it is customary to associate eight or ten wether alpacas with a flock of one thousand ewe sheep; the alpacas conduct the flock to pasture, and defend it from foxes, condors, and dogs. They are extremely vigilant, the "punteras" or leaders being ever on the alert, and, on the appearance of a menaced danger, show a steady front, and rush forward in concert to meet it. These animals possess the power of endurance and abstinence of the camel, and combine in a remarkable degree courage and gentleness.† Commencing in

* New South Wales Catalogue, International Exhibition, p. 41.

1861 with two hundred females and fifty males, Mr. Ledger estimates that in twenty years his alpacas will amount to twenty thousand; and that at the ordinary rate of increase the number in New South Wales in fifty years will be nine million seven hundred and sixty thousand, the annual clip of which, at two shillings per pound for the wool, will be worth six million eight hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds. The alpaca might probably be successfully introduced into some of our other colonies. New-Zealand, Tasmania, the Cape, Vancouver Island, and British Columbia possess a suitable climate; and it might perhaps be worth a trial whether it would not succeed in some parts of Scotland. The alpaca appears to be hardier and freer from constitutional disease than sheep, and the flocks require very little tending. They seldom stray; and their power of enduring cold, heat, damp, hunger, and thirst, has been as fully proved in Australia as on their native mountains in Peru.

The falling off in the production of the precious metals has been very marked in Peru since it became an independent State. A country which once stood in the same relation to Spain as Australia does to Great Britain, and California to the American States, is now a very inconsiderable contributor to the metallic wealth of the world. The abundance in which the precious metals were found in Peru by the first Spanish settlers must have represented the accumulated produce of centuries. No data exist for forming any estimate of the annual yield of the mines while the country was governed by its native sovereigns, but it was probably regulated merely by the requirements of the State. We know, however, that a great and immediate increase took place as soon as the Spanish Government became aware of the mineral wealth of its new acquisition. In the year 1681 it was proved from official documents that from the period of the first discovery of the great silver-mine of Potosi, fourteen hundred and eighty millions of dollars had paid duty to the Crown; and it was believed that half as much more had been smuggled out of the country, making altogether the prodigious sum of twentynine hundred and sixty million dollars, equivalent to five hundred and ninety-two million pounds sterling. Mr. M'Gulloch estimates that the present produce of all

[†] The late Earl of Derby, whose zoölogical tastes are well known, possessed a pair of llamas, which grazed for some time in the Park of Knowsley. They wandered very little, and preferred the dry fern and brambles to more succulent herbage.

the gold and silver mines of Peru and Bolivia does not exceed on an average seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; while Mr. Markham gives the export of specie from Peru alone, in 1859, as amounting to only two hundred thousand pounds, of which a portion consisted of coined money and plate. Peru is nevertheless still eminently rich in the precious metals, and good government is alone wanted to develop its vast mining capabilities.

The mines of Guantajaya, in the province of Terapaca, have been called the Potosi of the South; but these workings of almost fabulous richness which have produced masses of pure silver weighing eight hundred lbs., are in the midst of a desert. The only material for building is salt, water is only to be obtained from springs twenty miles distant, and not a blade of grass grows in the district. These mines are still worked, but in so imperfect a manner that long periods elapse in which no discoveries are made; yet masses of pure silver, fifteen yards long and a yard thick, occasionally reward the perseverance of the explorer. Malte Brun makes the extraordinary statement that great wealth had been obtained in the Pampa de Novar, where there was a piece of ground half a square league in size, from which, when the turf was removed, immense quantities of sulphuretted and native silver were found in filaments adhering to the roots of the grass. mines of Huanlaxaya are also occasionally very productive. They are situate in a mountain hollow twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea. The silver is found in nodules called "papas," weighing from one hundred and sixty ounces to nine hundred pounds, and imbedded in a stratum of limestone fragments and dried mud. The mining operations appear to be of the most unscientific and improvident character. No regular plan of working by shafts and adits is adopted, the only system being to extract as little rock as possible; and instead of bringing it, in miners' language, "to grass," to leave it in the mine, to the hindrance of further explorations. Long periods thus necessarily elapse between discoveries, and mines which once employed four thousand persons now scarcely give occupation to one hundred and fifty. Careless and unscientific working is the only cause of the present poverty of

the Peruvian silver-mines. Mr. Bollaert, himself a practical miner, states that he could indicate spots where rich veins would certainly be cut, and probably great discoveries made. The mountains surrounding Lake Titicaca are well known to be rich in silver. The mines of Santa Rosa and El Carmen produced six hundred thousand pounds in ten years of very inefficient working; and a single "boya" in another mine, three yards in length, and twenty in hight, produced one hundred thousand pounds.*

Peru is probably still as rich in minerals as when the Spaniards took possession of the country. The Eastern Andes every where abound with veins of quartz impregnated with gold; and Mr. Markham, in his recent travels, saw many such, of which the yield would undoubtedly, he thinks, be considerable. The streams in the province of Carabaya are all rich in gold, in the form both of dust and nuggets. The river Challuma and its tributaries are, and have been for ages, auriferous to a great extent, but the approaches are rugged, and almost impracticable for the transport of machinery. The great mountain Ilimani was struck by lightning in 1681, and a portion of its apex thrown down, from which large quantities of gold were obtained. All the rivers which flow into the Amazon from the Andes are auriferous—many in a high degree; and it was doubtless chiefly from these streams that the ancient Peruvians obtained their immense supplies of gold. In forming an estimate of the wealth of Peru, it is proper to take into consideration the hoards of gold that are confidently believed still to exist in the country, secreted in ravines very difficult of approach or buried in places known only to the Indians. Great numbers of vases and other ornaments in the precious metals were hidden at the period of the conquest. Strange stories are related of Indians becoming possessed of gold in an unaccountable manner, and of their mysterious periodical visits to unknown localities among the mountains.

Peru is not known to be rich in gems. The diamond has not been found there; but at the time of the Spanish conquest emeralds were abundant, and many derived from Peru are now among the crown jewels of Spain. It is doubtful

^{*} Bollaert, p. 240.

whether any have been found in modern times within the present limits of the Republic, but in the opinion of mineralogists the gem exists there. Emeralds were freely used in the Incarial times. river Esmeraldas, in Equador, is so called from the quarries on its banks formerly rich in these crystals. The mines are believed to have been worked successfully by the Jesuits, and stones as large as pidgeons' eggs were occasionally met with. Sky-blue as well as green emeralds have also been found in the Cordillera of Cubillan; and the Spaniards are said to have collected such vast quantities of these gems on their march to Quito that they were obliged to throw them away in order to disencumber themselves. geological position of the emerald being ascertained, there can be little doubt that valuable discoveries of the gem would reward a diligent search. All accounts agree in the fact of its former abundance, particularly in the State of Equador, which once formed an integral part of Peru. Humboldt informs us that emeralds are found in the neighborhood of Santa Fé de Bogotà in veins traversing clay-slate, hornblende-slate, and granite, and that they are also associated with calcareous spar and iron pyrites in veins of black carbonaceous limestone. The deep green of the emerald arises from the presence of protoxide of iron, to which common bottle-glass owes its tint.

The general calmness of the atmosphere in Peru is in singular contrast with the frequent disturbances of the earth. the coast the only thunder ever heard is from below. At Lima slight shocks of earthquake are felt daily, but they are as little regarded as hail-storms in England. Earthquakes are of rare occurrence in the districts of active volcanoes, but in other portions of the country these appalling phenomena are both frequent and violent. Humboldt mentions places in Peru where the earth has rocked incessantly for days A volcanic mountain, Jorullo, together. after ninety days of subterranean thundering, rose in one night fifteen hundred and eighty feet above the surrounding level.* No familiarity with these awful occurrences can ever reconcile the human mind to them. From early childhood, Humboldt remarks, "we are habituated to the contrast between the mobile element water

and the immobility of the earth; but when suddenly the ground begins to rock, the

illusion of the whole of our earlier life is

annihilated in an instant; we feel ourselves transported to the realm, and made subject to the empire of destructive, unknown powers, and can no longer trust the earth on which we tread." A late traveler in Peru has recorded the feelings of one who was long resident in the region which is most severely afflicted with earthquakes: "I have faced," he said, "the bayonet, and stood before the cannon's mouth, and I can not say altogether without the sensations of fear—that was the fear of human enemies; and the prospect of death is generally accompanied by a hope of the future—but during a severe earthquake the reason is subdued, and my predominant feeling was, that we were utterly lost. It seemed as if the Almighty had abandoned his creatures and his works, both material and immaterial, and that nature was about to expire.* In the region of the Peruvian Andes there is an alternation on a grand scale of districts of active and dormant volcanoes, but some of the latter have not shown signs of activity for three centuries. Sir Charles Lyell conceives it possible that different sets of vents may thus reciprocally relieve each other in providing an escape for the imprisoned gases and lava. Few volcanoes in the region of the Peruvian Andes have in recent times been known to pour out lava, but they occasionally eject vapor and scoriæ. It is remarkable that the shocks of earthquakes in Peru are most violent which proceed from the direction of the sea. There are indications of the regular recurrence of volcanic movements, which point to some general cause of the phenomena which is at present inscrutable. Thus Lima was violently shaken by an earthquake on the seventeenth of June, 1578; and again on the same day of the same month in 1678; and the eruptions of Coseguina, in the years 1709 and 1809, are the only two recorded of that volcano previous to the one of 1835. The whole ridge of the Cordilleras fronting the Pacific is studded with volcanic peaks, most of them in a state of habitual activity, over a range of sixteen degrees of latitude. Not less than twentyfour distinct volcanoes—of which thirteen have been seen in eruption—are reckoned

[•] On the twenty-ninth September, 1759.

Hill's Journey to Cuzco.

† Lyell's Principles of Geology, book 21, chap. 10.

in this group. Aconcagua, east of Valparaiso, latitude thirty-two degrees and thirty-nine minutes, said to be above twenty-three thousand feet high and therefore one of the most lofty mountains in South-America, is still active. The city of Mendoza, the capital of the province of that name belonging to the Argentine Confederation, and seated on the eastern slope of the Cordillera, was destroyed in March, 1861, by a terrific earthquake, in which ten thousand persons perished. This convulsion was local only, the western side of the chain being undisturbed.* The volcanoes of Peru rise from a lofty plateau to hights of from seventeen thousand to twenty thousand feet. The most tremendous earthquake which Peru is known to have experienced was that of 1746, when two hundred shocks were felt in twenty-four hours; the city of Lima was totally destroyed, and a portion of the coast near Callao was converted into a bay. Of the four thousand inhabitants of Lima only two hundred survived. Earthquakes are now of almost daily occurrence in other parts of Peru, and the rise of the coast-line along the shores of the Pacific shows that an elevatory action is still going on, the same probably that in the course of centuries has effected a change of climate in the region of ancient civilization bordering on Lake Titicaca. bed of the sea has been raised on the western coast to the hight of more than eighty feet by subterranean movements, and terraced beaches of shingle and shell are found at various hights. The most remarkable proof the changes to which Peru has been subject is the existence, at a short distance from the capital, of the dried-up channel of a large river worn through the solid rock, but which, instead of having a fall in the direction of its former outlet, has now the inclination of its bed toward its source. A ridge of hills has been raised directly across the original course of the stream, and its water has been turned into some other channel.

The rivers which have their sources in Peru and fall into the Amazon, would, if they prove to be navigable, connect the country with the eastern portion of South-America and with the Atlantic seaboard; and when the great streams, whose tributaries rush down the slopes of the East-

Scrope on Volcanoes, p. 436.

ern Andes, have been more thoroughly explored, and found, as they doubtless will be, adapted for steam navigation, it is impossible to estimate the benefit to Peru and to Europe which the opening up of these vast regions to commerce will produce. The territory which stretches away for hundreds of leagues to the frontier of Brazil, and which constitutes two-thirds of the Republic of Peru, forms a portion of the basin of the Amazon which is almost wholly unexplored. The probability of a complete system of river navigation existing between Peru and the Atlantic is too obvious to have escaped attention. There is already a Peruvian settlement at Loreto, a place where the great river Yaravi discharges its waters into the Amazon. Two of the great tributaries of the Amazon, the Huallaga and the Yucayali, drain a large portion of the montaña of Peru, and flow though plains rich in almost every description of tropical produce. Sugar, cotton, and cocoa are grown in abundance. The Yucayali is itself an immense river, although only a tributary of the Amazon, drains a large part of the Peruvian Andes, emptying itself into the Amazon two hundred and ten miles below the mouth of the Huallaga. The two first-named great rivers, which have a northern direction, are fed by numerous tributaries navigable for vessels of light draught. The Yucayali receives the waters of the Agnatya, which flows through forests of sarsaparilla; and the commercial importance of these regions may be estimated from the fact that four yards of cotton cloth, worth two shillings, after a voyage from Liverpool round Cape Horn, could be exchanged for one hundred pounds of sarsaparilla, which, transported down the Amazon, would, it is said, realize a profit of from fifty to sixty dollars in England.† This great tributary, the Yucayali, is half a mile broad and twenty feet deep at its embouchure; and the Amazon is at the same place three quarters of a mile broad and thirty fathoms deep; but the distance of the upper feeders of the Yucayali from the civilized region of Peru, and the obstructions which would probably be interposed to its navigation by the savage tribes which frequent its banks, make its value as a channel of transit doubtful for the present.

The river which promises the most cer-

Markham's Cuzco and Lima.

[†] Markham's Cuzco and Lima, p. 258.

tain communication between Peru and the Atlantic seems to be the Purus, which empties itself into the Amazon by four mouths about seven hundred and forty miles above Pará. The tributaries of the Purus flow through vast forests and plains which extend up to the very slopes of the Andes, within sixty miles of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru. The river is of great width, and is believed to be quite free from obstructions. If the Purus should, upon a scientific exploration, be found—as it is confidently believed it will be—navigable throughout it whole course, a route would be immediately available which would shorten the distance to Europe by one half; and the sugar and cotton of the great Trans-Andean plains, the gold of Carabaya, the wool of the Montaña, the bark, sarsaparilla, indigo, vanilla, cinnamon, and the fragrant gums, medicinal plants, and useful dyes which can be obtained in almost unlimited variety and abundance from the Peruvian forests, could then be conveyed cheaply and expeditiously to European markets.

The undeveloped riches of the great basin of the Amazon have recently engaged the attention of capitalists, and hopes have been expressed that the system of water-communication which we have indicated, and which certainly exists between Peru and the Atlantic, may be speedily rendered available for commerce. In a former number of the Quarterly Review,* we commented on the judicious measures which had been adopted by the governments of Brazil and Peru for encouraging steam enterprise in these important regions. We have since heard that a Brazilian company now possesses eight steamers on the Amazon and its tributaries for the conveyance of passengers and goods. More recently measures have been taken to supply the Peruvian rivers with steamers, with a view to encourage and to facilitate immigration. In 1858 a convention was entered into between Brazil and Peru, establishing the free navigation of the Amazon; and early in 1860 a Brazilian steamer arrived at Laguna, on the Peruvian river Huallaga, upward of three thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon. The navigation of the great river has since been declared free by the Brazilian Government—a measure which redounds greatly to its honor, and from which it

can not fail to derive important commercial advantages. Roads are being at length made by the Peruvian Government for the purpose of connecting the interior of Peru with the nearest navigable points on some of the tributaries of the Ama-Those who are conversant with the zon. views of the Peruvian Government, state that it is now thoroughly convinced of the importance of this hitherto neglected portion of its territory, and is resolved to bring its multifarious products within the reach of Europe. Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon, already exceeds in the number of its staple commodities, all of which are indigenous to the regions of which it forms the outlet, those of any

other port in the world.

The Government of Peru, like that of most of the other South-American States since the people succeeded in emancipating themselves from the yoke of Spain, partakes more of the character of a military despotism than of a republic. Theoretically these governments are all based on popular rights, but the greater number of them are essentially despotisms. President is generally elected for six years; in Peru he is practically Dictator, although a Council of State is appointed by the Congress to preserve the appearance of constitutional forms. For administrative purposes the republic is divided into twelve departments, which are governed by prefects; the departments are divided into provinces under sub-prefects; and the provinces are sub-divided into districts under governors. In 1858 a new constitution was framed by the National Assembly elected for the purpose. An attempt was then made to introduce the federal system of government into Peru; but a plan which would have divided the country into a dozen petty states was happily abandoned. The whole patronage of the State is vested in the President, whose power is thus enormous, and he is able to influence the popular elections at will, and secure a subservient majority. Such is the character of the struggle for place, that the respectable classes, as a rule, abstain from mixing themselves up in political contests. In this respect Peru resembles North-Ame-"I have heard," Mr. Markham says, "many men of abilities and moderate politics declare that, happen what might, they would never disgrace themselves by any interference with, or by taking any

[•] No. 216, Article on the Brazilian Empire. VOL LIX.—NO. 1

part in, political affairs." The effect of the present system of government, in keeping the best men of the country out of the political arena, is confirmed by another writer: "Peruvians," it is remarked, "are not found filling high political posts. The best specimens of the natives of Peru are either to be met with leading unobtrusive literary lives and preparing for better times, or on their estates actively and energetically developing the resources of their country."

The population of Peru, according to the latest census, consists of about two millions two hundred thousand souls. The late President, General Castilla, has by one act of his administration merited the approbation of the civilized world. Slavery has been abolished, and compensation granted to the holders of this species of "property." The military force of the country is in undue proportion to the population. A standing army of fifteen thousand men consumes the resources and impairs the productive powers of the nation. Two-thirds of the revenue of the state is drawn from the exports of guano, and certainly no country ever possessed so extraordinary a financial resource; but when this fails, Peru will probably pass through a perilous crisis. The only considerable tax, the capitation tax, on which the Government can permanently rely has been lately repealed, and its only ways and means will consist of a customs revenue, which will probably prove quite inadequate to the improvident expenditure of the country. England possesses a considerable trade with Peru, importing large quantities of its guano and nitrate of soda, together with wool, cotton, hides, bark, silver and gold; giving in exchange woolens, linens, cotton and silk goods, machinery, cutlery, earthenware, and some luxuries. The imports of British produce have steadily increased. In 1847 they amounted to six hundred thousand eight hundred and fourteen pounds, in 1861 to one million one hundred and ninety-five thousand one hundred and ten pounds.

The South-Americans maintain that the Spanish character transplanted to the New World has undergone a sensible improvement. Their vices, they say, they owe to Spain; their virtues to themselves. If Spain bequeathed to her colonies a full measure of her haughtiness and pride, they have certainly engrafted on these

failings some vices peculiarly their own. Several of the old colonies of Spain have, however, advanced beyond the mother country in religion. The Roman Catholic bigotry of the Peninsula is not reflected in all the republics of the New World. There have been in Peru indications even of an approaching revolt against the authority of the See of Rome. A distinguished ecclesiastic published in 1856 a remarkable work in six volumes, entitled, A Defence of Government against the Pretensions of the Court of Rome, for which he was excommunicated. The Peruvian Government immediately put itself in opposition to the Papacy, and prohibited the execution of the sentence. The Papal decree was replied to by a manifesto which, for cogent reasoning, bold language, and stirring eloquence, is said not to have been surpassed by any production of the Reformation. It inculcates the political subordination of bishops to the State, and the submission of the clergy to the laws; suggests the abolition of all priestly immunities, and the imposition of restraints upon monastic and conventual bodies; affirms the right of marriage for priests, and earnestly recommends toleration. These opinions, which have been openly countenanced by the Government, must, we think, be the precursors of an ecclesiastical reform which will eventually detach Peru from the Papacy, as they have already shaken its hold on the popular faith. The courageous divine, who has acquired great celebrity in Peru by his defiance of Rome, had been in a declining state of health before the arrival of the bull of excommunication. thunder of the Vatican had the effect of a beneficial electric shock upon his system, imparting an energy to which it had been long a stranger, and of which Peru is likely to feel the lasting effects.*

The position and prospects of the Indian race in Peru is a subject of much interest. Their character has, doubtless, in some degree suffered from the effects of long-continued slavery and oppression, but they assuredly do not deserve the reproach of being wholly incapable of civilization.† Recent travelers, on the contrary, express their belief that every

^{*} Dr. Vigil is the ecclesiastic referred to. He is the auperintendent of the National Library at Lima.

[†] Mr. McCulloch attributes this character to them: see Geographical Dictionary, article "Peru."

thing in Peru is gradually tending to a native political preponderance. The Creole population does not increase; the Indian population, on the contrary, is making rapid strides; and the people are recovering from the long-continued stupor and despair into which, as a nation, they were thrown by the conquest of their country. The numbers of each class are thus estimated:—Whites, two hundred and forty thousand; Mestizos and dark, three hundred thousand; Negroes, forty thousand; Indians, one million six hundred and twenty thousand. The natives, therefore, possess an immense numerical preponderance in Peru, and constitute, in fact, almost the entire laboring class. No great immigration from Europe has yet counterbalanced the Indian element in South-America, and that half of the continent differs materially from the other in its social state. Although fearfully reduced by centuries of oppression, the Indians greatly outnumber the descendants of their conquerors; while in the north they have succumbed before European civilization until their number has become insignificant, and their political importance inappreciable. In one portion of Peru a tribe exists which has strictly preserved its independence. The Indians of Peru might be mistaken on a first impression for a spiritless and inoffensive race, out of which all energy had long been crushed by a merciless tyranny, as if hope had departed and ambition had become extinct; but under this calm and impassive exterior are concealed smouldering passions which have more than once broken out into frenzied excitement, and produced deeds of heroic daring not surpassed in the annals of any country or The Indian is slow in his movements, but persevering in whatever he He performs the longest undertakes. journeys with troops of mules laden with the produce of his land, and, with a little parched maize and the solace of his indispensable coca,* undergoes incredible fatigue; while the women remain at home superintending the cultivation of the soil, and tending the herds of llamas, alpacas, and sheep. The habitations are of rough stone, and seldom consist of more than one apartment, without windows; and at

one end is an elevated part on which the family sleep, on llama and sheep skins. The dress of the men generally is a coarse cotton shirt, woolen breeches and jacket, stockings without feet, a large hat, and high sandals. A long strip of cotton hangs loosely round the neck to protect it either from cold or intense heat; and a waistband of various colors, and a poncho of blue or red, complete a not unpicturesque costume. The women wear a long cotton garment, over which is a woolen dress, a long mantle fastened with pins of silver, sandals, a necklace of colored beads, to which is often appended a small cross of gold, and occasionally a silver spoon. They marry young, in accordance with the policy of their ancient government, and generally lead irreproachable lives. Many noble families, descended from the Incas, are found in different parts of the country, and their genealogies are as strictly and proudly preserved as those of any European nobility. In the unavoidable absence of a priest, a cacique will not hesitate to officiate in some of the services of the Church; and one who was long resident in Peru, records the impression made upon him by hearing a chief on one of the feast days reading prayers to an assembled congregation, while the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and filling with its rich golden rays the interior of the chapel. The people are governed by alcaldes elected by themselves, and no tax-gatherer has yet ventured to enter their country. Four years after the establishment of the Republic they issued from their mountain fastnesses and inflicted a severe defeat on a regiment of Apprehensions are entertained infantry. that the Indians may regain their independence, and endeavor to establish some modified form of their ancient government. They are known to cling to their political traditions, and the anniversary of the death of the last of their kings is still celebrated by a rude tragedy which stirs their nature to its profoundest depths, and produces the most passionate emotions. Great intellectual progress has, moreover, been made by the Indians since the Spaniards evacuated Peru. Formerly they were not permitted to enter the colleges; they are now encouraged to do so, and it is not improbable that they will eventually prove themselves as much superior to the Creoles in practical ability as they are believed to

be in character and in morals. They have

^{*} A leaf which in its effects somewhat resembles the betel-nut, and possesses the property of preventing fatigue,

acquired considerable military experience during the many revolutions in which they were compelled to take a part; some retain the arms with which they fought, and implements of war are believed to be hidden among the mountains, where materials for the manufacture of gunpowder abound. Their courage is unquestionable. The Cholos of Arequipa in 1858 defended a position against the disciplined troops of Castilla for upward of eight months, and their desperate valor during the assault of the town was as remarkable as their previous extraordinary endurance. They were in the pay of Vivanco, the rival of Castilla; and out of six hundred rank and file, five hundred and forty fell at the barricades.*

The Indians certainly entertain a hope of ultimately freeing themselves from the foreign domination to which they have been subjected for centuries. It has been ascertained, says Mr. Bollaert, that there is an alliance between the Indians speaking Quichua, called Los Gentiles by the Spaniards, and the more barbarous tribes living in the fastnesses of the primeval forests; and if they should persevere in their avowed intention to establish a government of their own, he thinks that they will find the enterprise every day more easy. Nor is this anticipation of a renovated nationality confined to Peru. pervades Bolivia, Ecuador, Chili, and all the other states which once constituted the great Peruvian monarchy. The idea of a political revival seems to be ever present to their minds; and the reverence which they entertain for the burial-places of their ancestors, and for the spots where their leaders fell in the many noble but unfortunate struggles for their country,

proves that they preserve unbroken the memories of the past; nor are the bloody deeds of the Pizarros and Almagros, and others whose names are embalmed in immortal hate, likely ever to be forgotten. Although to a great extent Christianized, they retain many observances connected with their former faith, and there are still tribes which venerate the mountains on which their forefathers worshiped, and bow to the rising sun. One of the most interesting races with which we are acquainted, therefore, instead of exhibiting only "the fading remains of a society sinking amidst storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes,"* is presented to us in an attitude of expec-It will not be one of the least of the triumphs of Christianity, if it should have succeeded in eradicating from the hearts of a sensitive and deeply-injured race the desire of retaliation and revenge. The Indians have certainly been treated with more justice and humanity by their Republican rulers than they ever were by the Government of Spain. The capitation tax has been repealed; there is no system of forced labor; and the only practical grievance is the conscription. Villages are often surrounded by soldiers, and all the able-bodied men are driven off to serve in the ranks, in open violation of the constitution and the law. Intelligent, affectionate, grave, patient, and long-suffering, the Indians possess many claims to sympathy and respect. It is a touching proof of their confidence in each other, and of the almost total absence of crime, that the doors of their huts are rarely closed, and that their property is as safe in their absence as if it were protected by locks and bars. Their courage has been repeatedly proved in the extensive but ill-organized revolts by which from time to time, they have attempted to regain their independence; their probity is equally beyond impeachment; and it is the opinion of one fully competent to judge, that there is no safer region in the world for the defenceless traveler than the plateaux of the Peruvian Cordillera.

^{*}There is a striking difference, Mr. Markham says, "between the Cholos of Arequipa and the Inca Indians of the interior, who come to the towns with their llamas laden with silky vicuña wool; the former are a turbulent, excitable race, who will fight desperately behind walls, but are without stamina and unable to endure fatigue; the latter are a patient, long-suffering people, capable of extraordinary endurance, and are in the habit of marching distances which appear incredible to those whose experience is confined to the movements of European troops."—Markham's Travels in Peru.

^{*} Humboldt.

From the London Eclectic.

THE JEWISH CHURCH; ITS HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND POETRY.*

Uniform with the author's Sinai and Palestine, and like it in the clear and distinct presentation of sacred sites and scenes, this volume will be received and read with the same pleasant charm with which we turn the pages of that most admirable hand-book, at once to the map of the Holy Land in our studies, and to the routes and ways of the hallowed regions of the whole of the sacred story. Stanley is our most valued guide; for he brings usually great accuracy and perfect knowledge of the ground over which we are traveling; but he is also so thoroughly interesting. In his company we so completely realize the spot and its circumstance and historic place; indeed, this is his chief characteristic as a writer. Perhaps the impressions he conveys are rather those of a poet than a historian. Being in the form of lectures, the information is first prophet of a new religion. He first concise. The style our readers, no doubt, well know. It is not burdened with much criticism, but many will prize what they receive from these pages more; there is always a human vision and a human presentation, if not vast critical spoils.

The history commences, of course, with Abraham; and the reader is still able to recognize all the circumstances which gave distinctness to him as a mighty Bedouin Sheik. The speech, the costume, the manners of that old time, linger still.

"In every aspect, except that which most concerns us, the likeness is complete between the Bedouin chief of the present day, and the Bedouin chief who came from Chaldea nearly four thousand years ago. In every aspect but one; and that one contrast is set off in the highest degree by the resemblance of all beside. The more we see the outward conformity of Abraham and his immediate descendants to the godless, grasping, foul-mouthed Arabs of the

modern desert, nay even their fellowship in the infirmities of their common state and country, the more we shall recognize the force of the religious faith which has raised them from that low estate to be the heroes and saints of their people, the spiritual fathers of European religion and civilization. The hands are the hands of the Bedouin Esau; but the voice is the voice of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the voice which still makes itself heard across deserts and continents and seas; heard wherever there is a conscience to listen, or an imagination to be pleased, or a sense of reverence left amongst mankind."

Abraham comes before us with considerable distinctness, from the wide-spread influence of his legendary name. In that age of the worship of the heavenly bodies, and the worship of kings, Nimrods, mighty hunters, he heard the call of God, first taught the unity of God, and became the distinctly witnessed, for his own race and country, to pure Theism—the unity of God against all primeval idolatries—the natural religion of the ancient world. He is the father of the faithful. We can not follow, nor will it be righteous to quote, Dr. Stanley's delineations of the course of Abraham's progress in his migrations; but the following brings before the reader's eye Palestine four thousand years since.

"It is an advantage of visiting a country once civilized, but since fallen back into barbarism, that its present aspect more nearly reproduces to us the appearance which it wore to its earliest inhabitants, than had we seen it in the hight of its splendor. Delphi and Mycenæ, in their modern desolation, are far more like what they were as they burst upon the eyes of the first Grecian settlers, than at the time when they were covered by a mass of temples and palaces. Palestine, in like manner, must exhibit at the present day a picture more nearly resembling the country as it was seen in the days of the Patriarchs, than would have been seen by David, or even by Joshua. Doubtless many of the hills which are now bare were then covered with forest; and the torrent beds which are now dry throughout the year were, at least in the winter, foaming streams. But, as far as

^{*} Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By ARTHUR PEN-RHYN STANLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. With Maps and Plans. London: Murray.

we can trust the scanty notices, the land must have been in one important respect much what it is now. It is every where intimated that its population was thinly scattered over its broken surface of hill and valley. Here and there a wandering shepherd, as now, must have been driving his sheep over the mountains. The smoke of some worship, now extinct for ages, may bave been seen going up from the rough, upright stones, which, like those of Stonebenge or Abury, in our own country, have survived every form of civilized buildings, and remain to this day standing on the sea-coast plain of Phonicia. Groups of worshipers must have been gathered from time to time on some of the many mountain hights, or under some of the dark clumps of itex; 'For the Canasnits was then in the land.' But the abodes of settled life are described as confined to two spots; one, the oldest city in Palestine, the city of Arba, or the Four Giants, as it was called, in the rich vale of Hebron; the other, 'the circle' of the five cities in the vale of the Jordan. These were the earliest representatives of the civilisation of Canaan; the Perizzites, or, as they were usually called, 'the Hittites,' the dwellers in the open villages, who gave their name to the whole country; so much so, that the children of Heth are called 'the children of the land,' and the land itself was known both on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments as the land of 'Heth.' Mingled with these, on the mountain tops, as their name implies, were the warlike Amorite chiefs, Mamre and his two brothers. Along the southern coast, and the undulating land called the south country, between Palestine and the desert, were the ancient predecessors of the Philistines, probably the Avites; not, like their future conquerors, a maritime people of fortified cities, but a pastoral, nomadic race, though under a ruler entitled 'king.' On the east of the Jordan, round the sanctuary of the Horned Ashtaroth, and southward as far as the Dead Sea, were remnants of the gigantic aboriginal tribes, not yet ejected by the encroachments of Edom, Ammon, or Mosb-the Horites, dwellers in the caves of the distant Petra, the Emim and Zamzummim on the east of the Jordan, and the Rephaim, whose name long lingered in the memory of the later inhabitants, and was used to describe the shades of the world beyond the

Passing by the patriarchal period, and the period of the bondage in Egyptthrough every page of which, however, we have the pleasant and instructive narrative—we come to the age foretold in the promise, the time of Moses and of the Exodus. Throughout his volume the Throughout his volume the writer aims to bring into prominency and distinctness the leading and representative men, and their place in the progress and development of the nation. The character of Samuel, and his relation to his times, is whom they were maintaining incressant

drawn with great clearness and firmness: Samuel, the representative of the medieval Church of Judaism; the head, the archon of the prophetic dispensation; the Athanasius of his Church and his times.

"He could still, as he stood before the people at Gilgal, appeal to the unbroken purity of his long eventful life. Whatevar might have been the lawless habits of the chiefs of those times-Hophni, Phinehaa, or his own sons—he had kept aloof from all. 'Behold, I am old and grayheaded, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am; witness against me before the Lord.' No ox or ass had he taken from their stalls; no bribe to obtain his judgment—not even so much as a sandal. It is this appeal, and the universal respense of the people, that has caused Grotius to give him the name of the Jewish Aristides, And when the hour of his death came, we are told with a peculiar emphasis of expression, that 'all the Israelites'-not one portion or fragment only, as might have been expected in that time of division and confusion—' were gathered together' round him who had been the father of all alike, and 'lamented him and buried him; not in any mored spot or se-cluded sepulcher, but in the midst of the home which he had consecrated only by his own long unblemished career, 'in his house at Ramah.' We know not with certainty the situation of Ramah. Of Samuel, as of Moses, it may be said: No man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.' But the lofty peak above Gibeon, which has long borne his name, has this feature, (in common, to a certain extent, with any high place which can have been the scene of his life and death,) that it overlooks the whole of that broad table-land, on which the fortunes of the Jewish monarchy were afterward unrolled. Its towering eminence, from which the pilgrims first obtained their view of Jerusalem, is no unfit likeness of the solitary grandeur of the Prophet Samuel, living and dying in the very midst and center of the future glory of his country."

In the same distinct manner rise, at the call of our historian, and pass before us, all the great earlier names—Joshua and GMeon, Samson, Deborah, and Barak-while he has thought and compared till, with great insight and clearness, he sets before his readers very many particulars of the domestic story, the homes and the ways of the people; and we see how soon the people came to realize God in their history and their nation, as well as their ancient patriarche called of God. Some service is rendered to the cause of divine truth by the clear setting forth of the character of the foes of the Israelites — those with

cian race, worshipers of the cruel and licentious Phœnician deities; their human sacrifices, licentious orgies, and worship of a host of divinities. It is remarkable, indeed, that we find among these people all those features so familiar to us from the painting the bright side of Polytheism in the mythology of Greece. We find enough of its dark side in the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins, which turned the hearts of the prophets of Israel sick, in the worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch; the same divinities so leniently and indulgently regarded as Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Hercules, and Adonis. Israel was consecrated

to extirpate these. We have often said that the poetry of Palestine is not epic—there is no exaltation of the individual; no vast Achilles strides over the plain; no Agamemnon; no Prometheus, that most epical character, although in tragic and dramatic poetry—but the incidents which meet us in the historical narrative, they are altogether epical, and the characters have an epic grandeur which stirs the soul to read. Somebody said to Joanna Bailey: "Do you call Macaulay's lays poetry?" and she said: "Yes, if you call the sound of the trumpet music." So also the histories of the Old Testament, they too are poetry, such poetry as there is in the trumpet. They stir and they startle the spirit. Every part of the Old Testament abounds with them. We read them until they lose their wondrous magnificence of tone, even as the wind becomes a common wind, and the rush and the roar of the tempest of the waves a common sound. Are not the stories of the Iliads, and Odysseys, and Eneads, tame compared with these? How much more human is their reading—how much more kindling—while so much nearer to us. What battle-fields are like those along the passes and the hights of Benjamin? Is it possible to read the story of the battle of Beth-horon without feeling the stir of the times of old? What record might have been given in the book of Jasher, we know not; how far that ancient story might have simplified our conception, we know not; but do we remember, when "the men of Gibeon sent unto Joshua," and said: "Slack not thine hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us; for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains wave the thought, "God is with us."

conflict—the Canaanites, clearly of Phæni- are gathered together against us," that immediate response of the warrior when Joshua "came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night"? Prompt captain and commander-in-chief he, with his undaunted host. Did you ever realize that mighty panic, when the shout, the mighty shout of the army of Joshua, rose to the ear of the startled Canaanite? the sun rose behind him, he climbed the hights at whose foot the kings lay all encamped; and then was given the word, "not to fear, nor to be dismayed, but to be strong in the Lord, and of good courage, for the Lord had delivered their enemies into their hands." The Canaanites fled before them, for "the Lord discomfited them," "and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Bethhoron." And then, as they fled, "the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them"—one of those fearful tempests of the land burst upon the disordered army—and "they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword." But then comes the last sublime touch of that picture. The day had advanced. the summit of Beth-horon stood the strong commander. Below him stretched the green vales of Ajalon; behind him, the mountains of Gibeon. Over those hills stood high the sun. The faint figure of the moon was visible standing over from the Was the enemy to escape? No. There He stood, the hand outstretched grasping the spear; and then He spoke, and said in the sight of Israel: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and, thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

What stories of battles! the harp of Deborah, and the hand of Barak. Again the storm of sleet and hall burst over the Canaanites; and the rains descended, and the winds blew, and the flood and the torrent swept them away. What other hero in uninspired story reaches the dimensions of Gideon, the victor over Zebah and Zalmunnah? The shrill blast of those trumpets, the crash of those pitchers! How the tradition stirs us now. One of the most glowing and glorious enchantments of Hebrew poetry is its nationality. The surge of Hebrew song brought on every

This, in all ages, gave the ecstasy and the passion to their mighty tones of triumph. And how, as they all sang, the thought of the God who called them and sanctified them, gave the roll and the rush of melody. It must be admitted, there have been no other such national lyrics. "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," awaken thrillings and tinglings of blood and soul; but they are poor affairs compared with the national songs of Judea; and in both the music is far finer than the words. We have never set our national incident to music. We are poor in patriotic songs. Even the French, perhaps, exceed us in this; and "the Marseillaise" tingles and kindles even more than "Ye Mariners of England." The national history was well known, was burnt into the hearts of the people. In a very tame way, we fancy, our history is apprehended. Thus, for instance, the well known, perhaps the best known, national incident, the destruction of the Armada, the Spanish Armada, the Invincible Armada. How differently has Macaulay recited the story to the way in which we can conceive it recited by some ancient Hebrew in a similar instance. Our poet dwells, indeed, on the mustering of the nation; but the true poem is left unsung. We have the gathering of the people, not the scattering of the foe. There is very much in that projected invasion which reminds us of the invasion of Israel by Sisera; and many of the words of that glorious song of Deborah might well befit our case. It is quite wonderful what a propensity there has been in tyrants, from time immemorial, to reckon their chickens before they were hatched; as the mother of Sisera sang: "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-work, of divers colors of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?" We wonder how a Hebrew would have chanted the story of those much misguided asses, the captains and chief governors of that most imperial ass that ever was, Philip II., who had prepared his armada as a gorgeous flotilla, for a very festival of conquest; fitting out his large fleet with soldiers and inquisitors, who were to murder and to havoc the streets of London, and make the sack of Antwerp pale. Alas! they calculated badly. London was all before their anx-

ious eyes. There was velvet, and gold, and baggage, for the triumph—lights and torches for the illumination—when London should be sacked. Every captain had received some gift from the Prince to make himself brave; and lances so gorgeous—'twas a preparation for a triumph, not for a war. And then came that night, and the sob of the storm, and the drip of the mysterious oars, and the devil-ships of Gianibelli, and the flame, and the mist, and the tempest; and so—but we know the rest; only, what would an Israelite have said over such a victory? "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind."

These are the things in a nation's history which make a people look up. These are the foundations of national pride and exultation. It is possible, indeed, that in many a lonely Methodist chapel, in many a far-away village cottage, the sentiment, God for England, is felt just as truly, and perhaps as profoundly, as in the hearts of the ancient Hebrew. But these things have not entered into the texture of our national poetry. We have very little of what may be called national poetry, and what we have does not ring with the grand sentiment of "God is with us," the perpetual sentiment of Hebrewism. Does this arise, as some have said, from the fact that Christianity disclaims patriotism? We are disposed in part to admit this that no land ever has been and ever can be what Palestine was to the Jew—and hence, too, while he had no epic poet, every thing in his land became epical, and, as we have said and seen, all things of institution and of scenery became greatly representational.

Our history has incidents as glowing and marvelous, but have we the heart of the ancient Hebrew to recite the story? Why, it is in the memory of men living now, and here—and only a few months since we called our readers' attention to it—how Napoleon I. spread his mighty camp along the hights of Boulogne, where a hundred thousand men waited for the moment when, beneath the leadership of the First Consul, they were to spring on England—those preparations were vast—and fifty thousand men spread along the coast from Brest to Antwerp. "Let us be masters of the channel," said Napoleon, "for six hours, and we are masters of the world." Also the master of the French Mint received orders to

strike a medal commemorating the conquest—and although the die had to be broken, there are three copies taken; two are in France, and one in England—the Emperor crowned with laurel, and the inscription in French, "London taken 1804." But there was One sitting in the heavens who laughed: the Lord had them in derision. He spoke unto them in his wrath, and vexed them in his sore displeasure; for, alas, alas! Admiral La Touche Treville, having received orders to put to sea, he alone knowing the destiny of the fleet, fell sick, poor man, and died just then; and there was no head to direct, and no hand to strike, and the thing had to be postponed. But Napoleon, Emperor Napoleon, did not give up; in 1805 he was waiting still in Boulogne'! London was not taken, to be sure, in 1804, but it might be in 1805. He climbed the hights again and again, and waited for the junction of the fleets; but he strained his eyes in vain—his admirals blundered, and so that fleet which was to have taken London, while Napoleon supposed it hastening to Brest, was flying to Cadiz, there to meet with Nelson at Trafalgar; and so, in fact, London was not taken. what would an ancient Hebrew have said? He would have said, "As we have heard, so have we seen;" "God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together. They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away." "We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple." would have sung as Deborah sang, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Geography, we all know, melts and mingles its shades into those of history. What is that unaccountable charm of places? What is that strange law which • impels us to visit the scenes of old incident—to re-people with the past all the manifold majesties and tendernesses of nature? How is it, we ask, and almost vainly ask, that nature in herself only becomes significant to us by man? It is every where so. Who is insensible to the power of shrines—spots sacred by the legends of departed bravery where the hero wrestled; where the maiden wept; where the stately cavalcade swept on. Tombs and temples, ruins and

the bare or scarcely grassy rock-how they thrill us. It is so every where; the simplest village has some story to tell which awakens all our interest in us. How much more is it so with what we call, by an universal acknowledgment, the Holy Land. The charm of places moves us even while we read. Who can read unmoved the story of the grave of Rachel, and the tender revisiting of the patriarch Jacob of the old haunts of Bethel and Beersheba, and the burial of the old nurse Deborah beneath the hill of Bethel, under that plaintive oak, "the Oak of Tears," ("Allon-bachuth")? A very interesting Appendix to this volume is the visit of Dr. Stanley, with his young charge, the Prince of Wales, to the cave of Machpelah, the spot of those tender words of Jacob, "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah." A similar entrance into the charm of places we have in the description of the halt of Jacob on his exile from his father's house.

"The first halt of the Wanderer revealed his future destinies. 'The sun went down;' the night gathered round; he was on the central thoroughfare, on the hard backbone of the mountains of Palestine; the ground was strewn with wide sheets of bare rock; here and there stood up isolated fragments, like ancient Druidical monuments. On the hard ground he lay down for rest, and in the visions of the night the rough stones formed themselves into a vast staircase, reaching into the depth of the wide and open sky, which without any interruption of tent or tree, was stretched over the sleeper's head. On that staircase were seen ascending and descending the messengers of God; and from above there came the Divine Voice which told the houseless wanderer that, little as he thought it, he had a Protector there and every where; that even in this bare and open thoroughfare, in no consecrated grove or cave, 'the Lord was in this place, though he knew it not.' 'This was Bethel, the House of God; and this was the gate of Heaven."

Do we not read of the army of Godfrey of Bouillon, that when it came in sight of Jerusalem, beholding in the distance its turrets and fair fronts, they were so transported with joy that they gave such a shout that the very earth was said to ring again. Some such sensations stir within us all as we think of the Holy Land. We say, mighty is the charm of many of those places. One can not reduce to caves, and even the lonely ghyll and science the feelings which overwhelm us.

It was always so, not less the from days of Abraham, when Melchizedek met him returning from the slaughter of the kings, and now, nor less now than then. Secluded from the rest of the ancient world in its nest of hills, it was a small territory. Great was the contrast between the littleness of Palestine and the vast empires which hung upon its northern and southern frontiers. Small and narrow, from almost any high point in the country its whole breadth is visible; from the long walls of the hills of Moab on the east to the Mediterranean on the west. It has been well remarked, that one voice or the other—that of the mountains or the sea is perpetually heard amidst the notes and tones of the Hebrew poets. They seem to respond. If on the one side rose the cry, "The sea is his, and he made it," on the other rose the cry, "The strength of the hills is his also." There were the mountains of Gilead, the long ridges of Arabia, whence the first fathers of the land, Abraham and Jacob, wandered into the country, and from whence the camels and dromedaries of Midian and Ephah were once again to pour in. There lay the sea, whitening with the ships of Tarshish—sails of mighty ships which in their silvery whiteness were flying as a cloud, and as doves to the windows. There lay the isles of the Gentiles which should come to the light of Judea. Thus it was said, "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and of the countries that are round about her." Every thing in nature was prepared for the stupendous symbolisms and suggestions of poetry. Palestine was situated amidst the highlands of Asia; the great empires, Egypt and Assyria, rose on the plains formed by the rivers; the mountains forming the great watershed whence those rivers descended, were the haunts of the barbarian races who descended to conquer and ravvage the rich and level plains; but from the desert of Arabia to Hebron it was "To go one long-continued ascent. down into Egypt," "To go up into Canaan," were not only common expressions, but very true. Israel rose in a mountain sanctuary, and so looked over the world. "The mountain of the Lord's house was established on the top of the mountains," exalted upon the top of the hills. To this all nations were to flow. It was a land of mountains. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him

that bringeth good tidings!" The mountains were to bring peace to the people and the hills righteousness. What a scene starts to the eye as soon as some of these places are mentioned. And then those mountain scenes gave majesty to the conflagrations of the heavens. were the storms which, in streams of fire and tones of thunder, broke over the This was "the rocky and sandy waste. voice of the Lord;" the thunder heard, "The God of now distant, now remote. glory thundereth," one long-continued roll. "He bowed the heavens, and came down; and darkness was under his feet." He "walketh upon the wings of the wind." "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire." "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke." "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed." "The mountains flow down at thy presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil." No doubt the influence of the sea is widely different to the influence of the mountains. sea is a cheerful, humorous creature, coquettish and cruel, as all coquettes are; but if stern, plastic. All nations, if they have been triumphant over time and circumstance, have had to take the sea into No nation has been their confidence. permanently great but as she has had a large seaboard. And even Palestine had its great seas and rivers; but the genius of Palestine dwelt amidst the hills and mountains. If tenderness touches with its indispensable charm these awful poems, it is not the tenderness of the soul caught from "the haven of ships" and the stir of the peoples, from the gentle humors arising from the spray of the sea waves, or of many tribes; it is the tenderness of that deep silence which falls upon the heart amidst the solitude of brooding hills; the tenderness of the reticent, not less than the passionate nature; the tenderness of the hush and the calm, not the clash and the contest of the waves and the storm.

The Hebrew poetry very adequately represents the land, and soil, and race, from whence it sprang. Especially do we see this in its entire divestment of humor, of wit, and of satire. There are one or two exceptions to this generalization, but they are so rare that they confirm the rule. There is an intense realism in it; a grim and gloomy grandeur takes possession of

many of the features of it. For the Hebrew had no acquaintance, in those periods when that literature was compiled which is precious to us, with many races or many men. His soul was inflamed with, his eye was fixed upon, august, and solemn and solitary truths. We are afraid the rich raciness of what we call genial humor, is sadly allied to the graceful and nonchalunt indifference. There was little in the history of the Hebrews which could be regarded as cheerful. The race, like the patriarchs, moved beneath a bannered vanguard, which was always a prospect and a promise, and never a possession. Hostile hosts of Anakim perpetually hung round them; there was Babylon in their front, and there was Egypt in their rear; and mountain solitudes are not favorable to the development of humor; they do not nurse the artist faculty at all those mountain majesties; Samuel would not be a pleasant companion to us after that cheerful little exercise of hewing Agag in pieces. Nor would Elijah be the most desirable after that entertaining episode upon Mount Carmel. They accustom the mind and heart to those sublime attractions beneath whose presence it is regardless of the forms and the settings. There is nothing plastic in the mountain, it will not yield to you; it will not retire before you. Mountains hang a grandeur and heaviness before you. They are like the very lawgivers of nature, stern and impassive. Let the sun shine as it will, they never laugh. Stern sentinels, they couch before the inhabitants; they hold the echoes; they protract the thunders; upon their crests they first receive the lightnings, which break harmlessly there, and scatter themselves amidst the forests of the valleys. When the Hebrew prophet or poet wanted the teachings which should collect the strength of his spirit against the idolatrous priest or king, "he went to a cave and lodged there;" and when he came forth, it was not in the graceful, playful spirit of a man to whom words and creeds are alike humorous vehicles. The sternness of the Semitic man was fostered by the deeper sternness of nature. What could we think if one of those wild beings came before our eyes?—Samuel, or Amos, in his rough garment—in his eye the wild spot of electric fire, terrible and intense as that glory on the face of Moses. These were the men who had slept—no,

day on the hard flooring of the cave, waiting for "the word of the Lord." Could you expect these men to indulge you in little humorous movements? expect an angel to be very funny. No; there is no humor in this poetry, any more than in the poetry of Wordsworth. Directness of vision, the intense mystical charm of nature, we say, destroys that all-encompassing circularity of soul in which such grotesquenesses become at all possible. But in the stead of this, there was a mystical halo which did not the less glorify than it gloomed all nature. There was no question in those days about the supernatural; the people lived ever within the fear and presence of the mysterious and the invisible. It may be said of all of them, they "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." There is no glory, or beauty, or benignity in nature when it is not so. All things were sealed by infinite significations; significations which There was no we fear are lost to us now. morbid horror of mysticism. Poetry was not fancy. There was no fear of its being a thing separate and cut off from philosophy. For that poetry was what all true poetry is, an entrance into the wisdom and the spirit of the universe. It was an entrance into the "life of things," and into the truth of things. There was no worship of ideology, or idelatry of ideas, which is the last form of Paganism. At the same time, the ideology of the Hebrew narrative is miraculous, and spiritual symbolists never have and never will weary of its multiform pictures. This last vanity of thought may have, and probably has, deeper phenomena than most of its professors know. It is, in fact, reason feeling after, but not finding, the spiritual base of things, either in narrative or in scenery. The poetry, therefore, of the Hebrews held the keys to, as well as the stores of, the whole scenery of symbolism. Why, every thing in Palestine was a shadow and a type. The kingdom was all alive with spiritual escutcheonry. The old book is all alive to us with strange images and words. And what a wonderful grief there is. How we are reminded of the definition of soul given by the wonderful blind, deaf girl, Laura Bridgeman, when she asked her instructor, "What is soul?" He replied: "That which thinks, feels, hopes, loves—" "And aches," she added eagerly. "And aches." They not slept, but spread themselves night and | are all in the Hebrew poet, but especially the aching. Ah, what pathos! what tenderness! The poet possesses himself of every pictorial individualization, say again, personification. "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

It is often the case that "Every incident and word of a narrative is fraught with a double meaning, and earthly and spiritual images are put one over against the other—hardly to be seen in the English version, but in the original clearly intended." We stand like the prophet Ezekiel himself, upon the banks of the Chebah, and see, by the aid of those marvelous hieroglyphs, the unseen world recoming into view. We are afraid to attempt to spell the mystery; visions upon visions of revolving wheels of providence, and burning lamps, and interfolding lightnings, and gleaming amber, and majestic natural creatures; cherubim to carry forward Divine works; spirit and power alive in the royal lion, and the sacrificial and simple ox, and the winged and farreaching eagle, and in the face of the chief, the man. Then, as we study these vast symbols, then we see the analogy of the material and the spiritual world, all coherent in texture, mechanism, and design. We see how "that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

"A tapestried tent to shade us meant
From the brave o'erhanging firmament,
Where the blaze of the skies,
Comes soft to the eyes,
Through the vail of mystical imageries.
We gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and
woof,
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of created things."

It is a nice question, that of the relation of true poetry to art, the relation of the prophet and the seer to the artist. We demand, as genius decays, rhythmic vestures, and meretricious adornments of mere verse. The elder and most primeval men cast these indignantly away; and especially we may believe that, in the poets of Palestine, it was not cultivation, but soul, which at once gave the charm to the measure and the word. Yet we must remember that all true poetry is art; the

soul consigns itself to music. Shakspeare was quite uneducated, but how perfect his art was, if not invariably, then how frequently. Let us remember that those splendors of trope and figure on which the professor of poetry and rhetoric expatiates, and which the little poetaster seeks to imitate and to embellish his little phenomena with, sprang hot and mighty from the furnace of the poet's genius. It is thus with that eminent figure of speech we call personification, with which, beyond any other poetry, the Hebrew language abounds, but which gives highest dignity, and rapture, and ecstasy to all poetry. There is a singular principle which attributes the qualities of sex to inanimate objects. This is one form of that stirring spirit which embodies to the eye every form as really living and acting. Time would quite fail us to point to even a thousandth part of the illustrations of this which might be presented; but personification does wonderfully reveal to us the instinct in man which seems to regard all animate and inanimate nature as conscious, active, and alive. The idea of poetry as a making or creating was not present to the Hebrew; no, it was the rhythmic vibration of life. Rhythm does not mark the Hebrew poetry except as thought-rhythms are to be so regarded; and the careful study of these opens one of the great doors of meaning in the Hebrew Bible. This has been called parallelism; a powerful and beautiful concord of the whole sense, when the proposition of the first member of the verse is caught up and poured out again in a second to exhaust itself thoroughly; as in Psalm 1; Isaiah 55: 6, 7; Isaiah 51: 6. There is a beautiful instance of parallelism in Solomon's Song, showing the purity and unity of the marriage state depicted in it, as compared with the harems of princes—the beauty of the spotless bride.

"Sixty they queens!
Eighty mistresses!
And waiting-maids without number!
One, she—my dove, my perfect one.
One! she to her mother an honor.
Unsullied she, to her who bare her an honor.
The daughters beheld her and blessed her;
The queens and the mistresses, and they praised her, saying,
Who is this that looketh forth as the rosy morning,

Fair as the bright moon, unsullied as the burning sun, terrible as a bannered host?"

Personification was, from the very nature of the Hebrew mind, not less distinct in their other productions than in the Hebrew Scriptures. This gives the amazing parabolic power which is evident not only in the Scriptures, but often in a very exaggerated form, but more frequently in a very beautiful form, in the Talmud. We may ask our readers to read the following beautiful parable, in which all nature is represented alive. The citation shows how parable, and poem, and personification, naturally spoke in the Hebrew mind:

"DAVID: THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

"As David, in his youthful days, was tending his flocks on Bethlehem's fertile plains, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon him, and his senses were opened, and his understanding enlightened, so that he could understand the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, the glittering stars formed one general chorus, their harmonious melody resounded upon earth, and the sweet fullness of their voices vibrated to its utmost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun. 'I am the hem of his garment,' responded the soft and rosy twilight. The clouds gathered themselves together, and said, 'We are his nocturnal tent.' And the waters in the clouds, and the hollow voices of the thunders, joined in the lofty chorus, 'The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth in the heavens, the

Lord is upon many waters.'

"'He flieth upon my wings,' whispered the wind; and the gentle air added, 'I am the breath of God, the aspirations of his benign presence.' 'We hear the songs of praise,' said the parched earth; 'all around is praise; I alone am sad and silent.' Then the falling dew replied, 'I will nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose.' 'Joyfully we bloom,' sang the refreshed meads; the full ears of corn waved as they sang, 'We are the blessing of God, the hosts of God against famine.'

"' We bless thee from above,' said the gentle moon; 'We, too, bless thee,' responded the stars; and the lightsome grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, he blesses in the pearly dewdrop." 'He quenched my thirst,' said the roe; 'and refreshed me,' continued the stag; 'and grants us our food,' said the beasts of the forest; 'and clothes my lambs,' gratefully added the

sheep.

"'He heard me,' croaked the raven, 'when I was forsaken and alone; 'He heard me,' said the wild-goat of the rocks, 'when my time came, and I brought forth.' And the turtledove cooed, and the swallow and the other birds joined the song, 'We have found our nests, our houses; we dwell upon the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his

wing in tranquillity and peace.' 'And peace,' replied the night, and echo prolonged the song, when chanticleer awoke the dawn and crowed with joy, 'Open the portals, set wide the gates of the world! the King of Glory approaches. Awake! arise! ye sons of men; give praises and thanks unto the Lord; for the King of Glory approaches.'

"The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. But, as long as he lived, the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them from the

strings of his harp."

We have before said how Wordsworth has this great resemblance to the spirit of Hebrew poetry in his entrance into nature.

Dr. Stanley devotes a large portion of his volume to the analysis of the prophetic office and character; and if the analysis is not characterized by great profundity of thought, or any very wide or new vision, it is yet a very interesting and concise statement of the chief points of the history and influence of the prophetic office. He attempts to bring before us the schools of the prophets, and the power of the prophet as a commanding teacher and leader of the people. He brings out with considerable distinctness and force the prophetic insight into the human heart; the close connection of the prophet with the thoughts, hearts, and consciences of men; the consciousness of the presence of God; the teaching of the future, constantly speaking of things to come; the power of the future, both for the Church and the individual. "The whole prophetic teaching stakes itself on the issue that all will go well with us when once we turn. The future is every thing, the past is nothing. The turning, the change, the fixing our faces in the right instead of the wrong direction, this is the difficulty, the crisis of life; but this done, then, cried the prophet, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." Our writer has not brought out with sufficient distinctness the power of the Messianic faith in the prophets; but their prospective and predictive tendencies are very powerfully portrayed. He says:

"And this token of Divinity extends (and here, again, I speak quite irrespectively of any special fulfillments of special predictions) to the whole prophetic order, in the Old and New Testament slike. There is nothing which to any reflecting mind is more signal a proof of the Bible being really the guicing-book of the world's history than its anticipations, predictions, insight into the wants of men far beyond the age in which it was written. That modern element which we find in it—so like our own times, so unlike the ancient framework of its natural form; that Gentile, European, turn of thought—so unlike the Asiatic language and scenery which was its cradle; that enforcement of principles and duties, which for years and centuries lay almost unperceived, because hardly ever understood, in its sacred pages; but which we now see to be in accordance with the utmost requirements of philosophy and civilization; those principles of toleration, chivalry, discrimination, proportion, which even now are not appreciated as they ought to be, and which only can be fully realized in ages yet to come; these are the unmistakable predictions of the Prophetic spirit of the Bible, the pledges of its inexhaustible resources."

Another quotation sets before us the likeness of the Jewish prophet to the more modern and English preacher.

"Oh, if the spirit of our profession, of our order, of our body, were the spirit, or any thing like the spirit, of the ancient Prophets! if with us, truth, charity, justice, fairness to opponents, were a passion, a doctrine, a point of honor, to be upheld, through good report and evil, with the same energy as that with which we uphold our position, our opinions, our interpretations, our partnerships! guished prelate has well said: 'It makes all the difference in the world whether we put the duty of Truth in the first place, or in the second place.' Yes! that is exactly the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Bible. The spirit of the world asks, first, 'Is it safe? is it pious?' secondly, 'Is it true?' The spirit of the Prophets ask, first, 'Is it true?' secondly, 'Is it safe?' The spirit of the world asks, first, 'Is it prudent?' secondly, 'Is it right?' The spirit of the Prophets ask, first, 'Is it right?' secondly, 'Is it prudent?' It is not that they and we hold different doctrines on these matters, but that we hold them in different proportions. What they put first, we put second; what we put second, they put first. The religious energy which we reserve for obje to of temporary and secondary importance, they reserved for objects of eternal and primary importance. When Ambrose closed the doors of the church of Mi'an against the blood stained hands of the devout Theodosius, he acted in the spirit of a prophet. When Ken, in spite of his doctrine of the Divine right of Kings, rebuked Charles II. on his death-bed for his long-unrepented vices, those who stood by were justly reminded of the ancient Prophets When Savonarola, at Florence, threw the whole

energy of his religious zeal into burning indignation against the sins of the city, high and low, his sermons read more like Hebrew prophecies than modern homilies.

"We speak sometimes with discain of moral essays, as dull, and dry, and lifeless. Dull and dry, and lifeless they truly are, till the Prophetic spirit breathes into them. But let religious faith and love once find its chief, its proper vent in them, as it did of old in the Jewish Church—let a second Wesley arise who shall do what the Primate of his day wisely but vainly urged as his gravest counsel on the first Wesley—that is, throw all the ardor of a Wesley into the great unmistakable doctrines and duties of life as they are laid down by the Prophets of old and by Christ in the Gospels let these be preached with the same fervor as that with which Andrew Melville enforced Presbyterianism, or Laud enforced Episcopacy, or Whitfield Assurance, or Calvin Predestination—then, perchance, we shall understand in some degree what was the propelling energy of the Prophetic order in the Church and Commonwealth of Israel."

For Hebrew poetry, it must be remembered, touched, as no other poetry and no other philosophy has ever touched, the hights of "the great argument." When Isaac Taylor says that "Isaiah is our master in the school of the highest reason," while he does, perhaps, accurately describe him, and so place him at the head of even Hebrew bards, he also, in fact gives to us the most appropriate designation of Hebrew poetry in general. It is, indeed, the highest truth of which the human reason is capable, taught by analogy; analogy, however, which does not climb by long processes, or wind its way by difficult and dark defiles of argument; a single stroke reveals a continent of truth. This separates the poetry of Palestine from the poetry of other nations and other ages. It is never the poetry of mere metaphor, or description, or simile alone—all these stand related to highest spiritual purposes; they are all comparisons, or keys to causes; and these touch a far higher strain—it is all analogy, but in a far higher key than Butler. In Hebrew poetry analogy runs through all the whole range of poetic figure, from similitude up to philosophical truth. This was the mode in which truth was presented to the mind. The abstract, that is, truth as truth, the law of truth, was never presented unvailed; but the metaphor became, on the tongue of the prophet-poet, a key to the apprehension of the law. The poet knew -shall we say, rather that the Divine

mind knew? that man can not grasp truth except in relations. It is true, it is gloriously true, that the poetry of Palestine deals with the universal truths which govern the world; but they are not presented in mathematical formulæ—they are vailed; for, indeed, that is also true of truth in form, which God said to Moses of himself. "There shall no man see my face and live." No; and is it not so as man attempts to know the truth of law without the mystic medium, and to apprehend it as such, the true man dies within him? What does he become? Wisdom of old was represented with the golden belt—something, indeed, of the Cestus of Venus — to show that they who would instruct mankind must commence by attracting; for, indeed, it is not only true that the spell of wisdom, in its own form and essence, is not only too feeble a magnet for the sensualized many, it needs the holy lure, the hallowed image, the rhythmic and the choral tone and hymn to sweep round the soul of the listener by magic influences, and so to attract to its glowing lessons. Thus analogy is seized to teach and to subdue, but with a vigor which distinctly reveals how keen and clear was the truth in the mind of the writer; but, at the same time, we must remember that much most clear to the writer is dark to The sounds and signs of the Hebrew poets are, indeed, "dark sayings upon the harp" now; but is not all poetry that—a dark saying upon the harp? The soul, full of gloom and melancholy, broods and dreams. It is night in the soul. The soul chafes, and frets, and fears; then it betakes itself, in those first lone Oriental ages, to the harp; in these to the pen; the pen of to-day is the exact counterpart of the harp in the times of old. Speech freshens and clears. The harpist of old dashed his fingers over the wires, and divine impulses rushed along the soul. Elisha, although he has left us no poetical writings, yet needed the harp and the minstrel to call forth his powers; and in David sacred music was his condition, it would seem, in sacred song. How is it that we say so often of things, "Half is mine and half is thine"? We can do nothing without the pen, or without speech; "we sit alone and keep silence," and the mists settle before us and upon us; but, like "the arrows of God," which of old "cleaved a way

with harp, and pen, and speech. It seems to assure us that some presence is standing by us and before us to help the birth of the thing which, being unborn, is a burden to us, but which, being born, is to relieve, to lighten over us, and to bless us. Yes; ever we say, when highest impulses are in us, "Half is mine and half is thine." This is well set forth in many of the phrases of the Hebrew poets; for instance: "The burden of the word of the Lord." "The hand of the Lord was mighty upon him." We do not think other poets ever felt it in the same degree in which those men felt it, but we suppose all true poets have felt it more or less: "the hand of the Lord is mighty upon them." We have often thought of Saul as revealing to us much of a nature on which lay the burden, unable, however, to wield its own powers; for, for all spiritual health, "the spirit of the prophet must be subject to the prophet." What is that oppression of being we call insanity? Surely it is only spiritual congestion. Surely it is pent-up and unrelieved being. Hence, if we can not use the harp ourselves, let us send for David. Music is a kind of spiritual chloroform. Oh! those daughters of music! those daughters of music! the wonderful spirits of the key, and the note, the bar, the wire, and the word! What is it—what is it we unloose when we call for them and they come, and their wonderful draperies steal and wind through all secret places, like spiritual ether, finding out all the vaults and crypts; throwing light upon all the dark people of the soul; opening the gates of the prison-houses, where the comforters lay confined and chained, till they started up one by one, and stepped forth one by one, and the liberated soul felt the lightness and the brightness, and a rush of emotion set free the rivers of thought? Does not all Hebrew poetry seem to be alternately the burden and the blessedness? Is there not a divine insanity visible in all? Turning, then, to the divine and celestial radiance of Hebrew poetry, well may we say:

"There be none of Music's daughters with a magic like to thee."

pen, or without speech; "we sit alone and keep silence," and the mists settle before us and upon us; but, like "the arrows of God," which of old "cleaved a way through the midst of the rivers," so it is misty and the same way in which we also expel our demons by prayer, still saying while we pray, "Half is mine, and half is thine;" or in some such way as the misty and the dark clears before our eyes,

by a divine actinism, and we, cast like a Bedouin upon our carpet in the dark vault, resume a divine joyfulness, and rush before the chariot of Ahab into the entering of Jezreel. And so all divine poetry is to us—the whole, admirably and wonderfully, is to us—"Love, the bread of life; work, the salt of life; poetry, the ideal, the sweetness of life; faith, the water of life."

All persons accustomed to lecturing or public speaking, will have noticed that in the course of their wanderings they meet with two audiences. There is a plain, uneducated audience, unpolished, but unconventionalized, to whom if you would speak, you must present your speech in sharp, short, fiery sentences; in words that flash instantly, and in the flash convey and reveal. We have little of this order of eloquence now; but where it is, and where it meets its proper audience, it kindles, till the whole people are are borne along on the blaze and the passion of it. The feelings of the people become ungovernable; they are clasped and borne along by irrepressible emotion; they shout, they cheer. The building in which the oration rings, shakes with the peal of rapture and of praise. True, after it is all over, you meditate that the people who yielded themselves to the fervor of this furor were a simple kind of folk, much more accustomed to follow their feelings than to inquire for the verdicts of cultured understandings; but then the orator probably reflected to himself, that the strength of his speech also was not in his culture, but in his soul; that he and his audience capti vated each other by their possession of the over soul; they took fire not by their studied art, but by their great sympathies; and the voice of the orator, as it rose aloft, was like a wind amidst the trees, or sweeping down the dark hills; very fine, indeed, but dependent, too, upon the trees and the mountains; the wind had a voice in itself, but the trees and mountains awakened the echo. There is another speaker, and there is another audience; an audience intensely, too intensely capable of appreciating, but incapable of applaud-

The speaker who would succeed ing. must cut his sentences like cameos, and work all the separate parts of his figures together, till they have the exquisiteness of mosaics. He makes a slip of one word; it is fatal to him in the estimation of his His audience listens with a audience. fine, hesitating, critical ear, much more pleased with the sense of propriety than the sense of power. It never yields itself until it is taken possession of; and conventionalism is a fine antidote to the being taken possession of. This audience appreciates clever reading more than lofty passion, and clear lines more than cloudy and These two audiences, mystic glories. alive now in our age, and usually to be found in many past ages, sufficiently represent the two stages of poetry; poetry in its primeval age—the age before the reign of Horace and of art, when, in fact, there is no art of poetry; for poetry of course precedes the art, even as the social man precedes law and society—and poetry in the artist age, when the sensations are placed in the cabinet, and kept, and turned over, and when mighty heavings of heart give place to pretty little pictures, and the rapture and the frenzy are succeeded by a fine eye for critical analysis, and the power to review a fine poem, and to demonstrate its deficiencies, is even far more than to write it. In the poetry of Palestine, in Hebrew poetry, we are brought into the presence of the first of these two; and if such a plain illustration as that we have used may serve, then let it serve to illustrate the poetry of Judea and the poetry of Greece, the poetry of passion and of truth, and the poetry of culture and of form. The storm-lit and phosphorescent sea may image to us the one; the clear, calm, cold, glacial mountain, visited all night by troops of stars, may seem to us the type of the other. The first a grand, sonorous, and inadjectived world, where every thing is nominative and intense in action; a speculative lens before which all things turn into the qualities of bodies, may seem to us a type of the last.

From the North British Review.

DOMESTIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.*

THE Domestic Annals of Scotland is a contribution to a class of historical works for which the literary appetite of our age shows no small craving. The days have gone by when history disdained to take notice of any one of lower station than a prime minister or a general. The tricks of diplomacy, the campaigns of armies, the conduct of sieges, are not now held to constitute the life of a nation; if we would understand what a people really have been and are, we must know their manners and customs; we must see the houses in which they lived, the roads on which they traveled, the towns where they made their markets; we must learn how they employed their time, how they were clothed, what they ate and drank, what they believed, what they hoped, what they did, and what they refrained from doing. The plays of Shakespeare and the fictions of Scott, it has been somewhat paradoxically but truly said, are truer histories than most books that bear the name. They give at least an ideal picture of life and manners, and vividly reproduce past peoples and ways —the old national life in all its manifold phases.

But information of this kind is not easily to be found. It must be hunted out in the by-paths and out-of-the-way corners of literature. The historian must dive into pamphlets and poems, into letters and diaries, into inventories and registers, in which careful housewives "chronicled small beer" and other things of equally high moment; he must dwell amid the dust and debris of great libraries, poke into family charter chests, and peer into papers not looked at for centuries; and even after the materials are found, it is not every one who can use them. To most men it appears a hopeless task, out of such tangled waft and woof to weave a web on which will be fairly pictured the lives,

and loves, and labors of the past. The poetical faculty is needed for such a task; but to him who is possessed of that divine gift, visions of the past will rise out of every ancient document, and in his pictured pages he will show to his delighted readers the very men and manners of a bygone time.

bygone time. Mr. Chambers' work is a valuable stepping-stone to such a history. The reading public are greatly indebted to both the brothers who bear this well-known name, in their double capacity of publishers and authors. As publishers, they were among the first to understand the power of cheapness in literature; and to their enterprise it is, in a great measure, due that treatises of a high class, both in science and letters, have been brought down to the level of the masses. To their honor, too, it must be said that in all their serials they have had scrupulous regard to morality. No passage is to be found in them which can not be read in the family circle. On the other hand, the systematic exclusion of religious sentiment and sympathy gives a dry, worldly tone to much of their literature, which we can not but regard as a serious drawback. As authors, they have shown their large and varied accomplishments by their books of travels, of history, of antiquities, of almost every thing under the sun. And whatever they have done, they have done creditably, never rising to the hight of great authors, but always exhibiting painstaking industry, liberality of opinion, and common sense.

The Domestic Annals of Scotland occupy three closely-printed large octavo volumes. They were originally designed to extend from the Reformation to the Revolution; but in the third volume the latter boundary is overstepped, and the record brought down to the Rebellion of 1745. Mr. Chambers informs us in his preface, that as history had, in a great measure, confined itself to political persons and transactions, it was his ambition to detail the domestic annals of his country,

^{*} Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Rebellion of 1745. By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., etc. 3 vols. 8vo. W. & R. Chamber, Edinburgh and London. 1858-61.

to lay bare "the series of occurrences beneath the region of history; the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people; the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquility; the calamities which affected their well-being, the traits of false political economy by which that well-being was checked; and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days." In carrying out this plan, he is frequently compelled to go beyond the homestead, and record events which were transacted upon a larger stage; and, accordingly, he gives us many glimpses of the national as well as of the domestic life of our ancestors. He expresses the hope—and we think he was entitled to do so—that, from the large induction of facts which he has made, general principles may be deduced which will be of service to the political economist, the physician, the naturalist, and the divine. In truth, that must be a sorry collection of historical events which does not reveal the operation of some universal laws; for amid all the changes which are continually going on, we may always detect a repetition of the same cycles, and within these, and forming their center, a something that is unchanging and unchangeable.

The Annals begin at the stormy and eventful period of the Reformation, when society was seething up under the passions which that great religious struggle had evoked. Nor was the struggle over when the Parliament, in 1560, accepted the Reformed Confession, and declared it a crime to be present at a mass. A considerable proportion of the people remained attached to the ancient faith; and even those who had become Protestants found themselves unable all at once to throw off their Romish prejudices, and discontinue practices to which they had been trained from their childhood. They went in pilgrimage to famous shrines, they believed in the virtues of consecrated wells, they performed superstitious rites at births and bridals, and had wakes and dirges for the dead. Above all, they remained attached to the amusements which the ancient Church had The modern drama owes its fostered. origin to the priesthood, who were accustomed to perform plays called "mysteries" and "moralities," partly for the

instruction and partly for the amusement of their flocks. These plays were founded upon Bible incidents; and, though they appear to us to be a burlesque upon all sacred things, and, in some cases, a horrible outrage upon both religion and morality, were yet acted in all seriousness, and generally upon a Sunday. Long after the Reformation such plays were still performed, and sometimes still upon a Sunday; for the people saw no harm in this, and petitioned the General Assembly that it might be allowed. But the Reformed ministers had now begun to entertain stricter notions of the day of rest, and forbade, on that day, the performance of

The people had their own sports modeled in some measure after those of the Church, but naturally more rude and boisterous. The chief among these were rude dramatic games, called Robin Hood and Little John, the Abbot of Unreason, and the Queen of May. These games were held upon a Sunday, in the merry month of May. A grave burgher was chosen by his fellows to play the part of

chosen by his fellows to play the part of the English outlaw, another to personate his faithful squire; if they refused to don a fantastic dress and "make sports and jocosities" for the people, they were mulcted in a sum of money; if they agreed, they must represent the robbing of rith bishops, the pummeling of fat friars, and the deliverance of poor widows, in the presence of their fellows assembled on the town-common. But there were other sports, designed to give vent to a different humor. It is the nature of man to love a joke at the expense of his superiors. In the present day, Punch holds up for our laughter the highest and gravest personages of the realm. Three hundred years ago, our ancestors gratified the same humor by their high jinks of the Lord of Inobedience and the Abbot of Unreason, in which the great dignitaries of the Church and State were exhibited in circumstances the most ridiculous. The women, too, must have their own amuse-

"Hey trix, trim go trix, under the greenwood tree."

ments, for they could scarcely take part in the wild frolics of the men. They chose

their Queen of May, and joining hand in

hand round the trees which were just

bursting into leaf, sung their glad

These sports were known in England as

well as Scotland; and this age, which has in a great measure abjured all roystering and fun, can hardly conceive the love which the people had for them. For the day, every thing else must be abandoned. The hours were sacred to fun. Bishop Latimer tells us how once, coming upon a town when it was a holiday, he could not find an audience to preach to. "This is a busy day with us," said the people, "we can not hear you. It is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you hinder them not." "I was fain," says the bishop, "to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded though I were not; but it would not serve. It was fain to give way to Robin Hood's men."

Even before the Reformation an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting these plays, probably because they were now employed to turn the clergy into ridicule, when they could not so well afford to be laughed at. Be this as it may, the Reformers set their face against them too, probably because they were performed on a Sunday, and did not harmonize with the growing seriousness of the age. neither Acts of Parliament nor Acts of Assembly could put down the frolics of the people. 1561 a riot was caused in Edinburgh by an attempt to stop a Robin Hood procession; and when one of the rioters was to be hanged, a rescue was effected by the craftsmen, who "dang down the gibbet and broke it in pieces," "dang up the Tolbooth door perforce," set not only the condemned man free, but all his jail companions, and finally compelled the magistrates to grant them a pardon for their outrage. In 1572, during a severe dearth, a journalist specially notes that the people comforted themselves in May with their old pastimes. Even the elders and deacons of the Reformed Church were not always able to resist the temptation to be present at the popular games; and until the close of the sixteenth century we find the Assembly complaining of the existence of the evil, and uttering its threatenings against it. authority of the Church appears to have finally prevailed, for all such sports have long since disappeared in Scotland. England they lingered longer. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, James VI. and I., of facetious memory, attempted to revive them by his Book of Sports.

Some of them continue still; and the Queen of the May, one of the earliest and most touching of Tennyson's poems, has invested one of them with a new interest.

The amusements of the sixteenth century would scarcely be suitable for the nineteenth. But is it not to be regretted that the ancient holidays and the ancient sports have disappeared, without any others being substituted in their place? The age in which we live is consecrated to toil; and though more prosperous than those which have preceded it, it is questionable if it be happier. With the mechanic it is only toil, toil for ever. The only day when the whirl of the mill ceases, and the hammer rings not on the anvil, and the shuttle flies not athwart the loom, is the one in seven, which, if sacred to rest, should be sacred also to religion. When comes the day when the artisan can don his best attire, and repair to our green fields, or steam down our noble rivers, or meet with his fellows on the common to join in some athletic game or some harmless frolic? In the olden time the Church had her festivals, which, though, nominally designed for devotion, were really used for recreation. In Roman Catholic countries it is so at the present hour. In Protestant Britain alone is there no break in the ceaselessness of labor, no oasis in the wilderness of "work on, work on." Why should it be so? Why should Protestantism not do that honestly which Popery does dishonestly—give holidays to the people which will not be holy days? There is work here for some philanthropist. to do; and when it is done, the present tendency to break in upon the sanctity of of Sabbath will be weakened, if not destroyed.

Mr. Chambers enables us to trace very clearly the history and effects of some of the superstitions of the land. The belief in witchcraft was a world-wide supersti-In this matter Scotland was not wiser, nor was it less wise, than its neigh-The cardinals and bishops who assembled at Trent, the doctors who were convened at Dort, the divines who sat at Westminster, all possessed the same unwavering faith in witches and all kinds of diablerie. The laity believed at least as firmly as the clergy; and there is no more painful chapter in the history of human progress, than that which relates the torments and burnings to which multitudes of ill-favored old women were subjected

under the suspicion of this crime. The most curious thing is, that many of these unhappy hags believed themselves to be witches, in league with the devil, and possessed of the hellish powers which were attributed to them. The revelations which some of them made, even when not subjected to torture (though this was applied with fearful frequency and severity,) proves that they were either laboring under a singular hallucination, or that they had a strange pride in the character which was assigned to them, for which they were ready to brave the fagot and the fire. It is probable that many of the ancient witches were persons affected more or less with insanity, for we know that the peasantry to the present day regard such persons with superstitious awe. When there were no asylums, and no Lunacy Bills, every parish would have its idiot, its maniac, or at least its imbecile, sauntering about; and these, dreaded and disliked, would naturally fall under the suspicion of being the cause of the murrains that wasted the cattle, and the blights that fell upon the corn.

The statute under which all the subsequent cases of withcraft were tried was passed in 1562. It enacted that "nae person take upon hand to use ony manner of witchcrafts, sorcery, or necromancy, nor give themselves forth to have ony sic craft or knowledge thereof, there-through abusing the people;" also, that "nae person seek ony help, response, or consultation at ony sic users or abusers of witchcrafts, . . . under the pain of death." This statute was not allowed to lie idle; and, for nearly two centuries afterward, it was having its victims almost as regularly as the statutes against murder, rob-

bery, and theft.

In 1576, we find a woman named Dunlop tried for witchcraft. She had been in the habit of prescribing cures for her sick neighbors, and declared she got all her knowledge from a man, Reid, who had been killed at Pinkie nearly thirty years before, who, she affirmed, frequently met her, and conversed with her.— (Annals, vol. i., p. 107.) In all probability, this was simply a case of spectral illusion; but, nevertheless, the poor woman was burned. Alison Pearson was a noted druggest, and so famed for her cures, that she at one time had the Archbishop of St. Andrews under her care. She also, however, was haunted by spec-

ters, whom she believed to be visitants. from Elfhame; and so she was burned as a witch.—(Vol. i., p. 183.) But there were witches who could kill as well as cure—inflict evil as well as remove it and most of the trials for witchcraft arose from suspicions of this kind. The years 1590-91 were famous for witch trials. Among those charged with the crime were John Fian, schoolmaster of Prestonpans; Agnes Sampson, known as the Wise Wife of Keith; Barbara Napier, wife of an Edinburgh burgess; and Euphame M'Calyean, daughter of a judge of the Court of Session. The confession of Agnes Sampson, who is described by Archbishop Spottiswood as "matronlike, grave, and settled in her answers," is highly characteristic of the period, and worth quoting:

"The devil in man's likeness," she declared before the Court, "met her going out in the fields from her own house in Keith, betwixt five and sax at even, being her alane, and commandit her to be at North Berwick Kirk the next nicht. She passit there on horseback, conveyit by her good-son, callit John Couper, and lichit at the kirkyard; a little before she came to it, about eleven hours at even, they dancet alangs the kirkyard. Geilie Duncan played to them on ane trump. John Fian. missolit, [masked] led all the rest; the said Agnis and her daughter followit next, besides thir, wee Katie Gray, etc., etc., with the rest of their complices, above ane hundred persons, whereof there was sax men, and all the rest women. The women first made their homage, and next the men. The men were turned nine times wethershins about, and the women sax times. . . . John Fian blew up the doors, and blew in the lichts, whilk were like mukle black candles sticking round about the pulpit. The devil start up himself in the pulpit like ane mukle black man, and callit every man by his name; and every ane answerit, 'Here, master.' The first thing he demandit was, 'Gif they had keepit all promise, and been guide servants?' and, 'What they had done since the last time they had convenit?' On his command, they opened up the graves, twa within and ane without the kirk, and took off the joints of their fingers, taes, and knees, and partit them amang them; and the said Agnis Sampson got for her part ane winding-sheet and two joints. which she tint negligently. The devil commandit them to keep the joints upon them while they were dry, and then to make ane powder of them, to do evil withal. Then he commandit them to keep his commandments, whilk was to do all the evil they could."—(Annals, vol. i., pp. 214-15.)

There is, in some points, a striking resemblance between this witch-confession

and Burns' celebrated witch-dance in the haunted kirk of Alloway. The devil, it will be observed, is not Goethe's Mephistopheles, or Milton's Satan, but the popular devil of the period—black, horned, and hoofed. We have a rude print of the day—the Devil Preaching to the Witches—in which he is so portrayed. At this trial King James VI. himself presided, and no doubt gathered some of the information which he afterward embodied in his Treatise on Demonologie—one of the most curious monuments of the monarch's genius, and of the times in which he lived. The woman Sampson, with several of her accomplices, was strangled at a stake, and afterward burned to ashes.

In the succeeding century the belief in witches was as rampant as ever. But, happily, while the country was under the domination of Cromwell, and the administration of the law in the hands of English commissioners, a check was given to the burning of them. We hear of sixty being accused at one circuit, but not one of them was condemned. Two poor wretches who had acknowledged themselves to be witches, when asked why they had done so, "declared they were forced to it by the exceeding torture they were put to." Their thumbs were tied behind their backs, and by these they were suspended in the air, and, while they hung, two Highlanders whipped them. Their backs being torn by the scourge, lighted candles were put to the soles of their feet, and between their toes; and as if this were not enough they were next thrust into their mouth. Any one under such exquisite torture might gladly confess she was a witch, that death might come and put an end to her sufferings.

One of the most common kinds of diablerie was to have an image of the intended victim made of wax, and suspended in the chimney; and as the image slowly melted away, so it was said, would the person it represented. In 1676-7 Sir George Maxwell of Pollok was sick, and a deaf and dumb girl affirmed that his sickness was caused by witchcraft. A boy and five women were, in consequence of this, apprehended. One of them confessed that a wax image had been made in presence of the Black Man, her mother, and the other three women. After it was made, they put it on a spit and turned it round before the fire, saying, "Sir George

Pollok, Sir George Pollok." In consequence of this and similar confessions, and because some of the accused were said to have witch-spots upon their bodies (places insensible to pain though pricked by pins) four of the women and the boy suffered death at Paisley.

But perhaps the most famous case on record is that of Christian Shaw, of Bargarran. This girl, when about eleven years of age, was seized with violent convulsions; and during these she declared that a servant, who had an ill-will at her, another woman, and the devil, were tormenting her. By-and-by, in addition to her fainting fits and convulsions, she began to vomit or spit from her mouth, hair, cinders, straw, wool, and feathers. Sometimes, during her fits, she would point to her tormentors, reason with them, implore them to leave her, wonder why others did not see them as well as herself. Rumors of all this soon spread fast and far. The presbytery took up the case, and sent a committee of its members to observe and report. But now the wonders increased. Christian was moved through the air without touching the ground; she was lifted up to the top of the house; she was, by invisible hands dragged down into the cellar. So serious had the matter become, that the Privy Council appointed a commission to investigate the case and try the culprits. The trial, accordingly, took place with all the forms of law. It was said to have been conducted with "tenderness and modera-The declarations of Christian Shaw were read—the confessions of certain of the accused heard—witch-spots were examined—evidence led; and finally six persons were found guilty and condemned to death. Five of these were actually hanged and burned, and the sixth anticipated his fate by hanging himself in the jail.

But the days of this darkness, which made Scotland the abode of abominable cruelty, were happily drawing to a close. In 1736—but not till 1736—the "Act anent Witchcrafts" was blotted from the statute book. It is doubtful if the Scotch Parliament would have done what the British Parliament did. Light had dawned upon England sooner than upon Scotland. It is certain that many of the most pious men of the day bewailed this merciful piece of legislation as a departure from the faith of the Bible. Wodrow

the historian, bemoaned himself because of it. Lord Erskine of Grange, in his place in Parliament, spoke against it. And when the Associate Presbytery, which had recently seceded from the Church under Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, issued their Judicial Testimony, they mentioned, among other sins of the time, the repeal of "the penal statutes against witches, contrary to the express letter of the law of God—Exodus 22: 18—'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'"

How are we to account for these strong delusions? Is witchcraft altogether incapable of explanation? Is there no possibility of getting at the bottom of the strange stories we have told? We think enough of light is shed upon the subject by the narratives which come down to us, to enable us to solve the mystery, in part at least, although we be not able, from want of more perfect information, to explain every particular incident in the narratives themselves. At a time when medical science can scarcely be said to have existed, and when physicians were few, many women necessarily applied themselves to the study and cure of diseases. They had their herbs, their potions, their decoctions, their charms. Some of these wise women naturally attained to greater skill than others; and some of the cures performed by them appeared to a rude age to be the result of an agency more than human. Whispers of their miraculous power would swiftly spread, and for a time these would only add to their influence, and invest them with a character of awe in the eyes of their neighbors. To many minds there would be a fascination in the supposed possession of such unearthly attributes; and probably some women, little dreaming of their future doom, encouraged the rumors rather than otherwise. So long as they were fortunate in their remedies, all would go well with them; but when sickness fell upon some one whom they were known to have a grudge at—when his cows did not yield their usual quantity of milk—when his mares cast their foals—when his sheep were smothered in the snow, suspicion would instantly point to the wise woman, and her very skill would be the strongest evidence against her; for it would be argued, that if she had power to heal, she must have power to hurt.

But how are we to explain the confest that the tempter sometimes assumed a sions made by the witches themselves—of bodily form, after poring over his Bible

their visits to Elfhame—of their conferences with the devil — of their rides through the air on a broomstick—of their dances at deep midnight in haunted churches and on wreck-strewn shores? First of all, it must be remembered that most of these confessions were wrung out by torture, and that many of those who had made them afterward declared, that they were glad to say any thing to escape from their tormentors. But, further, we may legitimately suppose that in some cases the delusions under which the witches and wizards labored arose from dreams and spectral illusions. Many dreams have all the vividness of reality. In very deed we seem to visit strange lands, talk with strange people, join in strange revels. In confirmation of this, we find one poor wretch who had confessed many ridiculous things, including frequent converse with the devil, afterward declaring that he had only been in a dream. Other cases, which can not be explained by the ordinary visions of sleep, may be explained by spectral illusions. A morbid condition either of mind or body may give rise to these. Many people at this day are haunted by specters. They see their deceased friends rising from the ground, gliding through the room, gazing kindly upon them. The drunkard, in his fits of delirium tremens, sees hundreds of blue devils making all kinds of antics. The opium-eater is transported to paradise, and is visited by angels. Any thing which gives an abnormal vividness to our thoughts, will cause these thoughts to be mistaken for sensations; and so we shall see visions. Luther, after hours of intense thought, saw the devil. Old Balfour of Burleigh, driven half mad by persecution and his wild life in the hills, had frequent contests with the enemy of his soul. Those old stories, to be found in every land, both Popish and Protestant, about the visits of the blessed Virgin, and carnal contests with the devil, were not always mere fables, designed to impose upon the people. The devout nun, wearied with long vigils, and half famished with scanty fare, after a night of prayer in her cell, might really behold the spectral form of the blessed Mother and Child, upon which her soul had doted. The stern Covenanter, worn out with fatigue, knowing that any hour might be his last, thoroughly believing that the tempter sometimes assumed a for hours in the dull twilight of his cave, might lift his eyes and behold the archfiend confronting him. In all this there was something terribly real. It was the man's own intense thoughts which had taken this bodily form—this threatening shape; and his wrestling was not less a fact than if it had been with flesh and blood. Upon the same principles we can explain the visions of the weird sisterhood. Some of them, from a diseased condition of brain, were subject to ocular Others, from being more deceptions. deeply tainted than usual with the superstitions of the time — from meditating much and long upon satanic agencies—at last saw their own thoughts rising up before them like specter-devils. Others, again, as we have already hinted, were probably imbeciles or monomaniacs, who mistook their own fancies for facts; and their confessions were simply the ravings of insanity.

These facts, now well known to the psychologist, will perfectly account for many of the witch confessions. Some of the other phenomena, solemnly sworn to in courts of justice, may be explained by mesmerism or electro-biology. It is certain we have allusions, in some of the narratives to be found in the Annals, to stroking the head and other parts of the person of the patient, looking into their eyes, and to rigidity of the limbs. Some persons are so easily thrown into the mesmeric sleep, that cases of it must have occurred, and even the mode of inducing it have been known, long before it assumed a scientific shape. All the sciences have been preceded by the facts upon which they are founded. All discoveries have been anticipated by stray guesses at the truth. There is nothing improbable in present hour. believing that some of the witches of a

bygone era earned their evil reputation by being able to throw their victims into a cataleptic state. In Christian Shaw we evidently see a case of those convulsions to which girls are subject at her period of life. The hair, feathers, and straw which she spat from her mouth, were probably the result of trickery, as it is impossible to account for them upon any natural principles.

Our astonishment at the credulity of our ancestors, and our censures of their cruelty, will be lessened, when we remember that in this year of grace fashionable audiences have been assembling in Paris and London, to witness the wonders of spiritrapping, and that duchesses have gone home to their mansions, devoutly believing that they have had communications with the unseen world. Owen's Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World, recently published, is perhaps the most complete collection of ghost stories in print; and it has been read and believed by thousands. What will man not believe regarding the spiritual and unseen? But, after all, these follies are but aberrations of the true light; they are superstitions growing out of religion. There is a spirit in man. There are agencies beside human at work in the world. It is only because "this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in," that we do not see and hear much that would fill us with wonder were the vail rent. These beliefs in witches, in ghosts, in spirit-rapping, are but diseased growths from a well-founded conviction; they arise from the yearnings of the soul after the unseen and eternal. All but universal, let us not wonder that they were held unwaveringly by our rude ancestors, and that

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE JAPANESE MARTYRS.

In the month of June, 1862, while the ambassadors of Japan were being lionized and fêted by England, the Pope of Rome, assisted by forty-four cardinals, two patriarchs, and forty archbishops, by more than two hundred and fifty bishops, and an innumerable multitude of priests, assembled from all parts of the world, was occupied in canonizing the Japanese martyrs. Poor creatures, little did they think, when wearing the martyr's crown of thorns which the Japanese torturers pressed so deeply in their temples, that their sufferings would furnish a Pope of Rome, more than two centuries and a half later, with an excuse for assembling round the rocking chair of St. Peter the most zealous and distinguished members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, in order to deliberate on the means of strengthening the worm-eaten legs and softening the moth-eaten cushion of that antique article of ecclesiastical furniture.

We do not purpose playing the Pope's trick with our readers. We are going to canonize the Japanese martyrs, and not make their sufferings an excuse for prating about the iniquity of Italian nationality, the exemplary virtues of ex-Neapolitan Majesties, the crimes of Cavour, the daring impiety of Garibaldi, the tortuous policy of the French Emperor, or the immaculate purity of the Queen of Spain.

In the year 1542, a Portuguese vessel was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in a roadstead off the coast of Japan, a country previously unvisited by Europeans. At the same time a Japanese youth — one Hanziro — had accidentally caused the death of one of his companions, and was compelled to seek safety in one of the temples, in which criminals were always secure from the persecutions of those whom they had unintentionally wronged, as well as from the vengeance of the law. The temple in which Hanziro had found a temporary refuge was near the coast, and the sails of the Portuguese vessel in the roadstead attracted the attention of the

conscience-smitten fugitive. Whether a boat rowed to the shore in answer to his signals, or whether the Japanese possessed the art of walking on the water, (for even at that period they were a very 'cute people, and are said to have known the art of printing a thousand years before Laurence Coster was born, though their books now are queer specimens of typography,) is an unsettled point. It is enough for our purpose to know that Hanziro succeeded in quitting the shores of his country on board of the Portuguese vessel, which in due course brought him in safety to the Portuguese settlement of Goa. passage he succeeded in acquiring a certain acquaintance with the Portuguese language, and on arriving at Goa the Romanist priests duly plied him with their arguments, and Hanziro was received by baptism, at the hands of the Bishop of Albuquerke, into the membership of the Roman Catholic Church, by the name of Paul of the Holy Faith.

Information of this event reached that zealous and indefatigable missionary of the order of the Jesuits, Francis Xavier. Here was an instrument he could put to a good use, and in 1549 we find him writing to Ignatius Loyola that "Japan is no great distance from China; its inhabitants are not mixed up with Saracens or Jews; and as they are very desirous of novelties, be they natural or divine, I have determined to proceed thither as quickly as possible. In the College of the Sacred Hope at Goa is a Japanese youth, one Hanziro, of very shrewd understanding, who sends you herewith a very diffusive communication. He learned to read, write, and speak Portuguese in eight months. He is well grounded in the mysteries of the Christian faith. I trust, by God's help, to convert many Japanese to Christianity. I have resolved to obtain an interview with the King shortly on this subject, and to submit the matter to the universities."

the sails of the Portuguese vessel in the Xavier accordingly embarked for Japan, roadstead attracted the attention of the accompanied, inter aliis, by his proselyte,

Paul of the Holy Faith, through whom he thought to be able to convince the Japanese of the error of their ways, and bring them into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Hanziro's translations, however, as well as his exhortations, were but imperfectly understood by the bonzes or by the people, and what the former understood still less was "that any sane person would make a voyage of six thousand miles to talk with them about divine things." Xavier himself, who was no great linguist, found the language an insuperable difficulty, so that he was altogether unable to discourse with them; but what with Hanziro's imperfect interpretations, and what with signs and gestures, he succeeded in conveying to their minds certain crude notions of the doctrines he had come to expound among them. country was then divided into a number of petty kingdoms, and the kinglets were subject to the authority of an ecclesiastical emperor. One of their majesties took a fancy to the Jesuit missionary, and allowed him to baptize all the converts he could make within his jurisdiction. The Emperor, however, ordered him to discontinue his proselyting practices, when he immediately departed for Firando, another kingdom, where he proceeded, without asking permission of the authorities, to make all the proselytes he could. Certain presents skilifully offered to the higher officials, by way of bribes, proved of great service. Xavier soon discovered, however, that in order to make a favorable impression on the people, it was necessary to resort to phylacteries and costly articles of dress. The monk's cowl frightened many whom fine linen would have brought over to the faith. He accordingly changed his style of dress, and made a very imposing appearance; by which stratagem Xavier, like many people at the present day in Europe, obtained credit for being a very respectable and honest kind of a man.

From Firando, Xavier proceeded to the next-door kingdom of Amangusium. He had now picked up a little Japanese, and made several converts, who accompanied him in his missionary enterprises. Holding forth one day publicly on the doctrines of the Catholic Church, a fellow in the crowd spat in his face, calling him by some opprobrious epithet. Xavier quietly wiped his face, and resumed his exhortation. This meek endurance of injury induced away any flame times out to very Roma forme bonze had to their altary them.

one of the bystanders to declare that a religion which led a man so to forgive his enemies must be a true religion. Shortly after, this man was baptized, and became one of the most zealous native missionaries of the Catholic Church. Many others, induced by his example, left their bonzes,* and their temples, and their monsterworship, in order to enlist under the banner of the Cross.

But the more Xavier and his companions preached, the more the Emperor swore at their proceedings, and threatened to rip them up, if they would not perform that singular experiment upon themselves. They received peremptory orders to discontinue their proselytizing proceedings, and to repair to a certain indicated locality, there to await the pleasure of the offended Mikado. Expulsion from the country—perhaps a martyr's death, was apparently to be the next step in their history. Arrived at their destination, they found that no arrangements had been made for their reception. The temples, which are frequently used as places of entertainment, or of hospitality, were closed to the missionaries, and no one dared to incur the displeasure of the Emperor and his high officers by affording them any aid or assistance. In this difficulty the municipal governor ordered them to occupy the apartments of a deserted building, which had long been regarded by the superstitious as haunted by evil spirits. Fearful sounds had been heard in it; flaming eyes had been seen in it; for years nobody had

These bonzes or native priests were, for the greater part, mere stupid clowns—the fools of their families—and altogether incapable of gaining the respect of the people. Those who were not stupid were cruel and dissolute, and not only sacrificed human victims (persons whom they wanted to get out of the way) to their idols, but robbed, plundered, and murdered wherever they took a fancy to do so. They were the Dick Turpins and the professional smugglers and pirates of their districts. Sometimes they made up a party and simultaneously attacked the inhabitants of villages, taking away all they possessed, murdering all who offered any resistance, and setting their dwellings in flames. The Emperor Nobunanga, however, sometimes paid them off in their own coin, and burned out the priests, or put them to death, generally very artistically. The kindness and charity of the Roman Catholic priests to their poor converts formed a favorable contrast to the iniquities of the bonzes, and induced many to believe those who had traveled over stormy seas in order to save their souls, and to forsake those "servants of the altar" who oppressed, cheated, and plundered

dared to enter it, for those who had last done so had rushed from it with their clothes torn, and themselves possessed by the wicked one. Those who saw the Christians enter it were horrified at the thought of what they would have to experience in it; and the converted Japanese related to Xavier and his Portuguese brethren, with bated breath, the fearful history of that haunted building. He, however, had not been trained in the order of Loyola to be frightened by tales of witches and hobgoblins—not to know how to avail himself of the superstitions of the weak to confirm and consolidate his own influence upon them. To the unutterable surprise of the inhabitants, the persecuted Christians were not only unharmed by the evil spirits, but the evil spirits themselves (probably mere mechanical arrangements in the building) had been driven from their stronghold by the sign of the cross. Many and anxious were the inquiries made of the Jesuit missionaries by those who had feared to see them after their interview with the malignant fiends of that hitherto deserted and horrible building, and great was their astonishment to hear that those fiends had fled in dismay from the presence of the cross. The persecuted Christians were thenceforth invested, in their imaginations, with a supernatural influence over the Evil One; an influence which was accepted as evidence of the power of the Godhead they worshiped. The sick and the maimed were brought to them, that the potent sign of the cross might be impressed upon them. Many then and there renounced the worship of their hideous images, and received baptism at the hands of the despised Christians. Crosses, in imitation of those round the necks of the Jesuits, were made by hundreds, and brought to Xavier for consecration, in order that every dwelling and the room of every dwelling might possess that wondrous talisman against the noxious influence of demons. The Emperor, when he heard of the strange powers of the Christians, feared to inflict upon them the punishment he had reserved for them, and resolved to hear from their own mouths by what power they had done those things. Summoned to his presence, they boldly declared that the cross, and the cross alone—the symbol of their divine religion—possessed the power of laying evil spirits, of curing diseases, of raising

baptized into the Catholic Church from eternal torments. They explained to him the nature of the Catholic religion, and the authority to bind and to loose with which its Founder had invested his apostolic descendants. Trembling, if not believing, the affrighted Emperor, "almost persuaded to be a Christian," withdrew his prohibition, and allowed them, under stipulated restrictions, to preach and to teach the doctrines of their faith and the tenets of their Church. Wherever they went, multitudes listened to their exhortations; and while the bonzes trembled for their temples and their uncouth idols, "with seven faces in their stomachs and seven arms on each shoulder," the converts to the Catholic Church multiplied, and the Jesuit missionaries "turned the world upside down."

In his intercourse with the higher functionaries of State, Xavier craftily availed himself of such means as he thought best calculated to impress them with a sense not only of the spiritual authority, but of the temporal power of the Pope. In him his friends had a protector equal to every emergency, a patron endowed with power and dominion over men by direct communication with God the Father and Mary the Mother of Christ. Those who drew toward him in the bonds of a faithful allegiance would be supported against their enemies, however numerous and powerful their enemies might be. No wonder that the first fruits of this proselytizing diplomacy among a people weary of their stupid bonzes and their scarecrow idols, among jealous princelings, anxious to stand well with so potent a patron as the Pope, was the solemn reception, by baptism, into the Roman Catholic Church of Mancio Ita, the Emperor's nephew, a functionary of high position at Court, and a man who exercised extensive influence not only over the minds of the people, but also over their kings.

heard of the strange powers of the Christians, feared to inflict upon them the punishment he had reserved for them, and resolved to hear from their own mouths by what power they had done those things. Summoned to his presence, they boldly declared that the cross, and the cross alone—the symbol of their divine religion—possessed the power of laying evil spirits, of curing diseases, of raising the dead, and of saving those who were

St. Bartholomew's feast for the special annihilation of the destroyers of their craft; but the Cross-worshipers were so numerous, and their influence so extensive, that the murmurings and the malice of the priests of Dajboth were alike disregarded. In vain did they invite the people to renew their worship of Han and Devaes, of Amida and Xaca, of Dajboth and Canon and the Sacred Monkeys; in vain did they urge them to make their oblations to the idol monsters in the gorgeous temple of a thousand images. What were these twelve-armed, doubleheaded, triple-bellied, hundred-eyed monstrosities of wood and stone, black with the smoke of ages of incense, compared with that God-Man who healed the maimed and cured the diseased, and received into eternal salvation the souls of those who believed in Him and the Pope?

The indefatigable and crafty Xavier, however, had other work on hand in those distant lands, and, in 1551, withdrew from Japan, in order to raise the banner of the Cross in China. He died in 1552; but his policy of propagandism | was bequeathed to his successors, and by them regarded as a sacred trust. Gregory XIII. duly encouraged the proselytizing zeal of his missionaries in Japan, and had often expressed a desire to lay his sacred hands in benediction on the heads of some of the Japanese converts. Anxious to satisfy the pious longings of such a loving father, the Christian kings of Japan resolved on sending an embassy to Rome. The members of this mission were selected from the noblest and most distinguished Japanese families, and in personal appearance must, according to an old Dutch engraving, have borne a striking resemblance to the ambassadors who, in the year 1862, two hundred and eighty years later, have been sent on a mission of commercial diplomacy to the principal powers of Europe.

In 1582 the embassy left Japan, Mancio Ita, the late Emperor's nephew, was the ambassador-in-chief. Gregory had taken all necessary measures for receiving them with a magnificence which should confirm the most glowing descriptions that had ever been pictured to them by the eloquence and zeal of his emissation. As they approached the territory of the Holy City, they were saluted with such a volley as made them at first tremble in their sandals. Equipages, magnifi-

cently caparisoned, awaited their arrival, and conducted them to the Vatican. The Pope, surrounded by cardinals and other high dignitaries of the Roman Cotholic hierarchy, arrayed in their gorgeous canonicals, all mitred and embroidered, received the embassy in solemn Thereunto instructed, on appomp. proaching his Holiness, the ambassadors knelt to kiss his savory feet. They then presented their credentials, which consisted of letters addressed, in the Italian language, by three Kings of Japan to the Pope of Rome. The letter of Franciscus, King of Bungo, was first opened, and read; it was addressed to "The Great and Most Holy Father, most religiously worshiped, the Representative of the King of Heaven on Earth," and was signed "Franciscus, King of Bungo, bowed to the Dust under the most Sacred Feet of your Salvation conferring Eminence." The inscription on the letter of King Protasius of Arima was: "See that this letter be handed to that Great and Holy Lord, God's Vicegerent on Earth, whom I religiously adore." This epistle was signed: "Protasius, bowed to the Dust under the sandals of your Holiness." The superscription of the letter of Bartholemeus, King of Omura, was: "Praying with my Hands raised to Heaven, I dedicate this to the Most Holy Lord the Pope, God's Vicegerent;" and, according to the signature, this King Bartholemeus also was "Bowed to the Dust under the Most Holy Feet of the Pope of Rome." These letters were read; whereupon Gregory expressed his gratification at receiving these proofs of affection from his beloved sons, the Kings of Japan, and promised that all the virtues of his infallibility should be exercised in their behalf. In their turn, the ambassadors expressed to his Holiness their gratification at having been selected to approach and kiss his most holy feet on behalf of the Kings of Japan and their Christian subjects, and their desire to conform in all things to the authority of the Church of Rome, as well as their determination to exert their utmost powers to bring those who were still worshipers of idols to acknowledge his Holiness as the Vicegerent of the only true God. Gregory then conferred on the ambassadors his paternal benediction, promised to support the Roman Catholio schools and monasteries in Japan with

chequer, and to send out a liberal supply of church ornaments for the use of the Portuguese missionaries and the native priests. This act of the great Roman Catholic drama took place in 1584. In the spring of 1585 Gregory died. Sixtus V., however, indorsed the engagements of his predecessor, and on the 30th of July received the Japanese ambassadors, in order to confer upon them his valedictory blessing. They again kissed the feet of his Holiness, and received from his hands a piece of the true Cross, as well as portions of sundry valuable relics, a hair of St. Peter's beard, and a piece of the nail of St. John's right thumb. In order to prove the efficacy of these precious morsels, the Pope ordered certain miracles to be performed by means of their agency. Tears of joy were made to flow from the eyes of certain pictured saints, whose canvas hearts were gladdened when the priests eulogized the zeal of the Christians in Japan; and the embassy departed, dazzled by the enfulgency of his Holiness, invigorated by his blessing, and by far more Popish than the Pope himself. On their return to Japan in 1590, the baptized Roman Catholics in that country numbered nearly half a million, churches and monasteries were spread over the greater part of the country, processsions from street to street, and from church to church, were ordinary events, miracles were occasionally performed, and the whole paraphernalia of the Church of Rome by which she knows so well how to practice on the credulity of the uninitiated, were displayed to the astonished gaze of zealots, as the paraphernalia of Robin are displayed, at a certain distance, to the no less astonished gaze of his visitors at the Egyptian Hall. But while the ambassadors were traversing the ocean, and being blessed in Rome and fêted in Spain -while, during those seven years, the Church of Rome was apparently strengthening its foundations and enlarging its field of operations in Japan, and converting to its formalities and rituals and sacraments the worshipers of the hideous idols,* which even to this day crowd the

temples of that singular race of humanity, the Japanese—a persecution more unsparing than that which marked the reign of our infamous Queen Mary, a martyrdom more cruel than that foul massacre which has rendered the memory of Charles IX. and Catherine of Medici for ever execrable, was hastening to its consummation for the followers of the Cross.

The fame of the voyages and discoveries of the English and Portuguese toward the close of the sixteenth century excited the cupidity and roused the emulation of the Dutch. In 1586 their ships had been arrested by the King of Spain, and this short-sighted policy of their inveterate foe induced them to undertake longer voyages, whither it was not probable his ships would follow them. On reaching the island of Java, the Dutch found that a colony of Portuguese had already effected a settlement upon it. They landed, but in consequence of the hostility of the Portuguese, who induced the native chief, by means of valuable bribes, to forbid their traffic with the inhabitants, they were obliged to withdraw. Subsequently, however, they succeeded in ousting the Portuguese from that "garden of the Indian Archipelago," and by means of a policy of "diamond cut diamond," in establishing a Dutch factory or trading company upon

The success which had attended the Dutch in their voyages of discovery in the Eastern seas, was but a spur to further progress. The passage from Java to Japan was a short one compared with many a one they had already made; and as the Portuguese had been able to effect a settlement in that country, it seemed by no means an impracticable thing for them to follow their example. They had, morever, a grudge against them, and were not sorry to find themselves in a position in which they might be able to annoy and to harass them. So, fitting out a

^{*} Perhaps one of the most frightful of these heathen monstrosities is the idol in the Devil's Temple at Osacca. This is a stone representation of the Devil, and its sculptors seem to have worked it out on the principle of giving the Devil his due—of ugliness. He has a boar's head and

tusks; a magnificent crown of gold covers his ears; from his shoulders branch four arms and hands, one of which holds a gold ring, a second a gold staff or scepter, a third a gold lily, and a fourth a gold serpent spitting gold fire. Round his neck, reaching below his waist, is a stone vail, set with precious stones. He is standing on a second devil, in a lying posture, who does not at all seem to relish the oppression under which he suffers. Costly—occasionally human—eacrifices are made to these idols; for the costlier the sacrifice the less harm the devil inflicts upon the sacrificer, and those for whom he intercedes.

few merchantmen at Java, they set sail on their mission of love and discovery. They arrived in due course off the coast of Japan; but their rivals had anticipated their appearance, and had already prejudiced the minds of the Japanese against them representing them as a set of pirates and murderers, as despisers of religion, and tramplers on the cross. They landed in small boats, and immediately prepared for making an exploring expedition. They had advanced, however, but a short distance into the interior, when they found themselves in the position of mice in a trap. Resistance would have been useless, for twelve Japanese picked out their one Dutchman, and the whole crew were ordered to accompany them—they knew not whither. After some entreaty, they were allowed to send a letter off to their ships, in order to apprise their companions of their fate. After a forced journey on foot of some days they arrived at the house of the judge, or governor. In the court, in front of this official residence where half a dozen strong poles, with cross-beams and ropes swinging from the ends—a species of machinery which unpleasantly reminded them of a gallows. The prospect was by no means cheering, and their jailers were by no means kind. The governor, attended by his officials, formally interrogated them as to their object in visiting Japan; and finding them innocent of the iniquitous intentions laid to their charge by the Portuguese, they were allowed to return to their vessels, which, they untruthfully alleged, had been driven by stress of weather to seek safety in the roadsteads of Japan. The Governor also made several inquiries respecting the Dutch nation—its government, laws, and religion, as well as concerning the Dutch settlement in Java, and the manners, laws, and government of the Javanese. In their answers they carefully endeavored to convey a favorable impression respecting the Dutch nation, and to drive into the Japanese mind the sharp end of the wedge of hatred toward their Portuguese rivals and calumniators. This object effected, they returned to their vessels, and again set sail for Java. Having reported progress, notwithstanding they had been officially warned never to set foot on Japanese territory again, measures were deliberated upon with the view of prosecuting a second voyage to Japan,

geance at the root of Portuguese influence in that island. With a boldness verging on temerity, the Dutch again steered their vessels into the roadsteads of Japan; and with a jealousy allied to malice, they endeavored to undermine the whole superstructure of rituals and formalities, of ceremonies and superstitions, which had been raised in that isolated country by the zeal and craft and ambition of Xavier and his Jesuit confeder-The Portuguese had but given too many causes of suspicion of their being impatient under the restrictions by which their proselytizing practices were tolerated in some districts and absolutely pro-The native priests hibited in others. serving in the temples of their thousand monstrosities, regarded them merely as subverters of what had hitherto been their monopoly of superstition; and lost no opportunity to excite and keep alive in the minds of their victims a deep-seated and bitter hatred toward the priests and the worshipers of the Cross. Persecution is the policy only of the majority; and however fervently the minority may desire to persecute their more numerous adversaries, in this case the persecuted were too worldly wise when smitten on the one cheek not to turn the other also. With apparent meekness and forbearance, with a show of charity and generosity, they "when they were reviled, reviled not again," and "went about healing diseases and doing good" to all who would listen to their exhortations and kneel at the lifting up of the host. The time had not yet come to rase the altars of Moloch, and to convert by the thumbscrew, the inquisition, and the stake. But to their eyes a cloud had risen in the west, which though no bigger than a man's hand, was floating over toward that heathen island, gathering strength in its progress, and charged with the blessing and the curses which the Church of Rome so liberally in flicts upon its faithful followers and its recalcitrant foes.

end of the wedge of hatred toward their Portuguese rivals and calumniators. This object effected, they returned to their vessels, and again set sail for Java. Having reported progress, notwithstanding they had been officially warned never to set foot on Japanese territory again, measures were deliberated upon with the view of prosecuting a second voyage to Japan, and, if possible, of laying the ax of ven-

principle, "Si possis suaviter, si non quocunque modo," he lengthened the cords and strengthened the stakes of that Church for which he had merely asked sufficient space on which to raise an altar. His successors, impatient of mere toleration, had raised a wall about that altar, and converted the tent into a gorgeous temple; but neither blessings nor curses could avert the fate reserved as a chastisement for their abuse of toleration; "the mercy they to others showed," was not to return unto them void; for "jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame."

While the Japanese Ambassadors were pledging obedience and devotion to the Holy Father at Rome, the Portuguese missionaries in Japan seem to have been visited by a fit of that madness which is the characteristic of those whom the gods are said first to madden and then to destroy. With a treachery deserving the severest reprehension—with an audacity incomprehensible to all in whom the sense of honor and honesty has not been extinguished by the obliterating influence of craft, subtlety, and duplicity, they wrote to Portugal and Rome, giving a glowing story of the state of the Roman Church in Japan, averring that several kings had already been baptized, and that several others, together with numerous influential personages, were eagerly awaiting the hour when they could with safety renounce the errors of heathendom and find rest in the bosom of the Roman Catholic The great obstacle of the consummation of the conversion of the nation to Christianity was the Emperor Daisusama, a hateful tyrant, whose fall would be the signal of one widespread overthrow of the heathen temples, and of the establishment throughout the island of the Roman Catholic faith and ceremonies. In order to attain this great object, however, it would be necessary, they wrote, to send over eight well-armed men-of-war, which would be a sufficient force to overawe the Emperor, who might then be got rid of by many other means than that of hanging. Letters of this tenor, written by the Portuguese, were intercepted by the Dutch; and by them the intention of the viper to strike its fangs into the bosom which had warmed it into life, was promptly and exultingly revealed.

discovering this unpardonable treachery knew no bounds; but the hawk does not pounce upon his prey before he has poised himself to his mark. Almost throughout the length and breadth of the country this crime aroused but one feeling of horror and disgust; and even the Christian kings, if they did not condemn, gave evident testimony that they could not approve. The King of Ximo, however, was a thorn in the flesh to Daisusama, a troublesome customer whom he thought it discreet to render powerless before he began his fearful work of uprooting Christianity, and of exterminating the Christ-By a sort of coup de main he drew out the thorn, and then the work began.

According to a Dutch proverb, "He who wishes to beat a dog can easily find a stick;" and Daisusama soon found one with which to chastise "those dogs of Christians." In 1596, for some offense the particulars of which are not recorded —thus probably for no offense at all—he ordered the crucifixion of eight Roman Catholics. Shortly after they were nailed to the cross, they were pierced in the side, in order that their death might resemble that of their Divine Master. They seem to have met their fate with the courage of a hero, and the fortitude of a saint. According to a Romish legend, however, the trickery of priestcraft was not absent from the field of martyrdom. A man afflicted with leprosy was laid at the foot of one of the crosses while the body of the martyred priest was still stretched upon it, and was healed of his leprosy. Cloven tongues, like unto fire, were seen in the heavens, as at the feast of Pentecost; a white cross stained with blood rose on the horizon, and then disappeared in a cloud; while minor miracles innumerable, such as now and then occur in the present day in the dioceses of French bishops and archbishops, took place in the immediate neighborhood of the field of martyrdom.

During several years Daisusama continued his persecution of the Christians with the ardor of a Bonner and the zeal of an inquisitor. Nothing was too trivial to supply him with a reason for torturing and martyring the disciples of the Cross. The bonzes acted as spies upon all their doings and sayings, and zealously reported all—and far more than all—they heard The indignation of the Emperor on and saw to their Daniel who had come to

judgment. The Christians were compelled to act with caution; to hold secret services in the caves of the rocks, and, in the hope that God would soften the heart of Pharaoh, to await in patience the advent of a better day.

Like France, Japan had always been subject to chronic revolutions, and at the time to which we refer an insurrection of a widespread and fearful character broke out in Japan. Whether it was caused by politicians or by priests, by the people or by the nobles, it is of no importance to inquire. It is enough for our purpose to know that it did occur, and that the Emperor called upon the Roman Catholics to use their influence in suppressing it. They knew, however, the character of the man with whom they had to deal, and had but too much experience of his aptitude to pervert their doings into an excuse for persecution. They had not forgotten the history of their intercepted letters, and were anxious to efface from the minds of their persecutors every suspicion to which that history had given In vain the Emperor promised them his protection and favor if they obeyed, and threatened them with his wrath and with extermination if they refused to comply with his commands. They averred that to them temporal concerns were of no importance; that they had no knowledge of political strife; that they were not of the earth, earthy; that the only weapons they wielded were the sword of the Spirit, and their only armor was the helmet of salvation; that they warred not with flesh and blood, but against the Devil and all his works; that they were prepared to suffer, if needs be, for their Master and their cause, but not to take any part in political strife or in party contentions.

This answer simply enraged the Emperor; he swore, he cursed, he threatened. With marked energy and ability, however, he applied himself to the suppression of the revolt, and after much bloodshed and many massacres, he tri-

umphed over his foes.

But the feast of victory was not sufficient to satisfy his appetite, or to slake his thirst for blood; it was at the banquet of revenge that this sanguinary glutton purposed to imbibe long draughts of his favorite nectar, and to satiate his appetite to the music of the groans of martyrs,

the sighs of the oppressed, and the sobbings of the bereaved.

On the seventh of October, 1613, twelve Christians (among whom were women and children) were condemned by this monster to be burned, in consequence of their having embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Their martyrdom took place in a valley about half a mile distant from the town of Arima. Notwithstanding the confession of Christianity entailed the punishment of death, about twenty thousand Christians accompanied the martyrs to the stake, chanting their litanies and counting their beads. Just as the executioners were preparing to set fire to the pile, one of the martyrs freed himself from the pillar to which he was fastened, and climbed to the top, whence he addressed "Brethren," he said, the multitude. "this day the power of faith in Christ is manifested in us; these flames can only destroy the body; our souls, rising from their ashes, will be preserved from eternal fire, in immortal life. Brethren, be steadfast in this faith, and remember that life and property are less than God." He then returned to the pillar, and the flames rose up round "the glorious company of martyrs," who, with a refinement of cruelty, were placed at such a distance from the stake that they were slowly roasted rather than burned.

The Emperor Daisusama died in 1616, and was succeeded by his son, Conbosama, who inherited his father's cruel disposition and hatred to the Christians. With him began a new era of martyr-Whether he offered rewards for those who invented a new species of torture is not recorded; but certain it is that those entrusted with the task of exterminating the Christians showed a surprisingly inventive faculty in preparing their They were bound to wild torments. horses, and carried off into the woods by the kicking and plunging brutes; they were lowered into wells with their heads downward, and then hauled up again to be scalped; they were laid on planks, and deliberately sawn asunder; their hands and feet were put in the stocks, while a torturer ran pointed instruments under their toe-nails and finger-nails; their insteps and wrists were bored with gimlets, and then nailed to heavy beams; they were scourged and then washed with acids, and when recovered were scourged and wash-

ed again; they were dragged over rough | roads by cords bound to their feet; they were forced naked into vessels filled with venomous vipers or ravenous rats; they were fumigated in open-bottomed huts placed over sulphurous springs, and in the agonies of suffocation they were taken out into the fresh air to recover, when they were fumigated again; they were nailed up in narrow rooms to die of starvation; their fingers and toes were pinched off joint by joint with pincers; gashes were cut in their heads, and then they were hung by their ankles to a beam; slow fires were kindled under them, or they were made to stand with their bare feet on red-hot irons; they were covered with inflammatory materials, which, when ignited, smouldered like cotton, slowly burning the flesh from the bones; they were rolled down steep declivities in casks stuck full of sharp nails; they were hacked, maimed, racked, and crucified; whilst for the women was reserved a nameless torture, so horrible and so revolting that it was ten thousand times worse than all the other tortures combined. At the foot of Mount Sitkock is a stream of water fed by a sulphurous spring; these waters are said to be boiling hot, and into that stream thousands and tens of thousands of Christians were driven, or they were made "to walk the plank," and to perish in the sulphurous gulf beneath them. Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

Such, then, is a brief outline of the history of Christianity in Japan. The persecution ceased not until every one of the half-million Christians was exterminated, or had gone over to the worship of one of the numerous idols which still swarm in the temples of Japan.* Conbosama and his successors, moreover, refused any foreigner ever to set foot in the country again. The Dutch, however, perhaps as a reward for having intercepted the Portuguese letters, were permitted, under very severe restrictions, to establish a Dutch factory at Decima, a small island

in the Bay of Nagasaki, joined to the main land by a stone bridge. The country is now partially opened to foreign traders, evidently much against the wishes of the majority of the nation. That hatred of strangers and Christianity is still intense among the Japanese, is sufficiently proved by the letters of those who have had the best opportunities of studying their character and idiosyncrasies. They have evinced on more than one occasion a suspicious readiness to make mince-meat of foreigners. Whether the trade with Japan and its collateral advantages will ever be sufficiently important to justify the expenses incurred for the support of European missions in that isolated region, is at present an unsolved problem. In all cases, so far as this country is concerned, let us hope that Exeter-

This fan-shaped island is not much larger than Trafalgar-square. It is surrounded by a bristling chevaux de frise, so constructed that it is impossible to climb them. It is inhabited solely by the Dutch residents; no Japanese, except the tojazes or moesmehs, (the Japanese housekeepers, etc.,) are allowed to remain there during the night. A strict watch is keptall round the island to prevent smuggling. The Dutch residents are bound implicitly to obey the instructions of the Japanese authorities, and are strictly prohibited, among other things, to have a Bible or a cross in their possession. The city gate, however, is now open night and day, and they are allowed to visit the city of Nagasaki whenever they please. In the National Museum at the Hague there is an admirably-arranged model of this island, which attracts great attention.

† A curious instance of the obstinate hatred of the Japanese toward Christianity occurred a short time ago at Nagasaki. The Dutch Government had, at the request of the Japanese Government, sent over a small steam machine, which had been made by the engineers, D. Christie and Son, who had, according to custom, cast the name of their firm on some conspicuous part of the machine. When the Japanese officials read this, they sapiently concluded that the words had some reference to Christ the son of David, and that the machine was intended to make the Japanese Christians by steampower! At first they positively refused to admit the obnoxious article; and even when the matter was explained, they did not seem at all at their ease respecting it. The same officials seized a copy of Longfellow's poems, on the plea that Evangeline had been written by one of the Evangeliste, whose works it was not permitted to introduce into Japan! All Bibles and religious books on board of vessels arriving at a Japanese port must be put in a case, called the Bible-case, which is carefully sealed up and preserved under lock and key by the officials, until the vessel is ready to leave; it is then returned to the captain. This absurd regulation is now, however, little more than a formality, as the Bible-case generally contains merely a few stones packed in sawdust.

^{*}A little to the south of Cape Nombo is the island of Amaska, in which thirty thousand of the Japanese Christians, after an heroic resistance, sought a refuge from their oppressors. It seems that they were completely shut up in this island, and eventually perished by famine—the only alternative left them between abjuring their faith and submission to the tortures inflicted on their co-religionists.

hall will not rashly commit itself to any scheme for evangelizing the Japanese. We must not indiscreetly lay our sacred fingers on their idols, brutish and degrading as their idolatry may be. Let us gather experience from this instructive chapter of their history, and let the better part of our religion be, like the better part of our courage — discretion. We are undisguisedly forcing ourselves upon them, and our presence is as unwelcome to them as is the intrusive presence of a handsome professional diner-out at the dinner-table of a wealthy paterfamilias blessed with beautiful daughters. Let us not force our opinions, our notions, and our diversity of religious creeds upon them too. If we want their vegetable wax or their silk, let us pay for it honestly, and in such a way as they require.

They have done without our wares so long that they do not need them now, excellent as our machinery, hardware, and calicoes may be. If the Pope thinks proper to canonize their martyrs more than two centuries and a half after their ashes have been spread to the winds, let him indulge his freak. of course know very well what that means—so does the King of Italy. Pious follies are excusable in senility, and rather commend themselves to our pity than to our scorn. But let us take care not to supply the Japanese with the materials for making new martyrs. Men-of-war and Armstrong cannon may be powerful to punish, but they can not restore the life taken by the sword of a fanatic or by the treachery of an idolater.

From the London Society Magazine.

FIRST AND LAST BALLOON ASCENT. MY

I.

It is now about fifteen years ago that some business connected with the navigation of the Danube kept me for some months in Vienna.

As my engineering business did not employ me more than an hour or two a day, I should have soon found my time hang heavy on my hands even in that gay and motley city, had I not by chance ! made the acquaintance of the accomplished and scientific Mons. Xavier Gallard. I met this gentleman first at the table d'hôte of my hotel, the "Kaiser Elizabeth," and a chance question or two about Hungarian wines soon led to an acquaintance.

Mons. Xavier Gallard, as far as I could gather, had years ago been a lay Jesuit in Syria, but, growing more and more attached to science, had quitted the order and devoted himself entirely to the study of abstruse chemistry and an analysis of the narcotic medicines of the East. He | ready cost many valuable lives, and was

had become well known throughout all Austria for his improvements in aërostation. Finding him a traveled man, of singular liberality and toleration of opinion, as well as an accomplished musician and an excellent linguist, I lost no time in as soon as possible cultivating his acquaintance, being, for an Englishman, social and unsuspicious. My companion a clever Scotch engineer, but a cold, formal fellow—one of those distrustful men who, as the old Joe Miller runs, would not save a man from drowning if he had not been first introduced to him—fought shy of Gallard, seldom accompanied me to his lodgings near the city wall, overlooking the Prater, and expressed in a very selemn way his wish to know who Mons. Gallard's father had been, about which I myself felt totally indifferent.

At first I used to rather laugh at my new friend's enthusiasm for ballooning, which I thought a useless, unimprovable, and dangerous experiment, that had alonly fit, like rope-dancing, to amuse a selfish and gaping mob. But Gallard, on whom laughter made no more impression than a snowball would on a man in armor, soon, in his stern, quiet way, convinced me how shallow and irrational my sneers had been.

In that ourious apartment of his, the walls of which were covered with drawings of every possible sort of balloon that is, or ever was, he explained to me, with philosophic clearness, the whole progress and prospects of the science, from the hints of Friar Bacon, the Jesuit Francis Luna, and the Portuguese Friar (1709,) to Mr. Cavallo's experiments (1782) with soap-bubbles filled with imflammable air, in pursuance of the discoveries of Black and Cavendish. He would then go on enthusiastically to speak of the first ascents by the Montgolfiers, paper-makers, in 1782, and of the more advanced experiments of Messrs. Robert and Charles, by whom the first long journey was eftected.

"I grant Mons. Gallard," I said to him on one occasion, "the rapid improvement of Montgolfier's clever suggestion—but what I want to know is, cui bono—men don't risk their lives for mere amusement?"

"What, not you Englishmen, who hunt and chase the steeples—Hein?" said Gallard, coldly and calmly, but rather maliciously. "You want to know the cui bono of our pursuit—I will tell you; I want to see balloons used, to reconnoiter fortified places, to reach otherwise inaccessible mountains, to enable geographers to make surveys, to convey dispatches to besieged places, to discover islands, and to study, on different otherwise unattainable elevations, the laws of sound, of atmospheric pressure, of gravitation."

"I grant, I confess," I replied, "that you have overwhelmed me with your array of facts, but I still think the balloon a sort of wild monster, of tremendous and supernatural speed and power, but quite untamable. You can raise a balloon, and let it fall again, but you can not steer it

horizontally."

"Experiment," said Gallard, coldly, "has proved the reverse—look here. Here is a drawing of the balloon of Charles and Robert. It is of an oblong spheroid shape—the boat is seventeen feet long—it has five wings, made in the shape of umbrellas without handles—and

to the top of these, you see, sticks were fastened parallel to the apertures of the umbrellas. This extraordinary balloon ascended on the nineteenth of September, 1784, to the hight of fourteen hundred feet, traversed about one hundred and fifty miles of air, and descended safely, with two hundred pounds of ballast left. These wings were found to enable the aëronaut to deviate eighty degrees from the direction of the wind. In 1785, a Mr. Crosbie ascended, at Dublin, in a balloon, the car of which was hung round with bladders, and these saved him, and rendered the car as buoyant as a boat, when he unfortunately fell into the sea."

"But the parachute," I said; "that has proved fatal to several enthusiasts?"

"The parachute," replied Gallard, "is uncertain and dangerous to descend in; but it is useful to break the fall of the balloon itself, in case of accident. I have great hopes of further improving it; but even at present it is a useful ally. Pray divest yourself of those prejudices, mon ami. A'time will come, I tell you, when we shall circumnavigate the world in these silk bags you now despise so much. Vous verrez."

"I admire your thorough enthusiasm," I said; "yours is the true spirit of the discoverer. But how do you escape the risk of lightning? Imagine the horror, a mile from the earth, of seeing your balloon suddenly shriveling above your head in a drift of flame. Another moment and you are dashed, like Icarus, into the

gulf of death."

"You are too imaginative, mon cher, for a scientific man," said Gallard, with a bitter smile curdling his pale face. "There is no danger of lightning. Balloons have passed safely through thunder clouds, and the aëronaut can always leave such unpleasant companions above or below him. Beside, mon cher Anglais, as our balloons are constructed of materials that are not conductors of electricity, and as they are also insulated, they are not very likely to be struck."

"You meet me at every turn," I said; but there is one other danger, I fear. It has always appeared to me, in reading accounts of balloon voyages, that the aërostatic machine has more tendency to descend when over water than when over land—a most dangerous tendency on the

part of our friend the balloon."

"Granted," said Gallard, watchfully,

"The remedy but with evident candor. for that is to ascend from some place like Vienna, far inland. Moreover, you must remember that we aeronauts can nearly always select our place of descent. my dear friend, there is little danger to the skillful aëronaut."

Here he turned suddenly on me and asked me if I understood the primary

principle of aërostation.

I replied that I had but the vague knowledge of a man who had no special taste for science. I knew that if a body was immerged in any fluid lighter than

itself, it would rise to the surface.

"In a confused way you know it," said Gallard, smiling; "but the rule is thisit is simple. When a body is immerged in any fluid, if the weight of the body be less than an equal bulk of the immergent fluid, it will rise to the surface—if the mass be heavier, it sinks—if equal, it remains where it is placed. On this principle our whole theory is built; for it is the same thing if we thin the air, and so make it lighter—or whether we use gas, which ascends, being lighter than the atmosphere. I will show you."

As he said this, Gallard threw open the sash of a window looking out over the rampart toward the Prater, where the trees were now fast turning saffron color, from the effects of the autumn's chemistry—then, with a neat-handed dexterity, he took from a shelf a small balloon made of crimson lutestring, covered with caoutchouc varnish, and attaching to its strings a small square tin full of spirits of wine, he lit the liquid, which instantly inflated the silk—and, with a dexterous twist of the practiced hand, the enthusiast floated off the little crimson globe, which instantly rose high in the air, and moved swiftly before the wind, over the Prater.

"Beautiful!" I said. "Monsieur Gal-

lard, behold in me a convert."

"I thought I should soon convince you," he said, shutting the window, "of the beauty and safety of the invention of our great master, Montgolfier."

"Have you ever yourself made a voyage in a balloon?" said I, somewhat ma-

licious y.

"I have made," he said, (" for I understand the sneer, mon ami,)—I have made three-and-twenty ascents, and all with rafety and perfect success."

"I never heard before of your enter-

prise in this way."

"There is much about me that you may not have heard," replied Gallard, coldly "I do not go about Vienna like a quack doctor, with a jack-pudding blowing a trumpet before me. Man's life is half night, half day—there are times when I choose to move in darkness—some men bere call me an Armenian, others a Russian. I was really born at—but what do you care where I was born? Come, let us take lunch—for you must taste my Vosslauer; it is not bad Drink with me the health of my intended—the Fraulein Pulvermacher."

"With all my heart," I replied.

II.

IT was a week or so after this conversation that I again sought the rooms of my friend Gallard; that mysterious and determined enthusiast, with whom I had by this time become far better acquainted. I had already, with the purposeless industry of an idler impatient for employment, picked up some scattered particulars of

Gallard's history.

He had been, I heard, dismissed from the Jesuit seminary at St. Omer, for neglecting his studies to prosecute aëronautic experiments. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious moneylender, who bought one for him, and gave him a mere trifle for ascending, on condition he should receive the money which the public paid for admission. His father however, a Levant merchant, who had married a Syrian woman, took great umbrage at these exhibitions, and on one occasion waited on General Farouche, the Commander-in-chief of the Parisian National Guard, and begged him to interpose his military authority, and prevent his son, who was a volunteer, ascending. The general quickly acquiesced, and sent a file of soldiers on the night in question to put the young adventurer into confinement. Gallard was just preparing to enter the car when they arrived. Guessing what had taken place, he instantly drew his saber, and threatened to run the first person through who interrupted him. Then leaping into the car, he slashed the mooring cords in two with his sword, and rose with tremendous velocity into the air, leaving the mob cheering and the soldiers dumb with astonishment.

"Soon after this," said my informant,

"he left Paris, and went to the East to study medicine. There he ascended from the Desert, from the foot of the Pyramids, from Mount Zion, and other extraordinary places—always under an assumed name, and with an air of mystery. In the course of his life it is supposed that Mons. Gallard (whatever he may say) has gone through all possible dangers that an aëronaut can experience. On one occasion his balloon took fire, but he escaped in a parachute. At another time, at Calais, to escape descending into the sea, he had to cut away the car, and sling himself to the cords of the balloon. Once, near Strasburgh, he found the balloon expanding, and threatening to burst, when three miles above the town, and he averted his fate by boring holes in the side with his sword.

Two years ago, he had published an account of an ascent from Turin, in which he passed over the Alps by night; of this ascent my informant, a telescope-maker from Berlin, could not remember any thing, except the fact of M. Gallard's sensation having been as if the balloon was oleaving silently upward through miles of black marble, and that the stars seemed to him larger and more lustrous.

From another person, a wine merchant, from Marseilles, I heard that M. Gallard was well known in France, as an habitual and dangerous duellist, and five years ago he had been wounded in three places, in a duel with sabers at Nice, where, however, he killed his antagonist, the son of a banker at Genoa. The quarrel had arisen from M. Gallard being taunted with the uselessness of balloon ascents. M. Gallard was now, added my informant, engaged to be married to the daughter of a professor of mathematics.

I amused myself, as I walked to my friend's lodgings, with pondering over these rumors, and trying to sift the truth that was in them from the falsehood. This task, almost as easy as twisting sand-ropes, or driving hares to market, occupied me till I reached Gallard's lodgings. The magnificent street-fountains of Vienna, the great St. Stephen's itself, I that day passed unnoticed. Even the crowds of Hungarian sharpshooters, and Wallachian peasants, failed to interest me; my mind was bent on joining Gallard, my friend, in a balloon ascent.

I found Gallard in his room, busy en- sor was entirely occupied with the praises graving his name on a sword—it was a of a new edition of the *Principia* he had

beautiful Damascus blade, of exquisite temper. He looked up from his work as I entered, his etching-needle still in his hand, and greeted me.

"I thought it was the Professor and Maria," he said; "they are coming today to see the great balloon I am having made; we will go after lunch, and see it together."

"You are busy, Gallard," I said; "I did not know you added engraving to

your other accomplishments."

"It is an old and tried friend," he said, patting the sword-handle; "it has saved my life once or twice, and I want to mark my name on it, for it may be my only epitaph."

At that moment, just as I was preparing to rally him on this remark, there were sounds of feet on the stairs, then a light, silvery laugh, and a soft tap at the door.

Gallard flew to it, and opened it.

"Is Mons. Montgolfier at home?" said the sweetest, merriest voice, I think I ever heard. It was the Professor's daughter, Maria, who with her father now entered the room. The Professor wiped his spectacles, and began, after being introduced to me, to look at the drawings round the walls. Maria chatted pleasantly to her lover and myself, while the old woman of the house was laying the luncheon.

I think I never saw eyes so lucidly brown as those of Maria Pulvermacher, or a neck more exquisitely set upon its shoulders. She reminded me of Goethe's description of that graceful girl whom he took as the type of Gretchen, in Faust. No word or movement but seemed the result of a warm heart, good nature, and overflowing spirits, yet each word or movement might have been that of a consummate actress, so appropriate and admirable did each movement and each word seem. Yet Gallard, I thought, seemed scarcely at his ease; and from what I could not help overhearing of a long and earnest convervation, between himself and the Professor's daughter, I gathered that he was resisting her wish that he should abandon some intended balloon ascent.

The conversation at lunch was constrained. Gallard tried to amuse, but seemed vexed and moody. The Professor was entirely occupied with the praises of a new edition of the *Principia* he had

his daughter was silent and tearful.

Luncheon over, Mons. Gallard arose, and giving his arm somewhat ceremoniously to Miss Pulvermacher, begged me to follow with the Professor. lowed him into a back yard, leading to carpenters' workshops, and a laboratory. Unlocking a door, Gallard ushered us into a large, unfurnished room, with a stove in it; on the floor lay the silk gores, or long sections of lutestring, that were to form the greatest balloon ever yet made in Austria.

Heaps of blue and scarlet silk lay on benches and on the window-seat. net hung on a nail near the stove, and the basket-work, large enough to hold six persons, had already been covered with

painted linen.

"You here see, Mr. Professor," said Gallard, turning rather coldly from Miss Pulvermacher, "the germ of my new airship. It is to measure fifty-seven feet in diameter, and will carry four hundred pounds of ballast. This car, which is eight feet long, weighs one hundred and forty pounds. The name, you see, is 'Maria Theresa,' (here he looked at the Professor's daughter.) The weight of the whole apparatus, with myself, thermometers, etc., in it, will be——"

"Let me guess, Gallard," said the good, fussy, old Professor. "Well, I should

say six hundred pounds."

"No bad guess, Herr Professor—six

hundred and twenty pounds."

"Nevertheless, I would not go up in it for ten thousand pounds," said the Pro-

fessor, adjusting his spectacles.

"That's right, dear papa," said Maria, kissing her father's frosty, red cheek, and throwing her arms round his neck. "Don't let him go in it: he's a naughty man—yes, you are, sir; you may frown for wishing to go against my will. What right, sir, have you to risk your life?"

Gallard made no immediate reply; but a few minutes after, he drew Miss Pulvermacher to the window, leaving me and the Professor to examine the elements of the future balloon, examine the long strips of colored silk, lift the car, and perform such other experiments as our curiosity suggested.

In a few minutes, Gallard and Miss Pulvermacher joined us. I observed that Gallard was paler than usual, and was biting his lips, as if to suppress a passion- | came out of it.' By-the-by, do you know

just bought of an English bookseller, and | ate anger that was almost uncontrollable. The young lady, on the other hand, was flushed, and her eyes were moist with unrestrained tears. I was sure from their manner that the lovers had been quarreling; but I made as though I did not see it.

> As for the worthy purblind Professor, who, like many other honest pedards, knew much more about the surface of the moon than the inhabitants of this insignificant and parvenu planet, he observed nothing, and, after a time, trudged off with his daughter, wishing Gallard every success in his interesting enterprise. Maria Pulvermacher bowed to me, and offered Mons. Gallard her hand with averted face. She had evidently been asking the enthusiast to make some sacrifice, which he had refused to make. The Professor, I forgot to add, on parting, begged me with obvious sincerity to gratify him with a speedy call.

> The moment the door closed on the Professor and his daughter, Gallard stamped on the floor, and uttered some words in Arabic from between his clenched teeth. "I throw her to the wind," he said, passionately; "swallow that she is, quick-turning, never-resting, fickle, changeable, like all those creatures that God made from the refuse of Adam's clay. I have lived eight-and-thirty years in this vile world, and never yet knew. sin, vice, trouble, or mischief, without a woman was in some way or other the cause of it. Miserable necessity of our solitude to need such companions! I renounce her. Shall I break up my glorious dreams and discoveries for a wax dox with movable eyes—a puppet that can smile, and move, and eat, and torment; but can not reflect, compare, analyze, or refute? Ha!"

> And, as he said this, he took down a case-bottle of brandy from a shelf, and took a long, deep draught; then, silently, he replaced the bottle with a smile such as Satan himself might have worn, and sat down, compass in hand, at his papers. I began to be afraid for his brain. I tried to divert his thoughts, but not by any of those deep, consolatory platitudes which friends administer to you as if they were indispensable medicines.

> "Gallard," I said, "courage! There are other women. As we say in England, 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever

I have all but resolved to accompany you in your next ascent. You have fired my imagination by your enthusiasm; but perhapa you dislike a companion; 'Ne est-ce

pas Pin

"On the contrary," he said, fixing his eyes on me, "you give me more pleasure than you know; you will be charmed. The higher air, two miles up, is so calm and silent. You may find it cold, and may experience a slight pain in your ears, but that will soon go off. Whatever fog or rain we pass through below, we shall soon, as philosophers should do, rise above them into a region of clear light and soft sun heat. The sensation of first starting is only that of a strong but equal upward pressure on the soles of your feet; you will not repent it, mon ami."

"But," I said, "who is this Mons. Rozier, who has ascended so often, this year, in different parts of France and Germany?

Is he a formidable rival?"

" Not very," said Gallard, smiling, with all his usual stoical serenity, as he went to a cabinet that stood against the wall and took a roll of paper from a drawer. He unrolled it with a dry laugh; it was a large posting bill, printed in red ink; it announced the ascent of Mons. Rustace Rosier from a pleasure-garden, near Turin, twelve months back.

"I am Mons. Rozier," he said; "to disguise myself from inquisitive friends, I

use this precaution,"

As he uttered these words, he took a bottle from a shelf of chemicals, and dipping the forefinger of the right hand in it, he rubbed it across the palm of his left. It left a deep brown stain of the color of an Arab fellah's skin.

"Mons. Rozier is an Armenian," he said, laughing; " and a preparation I keep by me removes his Armenian skin in one wash. You shall be my companion then,' he added, replacing the bottles. "I see you are cool, determined, and quick in resources; I have long wished for such a companion to manage my instruments and help to register my observations. I hope before long to be able to bring rain at my wish, and to predict weather changes with almost unerring certainty. I must forget this woman. You will now pardon my wishing you good night, as I must betake me to six hours' study. One cantion at parting, beware how you get entangled in that false creature's web!"

I did not see Gallard for the next three weeks. During that time, as my letters had still not arrived from England, I devoted myself to making the acquaintance of the Pulvermacher family. My visits grew more and more frequent; I became a favorite of the old Professor, and by no means, I flattered myself, disagreeable to his fair daughter. I am afraid my fondness for the house made rather a hypocrite of me, for I soon found myself discussing the Principia with the Professor with an unction which was scarcely sincere, as I had always at college shown a singular incapacity for mathematics. To-day I was taking a telescopic interest in an eruption on the sun's face; to-morrow trying a new microscope on the plumes from a moth's wing, or a new sort of acaries, found in indigo. The Professor was delighted with me, and took me to all sort of philosophical meetings and soirées, where I met small Humboldts, who bored me with absurd theories, and whom I bored with engineering problems.

But every moment I could snatch from this hypocrital routine I devoted to the gayer and more pleasant occupation of dirting with Miss Pulvermacher. I waltsed with her, I began to teach her to read English poetry, I sang duets with her; in fact, I fell all at once—one morning that we sang together-over head and ears in love with her. It even became a joke against me at the table d'hôte and at the hotel billiard-table, where my attendance

became less and less frequent,

They were one day discharging their invisible yet stinging missiles at me, and warning me of Gallard's well-known jealous disposition, and his fondness for dueling, when a waiter gently touched my arm and handed me a note. It was from Gallard, and ran thus:

"Mon cars Am: —I shall ascend in the 'Maria Theresa' to-morrow at moon, on the south side of the Prater. Be with me-if those fools at the hotel, or your fair friend, do not make a coward of you—soon after eleven, that we may start together, and superintend the filling.
"Yours till death,

"XAVIRE GALLARD. "P. S.—Be sure, on the ground, to always call me 'Rozier,' my aeronautic name. The weather promises well for our ascent."

"A billet - down from the Professor's daughter!" cried out one of the hotel

"Herr Englander, I will be your second; but that Gallard is a d—— with the small sword."

I made no reply, being rather ashamed of my situation, and also of my flirtation; but I finished my wine, tore the note carelessly up, and strolled off to Gallard's

lodgings.

The old woman let me in with a spiteful look, such as she had never before greeted me with; but at the time I attributed this to cold and rheumatism—great disturbers of the temper—and, knowing my way, pushed straight on for the laboratory, where I was told my friend was engaged.

I entered it—he was not there; I went up stairs—he was not there, but his mathematical drawings lay scattered on the table, and the ink was still wet in his pen. I went down again, and sought him in the balloon-room, and, not finding him there, I opened the door that led into an inner

garden-house.

There was Gallard, bending over six small sacks full of what appeared to be black and white sand; but he hastily tied up the mouths of the bags as he saw me, and turned in his usual passive way to take my hand. To my surprise, he had already stained his face, and was now the color of the poorer Cairene Arabs.

"I am glad you are come," he said; "I began to think your courage had failed you, or that you were too much occupied with gallantry and that bad comedy called society, to care much for risking your

neck with an enthusiast."

Gallard said this in rather a splenetic way; but I took no notice of his mood,

simply replying:

"I do not change when I have once made up my mind. I am ready now, as I have been ever since I offered to go with you."

"That's right," he said, with his teeth clenched, "bravely said, and like an Englishman; and I promise you such a flight in the air as you will never forget. Mind, to-morrow, at eleven, for it is a good mile and a half from here."

I turned to go; he followed me to the door; and as I shook his cold, corpselike band, he said, with rather a forced

gaiety, as I thought:

"I have forgotten the syren," he said, "quite forgotten her, sponged her name from my slate, erased her photograph,

enthusiasts soon forget these frivolities; love and a catarrh are quickly cured. How do you get on, by-the-by, with thethe—Pulvermachers?"

I colored slightly as I replied: "Oh! pretty well! The Professor is rather a bore, but the daughter is charming." And putting my fingers to my lips, I laughed and blew them apart, as Spanish lovers do.

He smiled, as he shut the door, without making any answer.

IV.

I was with Gallard punctually at eleven o'clock on the following day. I found his papers put up, his desk closed, and a fiacre waiting for us at the door. He received me with the abstracted air of a man whose thoughts are fixed on the future. He was busy collecting necessary instruments for the journey; an hygrometer, an aneroid barometer, and dry and wet bulb thermometers. The ballast, and the balloon itself, were already on the ground. As we stepped into the carriage Gallard threw open his bornouse, and drew from under it the engraved sword I had seen before, and a pair of pistols.

"Why arms?" I said, laughing, as the coach drove off. "Will the prince of the

powers of the air attack us?"

"No," said he, drily; "but on two occasions, when I have been throwing out the grappling anchor, ignorant farmers have threatened to fire at me; and it is as well to go armed. Beside that, last year at Strasburgh, the country people were troublesome when we landed. I had to force them, sword in hand, les singes, to help to obtain the balloon. There are few countries, mon cher, where a sword is not useful for defence or attack; and beside, we may want it to let out the gas in case of the valve not working at a critical moment."

I was satisfied, and I said so.

"I hope they won't put the ballast near any fire,5 he said, after a long apparently thoughtful silence.

"Why, sand is not very inflammable, is

it?" said I.

Gallard made no reply, but gave a sort of sardonic smile that I could not interpret.

As we approached the scene of the approaching ascent Gallard grew more and burned her letters—Ha! but you see we | more silent; and wrapping himself up in absorbed in thought. The streets leading to the gate were crowded with citizens and soldiers hastening to the place from whence the balloon was to ascend. Merchants' clerks, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian wagoners—all classes were elbowing on, all bent on the same object, all eyes turned the same way, in every mouth the same subject.

"I shall never forget this day," said I,

my eyes glowing with excitement.

"You never will," replied Gallard

gravely.

It was just as he uttered these words the coach drew up with a sudden jerk at the gate of the inclosure, where I could see the large balloon struggling and swaying to release itself from the ropes that bound it to the earth. Now, there is always, as travelers will remember, fastened in the inside of all the hackneycoaches of Vienna a small looking glass, in a tawdry gilt frame. It serves, I suppose, to help the Viennese ladies to arrange their bonnets, the dandies to twist their moustachios. I was the first to get out of the carriage; and as I passed the looking-glass I caught in it a pale glimpse of my friend Gallard's face; it wore a momentary expression of hideous mockery, which made me rather fear that the excitement of the moment was almost too much for his brain; but I said nothing, lest I might unnerve him.

A cheer ran round the arena, and handkerchiefs were waved, as we both entered the inclosure, bearing the national flags (white, with a black spread eagle) that our gatekeeper presented us with as we passed him. The preparations were already made; there were the tubs full of iron filings laid between straw, and on these had been poured vitriolic acid and water. These tubs, covered with others, were contained in strong casks, sunk in the ground; and through holes made in the top of these casks tin tubes were fitted, to which the silken tube of the balloon was fastened. The net was already adjusted, and the balloon being three-quarters full, the tin tubes were removed and the silken pipes tied up and coiled into the boat, which was now being fastened to the loop.

Gallard did not speak, but giving a scoffing look at the populace, proceeded to examine the fittings of the balloon. He looked at the valve in the top part of the

air-ship that was so soon to bear us starward, and several times pulled the string that fastened the brass-shutter padded with leather. He then tested the cords that suspended the car to the balloon by a hoop of cane, which had been sewn with leather.

It was a fine autumn afternoon, within half an hour of sunset, and a brisk wind blowing. The clouds over our head were fast turning to crimson and gold; into their glory we were about to ascend. I felt at once excited and awe-struck; but Gallard, imperturbable as ever, seemed entirely occupied in watching the bunches of men who held on to the four ropes that still retained the swaying balloon. At his word of command three of the ropes were suddenly let go, and the balloon, feeling itself freer, swung so as to almost touch the ground.

We each took a draught of Vosslauer wine, brought to us by one of the attendants, and then stepped into the car, in which the ballast, instruments, and weapons had now all been neatly packed away. As the signal gun bellowed forth, Gallard drew his sword and cut the last rope, and I fired a pistol as the balloon ascended

steadily and majestically.

I instantly experienced that peculiar sensation as if some great force was pressing my feet upward, but I felt no pain in my ears; and the stillness and tranquility of the air we traversed was delightful, and roused my imagination to the uttermost. A grim, composed, smile broke forth even on the corpse-like face of Gallard.

Vienna now lay beneath us, like a toy city. The barometer showed us to be only a mile and a half up, but it seemed to me already seven or eight miles. Every thing now appeared on a plane; the highest buildings had no more apparent elevation than the mountains on a geological model. The country round Vienna lay beneath like a colored map. There was St. Stephen's, no larger than a doll's house; palaces, barracks, shops, fountains, had all dwindled to little blocks, no larger than cheese-cakes. Even the park itself, and the vast rolling multitude we had left, appeared no larger than a green meadow in a picture.

The balloon, looking like a large golden bubble, had risen into the clouds that now hid it from the earth. A moment more and we pierced the cloud, and rose

above it into a clearer and more radiant atmosphere. Now below us the detached fleeces, coalesced, and formed into what resembled a sea of white cotton; above they were smooth, close-packed, and level.

Beyond this were dense hills of thunder-clouds, of the color of cannon-smoke, which were moving slowly at irregular intervals. We could now see the shadow of the balloon passing over the ground and the nearer clouds, at first small as an egg, but gradually widening, and encircled with an iris halo.

We could still hear the cannon roaring farewell to us from below. We were now ten thousand feet above the earth; we were going fast before the wind, and had lost sight of the city. The atmosphere got rapidly colder, and a slight sifting of snow fell sprinkling around us.

"How do you like my air-ship, mon ami?" said Gallard, as he pulled his

sword in and out of its sheath.

"Marvellous!" said I; "it gives me a sense of a new power."

"Just open that bag, and throw out

eight or ten handfuls of sand."

I stooped down, and was about to untie the string that fastened the mouth of the second sack, when Gallard leaped up, and caught my arm.

"Now then—now, then, you foolish Englishman!" he cried; "the nearest

one—the nearest one!"

I looked round, rather angrily.

"You are rather hasty to-day, Mon-

sieur Gallard," I said.

"Pardon me," he replied, rapidly recovering his serenity; "I dislike the English race, but I like individuals of the species. We aëronauts are obliged to be particular. We must mount higher, and visit Aldebaran, and skirt the glittering domains of the jewel-girt Orion. More sand! throw out more sand, mon ami ["

I leant over the car, and baled out handful after handful of sand; thus lightened our air-ship rose higher and higher. We were a thousand feet higher. temperature our instrument showed to be thirty degrees lower than on the ground we had quitted. Gallard, stooping behind me, untied the second bag—it was the black ballast.

A grunt, more like that of a beast than the voice of a man, made me look round,

lard. He was standing up and cocking a pistol. His eyes burnt with rage. I dropt the bag of ballast, in my alarm, over the side of the car, and up we soared a mile higher than we had yet attained.

"Dog!" cried Gallard, "beast! fool of an accursed Englishman! you are now at my mercy. I brought you up here only to destroy you. You have alienated from me the one woman I ever loved. I no longer care for life, money, or fame. You have made all worthless to me. In return I laid this trap for you. Here no one can hear your cries. Here I have death for you in a dozen shapes. I have these two pistols and a sword. This bag at my feet contains gunpowder—move an inch, I fire into it, and we shall be in the twinkling of an eye blown up to the moon. Two black pieces of flesh, and a red shrivel of silk, will be all that will reach Choose your death—steel, the earth. lead, or fire!"

"You must be raving mad, Mons. Gallard," I said. "I have ever been your friend. I never even spoke to Miss Pulvermacher until you had thrust her from you. I am no favored suitor. I am ready again to yield my claims to yours. Do not stain your hands with blood. Reflect; this is a cruel, treacherous murder that

you plan."

"Bah!" roared Gallard; "I have Syrian blood in my veins; with us, revenge is a part of our religion. I have sworn to all the creatures of hell that both of us shall not again revisit the earth alive. Hound of an Englishman, die!"

As he said this, Gallard came closer, and deliberately aiming between my eyes,

fired before I could seize his arm.

The hammer fell, but there was no report. Thanks to God's great goodness, he had by mistake seized the unloaded pistol.

He then seized the right one, and cocked it with a yell of fiendish rage. This time my death seemed certain, but, before he could press the trigger, I had beaten it from his hand with a weapon he had little expected—a heavy barometer, on which I had been making observations, and which rested beside me against the side of the car.

With a second blow, quick as lightning, I struck him senseless, and in an instant tossed overboard his sword and the fallen and pause in my task. It was from Gal- | pistol. I then, by a sudden effort, lifted the bag of gunpowder, and threw it also | afraid. I let out more gas, and I sank still over. I was now in some degree safe, lower. and I stooped over my fallen enemy to see what life remained in him. The moment I did so, Gallard leapt up, and I felt a fierce stab of a knife, which, but for my watch, had killed me on the spot. Gallard had recovered from the blow, but remained apparently insensible, while I turned my back in order that he might open his knife, and strike me the more unexpectedly and certainly.

This second act of deliberate treachery roused the wild beast within me. There was, I felt and saw, no safety for me but in the death of Gallard. Should one have mercy on snakes or wolves? I drew back, and, before he could rise, struck him again with the barometer, and repeated the blows till he became insensible. I then, by an almost superhuman exertion, lifted him to the edge of the car, and slid his body over, holding fast by the ropes to escape myself being thrown out

by the swaying of the car.

I gave the insensible man one half-remorseful glance—and then the instinct of self-preservation came over me, and I launched him into the air. He fell—fell —fell—fell, and a horrible fascination compelled me to watch the body till, small as a beetle, it reached a white sea of cloud and smoke, and disappeared in that

abyss.

I was saved, I knelt and thanked God for that deliverance. But how to steer the balloon, and bring it safely back to earth! I knew that to descend I must pull the valve, and let out the gas. I pulled the string, and the leather shutter opened. The gas escaped with a curious, groaning noise. But the balloon was now so light, that I still ascended, a strange drowsiness benumbed me, and I became insensible.

I pulled violently at the soupape, or sucker, till I felt the balloon rapidly descending. Soon I began to see the now moonlit land spreading beneath me, white and glistening with hoar-frost. The wind blew fiercely, the balloon drove before it, and I got the anchor and cable ready to throw out.

Soon I could distinguish villages, trees, and broad fields of corn, mellow gold in the moonshine, and here and there on the lower ground brooding masses of smouldering fog. I was too anxious to feel steamer for Vienna.

Now for the anchor. I threw it from me, and let the rope run. It touched the ground, and dragged. The balloon sank till it struck the ground, from which it bounded like a huge india rubber ball. Again it bounded, and drove slanting before the wind. I was dragged over fields and over underwood that tore my hands and my clothes, and also rent the balloon. I felt that I was in imminent danger, and

prayed God to save my life.

Now, at last, the anchor took sure hold of an ash-tree in the center of a hedge; but the balloon still swayed to and fro, and kept rebounding violently from the earth, rising some two hundred feet at each bound. Still, if the anchor held, I was safe, provided the wind lulled, if only for a moment. I was already bruised, sore, and faint, and had scarcely strength left for any longer struggle with death.

Suddenly, to my horror, the cable snapped like a thread, and again the balloon drove on before the wind, the loose, torn silk now flapping like a rent sail; the wind howling savagely through it; the broken ropes flapping against the car, and lashing me like scourges. We flew over the fields, ponds, brooks, and plantations. I tried to cling to trees, but I was torn from Certain death seemed my sure doom, when for a moment the balloon moved slower, and touched the ground, just as I was over a corn-field. With the quickness of light, I threw myself out of the car, head formost, deep among the rolling corn, and fell, bruised and stunned.

When I came to my senses, I was lying in a nest of corn, the soft moonshine silvering my face. The "Maria Theresa" had driven on, and was no longer in sight. I felt like one who awakes suddenly to escape a nightmare. I rubbed my limbs; none were broken. I fell on my knees, and again thanked God for this second deliverance from what seemed almost certain death.

A rapid walk of an hour in the direction of a twinkling light brought me to a pleasant cottage. I looked at my watch; it was just thirteen minutes past ten o'clock. It was nearly sunset when we started more than four hours ago. I was kindly welcomed by the peasant, and in the morning (for I had alighted near Pesth) took the

Already tidings of the discovery of the crushed body of Gallard, and of the torn balloon, thirty miles further on, had reached my friends. I had been given up for lost, and gossip had chatted her requiem a dozen times over my grave.

I had deceived myself about Miss Pulvermacher, as lovers are not unapt to do. She had never really loved me. Her apparent partiality had only been intended to rouse the jealousy of her angry lover. I saw her no more; she refused all visitors,

and soon after took the vows at the great nunnery at Ratisbon, much to the grief of her poor old father.

My letters arrived soon after from England; and I had to hasten to Sulina, and there plunge into plans for steam-dredges and other professional detail. I never before have disclosed to any one how Gallard really came by his death. This, however, is a true narrative of my first and last balloon ascent.

From Chambers's Journal.

HISTORY OF COTTON.

The Gossypium, a native of three continents and of both hemispheres, is perhaps the most important of plants; yet its value was but found out yesterday. Cotton, like Malvolio in his fancied promotion, had greatness thrust upon it. It was long known, and was even cultivated as a pretty shrub centuries before any shrewd improver sought to draw a profit from its fibres. If any race on earth might be supposed to have a keen eye to the main chance, it was certainly the Chinese; yet Ching and Chang placed the cotton-plant in their gardens while Alfred was burning the immortal cakes, and never discovered that the white wool had a use until about the time when Prince Edward was routing the Barons' army at Evesham.

When Admiral Pliny and his fleet were on the Alexandria station, that scientific Roman flag-officer found the Egyptians perfectly conversant with cotton. They could spin yarn and weave webs, and the plant throve admirably well in the sandy soil and moist saline climate of the Delta coast. They had probably received their supplies of seed through the medium of the active Red Sea trade, which they carried on under the Ptolemies. At anyrate, the manufacture must have been of comparatively modern origin, since no mummies wrapped in cotton have hitherto been the population as clad in cotton cloths. Very various as to texture and value were these fabrics. Rude Malabar and the ruder isles could only produce coarse cloths, white, yellowish, or striped with staring red or blue; Dacca, on the other hand, whose cunning workmen had devised subtle and patient methods of spinning the finest thread by hand-labor, could turn out muslins of the utmost beauty. The "woven wind" of Bengal was soon borne on the wings of fashion to every zenana in Hindustan and Deccan. It was sighed for by dark-eyed Mohammedan queens far

disinterred, whether at Hieropolis or Luxor. All mummy-cloths have as yet proved to consist of pure linen, nor is the cotton shrub found in the hieroglyphic paintings beside its more ancient cousingermen, the flax-plant.

german, the flax-plant. What the Egyptian and Chinese learned late, however, in their national history, the Aryan race, and even those primitive tribes of India to whom the Hindu is as a Norman conqueror, seem to have known from the first. Alexander's Arnauts skirmished with Gentoos in cotton robes; Solomon's sea-captains probably chaffered with Lascars whose scanty garb was wrought from the same fragile material. Be that as it may, the very earliest accounts of the natives of India and the great Indo-Chinese Archipelago represent the population as clad in cotton cloths. Very various as to texture and value were Rude Malabar and the these fabrics. ruder isles could only produce coarse cloths, white, yellowish, or striped with staring red or blue; Dacca, on the other hand, whose cunning workmen had devised subtle and patient methods of spinning the finest thread by hand-labor, could turn out muslins of the utmost beauty. The "woven wind" of Bengal was soon borne on the wings of fashion to every zenana in Hindustan and Deccan. It was sighed

beyond the snowy Khyber; and our wondering European envoys told the woolenclad people of the West how the Grand Turk had bought, at enormous price, what was called "invisible cloth," for his wives to wear.

The Moors introduced cotton into Spain, and the Saracens planted it in Sicily. But although the very word "cotton" is confessedly Arabic, and although the Cid himself must have fought against Moorish warriors in cotton turbans, the soft and serviceable material was very slow in making its way to the favor of Christendom. A very small quantity of cotton wool, the produce of the Levant, appears to have been occasionally shipped to a British or Italian port, and to have been worked up, probably in conjunction with flax, at Manchester or Pisa. But it attracted little or no attention, and the manufacture never attained any peculiar excellence. For a long time, the innocent and useful Gossypium had to endure the cold shade of neglect. Our merchants, following in the track of Vasco da Gama and his brotherdiscoverers, built their stockaded factories on the edge of that India which was to be their empire; they bought and sold, battled and conspired, with cotton-clad nations, yet were blind to the merits of cotton. Pizarro's cut-throat conquerors were too busy in seeking the hidden gold and silver of Peru to heed the fact that the gentle natives were dressed in red and white cottons of their own growth; and it is but two hundred years since English looms began to deal with even a moderate amount of what we now esteem a necessary of our national welfare. Cotton came to supply a great want in the wardrobe of society at large. The high price of linen virtually rendered it a forbidden luxury to the bulk of our working classes. Only a courtier or a court-lady, the Sir Foplings and Aramintas of those days, could afford to wear those dainty tissues which still take their name from the city of Cam-Only a substantial esquire, or a merchant free of his guild, could find the where with al to buy the smooth and strong fabrics sent us by the Netherlanders, the fine Holland at eight shillings an ell that trusting Dame Quickly provided for the faithless fat knight. Even our domestic manufactures of linen were too expensive for Hodge the ploughman, save on highdays and holidays, and the poor were obliged to wear under-clothing of canvas, of

woolen that could seldom be changed, and rarely washed, or too often to go without altogether. This last alternative was fearfully common, and helps to account for much of the disease and loathsome afflictions which were endemic among the poor. A multitude in the middle ages, even in the transitional century that saw the Stuarts rise and fall, contained a terrible proportion of shirtless, stockingless persons. There was no cotton in general use, wool and flax were dear, and in Ireland little or no linen was produced for exportation, the national staple being chiefly used for those long shirts which were worn by the kerne of Ulster and Connaught, and whose saffron dye adroitly devised to save washing—provoked the legislative wrath of Elizabeth.

Little Manchester, all unconscious that she, like a commercial destiny, was weaving the web of her own fortune, began to make large use of cotton while King Charles I. was disputing with his Parliament; yet so defective was the machinery employed, that to produce a cloth of pure cotton was beyond the power of English weavers. Strange as it may seem, what the Bengalee could do, what the native of Malabar could do, and what even the untutored Peruvian could easily effect, was a task beyond the skill of Arkwright's countrymen. It was necessary to form the warp of linen thread, leaving only the weak west to consist of cotton. The stuff thus produced was known by the name of linsey-woolsey. It was cheaper than linen, and thus a boon to a needy and ill-clad population. But its production was scanty, and it had neither the solidity of flaxen cloth nor the economy of cotton.

Curiously enough, the name of the despised or ignored substance was familiar in the mouths of millions who knew nothing of the true material. The word cotton often occurs in early English records, and is commonly used to designate wool of a fine quality, and that had undergone carding. It meant, or was loosely held to mean, any white flocculent matter, such as thistledown, but it was mainly applied to wool; and the confusion was increased by the employment of the very word cotton-wool, which properly belonged to the imported fiber. Cotton itself is by no means uniform in color and texture; Africa and South-America produce white cotton, red cotton, and yellow cotton of many shades; Asia has but two colors, the pure

white and the dirty nankeen; but in all cases the fibers are derived from a branchy shrub, which, though it grows to the extreme hight of twenty feet, is yet a mere herbacious plant, and deserves to be ranked with the flowering grasses. Cotton is less woody than any other vegetable fiber, and its parent plant is always a bush, never a tree. The cotton-tree—the lofty Eriodendron—is but a haughty and useless relative of the meek and valuable Gossypium; its seed-vessels certainly yield vegetable hairs, but hairs too feeble and spare to knit into the compact firmness which gives its merit to cotton.

At last the hour and the man came; the hour was part of a summer day in 1769, and the man was Richard Arkwright. Thanks to his inventive energy, his frame and jenny, the foundation-stone of our English staple of manufacture was laid. That discovery did the work of Aladdin's slave of the lamp. By degrees, but surely as a magnet draws iron, it attracted the population, the life and muscle, of a province into one poor and remote county. It made Lancashire what we have seen it, with its joys and sorrows, its sunshine of prosperity and its winter of discontent; its intelligence, its bygone turbulence, its wealth, and its famine.

Yet Arkwright's grand discovery seemed humbler to his cotemporaries than to us, who view it by the clear light of experience. His jenny simply helped men to spin yarn quicker and better than they had previously done, and his frame merely enabled them to compose a cloth of absolute cotton, warp and west alike of cotton, without being indebted to the flax-plant any more. The work went on. Discovery called on discovery, as deep to deep. Watt, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Peelthese names appear and disappear in the legends of the last century, each claiming and deserving a share of praise for good deeds done; and then stands out, beyond the reach of rivalry or dispute, the name of Samuel Crompton.

Crompton invented the mule in 1786, and from that day the tide that had long set Indiaward turned in favor of Britain. At last, England could meet and beat her Asiatic rival and teacher with her own weapons. No more dependence on Benares, Surat, Dacca, for the calicoes that every year made more valuable to consumers, whose love for decency, neatness, and cleanliness yearly increased. No

more need to buy India-spun yarns, wherewith to weave in Lancashire. While Crompton, suspected, hooted, mocked, a laughing-stock to his dull, respectable neighbors, as well as to the thoughtless lads around, was toiling in his attic over his priceless spindles, fine yarn was worth twenty guineas a pound. Gradually and certainly, yarn of the same quality fell to eighteen pence a pound, and all this salutary cheapening was the work of a half-crazed, ill-taught man in a tumble-down cottage.

Much to her credit, India held her good name in the world's market. With a simple distaff, the patient, supple-handed Hindu contrived to spin finer thread than all our western appliances could turn out. This thread was afterward woven with a solidity and elegance which left our best endeavors far behind. But the handicraft, with all its delicacy of execution, was a fossil; it remained stationary, and the restless, eager West outstripped the torpid East. We managed to surpass India in cheapness and celerity, first, as was natural, in the making of coarse goods, and, after a long interval, in the more delicate fabrics also. Hand-made wares of most kinds, from a gunstock to a Cashmere shawl, are, however, superior in solidity to the best productions of a machine; and thus it is that not only India, but China also, to this day clothes its millions in stouter and more enduring stuffs than Manchester can offer. The low price at which English calicoes can be sold, after all deductions for freight and brokerage, is the main temptation, and with free trade we can undersell the Oriental in his own markets.

The cost of yarn decreased, while the sale of woven goods multiplied beyond all precedent. For many years, England had a virtual monopoly of the cotton manufacture. She alone possessed, not merely the mills and plant, but the capital and intelligence needful to keep them astir; not the fiddle only, but the fiddle-stick as well. Competition was hardly possible from 1786 to the Glorious Days of July; for who was in a position to vie with Britannia, jealously watchful of her newfound source of wealth. Not France, bleeding at every vein, and exhausted by her long combat with all Europe in arms; not Belgium, distracted by the frequent change of masters and laws; not America, No still suffering from the after-effects of her

struggles against the mother-country, and not as yet enriched by the tide of emigration. As for rivalry on the part of Russia, a semi-barbarous empire, deficient in all requisites except unskilled labor, that appeared a dream too idle to find an ex-

pounder.

Monopolies, however, are sure to decay and fall, and so England found at last a host of emulous competitors pressing on her heels in the race. As foreign nations became more quiet and more rich, they learned to hunger for a slice of the golden apple that had hitherto been decreed to Britain alone. There were obstacles, and great ones, in the path. Possession is nine points of the law in manufactures as well as in other matters, and Lancashire had possession. She had all the machinery, the exportation of which was illegal all the trained hands, all the traditions, the heedfully guarded trade-secrets, and her cotton-port hard by.

Yet the effort to keep all the plums in the pudding for home-use proved a failure -mules and jennies were pirated, frames copied, trade-secrets ferreted out, clever workmen coaxed abroad. Mills rose, and engines whirred, from Moscow to Ghent; and at last the old barriers fell, and Birmingham was permitted openly to supply the rivals of Manchester with machinery. Yet it was soon proved by experience that England wanted nothing but a fair field to enable her to bear the bell over all compeers. The native industry of foreign lands was scared at her approach, and shrieked for protection. A rampart of prohibitory tariffs, a triple-array of custom-duties, kept out the dreaded invasion of British calico. Old World and New, Lowell and Roubaix, Novgorod and St. Etienne, fenced themselves in from the prints of Preston and the long-cloths of Staleybridge.

One little country, walled in by mountains, and shut from the sea by a belt of hostile frontier-lines, discarded the plan of securing customers by legal enactments, and tried to deserve patronage by merit alone. When we Westerns were yet in leading-strings, Switzerland was the freest of free-traders. Her wares were forced on reluctant purchasers,; for, if bought at all, they were bought for their own sake. It was found that no European muslins were like the Swiss muslins, no colored prints so tasteful and well-dyed as those which Swiss mills turned out, often from

British-made yarns. But it was impossible that Helvetia should seriously strive with England in the important respect in which the latter distances all emulation—that of cheapness.

Commerce has never shifted in a manner more marked and absolute than where the raw material for manufacture was concerned. In the early days of the trade, the supply depended chiefly on the Levant traffic. The Turkey merchant—a personage as well known in his day as the Nabob in his—skimmed the first profits from the consignment, which was grown in Egypt and Syria, and shipped to England by the Turkey fleet, always under convoy, for fear of the Barbary corsairs. The West Indies made up about one-third of the annual importation, and Bombay and Surat contributed their quota. At last the tremulous needle of the commercial compass wheeled from the East to the West. Every year saw more arrivals of the longstapled American cotton, fewer arrivals of the short-stapled Indian. The Levant trade dwindled, and soon Liverpool was bound by cotton chains to New-York and New-Orleans.

Cotton varies excessively. There is as much difference between the yellowish Bengal at twopence-halfpenny, and the milk-white Sea Island at two or three shillings a pound, as between the gigantic London dray-horse and the rat-like Dartmoor pony. By common consent, the costly Sea Island, raised on the sandy reefs and islets off the Carolina coast, is the queen of cottons. But this long and silky staple is no aboriginal American, but an immigrant from Persia, brought slowly around by way of Anguilla and the Bahamas. Sea Island is a patrician cotton, always at the head of the price-list. But there is no magic in the sandy soil of that long line of islets, keys, and shoals, which serves as a breakwater to the most pug-Whernacious of the Confederate States. ever the same conditions are found, cotton of equal quality can be raised. This blackseed cotton, so called to distinguish it from the green-seed cotton grown on the uplands of the Gulf States and in the swamps of the Mississippi Delta, will thrive wherever there is a dry country washed by the sea. It craves saline air. In Lower Egypt, on the Algerian coast, and, above all, upon the Sunderbunds of Bengal, this regal cotton flourishes, yieldthe touch as even South-Carolina can and twenty pounds an acre to the careless

As a general rule, in a damp climate, cotton does best at a distance from the sea; in a country where rain is rare, it should be planted within sight of the waves. This plan answers well in Brazil and in India; but it is remarkable that South-Carolina, where the moisture of the air rusts all iron, should gather the choicest of her staples from fields hardly above

high-water mark.

Cotton is, like flax, tobacco, and beet, considered an exhaustive crop. Planters have a prejudice, perhaps from indolent habits, in favor of new land. Virgin soil will often yield as much as twelve hundred pounds of unginned, or three hundred pounds of ginned cotton. Eli Whitnev's gin was, in its way, almost as great a step toward progress as the machines of our British inventors. The miserable hand-gins could never be relied upon to separate the seeds from the fibers at any greater rate than that of half a hundredweight a day. Such gins are still in use on many plantations, and the ryots of India have a yet ruder and tardier contrivance whereby to clean their cotton for sale or home use. Old land will not commonly yield much more than one hundred

cultivation it receives. Yet the labor, except at picking-time, is light, and a moderate cotton crop is fairly remunerative when no middleman absorbs too much of the profit, and when mills for crushing the otherwise wasted seed are at hand.

The area in which the Gossypium grows is very wide; the culture is easy, and intelligent care in weeding, irrigating, and sowing, in cleaning and packing, are never better rewarded than where cotton is concerned. India, Barbary, Egypt, the Turkish provinces, far-away Queensland, and equatorial Africa, from Angola to the mouth of the Zambezi, all put in a claim, all ask for Britain's patronage, and promise to merit her approval by fruitful diligence. There is room for all. The American monopoly of the mart is gone as irrevocably as the quondam English monopoly of production. The battle of the staples, short and long, is being fairly fought out, and the short staple, being that of four-fifths of the world's accessible stores, is winning. Our silent mills, our stricken towns, our machinery rusting in enforced idlenessall these sad signs of the times are so many invitations to South and East, to colonist and barbarian, to all whose soil and sky can serve our turn, to send us Cotton.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

THE ANTIQUITY 0 F MAN.

THOSE who have elevated their minds to the faintest approximate conceptions of the boundless diversity and complexity which the universe displays in the combination of its materials and forces, will be prepared to expect that research will continually conduct them to surprise. The wildest generalizations to which science has attained embrace so small a portion of the majestic whole, and so much of commonly received opinion rests upon no adequate foundation, that he can inquire little who does not continually meet with facts that can not be accommodated to the subject of its contemplations be the work

hypotheses he has entertained; nor can we have a better test of the degree of cultivation of an individual, or of a society, than is afforded by examining the amount of readiness that exists to exchange old prejudice for new truth. Barbarous ages stone their prophets, because it is the tendency of ignorance to imagine that it is infinitely wise. It remains for intelligence to perceive its own feebleness, and for the loftiest reason to be the most convinced that it must fall short and fail to reach "the portals of divinity," whether the

of creation in the physical history of a planet, or the functions and destiny of a mind. Where knowledge is obviously incomplete, belief should be provisional, and the judgment trained to hold itself in the prudent suspense of philosophic doubt, while the inquiring faculties are busy collecting the materials on which a final decision may be ultimately formed.

For some years past geologists have acted prudently in their treatment of the accumulating evidence of the antiquity of the human race. They have opposed a moderate, but not a fanatical resistance to the incursion of new ideas. They have subjected every known fact bearing upon the question to a rigorous investigation, and they have not invited the general public to share their speculations until they rested upon so firm a basis that, although certain details were disputed, the general bearing of the argument could not be gainsaid. If the last generation had been aware that any body of men were engaged in so formidable an attack upon prevalent ideas, a prodigious outcry would have been raised; but in our time the process has been allowed to go on quietly, partly because every other body of intelligent searchers into the history of the past has been led to analogous conclusions, and partly because there is happily less disposition than formerly to battle with truth as an enemy, before receiving her as a friend. Palæontologists and physiologists have made increasing drafts upon the bank of Time to enable them to trace the changes which organized beings have undergone; ethnologists have demanded the lapse of long ages to explain the phenomena of the modifications of race; and the new school of scientific historians have referred the civilization of early empires to periods far more distant than the epoch which was once thoughtlessly assigned to the creation of the world.

The geologist can do little in estimating the exact number of ages that have elapsed since the flint implements were fashioned by the savages in the valley of the Somme, but he can show those antique representatives of humanity to have been associated with animals that became extinct long before the earliest known works of Egypt were constructed, and to have lived at a time when the physical conformation of the globe's surface was widely different, not only from what it is now, but what it was in any pre-historic age of

which tradition has preserved the faintest trace. It may be asked why no proof of these facts was obtained before the present day; how it happened that the innumerable excavations of man, or the natural cuttings by rivers, or seas, did not unroll the records of the human past? and the answer is easy. The geological record resembles rather stray leaves than a perfect book; it is only in rare and exceptional cases that nature preserves in her stone cabinet the relics of organic beings, and it is only a very few of the total number of her preparations, or, to preserve our metaphor, of the drawers containing her collections, to which access has been allowed. Our knowledge of specific forms is often derived from a single formation of very limited extent, and as an instance of what may unexpectedly turn up, we may remark that thousands of fossils have been extracted during several generations from the Solenhofen quarries without the slightest indication that they would one day surrender the extraordinary bird-reptile, or reptile-bird, figured and described in the last volume of this work. It must also be considered that many intimations of man's antiquity were of little value until others had been obtained. A single fact is often dumb when a group can be made to speak.

The long-announced and long-expected work of Sir Charles Lyell* has admirably brought to a focus the scattered information concerning our early progenitors, and it is still further enriched by the details of his own researches, and the careful reasoning of his own capacious and prudent mind. As Sir Charles Lyell observes, the only formations concerned in the present inquiry are those of the most modern date, or Post-tertiary; and he remarks, "It will be convenient to divide these into two groups—the Recent and the Post-pliocene. In the Recent we may comprehend those deposits in which not only all the shells, but all the fossil mammalia are of living species; in the Post-pliocene those strata in which, the shells being recent, a portion, and often a considerable one, of the accompanying fossil quadrupeds belongs to extinct species." The human remains of the Recent period, which form the subject of discussion, have been found in Danish peat mosses, in the beds of Swiss

^{*} The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Murray.

lakes, in certain artificial islands in Ireland, in Scotland, and various other parts of the globe, while those of the earlier epoch belong to Belgium, Germany,

France and England.

The peat-bogs of Denmark have been formed in depressions of the drift formation, and they contain trunks of the Scotch fir often three feet in diameter, "which must have grown on the margin of the peat-mosses, and have frequently fallen into them. This tree is not now, nor has ever been in historical times, a native of the Danish islands, and when introduced there has not thriven." It further appears to have been supplanted by the sessile variety of the common oak, which has been in its turn replaced by the beech. Thus, extensive changes in the vegetable world, resulting from alterations of soil and climate, must have taken place since the Danish savages lived, who made the rude implements of the stone period that are discovered in the bogs.

Another class of objects in Denmark, the "shell mounds," offer their testimony to the antiquity of the rude hunters and fishers by whom they were formed. The Danes call these accumulations "kitchenheaps." They are, in fact, the refuse of pre-historic dinners, and are associated with "flint-knives, hatchets, and other instruments of stone, horn, wood, bone, and fragments of pottery." The "most conclusive proof" of the antiquity of these heaps is found in the character of the imbedded shells. At present, the quantity of fresh water poured into the Baltic is so unfavorable to oysters, cockles, mussels, etc., that they are either dwarfed or entirely excluded from that inland sea; but the old fishermen were able to obtain large specimens in great quantities, which shows a different condition in the physical geography of the locality, so as to permit a freer access to the salt water of the ocean than now occurs. The shell mounds correspond in date, says Sir C. Lyell, with the earliest part of the age of stone, as known in Denmark. Later than this comes the so-called age of bronze, and that must have been very ancient in a chronological point of view.

The ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland were the abode of a race who built their habitations on piles surrounded by water. Some remains of this class belong to the stone period, and others to the bronze. Among the profusion of relics of that out of about forty which he explored

these singular people is a human skull of the early stone period, and much like those belonging to the Swiss of the present day. All attempts to convert geological time into its chronological equivalent must be received with caution, but Sir C. Lyell attaches some weight to the calculations of M. Morlot, who, "assuming the Roman period to represent an antiquity of from sixteen to eighteen centuries, assigns to the bronze age, as disclosed in a delta of the Tinière, a date of between three thousand and four thousand years, and the oldest layer (of the same formation,) that of the stone period, an age of from five thousand to seven thousand years."

Passing over researches in Ireland, Egypt, and Brazil, we come to the delta of the Mississippi, to which Sir C. Lyell assigns an antiquity of many thousand years. At a certain depth in this formation a human skull was discovered of the type of the red Indian race, and to this Dr. Dowler ascribes a great antiquity. In the coral reefs of Florida human bones were found by Count Pourtalis, in a conglomerate, calculated by Agassiz to be

ten thousand years old.

The reader who desires to see a more perfect chain of evidence than we have adduced in the preceding paragraphs, to show that man lived in a period which, although geologically very modern, is still chronologically extremely old, is referred to Sir C. Lyell's work, from which we proceed to extract proofs that the human family may be traced back to a still earlier time, when certain mammalia that are now extinct inhabited the earth. In 1833-4, Dr. Schmerling published an account of his researches in caverns near Liège, which led to the discovery of human bones associated with the bones of the cave-bear, hyena, elephant, and rhinoceros, which are extinct, and with other bones of animals still extant. In the Engis cavern a human skull was found embedded by the side of a mammoth's tooth. This skull was so fragile that it could not be preserved, but a more fortunate specimen, now in the museum of the University of Liège, was dug out of a breccia at the depth of five feet, and was associated with the tooth of a rhinoceros, the bones of a horse, and other animals. Other caves likewise yielded human remains; but Dr. Schmerling remarked

flint implements were universal, although human bones were the exception. These discoveries did not attract the attention which they merited, because few geologists were disposed to modify their ideas on the antiquity of the human race, or to admit the fact that the comparative date they had been pleased to assign to it rest-

ed upon no adequate support.

In 1860 Sir C. Lyell visited the scene of Schmerling's investigations, and found that the caves of Engis, Chokier, and Goffontaine had been completely destroyed; part of the Engihoul cavern, however, remained, and it was explored by our distinguished countryman in company with Professor Malaise. They soon found bones and teeth of the cave-bear and other extinct quadrupeds, and the continuance of the examination by Professor Malaise was rewarded in a few weeks by the discovery of three fragments of a human skull, and two perfect lower jaws with teeth, at a depth of two feet below a crust of stalagmite, and again associated with the bones of extinct animals.

The antiquity of such remains must be computed by estimations of the time which must have intervened between the period when certain races of animals were common and that at which they became extinct, and also by the ages required to produce considerable changes in the configuration of the country, as under existing circumstances the caverns could not have been, as they once were, the receptacles of materials carried along and rounded by streams or floods. Some of the fossiliferous caverns "now open in the face of perpendicular precipices, two hundred feet in hight above the present streams," and there are other evidences of such extensive alterations as to leave no doubt that an immense lapse of time is required to account for them, even with the aid of the probable supposition that disturbing agencies were far more active in some former period than at the present time. Sir C. Lyell makes no attempt to say how long ago the ancient Belgians flourished, but he observes that "although we may be unable to estimate the minimum of time required for the changes in physical geography above alluded to, we can not fail to perceive that the duration of the period must have been very protracted, and that other ages of comparative inaction may have followed, separating the Post-pliocene from the historical period,

and constituting an interval no less indefinite in its duration."

The next instance cited by Sir C. Lyell refers to the fossil human skeleton found in 1857 in the cave of Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, about seventy miles northeast of the Liège caverns. The Neanderthal cave is sixty feet above the level of the river Düssel, and one hundred feet below the surface of the country, with which it communicates by a rent, forming an ascending channel. Professor Huxley pronounced the skull obtained from this cave to be the most ape-like he had ever beheld. The last-named Professor observes that "cranial measurements alone afford no safe indication of race," and he shows that the skulls of Australian savages prove that great differences of development may coëxist in a race that is remarkably pure and unmixed. Sir Charles Lyell remarks that the Engis skull has caused surprise, "because, being so unequivocally ancient, it approached so near to the highest, or Caucasian type; that of the Neanderthal, because, having no such decided claims to antiquity, it departs so widely from the normal standard of humanity."

Human remains in Brixham cave and other places combine to enforce man's claims to a part diuturnity as an inhabitant of the globe, and as fresh evidence has been collected, attempts to give an opposite interpretation to geological facts have been received with diminishing favor, until there is not now any existing authority of eminence whose opinions could be cited against the general conclusions embodied in Sir C. Lyell's work. This result has been much accelerated by the discoveries of flint implements in the valley of the Somme; and although these researches have only attracted the very recent attention of the general public, they have been carried on for many years, and have successfully passed the ordeal of prolonged investigation and dispute.

Condensing Sir Charles Lyell's description of the locality, we find the valley of the Somme situated in a region of white chalk with flints, the strata of which are nearly horizontal, and the hills from two hundred to three hundred feet high. Ascending to that hight discloses a table-land, in which the chalk is mostly covered by loam about five feet thick. A section of the valley shows the underlying chalk at the bottom, then a bed of

gravel, on which lies twenty or thirty feet of peat. A gravel bed covered with loam rises on one side of the valley, a little above the peat, and still higher on both sides is an upper gravel bed, which, like the lower one, contains elephants' bones; above this an "upland loam," and still higher Eccene tertiary strata, resting on the chalk in patches.

The peat constitutes the most modern of the formations just described, and is about thirty feet thick. It abounds in mammalian bones, but "M. Boucher de Perthes has only met with three or four fragments of human skeletons." So large a mass of peat, whose formation is always very slow, must have occupied a lengthened period, and it was obviously formed after the deposits in which the flint implements have been found. At Menchecourt, Abbeville, many flint implements have been found in a position which Sir Sir C. Lyell explains by a diagram. First we find a hollow in the slope of the chalk, exhibiting a "bed of brown clay, with angular flints and occasionally chalk rubble, unstratified, probably of sub-aerial origin, of very varying thickness, from two to five feet, and upwards." Below this comes a calcereous loam, containing fresh water and land-shells, with bones of elephants, etc.; thickness, about fifteen feet. Underneath this "alternations of beds of gravel, marl, and sand, with fresh water and land-shells, and in some of the lower sands a mixture of marine-shells; also bones of elephant and rhinoceros, and flint implements; thickness, about twelve feet. At a lower level in the valley is the bed of gravel on which the peat rests, separated by a thin bed of impervious clay. age of this gravel, and its precise relation to that in which the flint implements were found, is not ascertained.

In such a case as this, the age of the flint implement deposit must be estimated with reference to the amount of natural work that has been done in the locality since its formation, and the evidence will be partly derived from the thickness and character of the strata deposited upon it, partly from the quantity of matter that must have been removed to give the valley its present appearance, and partly from the extent of changes which fossil remains prove to have occurred in organic life. Into this calculation we can not enter, but history and observation show that alluvial formations are of such slow growth that | par l'Astronomie. Paris: Amyot.

many centuries count for little when extensive changes have to be explained.

No one having the slightest acquaintance with geological facts would deny the enormous antiquity, chronologically speaking, of the flint implement deposits of the Somme; but two important objections have been made. It was said that the socalled implements were natural fragments of flint, and that if their shape was due to human skill, some accident had deposited them in a stratum older than themselves. Both these difficulties have been met; archæologists and geologists are now agreed that they are veritable works of man, and repeated examination precludes the idea of their being modern productions accidentally misplaced. Professor Ramsay observes, "for more than twenty years, like others of my craft, I have daily handled stones, whether fashioned by nature or art; and the flint-stones of Amiens and Abbeville seem to me as clearly works of art as any Sheffield whittle." We ought to add that Mr. Prestwich, who is remarkable for his acquaintance with formations of this kind, obtained, as did others, conclusive evidence that the flint implements existed in undisturbed beds of gravel, and had not made their way into them from any newer deposit. England has yielded flint implements like those of the Somme; some have been found in the basin of the Thames, but their geological position has not been made out; and others occur in the gravel-pits of the valley of the Ouse, near Bedford, and certain localities in Suffolk.

We have thus given a very incomplete summary of the geological evidence on which a far greater antiquity is claimed for man than a guess-work system of modern chronology has assigned to him, and it is remarkable that the science of modern Europe is thus rescuing from ignominious treatment the historical traditions of ancient races, and restoring them to their true place, as more or less reliable contributions to our acquaintance with the distant past. In France, M. Rodier* has endeavored to make astronomy the means of testing and estimating ancient dates, and he affirms that the Egyptian period of Osiris is approximately proved to coincide with 19,564 B.C., and the era

^{*} Antiquité des Races Humaines, Reconstitution de la Chronologie et de l'Histoire des Peuples Primitives, par l'Examen des Documents Originaux et

of Ma he considers shown by "very precise astronomical indications" to have commenced in 14,611 B.C. We offer no opinion as to the validity of M. Rodier's process, but his work is one of many indications of a disposition to collate and respect the teaching of long-neglected facts, and, however far back his calculations may place the dawn of civilization on the banks of the Nile, it will still appear as a modern period when compared with the epoch during which England was united with France, and the men of the flint implements contended with wild beasts whose race has been long extinct.

Each mind must decide for itself how far its speculative opinions may be affected by these considerations; but, as Sir

Thomas Brown observed with reference to his own scientific inquiries, "there is no danger to profound these mysteries, no sanctum sanctorum in philosophy; the world was made to be inhabited by Beasts, but studied and contemplated by Man; 'tis the debt of Reason we owe to God, and the homage we pay for not being Beasts. . . The wisdom of God receives small honor from these vulgar Heads that rudely stare about, and with gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify Him whose judicious inquiry into his Acts, and deliberate research into his Creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration."*

From Chambers's Journal.

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

"THERE is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow."

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

"And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, dear one, farewell, and may God bless you;" and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his not rice retreating figure with a wistful gaze, until this?"

he halted at the great iron gates, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of Ashurst Manor-house. The gloomy redbrick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then, a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old butler, advanced toward her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst Manor, at first the page and playfellow, then the confidential servant and the friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said in a respectful but constrained tone: "Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as

^{*} Religio Medici, ed. 1686, p. 7.

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she said, "he has just started. He laughs at the weather, but I"-

"There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, if the river is swollen," Marston exclaimed abruptly. "You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night."

"Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening," Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the

drawing-room.

The butler looked after her. "She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth. He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey, but now that waxen doll hears all his plans, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I cared to know—Sir Richard must be in

Chester this night."

In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on "He rides fast; his the stormy sky. horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great," she murmured to herself. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this | lady." somber old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face had only eight months since been . the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be the mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden-days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her he regarded her as an intruder in her hus-

fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that merry party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks, and as the music died away, she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, then her fingers touched the keys again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair. "Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night," he went on.

"What will he do?" and she looked

round with startled eyes.

"He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; an I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death." He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone, and in his face.

"Go, pray, go!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet might you not send Stephen in your stead?" She knew not why she asked that question, she only knew that some

vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. "He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times by night and day. But be it as you will, my

"Go yourself," she once more repeated; "lose not a moment. Heaven send you

may be there before Sir Richard!"

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that band's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? then again she smiled at her own nameless terrors. For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she listened till, in less than half an hour, she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel road. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: "she would have stopped me had she dared, but she can not stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me," and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. "It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear." She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright Marston's journey on wood and hill. would be needless, Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantel-piece with its curious carvings, the ceiling deco-

rated with strange paintings of nymphs and cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall canopied bedstead, gave a quaint and somber aspect to the chamber; but tonight the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room which led into a small dressing-room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hester?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's wea-

ry eyes. "You look sadly tired."

"I have but just come in, my lady. Anne and I have been in the workroom all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so."

"Poor girl!" said her mistress pityingly; "you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needle-work. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?"

"All but Stephen, my lady; I heard

him cross the hall just now."

"Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable."

"Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the girl said quietly.

"The bridge—I heard of no bridge!"

exclaimed Lady Courthope.

"Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well."

"And Marston had forgotten it," said

her mistress musingly.

"He said nothing of the ford," Hester answered; "he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard."

"He has not come back?" Lady Court-

hope asked abruptly.

"Oh! no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard, he should stay

at the Golden Horn till morning."

"I gave him no such leave;" and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said kindly: "That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off your headache."

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence toward her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent, and when she in turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy, that he should never regret his youth; and when too—and her cheek flushed at the thought—young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to night; and as that picture rose before her, she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast, and whisper it to him.

It was so strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reach it, but as she raised her face, all vailed by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago, that | thought had come into her mind—her

same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sickening heart she recognized the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband, but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night-journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and—murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And then there came across her a strange memory of how one summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he had wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this, stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah, no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then almost seemed a friend; for there above the chimneypiece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and, with one wild dash, stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance, another dressing-room! The door stood open, not | ten paces from her. Once locked in there —but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. ready she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell on the

open door of the dressing-room. There are moments in life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours, are formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the lifeblood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she has seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him first to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed, her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room, laid her brush upon the dressing table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed in a low tone: "Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough for sleep; I wish the night were over. She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering: "By the by, those emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went toward a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood beside the fireplace. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears, and

slow movements to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box her jewel-box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table, and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced toward the dressing-room door. Just as reached it, a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on, on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon a table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where he was hiding, and then unfastening the box, she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them, put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood trifling now with one, now with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath, then, with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle, moved toward the bedroom. On the threshold, she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed, but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low steady tone: "No matter for to-night," she came on into now she must constrain her limbs to calm, her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered

about the table, and the door standing | thing on the dressing-table. There was a open. And now the trap was set, and |

she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains, and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful firelight, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose, even though he was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth, and the distant baying of the dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close beside her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but. within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself, and comfort for her widowed husband. pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering low: "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went

faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. did unclose them and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire, she could just discern the door-way of the dressingroom, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again, he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was toward her. Casting away the burned match, he bent over the table, and softly swept the jewels toward him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together, and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance, the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, she slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way toward the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp the handle—there were but two more steps to take, when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled; she recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was, his ear had caught it, and he turned For one moment they and saw her. stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It on again; and now he was moving some- was a struggle for life and death, a struggle

between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure, when gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, and moaning out: "O husband, save me!" swooned away.

It was still early, on the morning of the self-same day, when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the beech-avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his eyes were fixed on the walls of his house, her house—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester, he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door, and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant, and sprang up the steps. wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without — the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another, then his parched tongue slowly formed the words: "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable gallery, never again entered that room.

rambling talk of emerald and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair, then unable to endure it longer, hurried away. They wanted him else where, for . Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him away far from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred, and how finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night-journey, and leaving his horse some three miles off, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before the morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him, he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them bring Sir Richard there to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where, three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him—at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick-chamber, and leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marveled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

A VERY interesting chapter in the current history of England and her Royal family is the betrothal and marriage of the Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the throne, with Princess Alexandra of Denmark. These royal personages, their high position, and the exalted destiny which awaits them, attract a wide attention over the world, and render them for the time being the observed of all observers. interval of sixty-eight years has occurred since the marriage of the previous Prince of Wales, which was followed by alienation, separation, and public trial. The marriage of the present Prince of Wales is said to be one of warm affection, which has moved and stirred all true English hearts with deep interest in the nuptial ceremonies. Accurate and wellexecuted portraits of these personages can hardly fail to be pleasing to all our readers. For this reason, we have embellished our present number with a double portrait-plate engraving of the Prince and Princess of Wales, admirably done, by Mr. George E. Perine, from the most reliable print likenesses obtained from London. It seems fitting and proper, as matters of interest and information, to accompany the portraits with brief historic accounts of the rare and gorgeous ceremonials incident to the august occasion.

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

This royal lady, now Princess of Wales, was born December 1st, 1844. the second child and daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, born in 1818, and Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, born in 1817. The Princess Alexandra is descended through eleven generations or ancestors—from Christian I., Count of Oldenburg, who was born in 1425, elected King of Denmark in 1443, elected King of Norway in 1450, elected King of Sweden in 1457, Duke of Schleswig Holstein in 1459, and died in 1481. He was the oldest son of Theodore, surnamed Fortunatus, Count of Oldenburg, born in 1389. Through her mother, the Princess Alexandra is closely related to the Duchess of Cambridge, who is the youngest sister of the Landgraf William, and therefore her aunt.

The present King of Denmark is childless, and at his death and that of his uncle, aged seventy-one, the royal family becomes extinct. According to the ancient Scandinavian law, the right of succession belongs to women as well as men; and, this being accepted, the next heir to the Danish throne would be Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, the oldest son of Landgraf William of Hesse and of Princess Charlotte, a daughter of the late Crown Prince of Denmark. But Russian influence and intrigue, in consequence of an intermarriage, has occasioned division and alienation among the members of the Denmark family. The facts are curious and interesting in regard to that royal family, but we have not room to narrate them, as they do not affect that branch of the family to which the Princess Alexandra belongs.

The Princess and the royal party left Copenhagen February 28th, amid great rejoicings and ceremonies, which greeted her entire progress in all the cities during her journey to London, where she arrived March 6th, and proceeded to Windsor the same day. Rarely, if ever, did king, monarch, or prince, receive such an immense greeting and colossal welcome at their arrival in England as did the Princess Alexandra. We have not room for particulars, except to say that she arrived in the royal yacht, amid the loud salutations of the chosen ships of the British navy, and the cheers from countless steamers that filled the waters, on her arrival at Gravesend. The Prince of Wales arrived from London almost at the same moment, went on board, and welcomed the Princess with a warm kiss of affection in the presence of rejoicing multitudes, and attended her to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales is so well known to the public, as to render any biographical sketch unnecessary in these pages. The event of the royal marriage is so unusual, and the nuptial ceremonies so grand and gorgeous, that we have devoted considerable more space to the description than we intended, though we have condensed the full and extended accounts as much as possible from the London *Times* and other journals.

PRINCESS THE PRINCE WALES. AND 0 F

THEIR MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

On Tuesday, March 10th, the marriage ceremony in which the English nation feel so deep an interest was performed with fitting pomp and solemnity at Windsor.

From an early hour the loyal town of Windsor was astir. Lines of galleries, commanding an admirable view of the route of the procession, and extending from the private grounds in front of Windsor Castle to the Iron Gates, were filled with spectators. At half-past eleven o'clock precisely seven of the royal carriages with an escort of Horse Guards, left the Castle, and proceeded in the direction of St. George's Chapel.

THE BRIDE.

At sight of the Princess Alexandra the enthusiasm was redoubled. Her Royal Highness had not the same flush of excitement on her features which was visible on the occasion of her public entry, but she looked, if possible, more charming and winsome than on that occasion, though exhibiting faint traces of agitation in her demeanor.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Simple, lofty, and cold, it is difficult to light up the nave of St. George's. But the difficulty was overcome by hues and colors so rich and bright that from the floor half-way up the fluted pillars the effect was like that produced by a piece of gorgeous tapestry, or by a grand oriental carpeting hung on the walls. The nave served as the channel and embankment of the stream which swept from the outer hall to the chapel laden with all the pageantry of the great spectacle, and, returning thence, rolled back its tide one more, bearing the Prince and his bride on the swelling crest of all its pomp.

The door of the western entrance, which opens into the upper part of the nave, near the chapel, was not opened till some time after ten o'clock. At length

and the assemblage filtered through into the nave, where the gentlemen of the Lord Chamberlain's department and their assistants received them, and distributed the happy atoms along the scarlet benches. The front rows were reserved, the second were speedily filled, and as drift upon drift of those favored with tickets came fluttering from the doorways, each succeeding row higher and further back was occupied. When the door was finally closed at eleven o'clock there was no more room left.

In the archway leading into the nave a heavy drapery of purple silk, patterned with gold, screened the interior of the temporary hall, where the guests of the Queen were received, and her Majesty's great officers and royal household assembled to form in order of procession.

Many of the most distinguished families and persons in the empire were represented on these benches; but we can not give the names of such a numerous assemblage.

The last of the visitors was finally wedged into the only space left. The moving of every person in uniform up and down the nave was marked with greater attention.

And all this time, as these preliminary movements and adjustments were going on, there were filing in singly or in groups to the chapel the invited guests of the Queen and the dignitaries whose rank gives them posts of honor; now and then as before, still comes forth a stray visitor to the nave.

ROYAL GUESTS.

His Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, K.S.I.; his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, C.B.; his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen; his Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein-Glücksburg, his Royal Highness Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, her Royal Highness Princess Dagmar of Denmark, his Royal Highness Prince William the preparations inside were completed, of Denmark, his Royal Highness Prince

Frederic of Denmark, his Royal Highness Prince Frederic of Hesse-Cassel, his Royal Highness the Count of Flanders, her Imperial and Royal Highness the Duchess of Brabant, her Royal Highness the reigning Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Denmark, mother of the bride, leading their Royal Highnesses Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and the gentlemen in attendance.

The last of the procession of the Queen's guests, in which marched Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who fought in our ranks at Inkermann, was closed by Colonel Seymour, who stood near at hand in that terrible press of men. They all passed in to the chapel—a blaze of Danish, and Prussian, and Belgian, and German green and blue, picked out with English scarlet; and as the last of them melted away into the darkening glow of the inner building, the strains of "God Save the Queen" sounded yet louder and nearer, and the cheers of the people outside came through stone and glass, and stirred up the nave. It was just twelve o'clock. The music outside and the jubilation ceased, and there was silence for a little while—such silence as there is in a great forest when all that meets the ear is the gentle murmur of the leaves fanned lightly by the creeping air. Then once more, on a sudden, that purple curtain was thrown open; the trumpets blared forth a silvery peal to the roll of the kettle-drums, and facing to the chapel, two and two, followed by pursuivants and heralds in tabards of office, covered with golden devices, for the delight of all who believe there is something of goodness in ancient observance, usage, and remembrance, they marched slowly toward the chapel entrance up the nave. They headed here the second and the great procession of the royal family and of the Queen's household.

The effect of this procession, slow in pace, brightly colored, and greatly resplendent, was in itself very beautiful. But there was something more—something which rank and youth, which gold and jewels, and rich attire could not give. The pulse of the gazers beats more quickly and softly, too, as they see the children of the House endeared to the nation by the virtues of the Queen and by her sor-

Prince, whose absence cast the only shade over the sunny present, pass before them in all the light of youth and happiness to celebrate the union from which England expects so much, in which she has so many hopes, and on which her future is so bound up and welded. In womanly grace and graciousness, attracting here every eye and winning—easily as always—the best wishes of those who can be won by all which can render a lady winning sedate, kindly, looking comely and fair, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, bowing with natural stateliness, passes so that eyes follow and strain after her, and a low murmur pays tribute to that which among men and subjects would be called her popularity.

And then come the young Princesses of England, with that frank, simple, gentle girlhood, reminding us of an anniversary so fraught with blessings for many years we can but make our best prayer that the like shall be granted to us in a future reign, who, bowing in return to the lowly salutations of ladies and gentlemen right and left, glide noiselessly on before the young Princes, who, in the "garb of old Gael," walk side by side in the interval between their sisters and the Princess Helena, with placid composure. are the links, one by one, which bind the country to the remembrance of the past the fair daughter of the house who has been given to the young Prince of Hesse, and the Crown Princess of Prussia, who is followed for ever by our respectful solicitude and affectionate loyalty. When her Royal Highness appeared, leading by the hand, his little Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia, whose tiny gait was revealed fully by the Highland costume in which he was dressed, another murmur —a soft rustling sound—stole through the nave, which the genius of the place alone repressed from an enthusiastic development. But it was, nevertheless, the index to the feelings of the whole English heart.

With trumpet flourish and roll of drum in cadence measured and timed, tossing plume and lustrous train, gold and jewel, cloth of gold, satin, and ermine, ribands and stars condense and form a pyramid of colors which tapers in at the door of the chapel and lights up that space which can be seen through the archway, as peer and peeress, Knights of the Garter and Minrows by the memory of the departed isters gather in their places. As the

trumpeters reach the choir, blowing lusti ly from their upraised throats the exultant strains, they pass to the right and left and Beethoven's Triumphal March heralds the arrival of the procession in the choir. A few moments elapse, when Lord Sydney, preceded by the drums, returns to the closed curtain at the end of the nave. It is a quarter to twelve o'clock. ringing cheers outside and the music of the National Anthem which rises above them announce that the third procession is about to enter. Soon after twelve o'clock the procession of the Bridegroom appeared. His Royal Highness, whose mantle of the Garter concealed his uniform so far that only the gold-striped over-all and spurs can be seen to give an indication that he wears his uniform below, bears himself as one who has a light heart and princely dignity. Every eye speaks its blessing, and every head pays its willing homage as he passes along, returning the reverences of the people on both sides with scrupulous and zealous observance of courtesy. In the nave, however, he is but passing on to the scene where the dream of his young life is to be realized, and as he goes, there is not one whose heart does not say quietly and truly, "God bless him!"

The head of the bridegroom's procession is in the chapel, which is now sparkling more brightly still, and as drums and trumpets cease the march from "Athalie" takes up the joyous strains. The curtain has closed again, and during the interval which follows there is a well-bred curiosity and excitement in the nave, which are not at all appeased by the sudden uplifting of the curtain to permit three or four gentlemen with wooden poles and boxes to flit up toward the chapel, who are shrewdly suspected of photography. It was half-past twelve when the drums and trumpets again sounded, and the curtain rising for the fourth time, gave admission to the procession of the bride.

THE CHOIR.

In place of the screen are seats capable of accommodating thirty guests of the diplomatic corps and their suites, only a few of whom can see well at all, so carefully divided and resubdivided is every inch of space that commands any glance into the interior. Opposite this, on the right, a | Earl and Countess De la Warr, Lady

high wide series of draped benches substituted, reaching far back into the north aisle; so that, like the row which faces it, not many of the occupants of the back seats can see much. This is reserved exclusively for the few invited guests and friends of the young bride and bridegroom —all except one place—the first and best and nearest to the altar—which is for Mr. Frith, who paints the great picture of the marriage for the Queen, and for the copyright of which a higher sum has been given already than has ever yet been offered for any picture. Mr. Frith seats himself next to the Countess of Caithness, and the Countess of Derby, like the Marchioness of Ailesbury, dressed in blue, seats herself near where the banner of her noble husband as Knight of the Garter droops over his vacant stall. A few minutes more the distinguished visitors begin to come in fast, and the gorgeous ushers have enough to do. All are in full court dress, with the exception that they wear no trains, and all, without exception, are dressed in velvet or satin either of blue, mauve, or violet color, the latter being the pervading tone. All, too, wear feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some show tiaras of brilliants almost large enough to form head dresses, so completely do the glittering jewels cover the head like a regal crown.

There is now a long pause, and the spaces in the aisles, where high platforms have been erected looking over the backs of the carved oak canopies between the knights' stalls, begin to fill up fast. Only semi-occasional glimpses can be had from here of what is passing in the choir, yet every space is filled, and the heads of the most curious are seen with a rather grotesque effect passing out from between the pinnacles of oak. Almost the first male visitor to put in an appearance is Sir George Grey, who comes accompanied by Lady Grey. They take their places on the left, and are quickly followed by Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell, the Master of Trinity, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Alfred Paget, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lord Harris, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, the Duke of St. Albans, the Duke of Athole, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, nilar screen has been removed, and a Proby, Lord Churchill, Sir G. C. Lewis,

Hon. Mrs. W. Cowper, Lady A. Bruce, Miss Biddulph, Mrs. C. Grey, Mrs. Wellesley, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Countess of Shaftesbury. All the gentlemen are in full official uniform, and wear the chief insignia of whatever orders they have the honor to possess, collars and badges in the fullest state. bridal favors are worn on such an occasion of State dress, but, as a kind of amende for this necessary omission, where the collars of the orders of knighthood are displayed they are in every case looped at the shoulders with bows of white satin riband, which answers the purpose equally well. Now that the choir is almost full, the predominance of mauve and violet colors is more marked than ever—in fact, few other tints are shown, except when ladies who fear the cold keep their white bornouses, which all without exception have, still The Lord wrapped about their shoulders. Mayor and Lady Mayoress are among the late arrivals. His lordship wears his robes of state, which, without being over gaudy, make a rich addition even to the mass of uniforms and gorgeous dresses around. Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli are also among the last comers. The leader in the Commons of the Opposition wears his Windsor uniform, and is seated with Mrs. Disraeli, who is radiant with diamonds, on the left, immediately inside the choir. The Speaker of the House of Commons also comes attired in state, with Lady Charlotte Denison, and then nearly all the places are filled.

It is a quarter to twelve, and there is a short hush of expectation—one of those periods of unaccountable silence which always fall at intervals even upon the most crowded and animated assemblies. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Augustus Clifford, enters, and then there is another pause, that is quickly broken by a loud hum of admiration in the nave, which the more stately and select gathering in the choir only notice by increased rigidity of uprightness till the cause of the murmur is made known by the appearance at the entrance of the Knights of the Garter, all robed and jeweled in their almost regal costume, and headed by the Premier himself. They make a noble and a gallant show as they sweep up the choir like a procession of monarchs, with their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white riband, trailing

at once to his stall on the left, where he is joined by Lady Palmerston; and the others, after waiting for a single second in a stately group, pass also to their seats. The Premier was, of course, the most observed of all, as he stepped up lightly into his seat and looked round him with a brisk joviality, as if about to quell a troublesome member, or evade by a most voluminous reply an awkward question. The Duke of Newcastle, Earl Granville, Earl Clarendon, and Earl Russell are the most noticed of the rest, and the latter, when once he sits in his wide, high, ample stall, is almost lost to view. The other knights who take part in this splendid ceremony are the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis Camden, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Harrowby, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Normanby, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the two junior knights, the Earl of Shaftesbury and Earl Fitzwilliam, who, as juniors, in knighthood at least, sit furthest away from the sovereign's stall, and thus, as it happens, nearest the sovereign's place on this occasion.

After all the knights are seated, the Lord Chancellor, in his state robes, and carrying the Great Seal, passes slow and stately up the choir—alone, but a perfect pageant in himself—to his seat at the head of all. It is now a quarter to twelve, and the Archbishop of Canterbury enters, followed by the Bishop of London, attending as Dean of the Chapels Royal; the Bishop of Oxford, as Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; the Bishop of Winchester, as its Prelate; the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet; and the Dean of Windsor, as Registrar of the Order of the Garter, with the Canons and Minor Canons of the Chapel. The suffragan Bishops stand aside as the dais is reached, and make way for the Primate, who passes at once to the north of the altar, and the Dean, robed in scarlet, with the Canons, take their places to the south. For a minute the prelates kneel in prayer, then rise and stand in line inside the rails.

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during which even whispers are audible, and the rustle of the dresses comes with a noise as their fair wearers turn to survey the scene around, where

"Lords, ladies, captains, councilors, and priests, Their choice nobility and flower; Embassies, from regions far remote, in various habits, Met from all parts to celebrate the day."

It is in truth a scene of such stately pomp and royal circumstance as few have ever seen before, where the noblest by birth and intellect, the greatest and most revered in power, are all assembled within the narrow precincts of this grand old choir, like the treasures of the nation in their carved oak casket.

THE QUEEN COMES.

Suddenly there is just a perceptible movement—a kind of consciousness that something has occurred which tells at once that the Queen is either coming or has come, and all eyes are quietly directed toward the quaint old pew in the wall. In another instant the Queen herself appears, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince, and, as we all know, so like him as to make the resemblance almost startling as he stands by the side of her Majesty. The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds —a widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue riband, narrowed to the width her Majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features.

She stands at the window of the royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes she scats herself a little way from the window, and the Duke retires, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bruce, clad, like the Queen, in deep mourning,

the noise of cheering can be heard outside, and then a pause, broken after a few minutes by the great rustle and peculiar hum which the great mass of visitors in the nave make on rising. The first of the three processions is at hand, but no one moves in the choir till the glittering file is seen, headed by heralds and great officers of state, coming rank in rank in stately order, filing off to the right and left as they enter the choir, till they reach the dais, which none but the most illustrious may ascend.

Again the cheers came louder and more sustained than ever from the outside; again there is the same pause, broken by the trumpets and rattling kettledrums in the nave, and this time all, save the Queen herself, rise and remain standing respectfully, for it is the bridegroom that approaches. Great officers precede him, but they are little heeded; all eyes are turned upon the Prince of Wales, who, in his uniform of General, but wearing over all the insignia and purple mantle of a Knight of the Garter, comes slowly up the choir, partly accompanied, partly followed, by his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The "Wedding March" is played as they move up with stately ease, and the Queen rises and comes fully forward as the haut pas is reached, and the three ascend and turn in line toward her, bowing deeply. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Prince of Prussia retire to the south side of the altar, and the bridegroom, after kneeling a few seconds in prayer, rises and stands "the rose and expectancy of this fair State," in the center of the haut pas, alone, with his face

toward the Queen. Such an occasion is one in which few men appear to advantage; yet the Prince gains by passing through it. With the easy grace that seems natural to all his actions he stood alone, the watched and observed of all the observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly, royal bearing that became his illustrious birth and exalted station. He looked round upon the splendid scene for a moment quietly and easily; and in his every movement, his look, his very bearing, seemed in their vivid likeness to his royal father to impress and amaze all—even those who by their rank and station might be supposed to be most familiar with his features. As taking his place. It is twelve o'clock, and I the sound of cheering was heard without,

marking the coming of his youthful bride, he kept turning his head every moment, for from where he stood, in the center of the altar, he could see through the screen and down the nave beyond to where the crimson curtains would hide the marshaling of the bride's procession. Often and often did he glance this way, but the curtains were motionless, and gave no sign of the coming forth of her whom all now watched for with such eager expectation that the suspense even of the slight delay seemed almost painful. Still he stood alone, and, though evidently keenly anxious for the coming of his young bride, he bore the eager scrutiny of all with a quiet ease that was charming—his youth, his face, his figure, all bringing irresistibly before the mind the lines—

"Shaped in proportion fair,
Blue was his piercing eye,
And auburn of the richest dye
His short mustache and hair."

At last, with a great clangor of trumpets, which at first are muffled into a rich indistinctness, behind the curtains, the long looked for procession of the bride enters, and the Prince, giving one look to satisfy himself of the fact of the arrival, keeps his eyes fixed upon the Queen, and never turns his head again till his affianced stands beside him.

The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled every where seemed almost to break it, and despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood

"In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one,"

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of color which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up toward the altar. The programme tells us that she was supported on the right by her royal father, Prince were Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Marquis of Westminister; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Buccleuch; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Marquis of Westminister; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Marquis of Westminister; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Marquis of Westminister; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Buccleuch; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Buccleuch; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Buccleuch; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Alexan

Christian of Denmark, and on her left by the Duke of Cambridge, and the same dry out most authentic document leads us to believe that both were in full uniform, and wore the collars and badges of their respective orders of knighthood. without wishing at all to derogate from the importance of these illustrious personages, we may say that any one else might have safely borne their part, so deep, so all-absorbing was the interest with which the bride, and bride alone, was watched. From the way her features are now shaded by the vail, and her looks bent forward, it is difficult to see her features more fully, but as she nears the altar she drops her arm, and for the first time appears beneath the folds of her vail a large bouquet of orange flowers, carried in a princely gift from the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

On these occasions, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks in general estimation as only second in importance to the celebration of the ceremony itself, which is to be regretted, for a lady's dress, like a lady's beauty, can only be described by its effect. It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight boddice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses. The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of dukes, marquises, or earls, whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of our kings of old. They were were Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Theodora Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminister; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Listowel; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandrina Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of

Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Ernestine Emma Horatio Mount-Edgecumbe, daughter of the Earl of Mount-Edgecumbe; and Lady Feodorowna Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley.

It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as, robed in snowy white, and wrapped in vails, they followed their royal mistress with soft footsteps, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking on the ground, and glanced about, and turned to one another, and made believe to look as if they did not know and hear that they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, even behind such a lady in such a scene as this. Imagination must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Their dresses were all of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace, that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, as, partly wrapped in long, soft vails, they passed as noiselessly as a vision, which can not be forgotten or described. Lady Georgina Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn, was originally intended to form one of the lovely train, but was unfortunately prevented by indisposition, which, though not severe in character, was sufficient to prevent her attendance now.

Slowly the bride reaches the haut pas, and, as she stops to bow to the Queen, some of her fair attendants, who are apparently even more nervous than herself, attempt to kneel, but, finding their mistake, rise quickly, and move on as if they did not mean it. Then, and then only, does the Prince turn, as if to receive her, but checks himself as he sees them all bowing to the Queen, and for the first and only time he seems irresolute as to what he ought to do. The long, keen scrutiny seems to have disturbed his composure at last, though only for a second, and the anthem ceases, and all retire a little apart, while the bride and bridegroom are left standing in the middle of the haut pas, the latter alone, the former, of course, closely surrounded by her attendant bridesmaids—so closely, indeed, that in that gorgeous mass of scarlet and purple and gold they were the only group on which the eye could turn with a feeling like rest from the surrounding glitter.

Handel's march from "Joseph" had been played at entering, but all music had ceased as the party stood around the al-

tar, till its strains broke out with the solemn words of the chorale:

"This day, with joyful heart and voice
To heaven be raised a nation's prayer;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessings to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways."

The exquisitely soft music of this chant at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and lifelong memories called up by the scene beneath her, but certain it is that as the hymn commenced her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and, after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears and almost sobbed, nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure.

The bridal party saw nothing of this; the bride's face was turned from the pew, and the Queen was withdrawn too much from the front of the Prince to see her, though his looks were often turned in that direction. As the solemn chant ended the Prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate, in a rich clear voice, which was heard throughout every part of the building, choir or nave, commenced the service with the usual formulary.

To the usual question the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words—"I take thee Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly word for word after his Grace, though now, again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question, "Who giveth this

woman to be married to this man?" the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved toward the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

All then knelt down while the prayer was said.

With these words, which in law completed the marriage ceremony, the service was continued to the sixty-seventh Psalm, the solemn strains of which came like a relief to what seemed almost the overwrought feelings of all within the choir as the words went pealing softly

through both nave and aisle. Then was continued the usual prayer and exhortation, during which the guns in the Long Walk were heard booming forth, and the steeples throughout the town seemed to fill the air with sound. The Primate, raising his voice, solemnly pronounced the benediction, during which the Queen, who had been more deeply affected, knelt and buried her face in her handkerchief. The bride and bridegroom then joined hands, and, turning to the Queen, gave more a nod of kindly friendship than a bow of state, which the Queen, returned in kind. In another minute the Queen, giving a similar greeting to the Princess, quitted the closet, and the whole pageant went pouring in a stream or flood of colors, of waving plumes, and flaming jewels, out of the choir. can tell but those who were present how grand and solemn was the whole ceremony, or with how much deep hope and true devotion the marriage of the second Prince of Wales was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As they left the choir the organ and the band went pealing forth the Hallelujah of Beethoven:

"Hallelujah to the Father
And the Son of God
Praise the Lord, ye everlasting choir, in holy
songs of joy,
Worlds unborn shall sing his glory
The exalted Son of God."

THE LADIES' DRESSES AT THE WEDDING.

The dress of the Princess Alexandra

was a petticoat of white satin, trimmed with chatelains of orange blossoms, myrtle, and bouffants of tulle, with Honiton lace. The train of silver moire antique, trimmed with bouffants of tulle, Honiton lace, and bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle. The body of the dress trimmed to correspond. Her Royal Highners wore a vail of Honiton lace and a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle. The necklace, ear-rings, and brooch of pearls and diamonds, were the gift of the Prince of Wales; reviére of diamonds, given by the Corporation of London; opal and diamond bracelet, given by the Queen; diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Leeds; and opal and diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Manchester. bouquet was composed of orange blossoms, white rose-buds, lilies of the valley, and rare and beautiful orchideous flowers, interspersed with sprigs of myrtle sent specially from Osborne, by the Queen's command, the myrtle having been reared from that used in the bridal bouquet of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. The bouquet was supplied by Mr. J. Veitch. The "bridal bouquet-holder" of her Royal Highness was the marriagepresent of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and was a truly princely gift. The upper part receiving the flowers was carved out of rock crystal, and has taken the lapidary some months to execute. It is trumpetshaped, the crystals being inlaid with large emeralds and diamonds, relieved with pink coral and oriental pearls. The shaft contains four plumes of feathers composed of brilliants, and under each the letter "A" in rubies, also four times repeated; a crystal ball, set with rubies, terminated the shaft or handle, and by an ingenious piece of mechanism was made to fly up, and releasing the four sides forms four supports or stands. Around the center was a ring, arranged as the Princess's coronet, and to which was attached a chain of large pearls and gold, having a hoop of pearls to wear on the finger; the only delicate allusion to the donor being a small star of India in diamonds, introduced in the ornamentation.

The wreathes of the bridesmaids were formed of blush roses, shamrocks, and white heather, with long vails of tulle falling from the back of the wreath. The dresses of white tulle over white glace were trimmed to correspond.

Princess Christian of Denmark wore a

gold lace. The petticoat of white satin trimmed with puffings of tulle and gold blond. Head-dress, white feathers, gold

lappets, and diamond ornaments.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a train of lilac silver moire, trimmed with white Honiton lace. Petticoat of white satin, with Honiton lace tunic and bands of lilac velvet. Diadem of diamonds. Stomacher, necklace, and ear-rings of diamonds. Head-dress, white feathers and tulle vail.

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a violet velvet train, trimmed with ermine. Petticoat of violet satin, trimmed with black lace, covered with a tunic of Honiton lace, a tiara of pearls and diamonds; necklace and stomacher to match.

The Princess Helena wore a train of white silk, with bouquets of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, tied with silver cord, manufactured by Lewis and Allenby, trimmed with tulle, and bouquets of lilacs, white and lilac. Petticoat of white tulle over white glace, striped with ribbons of rose, shamrock, and thistle; bouquet of lilac. Head-dress, wreath of lilacs, white feathers, and blond lappets; diamond ornaments.

Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, dress of white tulle over white glace, striped with ribbons of rose, shamrock, and thistle, tied with silver cord; trimmed with bouquets of lilacs. Head-dress, wreaths of lilacs (white and lilac); pearl ornaments.

The Dutchess of Brabant wore a train of blue moire antique, embroidered with gold.

THE JOURNEY.

It was understood that the process of leave-taking would occupy until at least four o'clock, and it was not until a few minutes past that hour that the Princess Royal of Prussia and her husband arrived to take their last leave of the happy couple. They were received by a guard of honor of the Coldstreams, and, after a short delay, the Prince and Princess of Wales followed in an open carriage drawn by four white horses, and preceded by outriders similarly mounted. Their appearance was the signal for, perhaps, the loudest burst of cheering which had been heard throughout the day; and when the saloon carriage of the South-Western Railway moved very slowly through the to the deck of the Fairy, where they stood

train of royal blue velvet trimmed with! station, and the Prince and Princess appeared at the window, the enthusiasm became almost frantic. In a moment more the train had disappeared, and, so far as regards Windsor, the ceremony was at an end.

SOUTHAMPTON.

The selection of Southampton for the embarkation of the Royal pair on their way to Osborne gave an impetus to the previously existing feelings of loyalty among the inhabitants, which worked up the whole population to a state of enthusiasm quite equal to that which the Prince and Princess experienced on Saturday. As soon as it became known that the royal bride and bridegroom were coming this way, every preparation was made by the dock and railway authorities, backed up by the municipal corporation and the inhabitants generally, to give them a right hearty regal welcome. Triumphal arches were thrown up on the railway and dock premises, and the whole locality was literally buried in bunting and evergreens. The large mail steamships in port were formed in double line across the dock, making as it were a lane through which the Royal yacht passed from the embarkation quay into the river. These vessels were crowded with company, while every inch of standing room from whence the most distant glance could be obtained of the Royal visitors as they moved along, was swarming with people. The steamships were gaily dressed out in colors, and the yards of each were manned.

At eleven minutes past six, a burst of cheering at the entrance of the docks heralded the approach of the Royal carriages, which advanced to the embarkation stage slowly, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, and in a few minutes the platform was reached. At this moment the cheering was immense from all parts of the vast multitudes assembled, the ships manned yards, and the respective bands played the Danish and English national anthems.

On receiving the Corporation address, the Prince of Wales, in two or three words, expressed the pleasure felt by himself and the Princess at their reception, immediately upon which the Mayoress presented the Princess with a handsome bouquet of flowers, which her Royal Highness graciously accepted.

Their Royal Highnesses then descended

for some minutes, both Prince and Princess bowing their acknowledgments to the assembled thousands, whose cheers rent the air, while the bands played the the National Anthem, and salutes were being fired from the platform battery and

ships in the river.

The Fairy steamed away from the dockquay about twenty-five minutes past six, their Royal Highnesses remaining upon deck, amidst a perfect hurricane of cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs in every direction. The yacht proceeded down the river for Osborne, the ships of war in the river firing royal salutes as she passed.

Their Royal Highnesses reached Cowes | mantle.

at ten minutes past seven, when an address was presented from the Mayor and Corporation of Ryde. The royal carriages were in waiting at the Trinity House landing place, and in a few minutes the Prince and Princess were driven to Osborne House.

It is curious that the Princess of Wales, on her way from the Southampton station to the dock, passed close to the spot where tradition says the great Danish king, Canute, rebuked the flattery of his courtiers, and not far are the remains of the palace of Canute.

The traveling dress of the Princess was white satin, and she wore an ermine

From Weldon's Register.

ENGLISH FAMILIES.* VICISSITUDES 0 F

Inasmuch as we are all descended from Noah, no one can boast that he is of an older family than his neighbor. It is not, therefore, length of line that constitutes pride of family, for the line of one man is as long as that of another. It is the history of a pedigree associated through a number of centuries with wealth or deeds of renown that confers the distinction of "a person of good family." The majority of people know nothing more of their ancestry than the names of their grandfathers, and it is not uncommon to speak with contempt of those who trouble themselves about longer genealogies and inquiries at the Heralds' College. Yet we can scarcely suppose that the sternest republican could be quite indifferent if there was placed before him an authentic history of his ancestry, luminous with noble lives. His heart, we fear, in spite of his principles, would throb a little with aristocratic elation. Sir Bernard Burke informs us that the most intelligent and zealous of his genealogical clients and correspondents are on the other side of the Atlantic, all yearning to carry back their ancestry to the fatherland, and to connect themselves in some way with its historic associations. Massachusetts is more genealogical than Yorkshire, and Boston sustained, what London never did, a magazine devoted exclusively to genealogy. Mr. Somerby, an accomplished American antiquary, spent several years in researches through the parish registers of England, seeking for the parochial entries of the chief American families, and especially of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Sir Bernard Burke is a genealogical enthusiast, but without injury to his common-sense; unlike many others of similar tastes he can speak with respect of those innumerable unfortunates who can not tell outside a century where they come from. He has only one crotchet. He suffers frequent pain from the separation of title and estate, from the spectacle of lords and ladies penniless. A year or two ago he found, in a Dublin work-house, a pauper who was the heir presumptive of

Vicissitudes of Families. Third Series. By Sir Bernard Burke, LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. One vol. pp. 444. London: Longman & Co. 1868.

a barony associated with the martial exploits of Poictiers and Cressy. He thinks some provision, however small, should be made to preserve lords and ladies from absolute beggary. It is an amiable desire, which he will find it easy to talk about with general approbation, but diffioult, if not impossible, to realize. But, as a wag once said, these are the very conditions of a prosperous crotchet. A more practical proposal, if a more cruel one, would be to extinguish a title as soon as its holder ceased to possess an income of at least five hundred pounds a year.

The tendency of the English aristocracy to extinction is very extraordinary. liam the Conqueror divided England among the commanders of his army, and conferred about twenty earldoms; not one of these now exists. Nor do any of the honors conferred by William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., or John. All the dukedoms created from the institution of the order of Edward III. down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II. have perished, except Norfolk and Somerset, and Cornwall, enjoyed by the Prince of Wales. Winchester and Worcester (the latter now merged in the dukedom of Beaufort) are the only existing marquesates older than George III. Of all the earldoms conferred by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, eleven only remain, and of these six are merged in higher honors. The House of Lords does not number among its members a single male descendant of any one of the barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or of any one of the peers who are known to have fought at Agincourt; and the Wrottesleys are the solitary family, among the Lords, which can boast of a male descent from the date of the institution of the Order of the Garter in (1349.) Sir William Dugdale's History of the Baronetage of England, published in 1675, records all the English peerages created up to that time. The index of these titles occupies fourteen closely-printed columns; one of these would easily exclude all the names which survive to this day. The Fates apparently pay slight regard to Maidstone's prayer:

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die, But save, oh save, our old nobility."

The who, toward the close of the sixteenth stituted of more tenacious material.

ancient titles of Argyll, Athole, Montrose, Crawford, Angus, Perth, Strathmore, Falkland, Forbes, Saltoun, Gray, and many others, are all still held by the male heirs of those on whom the dignities were conferred. The same is true, to an even greater extent, of the Irish aristocracy. Very rarely indeed has an Irish title lapsed for want of a male succession. The cause of this difference between English, Scotch, and Irish powers of persistence we should like to discover.

In this third and concluding series of Vicissitudes of Families, Sir Bernard Burke adds a variety of strange tales to his former budgets; some sad, some amusing, and some terrible. He opens with the story of a landless Lord Kirkudbright, who, last century, kept a glover's shop in Edinburgh. For many years he used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms selling gloves to the guests, who, according to the fashion of that time, required a new pair for every fresh dance. Next he tells us of Sir Peter Heyman, Baronet, "descended from a very ancient family that came to England with the Conqueror, in 1066, several of which were in Parliament, and held places of trust and honor under the Crown," for whose relief, in old age and poverty, a concert was got up in Pasqualli's Great Room, Tottenham-court-road, in 1793. Then of the Echlins, an Irish family, who were entrapped into a Chancery suit which lasted from 1827 to 1850, and absorbed their whole estate; Sir James Echlin dying and in destitution, leaving his son, Sir Frederick, an old man, unable to read or write. Then of the Norwiches a wealthy Northamptonshire family ruined by Sir William Norwich, who died in beggary in 1741. He lost his estates, so the story goes, at card-playing with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The widow of the late Sir Samuel Norwich is still living at Kettering, and earns a livelihood by washing. Her husband, Sir Samuel Norwich, for many years a sawyer in Kettering, was the eldest son of Sir John, who died in the parish workhouse. Then Sir Bernard tells us of Matthew Barnewall, who was a waiter in a Dublin tavern, and unable to write his name, but ultimately, by the activity of his solicitor, was invested with the title of Lord Kingsland, and took his place in the The Scottish aristocracy has been con- | House of Lords; and then of James Cole,

century, worked as a smith in Gateshead, but whose children and grandchildren, in the course of fifty years, were amongst the most affluent people in Durham, and intermarried with the proudest northern families. The Coles fell, however, as rapidly as they rose; and the last of them, Sir Mark Cole, died in such abject want that he was buried at the expense of his cousin, Sir Ralph Milbank.

The elevation to the Peerage of men who have earned their money by success in business recruits the influence of the House of Lords, and maintains its popularity. In its roll will be found seventy names ennobled by the practice of law. Manufactures and commerce are well represented. The Dukes of Leeds trace back to a cloth-worker, the Earls of Radnor to a Turkey merchant, the Earls of Craven to a tailor, and the Earls of Coventry to a draper. The families of Dartmouth, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Romney, Dudley, Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Leigh, Darnley, Hill, and Normanby, all sprang out of London shops or counting-houses. In our own times we have seen Lords Ashburton, Carrington, Belper, and Overstone take places among the Peers, by force of their long purses, well lined by their skill in trade; and it is proble that they are only an augury of greater drafts in the future from the mercantile ranks.

The lives of the Strutts of Belper are such as Mr. Smiles would luxuriate in telling; they furnish a model story of conjunct prudence, enterprise, and success. Jedediah Strutt was born in 1729, and was the son of a Derbyshire farmer. Tradition affirms that at an early age he conceived a taste for mechanics, and effected various improvements in agricultural implements. His genius received its fortunate bent by his marriage with Miss Woollatt, the sister of a hosier in Derby. His brother-in-law told him of some unsuccessful attempts which had been made to manufacture ribbed stockings. much time, labor, and expense, he perfected a machine, found partners, took out a patent, and commenced the manufacture of ribbed stockings. "Derby Ribbed Hose" grew into high favor, and the partners made plenty of money. Strutt, in 1771, joined Arkwright in cotton spinning and in their mills in Derbyshire the cotton-manufactures of England had their origin. Between stockings and calicoes sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled

Strutt grew into a great man. He died in 1797, and was succeeded by his three sons, who carried on their father's undertakings with undiminished success. It is in Edward, however, the grandson of Jedediah, that the glory of the Strutts has culminated. He was born in 1801, educated at Cambridge, returned to Parliament for Derby in 1830, and, after a variety of political experiences, was created Lord Belper in 1856. In making him the offer of a peerage, Lord Palmerston stated that "the Queen was desirous of marking the interest which she took in the great manufacturing industry of the country, and that she had observed that this important element of national wealth had not, as yet, been suitably represented in

the Upper House."

The Strutts have all along been honorably distinguished for their love of literature and their public spirit. William Strutt, eldest son of Jedediah, was an intimate friend of Dr. Darwin. His house was adorned with paintings and sculpture and he entertained among his guests the first men of letters and science. He spent time and money freely in the improvement of Derby, and had a large share in erecting and organizing the Derby Infirmary into the best of hospitals. Joseph Strutt the third son of Jedediah, presented Derby, in 1840, with a beautiful park, the "Arboretum," at a cost of ten thousand pounds. Moore, the poet, when residing near Ashbourne, from 1813 to 1818, was a frequent visitor at the house of the Strutts. In a letter to a friend, in 1813, Moore writes: "Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby, for a week, at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four for us, and back again with us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy (Mrs. Moore) came back full of presents, rings, fans, etc. My singing produced some little sensation at Derby." The following year he speaks of another visit: "You have heard we have been to Derby, and a very pleasant visit we had of it. I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it is not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty girl of sixteen reading the

by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl —a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family. They meet once a week, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised in my life than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins, after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably among them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents."

Considering their frequent travels and residences abroad, it is remarkable how iew are the alliances between the English and continental aristocracies. It would seem that, in spite of education, our patricians share the plebeian aversion to foreigners. Sir Bernard relates a curious tale of one English lady who was married to an Italian duke. The seventh Earl Ferrers quarreled with his only son, Lord Tamworth, and the latter died without any reconciliation having taken place. The Earl was a widower, and living in moody retirement at Rakedale Hall, when one morning a woman of humble appearance called and asked to see his lordship, and, on refusal, demanded an audience. She was ushered into the Earl's study leading by the hand a girl of three years old, for whose support, as the grandchild of Ferrers, she pleaded for assistance. As she was relating her troubles, the little one began to play with the stern Earl's shining knee-buckles. He looked down at the child, and meeting her glance, exclaimed: "Ay, you have Tamworth's eyes!" His heart melted, and he pressed her in his arms. He pensioned the mother, who had married a small innkeeper, and made a condition, that she should no more see or interfere with her daughter. With the education of Miss Shirley, as she was called, he took great pains, and she became the solace of his declining years. At his death he left her the beautiful manors of Rakedale, Ratcliff, etc., and an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for her maintenance during minority.

The secret of her birth was kept from her until her fifteenth year, when her mother came and asked to see her daughter, declaring that nothing but force should remove her from the house until she had dred and seventy-two pounds eight shillings and sixpence, a very large sum in Scotland three hundred years ago. His wife shared the popular horror of the saremove her from the house until she had

accomplished her purpose. A council was held, and at length it was stipulated that she should be admitted into the room in which Miss Shirley and some other ladies were sitting, on the pretext of being shown the pictures and the furniture; and then be allowed a look at her daughter, without in any way discovering herself. She was led in by one of the servants, but the mother's eye could not be diverted, and, after a vain attempt at restraint, the humble woman threw her arms round the heiress, and concealment was at an end.

During a visit to Italy, Miss Shirley met the Duke of Sforza, to whom she became attached. She is now Duchess of Sforza, wife of one of the most distinguished men in Victor Emmanuel's kingdom. The Duke and Duchess live chiefly at home in the Romagna, only rarely visiting their Leicestershire estates; but, when they do make their appearance there they receive a warm welcome, for the romance of the life of the Duchess commands for her an interest greater than her rank alone would.

Mr. Carlyle, speaking of old Scotland, describes it as "a poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution; with hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other how to divide what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets." Of the truth of this picture Sir Bernard supplies some illustrations, touched with the sense of the supernatural so prevalent in those savage times.

One of the most eminent of the Scottish nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was George Keith, fifth Earl His income was enormous, two hundred and seventy thousand marks yearly. It was said he could enter Scotland at Berwick, and travel to John-o' Groat's without ever eating a meal or taking a night's rest off his own lands. His father, at the Reformation, seized the lands of the Abbey of Deir, in Aberdeenshire, belonging to the Cistercian order, from which he drew a rental of five hundred and seventy-two pounds eight shillings and sixpence, a very large sum in Scotland three hundred years ago. His wife shared the popular horror of the sabefall the family as long as they absorbed Church revenues. One night, as she lay asleep in the Castle of Dunottar—perched on a tremendous rock overhanging the German Ocean—she dreamed that a procession of monks issued from the Abbey of Deir, and with penknives commenced to cut away the rock. Amused at their hopeless labor, she went to call her husband to witness the monks' folly, and on her return they found the rock undermined, toppled into the sea, and the waves strewn with the wreck of the Castle. Earl laughed the dream to scorn, and on a tower he built at the Abbey of Deir he inscribed the defiant motto:

"They have said: what say they, let them say."

He seems to have regarded his munificent foundation of Marischal College, in Aberdeen, with its Principal and four Professors of Philosophy, whom he richly endowed, as a salve to his conscience for the appropriation of Church lands. On the walls of the college he repeated the legend inscribed on the Deir tower. Notwithstanding forebodings, no harm overtook several generations of the Marischals, until a rash participation in the Stuart rising in 1715 deprived the family of their lands and titles, and drove them into exile. Earl Marischal and his brother, James Keith, entered the Prussian service. Earl became one of the most intimate friends and trusted diplomatists of Frederick the Great, and James Keith his most distinguished field-marshal. Both died bachelors, and in them the great House of Keith Marischal became extinct. The ancient and strong fortress of Dunottar is now a ruin, roofless and grass-grown, and a melancholy landmark to the ships sailing beneath its walls.

In a chapter entitled "The Fate of Seaforth," Sir Bernard tells a story as strange as we ever read. The Earl of Seaforth had gone to Paris, some time after the restoration of Charles II., leaving his wife at Brahan Castle, in the Highlands. Receiving no letters from him for several months, Lady Seaforth grew excessively anxious. In her restlessness, she was tempted to have recourse to magic, to obtain, if possible, some tidings of her absent lord, and sent to Strathpeffer to summon "the Warlock o' the Glen." The Warlock was celebrated through the lake,

North for his gift of second sight. professed to exercise his clairvoyant power by means of a circular white stone with a hole in the middle, which he used to hold up to his eye and look through. Brought before Lady Seaforth, he made inquiries as to where the Earl was supposed to be, and then said he doubted not he should be able to discover him. Drawing forth his white stone, he commenced to spy through the hole, and shortly broke the suspense of the Countess with a loud laugh and the report, "Fear not for your lord. He is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy!" Having heard so much, Lady Seaforth naturally asked for more. "Be satisfied," said the Warlock; "ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry." "But where is he?" persisted the countess. "With whom is he? and is he making no preparation for his homeward journey?" "Your lord," replied the Warlock, "is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and is at present too agreeably employed to think of leaving Paris." These additional particulars only served still farther to inflame her curiosity, and by entreaties, threats, and promises of reward, she pleaded to know more. "Since you will know that which will make you unhappy, I must needs tell you the truth," said the War-"My lord seemed to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, and silks, and cloth of gold, and he on his knees before a fair lady, his arms round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips!" This dreadful revelation was made in the presence of a large company. Lady Seaforth was beside herself with fury. Turning to the Warlock, she said: "You have spoken evil of dignities; you have vilified the mighty of the land. You have defamed a chief in the midst of his vassals. You have abused my hospitality and outraged my feelings. You have sullied the good fame of my lord in the hall of his ancestors; and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance that I can inflict. You shall die the death." The poor Warlock was allowed no time for repentance. A gallows was erected, and he was led forth and hung. Before his execution, he drew forth his white stone, and, applying it to his eye, prophesied concerning the generations of the House of Seaforth, and when

declaring that whoever should find it would be similarly gifted. The Warlock's prophecy has thus far been fulfilled in the minutest particulars. Part of it has yet to be accomplished, and Sir Bernard hopes it may never be. The late Earl of Ellesmere used to recite the Warlock's dying speech, and the items of its fulfillment, with an "eerie" effect.

The Highland aristocracy, like the English, show a strong desire to refer their ancestry to a foreign origin. Some allege that their families came from Ireland, some from Scandinavia, and some from Normandy. These claims, in common with those of having come over with the Conqueror, it is well to endure with placidity. They cost us nothing, and mightily please those who make them. According to Sir Bernard, Sir Henry Oglander can produce indubitable evidence of direct Norman origin. In fact, the main stem of the family flourishes in Normandy to this day, and the name of the Orglandes runs through centuries of French history. The French family assert that they came originally from Norway, where they were landholders. Richard D'Okelander was

dispatched by the Conqueror on an expedition to the Isle of Wight. He effected the reduction of the island, and settled at Nunwell, a beautiful place about four miles from Ryde; and the estate has been held in an uninterrupted male line from that time to this, for eight hundred years! Nothing perpetuates the name and memory of a family like the possession of a bit of land. Lord Palmerston, in a speech in Hampshire observed, that there was a small estate in the New Forest, which had belonged to the lime-burner Purkis, who picked up the body of Rufus, and carried the royal corpse in his cart to Winchester, which estate had come down through an unbroken male line to a worthy yoeman of the same name, now living on the exact same farm, near Stoney Cross, on the Ringwood Road, eight miles from Romsey. Another case even more remarkable is that of Mr. Wapshot, farmer, of Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of Thorpe, near Chertsey. His ancestors have dwelt on the same spot ever since Alfred the Great granted the same farm to Reginald Wapshot.

From the North British Review.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS THE DAY. 0 F

an hour to the periodical table of one of our reading-rooms, and engaged with the Athenœum or the Saturday Review, would find much to astonish, and much to ponder over. He would find that since he dominated in the world of letters, vast changes had taken place—that new ideas were shaking mankind, and that unknown names were regarded with reverence. And if the august shade happened to cast a casual glance over the literary advertisements of the journals we have mentioned, reflections would be awakened, which, if chronicled by the ghost of a Boswell, might prove of practical service. If such a revisiting, and such an employment, were | seldom read; and that the productions of

THE ghost of Dr. Johnson, remitted for | possible, nothing, perhaps, would surprise the Doctor so much as how eagerly, at this present era of English history, novels are written, and how extensively—he, with his practical shrewdness would assume—novels are read. He would remember that, in his own day, he could count the good novels existing in English literature on his fingers; now, he would discover that good English novels are to be numbered by the hundred, and the bad or indifferent ones by the thousand. To his natural disgust, he would find that Rasselas had fallen into the lot of weeds and outworn faces; that the Vicar of Wakefield was sometimes spoken of, and

his vivacious little friend, Miss Burney, which he had himself perused in M.s., and adorned by a massive didactic touch here and there, were almost forgotten. He would retire from the modern readingroom with the conviction that some hundred or two English men and women spend their days and nights writing stories, and that the rest of the nation spend their their days and nights reading them. Unable, during his brief stay of one hour, to make himself acquainted with the serious work undertaken and accomplished since his time, and with only the advertisements of the current number of the Athenæum to speculate upon, he would consider that his countrymen had deteriorated—that they had become almost Frenchmen in their levity; and, on his return, he would express his dissatisfaction in majestically balanced sentences, which the ghost of Boswell—now, as of yore, henchman and amanuensis—would eagerly listen to, and inscribe upon his ghostly tablets.

In the circumstances stated, we have ventured to suppose the spirit of Dr. Johnson not a little dismayed at the amount of novel writing and novel reading going on amongst us, and that the construction he would place on the phenomenon would not, perhaps, be quite flattering. Whatever construction may be placed upon it, the phenomenon exists, and is not without significance. It is estimated that two novels, or six volumes, every week, are produced in England; consequently, only the reader possessed of excellent digestion, of ample means, and entire leisure, can hope to keep pace with the press. If he has a week's illness, if he undertakes a journey, he is thrown out, and can never be in at the death. It is curious to reflect that, at this present moment, the manufacture is going on. A hundred deft pens are even now careering over foolscap sheets, pursuing the fortunes of imaginary personages. Murders are now committed, tender farewells are spoken, fathers are getting reconciled to prodigal sons—with all of which the world will be acquainted anon, reading with wet eyes. Of course, the greater proportion of cotemporary novels are worthless, or nearly so; but, as a set off, we have more eminent names in this special literary walk than in any other. We have one eminent poet, and we have a dozen eminent novelists. Strike off the poor and indifferent novels, and there still remain a certain less thickly peopled, and the laws of so-

number of the books of this class, written by men and women at present alive, or but recently deceased, exhibiting greater literary skill, wit, humor, imagination, observation of character—more general inintellectual resource, in fact, than we shall find in any other department of cotemporary literature. During the last ten or twelve years, a larger amount of good English brain has expended itself in fiction than in philosophy, history, poetry, or biography. The novel has of late been the favorite vehicle of English genius. It is the favorite literary form in the reign of Victoria, just as the drama was the favorite form in the reign of Elizabeth, and the essay and the didactic poem in the reign Out of the mass of books of Anne. written in our time, posterity will concern itself with the works of one poet, of perhaps three essayists, and of at least not to stretch the point too far—half a dozen novelists. And it is just possible that the novelists will be the most highly valued of all.

It is curious to trace the stream of tendency in literature. We know that the novel, as a form of literary expression, is at present more popular than the poem; and it is interesting to discover how this has come about. Literary fashion, like every other kind of fashion, even of the most trivial kind—the flowers in a lady's bonnet, the setting forth of a dinner-table, the ethics of morning calls, and the other received usages of society—is not accidental. Every fashion is based upon a sense of propriety; and this propriety is the result of many things, most of which may be traced pretty far back. That the novel is popular at present, we know; that there is a sufficient reason for this popularity, we also know; and this sufficient reason is not very difficult to discover. First, then, it may be premised that our most esteemed novels concern themselves with delineations of modern life, and that modern life, in virtue of our immersion in it, and the complexity of its relations, can be represented more fully and satisfactorily by prose than through the higher medium of verse. Artificially knit together as men at present are, bound up in a whole network of intricate relationships, subdued into a certain uniformity by public opinion, and with a narrower field provided in which individual character can display itself than when the world was ciety—which are, in truth, its necessities —were less stringent, certain problems, born of our social condition, and of more or less importance, though all interesting, in so far at least as they bear directly upon ourselves, are continually confronting us; and these problems can not, from the very nature of them, be discussed or set forth in verse. For the dramatic representation of such problems and intricate relations, prose is imperatively required, and of such matter the most popular of our modern novels are to a large extent composed. The novel is the mirror in which society looks, in order that she may become acquainted with her own countenance. The provinces of prose and verse may be very strictly defined. Verse can deal with the tent of Achilles, prose with the modern drawing-room or dinner-table. When men and women fell in love as they did in the old ballads, verse could not, with all its resources, over-do the delights or agonies of the passion. When people fall in love as they do at this age of the world, when the passion is clogged and embarrassed by marriage settlements, when the lawyer has as much to do with the union of lovers as Cupid, we see at once that the time for the epithalamium is gone, and that verse can not assist at the bridal. It goes hard with verse in a world where it is seriously questioned whether lovers can marry on less than an annual income of three hundred pounds. In one of our recent novels, the tragedy of love lies in the gentleman's fear that, if he marries, he will bereave himself of material comforts, and of the good opinion of certain of his fellows; that he will be "cut;" that his name will be omitted in dinner invitations; that, in fact, the domestic hearth will be colder than the clubfire before which he is at the moment basking. It is admitted that the situation is not without tragic possibilities; but, then, such tragic possibilities do not require verse to set them forth. The range of verse is narrower, if higher, than the range of prose. Verse deals with the mountain peaks of passion, so to speak prose with the lower slopes and the level plain, on which stand towns and cities, and to which the experience of the majority of mankind is confined. Men are moved deepest by that which touches them most closely; and the novel, in so far as it concerns itself with modern social relationships with which readers are inevitably

brought in contact, and with the more or less passionate or sorrowful complications arising out of them, is naturally more popular than the poem, which, by an innate necessity, must deal with the simpler and intenser emotions, and with these stripped of prosaic modern circumstances with which all are familiar—emotions so set forth which are not matter of common experience, and which can not, in the nature of things, evoke the same amount of interest.

Another reason for the popularity of the modern novel may be found in the advance of prose, during the last century, as a medium of expression—"that other harmony of prose," as Dryden called it, with a far-reaching gleam into its capabilities. We do not write verse so supremely now as Shakspeare and his companions did, but, as a whole, we write prose better.

"What wants he that a King should have?"

cried James, as he gazed with pitiless admiration on the huge limbs and bold bearing of the outlaw of Ettrick. "What wants prose that verse should possess?" the reader may exclaim as he closes one or other of our English masterpieces. If it be admitted that verse is the nobler vehicle of expression, it will not be denied that prose is the more generally useful, and the best suited for ordinary purposes. Verse is a service of gold plate, which is only brought forth on princely festivals, and high solemnities and anniversaries; prose, the service in everyday use, and if the viands are properly cooked and that, after all, is the chief matter in a feast—they taste as sweetly in the ordinary service as they do in the golden one. And, after all, it may be questioned whether verse is a higher vehicle of expression than prose, when prose is at its best. Have we not seen prose as ductile, and as easily turned and twisted by quip and phantasy? Have we not seen it, chamelion-like, colored by the food it feeds on? Have we not heard its voice, and been unable, even when sitting amid the flutes of Arcady, to remember a sweeter note? Miltonic music lingers in the sentences of De Quincey. There are inspired passages in Ruskin that will hold their own with any thing in poetry. Professor Wilson and Kingsley have written descriptions of natural scenery which are

equal to any thing of the same kind existing in verse; while Carlyle's style is unique and unapproachable; every thing by turns—solemn, grotesque, humorous capable of dealing with the highest and the lowest, free at once of earth and air. Verse can not without detriment descend beneath a certain level; and there are elements with which it is not endued. can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, like Ariel; but it can not carry logs, like Ferdinand. The sea-bird is beautiful wheeling in the air—charming when it sinks to rest, breast-deep in the billow; but on the ground its movement is a waddle, all grace is gone. Prose is more Protean than verse, and can make itself at home any where—in the rare passionate and imaginative regions, in the severities of logical statement, in the even flow of narrative. It can do all that verse can, and it has no pride; it can concern itself with trifles; it can paint Dutch pictures; it can analyze proverbs. And it is curious, too, that the wider intellectual region over which prose dominates almost inevitably attracts to itself, sooner or later, writers whose minds are of the purest poetic type. Men who begin with poetry feel, as time passes on, and experience widens, a strange propulsion to prose, or They weary of abstracto the drama. tions, of the beautiful masks and shadows of things, and long to feel the earth beneath their feet, and to assure themselves by human fellowship. Verse takes the cream off their thoughts, so to speak; but much remains behind, on which the shaping instinct within can not help exercising itself, and which seeks a prose outlet. Thus we observe that, for the most part, the great writers who made brilliant the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, either forsook the passionate and emotional element, in which in early life they delighted, for closer relationship with men in the drama, or wrote poems in which the satirical and prosaic side of things predominated over the purely emotional, or relinquished verse altogether, and became prose novelists, prose essayists, or prose humorists. The author of Marmion became the author of Waverley. Shelley sought refuge from lyrical pain in The Cenci and Hellas. Coleridge forsook verse altogether. Byron, in his closing years, was a poet only in form; the last cantos of Don Juan are, to all

novel, in which poetry adds a sheen to to the wit, and a sharper edge to the epigram. Had he lived, there can be little doubt that he would heve relinquished verse and betaken himself to prose fiction, in which he would have brought much of Fielding's good sense, solidity, and heartiness, all Thackeray's gift of melancholy scorn, and a width of imaginative range and power of tenderness unknown to either. The fact, then, that prose, as a vehicle of literary expression, has, during the last century, immensely developed; that it can deal gracefully and effectively with prosaic subject-matter; that it can chronicle small beer and the tattle of village clowns; that it can paint moor, and fen, and woodland; that it can take on the edge of epigram; that it can turn upon itself in self-analysis; and that, when required, it can rise into the passionate regions, of which, hitherto, verse has been the great inhabitant and exponent, is one reason, and perhaps the chief one, why the novel has surpassed the poem in popular estimation. The novel can give us all that we were wont to expect from the poem; and as it can more effectively combine heterogeneous elements, farce and tragedy, satire and moral reflection, the high mood and the mean, the one grand passion and the hundred sordid ones, it is better fitted than the poem to reflect the many-colored world in which we live, and in which each plays his part. The novelist can stretch a wider canvas than the poet, and on his palette he has a greater variety of pigments wherewith to produce his picture in its lights and glooms; and it is his own fault if the tone of his colors be not as pure, if his scarlets are not as brilliant, and his umbers as somber, as the poet's. As a work of art, the novel may be—nay, sometimes is—as perfect as the poem. The Newcomes, for instance, is a classic as truly as the Essay on Man; with the difference, that it is infinitely more entertaining, and is certain to find now, and hereafter, a greater number of readers.

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perturbations of the passion, they describe scenery and the rising and setting of suns, and so infringe on the domains of poetry; they seize on some historical period and vivify it, filling it with light and color, and the stir and bustle of life, and the adventures of characters in which we are cunningly interested, after a fashion delightful to the reader who has yawned over the pages of Dr. Dryasdust; and they contain, at certain portions of their progress, criticism, dissertation on social manners, moral homilies and reflections, and so occupy the place of the essayist and the didactic writer. Over all conditions of minds the novelist casts his spells, all kinds of people are caught in his net. And the taste for novels thus produced and established, acts in a variety of ways. Should a man have any pet theory to air, any moral panacea to vend; should he be an "earnest" soul afflicted with a mission; or should he have a gift of narrative and a knack of dialogue, and be anxious to turn these gifts to the best pecuniary account, he immediately betakes himself to the writing of novels. To the man, again, of poetic heart and instinct, on whom has weighed "the burden of the unintelligible world," and who has, by whatever thoughtful strife and effort, removed in part the burden, and in some degree solved the unintelligibility, the novel is the fairest existing field in which to exercise his artistic activity, and effect his spiritual release. And when we add to this literary impulse the fact, that there are some six or eight million persons in these islands who are novel readers, and who draw their chief spiritual sustenance from these compositions, we have at once explained the advertising phenomenon which, a page or two back, we fancied would dismay the sturdy ghost of Dr. Johnson, should it transport itself for an hour from Hades and the disputations of the dead to one of our readingrooms, and trifle with the current number of the Athenœum or the Saturday Review. The circulating libraries cry, Give! give! The universal British press proceeds at the rate of two or three volumes per week; and Mr. Mudie stands between the British press and the eager librarians as a sort of middleman, much to the satisfaction of the libraries, and, as is believed, not in the least to his own pecuniary loss.

poem at present; and we have in a cursory manner indicated certain reasons which show the phenomenon to be a perfectly normal one, and over which, it were idle to lament. It may, however, be said, that not till the stupendous success of Scott did the novel become the favorite field of British literary activity. story-telling and dramatic faculty lying latent in the British mind, he pointed to brighter worlds and led the way; and the example was followed even before the great magician was laid to sleep in Dryburgh, in the heart of the land which he had made enchanted. Galt and Lockhart devoted themselves to the delineation of Scottish character, and the representation of Scottish manners. They worked, for the most part, in the curiously mingled vein of seriousness and humor which Scott laid bare in the Antiquary. Mr. G. P. R. James employed himself in a species of historical fiction, the suggestion of which he found in Kenilworth and Ivanhoe, and burdened with his labors the libraries of the three kingdoms. Bulwer began his career as a novelist with a knowledge of society, a cynicism, an icy glitter of wit and epigram, remarkable in a man so young; and since Pelham, he has played many parts—made crime romantic in Paul Clifford and Eugene Aram—made antique ages live again in The Last Days of Pompeii and Rienzi revived the strifes of English kings and nobles in the Last of the Barons—prattled of tea and toast and the refined domesticities in the Caxtons—and given the world a galvanic shock in the Strange D'Israeli, in his "wondrous Story. "psychological romances," and modern novels, has given us a singular mixture of orientalism and politics—mingling Jerusalem and St. Stephens. Then all the world roared over Pickwick, and followed Little Nell to her grave. And in a short time, the humor and pathos of The Shabby Genteel Story and the Hoggarty Diamond drew attention; and when these were followed by Vunity Fair the English public knew that a master in fiction had arisen in the person of Thackeray. For many years past they have listened to the voice of one crying in Pall Mall and Belgravia, "Vanitas Vanitatum ["

Dickens and Thackeray are at present the lords of the novel; and as partisans of The novel is more potent than the one or other, the world of novel readers

are pretty equally divided. Critics are perpetually comparing the one with the other; and we are sorry to observe that these gentlemen, with something like ingratitude, are inclined to speak disparagingly of Dickens, and to sigh amid his autumnal leaves for the freshness and fullness of his spring. In the pessession of two such men, to measure the one against the other is somewhat ungenerous. When similar comparisons were instituted in Germany between Schiller and Goethe, the latter was wont to say, "The fools! they ought to be thankful they have two such men to quarrel about." Preference in the matter of Dickens and Thackeray is the result of mental constitution, and can not be affected by argument. Dickens has by far the more exuberant genius, the richer plentitude of gifts; his faults are the faults of excess. He is a pomegranate which has burst with its ripeness. He overlays his work from sheer wealth of resource. Humor, whim, and animal spirits carry him captive at times. He has the keenest eye for oddity that ever perhaps looked out on this odd world. To him the street-pump has a rakish aspect, and he reads a man's character in the way he There is a certain fitfulwears his hat. ness and levity in his mind which is its chief fault, and which lies at the bottom of all the defects which have been laid to But the prime test of a his charge. writer is the depth to which he has affected his time; and the application of this test Dickens need not fear. His wit and humor have colored the language of the streets; people unconsciously quote him in drawing-rooms; and from him are gathered half the telling points in the "leaders" of our morning newspapers. Then, if we think for a moment, no other English writer—with the exception of Shakspeare and Scott—has peopled the popular imaginati n with such a medley of characters, with whom we have become quite familiar, and of whom we constantly catch ourselves talking, as if they were personal acquaintances. And then these characters are so queer, so unique, so perfectly original, so unlike the other persons we meet in books; and, still more, we always think of them with a certain pleasantness; we greet them with a smile, a hearty good morning, a kind motion of the hand as it were.

Thackeray's good points, on the other hand, are quite dissimilar from those of his rival. Less efflorescent as a genius,

he is greater as an artist. He commands his powers, his powers do not command him. His mind is altogether of a quieter, manlier, firmer texture. There is nothing lyrical or impetuous about his writing. Above all things, he is reticent; and he is credited for what he keeps to himself as well as for what he gives. He speaks when he says nothing. His stories are unromantic in point of characters and incidents; the movement is far from rapid; and, in his later works more especially, he turns continually on his reader and lectures him on the spot. A very considerable volume of moral essays could be culled from Thackeray's novels. His style, for directness, high-bred ease, continual flexibility and grace, and adaptation to the matter in hand, is perhaps the most perfect of any cotemporary writer. One of the most unsentimental, he is one of the tenderest of writers, when his mood deepens. After its truth and rarity, the most curious thing about his pathos is its unexpectedness. is always sudden, short, surprising. The moving stroke, the sentence sighing of graves and a far-off happy time, the touch which is like the touch of a spirit's finger, comes out from the midst of commonplaces, or from characteristic cynicism tinged with pleasantry; and if the tears are on the cheek of the reader, they are there before he is aware. His leisurely style of writing conduces to finish; and if he has not Dickens' variety of character, what he has is more sharply defined, and stands out in bolder relief. We are not so intimate with the cut of their garments, their modes of progression along the street; but we are more intimate with their hearts. Thackeray's great characters are worth more than Dickens' great characters; and, indeed, one or two of them— Warrington and Colonel Newcome, take their place along with Uncle Toby and Parson Adams as permanent glories of English fiction. These do not amuse from eccentricity of attire or odd forms of expression, or from peculiarities of gait or feature; but they become friends whom we esteem, whom we love, for their goodness of heart, for their manly purity, for their contempt of all lying and baseness. Young people are the chief novelreaders now-a-days; and than these high, simple, heroic gentleman—with the soul of an ancient knight beating beneath the modern garb—no young man can find better companions in all the range of fiction. They can at once stimulate, advise, and rebuke.

Since Dickens and Thackeray attained eminent literary position the novel has broken out in many directions, with various degrees of excellence; and it may be noticed, as instances of the firm hold this form of composition has on the productive talent of the country, that many of them aspire to be more than stories; that they are often disguised pamphlets and sermons; that they are not unfrequently colored by one or other of the ideas prevalent at the time of writing; and that, not only by implication, but by direct advocacy, they strive to advance the special notions on religion, social order, and government, the relation of employer and employed, which may be held by the author. Since the period alluded to, Mrs. Gaskell has made the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire the haunt and main region of her song, and laid her finger on certain anomalies which seem to her to exist there and to call for redress. Kingsley, in his worst novel—so far as art is concerned—has dealt with competition and the religious condition of the masses; and in his best—speaking again from the art point of view—with the hearty, pious, brave times of Elizabeth—an historical period of which he and his friends never weary expressing admiration. During the period, too—although in it little direct ethical purpose is discernible—arose the most beautiful, most pitiful outburst of the Brontè Sisters, which made so bright for all of us the purple Yorkshire moors, and mill and hamlet in the Yorkshire valley by the gurgling beck. The tender fiery hearts so suddenly known, it was fated death should as suddenly make quiet; and now there is one other sad chapter in literary history, one other fame hanging over graves. The most recent development has been the novel of school life in Tom Brown—a development which has already attained its best, and which, if carried forward, will inevitably attenuate in interest and value.

And this hurried glance at the most valuable novels of the last twelve or fifteen years, brings us down to those more recent works with which we have more particularly to concern ourselves.

George Eliot has achieved the greatest literary success of recent years. But a little while ago this writer was unknown; now she stands in the first rank of living

novelists. Sketches of Clerical Life, with which she first broke ground in fiction, were in their way, excellent; but they did not suggest the plentitude of power which has been exhibited since in Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss. This lady and there is enough in the books to convince that the writer is a lady, even although one had not been assisted to that conclusion by rumor—combines in remarkable harmony the most diverse intellectual qualities of her sex. Her eye takes as keen note of things—trifles of dress, furniture, and demeanor, which men miss—as ever did Miss Austen's; while her humor is deeper, broader, more complex; really a wonderful gift, drawing its sustenance from the deepest sources, and with something of Shakspeare's unfathomableness in it. There is a world of meaning in her quiet smile. On the other hand, if she has less than Charlotte Brontè of lyrical impulse and impetuosity—fewer of those unexpected, passionate, intense sentences, which light up an object, as the sunbeam the rock or the oak-boll, or the ruined turret on which it smites—sentences which readers of Jane Eyre and Villette know so well—she has quite as much passion, only it exists in equally diffused heat rather than in sparkles of flame. The most striking characteristic of George Eliot as an artist is moderation, and the apparent ease with which results are accomplished. The tone of her writing is always subdued. She says her most striking things in the quietest way. She is never rhetorical or declamatory. She brings out her characters by a multiplicity of delicate touches, and these are laid on as if by a pencil of camel hair. She avoids glaring and positive colors; and when she paints an English landscape, it is done by pearly grays, and unobtrusive misty tints. It would be perhaps too much to aver that there is a trace of morbidity in her books; certainly she has, like Hawthorne, a liking for psychological problems, and is fascinated by the twilighted region in which motives have their roots. Spiritual ecstacy, rude minds in which the present world is overshadowed by the next, men and women of humble rank and of not much acquired knowledge, in whom the overweight of the religious element has destroyed normal balance and equipoise, have in more than one of her works been favorite subjects of delineation. For her, trance and catalepsy have attractions.

She delights to look out on the world | through the eyes of Primitive Methodists, not so much from sympathy with the special notions of that sect, as from the attraction found in the strangeness of the outlook. Whether in this there is a morbid feeling we shall not inquire; it is sufficient to say that her studies of that class of character are profound and interesting, untainted by sneer and scorn; that, playing on those strange human instruments, her fingers never yet bewildered smid the intricacy of the strings. In addition, this writer possesses a notable power of reflection. She is a thinker as well as a storyteller, and could write moral essays and inquiries into the nature of this thing or the other quite as well as she can write novels. Her tales do not press straight on, confining themselves strictly to the dramatic or humorous matter in hand; on the contrary, the writing, in a curious mood of self-analysis, is frequently turning on itself, is retrospective, abounding in commentary. And these more serious, reflective passages, expressed in the purest, most graceful English, are, whatever fate they may receive at the hands of youthful readers, the passages to which their elders are most certain to recur.

Thaiatta is the production of a full and thoughtful mind, and contains satirical and melancholy discourse on many men and things. The sea, with its unquiet and tremulous glitter, runs up into its chapters as it runs up into the hearts of the Highland hills. The reader is always in hearing of the surge. Thalatta takes you away from the noise of towns to the North - to headlands looming through the mists of twilight or morn-headlands yet wearing Norse names — to mashes skirting the sea, full of wild fowl-and to fishing villages in which life has a serious color, for the inhabitants are pensioners on Ocean, whose moods are ever changing, and who has in his gift death as well as riches. Contrasted with this primitive northern life, we have cabinet councils, parliamentary debate, and the battle of the clube—the burden of political glory, the cares of empire. The story is so slight that any indication of it would be useless; | possess the earth so long."

and all the more useless, that it is not as a story that the book is to be judged. Its value consists in its discussions, its way-ward digressions, its interpolated essays, its playful or melancholy commentaries on opinion and life; and to these things the story—although several separate scenes are effective, and suggest what the writer could do in the way of story-telling if he chose—is kept in abeyance, or is brought forward as an excuse for their introduction. The subjoined speculation on honor is a specimen of this writer's style and manner:

"Honor-what is honor? 'Detraction will not suffer it to live with the living,' said Falstaff; 'but does the sepulcher shut it out? Tan-cy being dissected and anatomized forever—the unclean hands of critics wandering unelensly over the weary limbs that should rest for the the resurrection. 'He was vain, pompous, superficial; his style is rugged, turpid, inelegant; he said foolish things, that have done much hurt to men.' So the palaver goes on from one generation to another. You are spoken of as if you were a picture or a statue—not of marble, but of mud—and the shuttle-cock is kept flying till the day of judgment. No wonder that men should stir in their coffins, and feel that they have defrauded their ashes of the respect that is bestowed on meaner dust. I can not doubt that the Protector envice the quiet grave where-in rests 'the Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.' There they lie side by side; the brother who conquered and cast down, the brother who was wisely silent and died. Mark the contrast. No dread disturbs his still repose. His very name is forgotten among men; for on the tombstone which was meant not unkindly, to perpetuate for a season his homely virtues, every letter (except only the numerals of some unknown event of birth, or marriage, or death) has been clean washed out. But even in his mutilated sepulcher the other may not rest; he is renowned, a famous, an illustrious man; one calls him a hero, another a lier and a knave; of the writing of books about him there is no end, 'Oh! that I had stayed at home,' exclaims the vexed and attenuated ghost, and plowed my father's acres! My eyes are heavy, but I can not close them; I am tired to death, and yet I can not rest. See my brother, he does not stir, nor mosn, nor turn in his bed; he sleeps as well as when we lay together on our mother's lap. O dear brother, waken and speak to me but once; for the night is dark and tedious, and I am sick of the generations of fools that

From Weldon's Register.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA.*

Or all the great names which illumine the gloom, political, social, and religious, of the fifteenth century, none shines forth with purer or more steady luster than that of Girolamo Savonarola. Ever since those far-off times, in which, having borne the burden and heat of the day, he was rewarded with the crown of the martyr, the story of his life and career have excited a deep and always increasing interest. Catholic and Protestant historians have alike and equally delighted to make him the subject of their pens, while men differing in all other opinions have gladly met on the common ground of admiration for his exalted character and noble deeds. Of all his biographers, none, however, have hitherto presented us with such a vivid, faithful, and appreciative portraiture of the great Dominican friar as Signor Villari, the present accomplished Professor of History in the University of Pisa. During many years he has made it, he tells us, his study and delight to collect together all the materials available for this object. Thus, he has not only read all the early and modern biographies of his hero, but has carefully collated them with the original documents on which they are He has also undertaken a founded. search for hitherto undiscovered manuscripts and evidence, in which he has been happily successful. Further, he has not allowed a single line of Savonarola's own writing to pass unexamined. This, of itself, was a most laborious undertaking, for the handwriting of the great friar and the notes inscribed by him on the margins of his Bibles, are of so microscopic a character that it is almost impossible to decipher them. In addition to these efforts to collect together the largest possible amount of materials, Signor Villari has consulted all the works likely to throw any either direct or cross lights upon the

politics and the spirit of the age which Savonarola adorned. Not until he had done all this did he attempt to write the history of Savonarola and his times. result will perhaps, somewhat disappoint those who have been accustomed to regard the great Italian reformer as the precursor of Luther. Signor Villari incontestably proves that the opinions held by Savonarola were essentially Catholic, and that to the very last hour of his life he held fast to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. True, he never hesitated to declare that he would put himself at the head of any movement which had for its object the cleansing and purifying of the Church from the abominations practiced at Rome; but he never, even in the most indirect way, attacked any Catholic dogma. The greatest work which ever came from his pen, The Triumph of the Cross, concludes with these remarkable words: "It is manifest that all the faithful ought to rally round the Holy Father as supreme head of the Roman Church; mistress of all other churches. Whoever departs from the doctrine of the Church of Rome departs from Christ."

We have thought it well our readers should distinctly perceive at the outset that it never entered into the mind of Savonarola to interfere with the unity of the Church. Otherwise, it would be impossible for them rightly to understand the part he played "in that century which concluded the Middle Ages, and was the dawn of modern civilization."

Girolamo Savonarola was born at Ferrara, the capital of the Italian Duchy of Este, on the twenty-first of September, in the year 1452. Of his father, Nicholas Savonarola, but few particulars have come down to us. He seems, however, to have been given to scholastic studies, and to have passed much of his time at court, where he wasted the patrimony left him by his father. The mother of Girolamo, Helen Buoncorsi by name, possessed great force of character, and was a woman of



^{*} The History of Girolamo Savonarola, and of his Times. By PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated from the Italian by LEONARD HORNER. London: Longmans. 1868.

most noble, tender nature. In all the dangers and sorrows which beset the life of her illustrious son, it was to his mother that he turned for sympathy and support. She was his most intimate confident, and such of his letters to her as have been preserved show how deep and devoted was the affection with which he ever regarded her. The little Girolamo, who was the third of seven children born to his parents, was neither handsome, lively, nor attractive. Nevertheless, though he was of a very quiet and serious disposition, a presentiment seems early to have arisen in the breasts of his father and mother that he was destined to achieve greatness. In the future which they predicted for their child, they saw him an eminent physician; one worthy to walk in the footsteps of his grandfather, Dr. Michael Savonarola, the distinguished founder of their house. Ere Girolamo had reached his tenth year, Michael Savonarola, who had hitherto directed Girolamo's studies, died. The boy thenceforth had no other guide or instructor than his father, who was but poorly qualified to act as his tutor. The books which he put into the hands of his son were the works of Thomas Aquinas and the Arabic commentaries on Aristotle. By the writings of the former, Girolamo was fascinated to such a degree that he used to dwell whole days upon them in a state of ecstacy. Nor was it without difficulty that he could be induced to turn his attention to books more intimately connected with the profession of which his parents had decided that he should become a member. Apart from the nature of his studies, we know but little of the manner in which his youth was passed. In the absence of such particulars, we must endeavor to trace, by means of his surroundings, and of the tone of the society amidst which his boyish days were spent, the training which his character received, and the way in which it was gradually developed. The city of Ferrara, grass-grown and deserted as are its streets now, was in the fifteenth century a splendid capital, containing ten thousand inhabitants. It moreover possessed a Court, which under the presidency of the Marquises of Este, was without a rival in Italy, as regarded its splendor and magnificence.

Of the festivities of which it was habitually the scene, the young Savonarola must necessarily have been a frequent | thoughts are conceived, and out of which

spectator. But with regard to the impression they made upon his mind nothing can be stated with any certainty. It is however, more than probable that the religious sentiment which took early root in his heart must have often been greatly shocked by the frivolity and profanity displayed on these occasions. At any rate, his earliest biographers describe him as leading, even in those days, a sad and lonely life, rarely speaking, praying constantly, passing many hours in the churches, and frequently fasting. As to recreations, of these he had none, save such as he derived from playing mournful melodies on his lute, or writing verses of an equally melancholy cast. He could not be persuaded to accompany his parents to the Ducal Court, where luxury and terror reigned. His heart was too sensitive, his principles too nobly toned, for him to be able to bear the contrast that he knew to exist between those upper chambers which resounded with music and song, and the dungeons beneath, which echoed with the groans of the captive and the dying. In the contemplation of the vice and folly that he beheld wherever he cast his eyes, his whole nature became more and more saddened. But as if these things were not sufficient to make the world abhorrent, the only dream of earthly happiness his overshadowed life ever knew was also doomed suddenly and cruelly to vanish. It happened on this wise:

"Next to his father's house there lived a Florentine exile, bearing the illustrious name of Strozzi, who had with him a natural daughter. By what Savonarola saw in the home of this exile, he began to conceive there might be a people very different from that by which he was surrounded. His eyes met those of the young Florentine girl, and he then felt that first sweet revelation of the heart which creates a belief in happiness on earth. The world shone forth to him with a new light; with a fancy kindled by a thousand hopes, he dreamt of happy days, and, full of ardor and trust, he revealed his passion. But what was his grief on receiving her proud reply. In rejecting his proposal, she gave him to understand that a Strozzi could not so far demean herself as to become allied to a Savonarola. He resented the affront with words full of scorn, but his heart was left desolate."

Thus, all the events of his life had been working to the same end. Left, like his great predecessor, Dante, to that awful loneliness of the soul wherein great noble deeds are in due time evolved, he resolved, at barely more than twenty years of age, to abandon the world and

give himself up to religion.

In the year 1474, being on a visit at Fraenza, he chanced to be present at a sermon delivered by an Augustine monk. It proved to be the crisis of his destiny. So deeply impressed was he by what he had heard that he formed at once an irrevocable determination to devote himself to a monastic life. This resolve, he knew, would prove a source of deep grief and disappointment to his parents. For a whole year he kept his purpose secret, notwithstanding the mournfully appealing looks which his mother, seeing the struggle he was undergoing, but unconscious of its cause, constantly directed toward At last, on the eve of the festival of St. George, in the spring of the year 1475, whilst he was seated beside his mother, the sorrowful strains he drew forth from his lute struck her with a cruel and but too true presentiment. She suddenly exclaimed, with a mournful voice: "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Girolamo answered nothing. Not even raising his eyes in mute confirmation of her fears, with trembling hands he still continued to make his lute discourse the same melancholy wailings. The very next morning, secretly, silently, and sorrowfully, while his parents were absent at the festival, he left his father's house and made his way to Bologna. As soon as he arrived there, he went straight to the convent of St. Dominic, and was at once received. The following day he wrote a most affectionate letter of explanation and farewell to his parents. "Dearest father" —these were his concluding words—"do not allow your sorrow to be added to mine, already most severe. Take courage; comfort my mother, and, together with hers, send me your blessing."

Though the physiognomy of Savonarola had nothing beautiful about it, there was something in the whole appearance of the man calculated to make a deep impression upon his Domincian brethren:

"He was of middle stature, of a dark complexion, his nervous system exquisitely delicate and sensitive; his eyes flashed from under black eyebrows, his nose was aquiline, his mouth was wide with full lips, which, however, he held compressed, in such a manner as to manifest an immovable firmness of purpose; his forehead, which, even then (he was only twen-

ty-three years of age) was furrowed with wrinkles, indicated a mind given to contemplation and deep thought. There was an expression of stern nobleness of character about him; and a certain melancholy smile gave his coarse and sharp features such an expression of goodness that his very look inspired confidence. His manners were simple and unpolished; his discourse, though unadorned and almost rough, became animated, effective, and powerful, to such an extent as to convince every hearer. In his conventual life, he usually observed a profound silence, being wholly given up to the contemplation of heavenly things. When walking in the cloisters, he appeared more like a specter than a living man, to such a degree was he emaciated by fasts and abstinence. The most severe trials of the noviciate appeared light to him, and the superiors of the convent had constantly to restrain him from doing too much. On the days be did not fast, he hardly ate enough for the support of life. His bed was of wicker-work, with a sack of straw and a blanket; his cloaks were made of the coarsest materials, but he was most exemplary in point of cleanliness. His modesty, his humility, and his submissive spirit were without a parallel in the convent; the fervor of his prayers was such as to excite the wonder of his superiors, and his brother-monks often believed him to be in a trance. It seemed as if the walls of the convent, by separating him from the world, had restored to him his peace of mind, and that he wished for nothing more than to obey and pray."

A far different life from this, and quite other work, was, however, in store for him who had come on the earth, like another John the Baptist, to preach the baptism of repentance, and to warn the generation amidst which his lot was cast to flee from the wrath to come. For the space of seven years Savonarola remained in the Dominican convent at Bologna. At first, his time was divided between prayers and the discipline of his body. But his superiors, perceiving that they had a man of no common mark among them, ere long appointed him to instruct the novices. From this office he was soon afterward raised to that of preacher to the convent. In the year 1482, war threatening the North of Italy on all sides, the superiors of the Dominicans sent away a considerable number of the monks to various places, and Savonarola was directed to go to Florence. Accordingly, he bade a last farewell to his parents, his friends, and Ferrara, where he had been spending some time, and left his native place for ever. The impressions he received on approaching Florence were all of a most the soft Tuscan speech, the gentle, courteous manners of the people, the beauty of the city—all these things combined to impress him with the feeling that life had still some happiness in store for him. When, moreover, he entered the Convent of St. Mark, and saw its walls enriched by the lovely creations of Fra Angelico, and listened to the story of the holy life of its founder, Sace Antonio, and found himself amongst men refined in manners and cultivated in intellect, his heart, so long oppressed with sorrow, was inspired

with renewed hope and gladness. At the time Savonarola came to St. Mark's, Lorenzo de Medici had reigned for several years at Florence, and was now in the zenith of his power. We have not space here to descant upon the character of this renowned Prince, or on the state to which Florence had been brenght under his rule. Suffice it to say that the loss of liberty which the people had suffered was favorable to the progress of literature and the arts. The study of philosophy was especially held in high esteem. One of the first discoveries which Savonarola made upon his arrival at Florence was that the monks of St. Mark's were so fond of discussing the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle that there was no space left in their hearts for the principles of religion. Amongst the Florentines themselves, erudition, united with elegance in language, were the chief requisites they looked for in their preachers. Consequently, when Savonarola, whose manners and language were alike uncouth and negligent, preached in the church of San Lorenzo, there were never more than five-andtwenty persons to listen to him. On the other hand, in the church of Santo Spirito, where a certain Gennezano preached, a man who had acquired great celebrity among the *literati* about the Court, there was never space enough to hold the crowds that flocked thither. Savonarola felt the contrast keenly. For a time, he was almost resolved to give up preaching altogether. But soon the natural energy of his temperament induced him to take another course. He determined to speak with a voice of thunder, and to rouse the slumbering people from the lethargy into which they had been cast by luxury and idleness. His mind became strangely excited; he began to look and to pray for a and strange visions began to visit him. At last, one day, while he was conversing with a brother monk, the heavens seemed to open all at once, and a voice commanded him to declare, in the face of the people, the future calamities of the Church. From that moment until the hour which ended his life, he was convinced that a Divine Mission had been committed to him. Thenceforth, the one aim, the one thought, which filled his breast, was how best to fulfill the task which he believed had been intrusted to his hands by God kimself.

In the year 1485, he was sent to San Gememiavo, a small community situated among the mountains near Sirna. There he first gave utterance to the ideas he had till then kept hid within his heart. There he pronounced those memorable words: "The Church will be scourged, then regenerated, and this quickly." Toward the end of 1486, he preached at Brescia, and the success of his sermons in that place was the means of spreading his name over the whole of Italy. After preaching in several other cities in Lombardy, he delivered a course of Lent sermons at Genoa in 1490. He was then, at the urgent request of Lorenzo de Medici, ordered to return to the convent of St. Mark. Little did Lorenzo at that time imagine that it was to the subverter of the power of his family—to the man destined to prove the most bitter enemy of his house, that he had caused this pressing visitation to be sent! As soon as he returned to Florence, Savonarola resumed the instruction of the novices. But the fame of his preaching had already filled the city, and the public curiosity to hear him was so great that he at last gave consent, albeit reluctantly, to allow a small number of strangers to be present at his Then, in the lectures to the novices. cloisters of St. Mark, near a damask rosetree, which the reverence felt for him by the friars has preserved to the present day, he began to expound the Book of Revelation. The number of his hearers increasing from day to day, he was urged to address them from the pulpit. Accordingly, one Saturday, he said: "To-morrow I shall speak in the church, and there will be a lecture and a sermon."

which they had been cast by luxury and idleness. His mind became strangely excited; he began to look and to pray for a direct revelation from God. Soon, many

On the first of August, beneath the bright Italian summer sun, Savonarola preached his first sermon in the church of St. Mark's. The building was thronged.

His voice seemed to his hearers to be something more than human. The words he uttered were terrific, and the ascendancy he instantly obtained over the minds of the people was complete. The church of St. Mark soon became too small to contain the crowds who went to hear him; consequently, in the Lent of 1491, Savonarola preached in the cathedral. From that moment his victory was gained; the people listened to his voice as to that of a prophet. Such a state of things ere long began to excite feelings of jealous displeasure in the mind of Lorenzo de Medici. One day, five of the principal citizens of Florence went to Savonarola to entreat him to be moderate. He interrupted them, however, in the midst of their expostulations, by saying to them: "I am quite aware you have not come here upon your own accord, but have been sent by Lorenzo. Tell him to prepare to repent of his sins, for the Lord spares no one, and has no fear of the princes of the earth." When he was warned that he ran the risk of being exiled, he replied: "I have no fear of your punishments, for this city is no more than a grain of lentiles on the earth. But although I am a stranger, and Lorenzo is not only a citizen, but the first among them, it is I who will remain, and he who will leave the city." About the same time he affirmed that a change in the affairs of Naples would speedilly take place, and that the Magnificent, the Pope, and the King of Naples were all near their last days.

In the spring of 1492, Lorenzo, the Magnificent, had removed from Florence to the Villa Careggi. He was ill, dying, in fact, for in the beginning of April his physicians had given up all hope of his recovery. His death-bed was constantly visited by his friends Picino and Pico de Mirandola, while Politian never left his side. Lorenzo, having turned his thoughts to religion, seemed to have become a new being. But as he drew near his end his memory called up fearful remembrances of the sins he had committed. Terrible was the remorse he underwent. In the midst of his torments, he thought of Sa-"I know of no honest friar vonarola. but he," said the dying man, and expressed a wish to confess to him. When Savouarola, on being sent for, complying with the request of the dying man, approached his bed, Lorenzo said there Florence, with my walking-stick and were three things he wished to confess to | wooden flask, and shall sleep at Pianoro.

him, and for which he asked absolution. They were—the sacking of Volterra; the money taken from Monte delle Fanciulle; and the bloodshed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi:

"While saying this, he became agitated, and Savonarola tried to calm him by frequently repeating: 'God is good, God is merciful.' Lorenzo had scarcely left off speaking when Savo. narola added: 'Three things are required of you.' 'And what are they, Father?' inquired Savonarola's countenance became Lorenzo. grave, and, raising the fingers of his right hand, he thus began: 'First, it is necessary you should have full and lively faith in the mercy of God.' 'That I have most fully.' 'Secondly, it is necessary to restore that which you have unjustly taken away, or to require your sons to restore it for you.' This requirement appeared to cause Lorenzo surprise and grief; however, with an effort, he gave his consent by a nod of his head. Savonarola then rose up, and, while the dying prince shook with error on his bed, the confessor seemed to rise above himself while saying: 'Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence.' His countenance was solemn, his voice almost terrible, his eyes, as if to read the answer, remained fixed intensely on those of Lorenzo, who, collecting all the strength that nature had left him, turned his back on him scornfully, without uttering a word, and thus Savonarola left him, without giving him absolution, and the Magnificent, lacerated by remorse, soon after breathed his last."

After the death of Lorenzo, and under the rule of his wicked son Piero, the state of affairs in Florence became worse and worse. Meantime, Savonarola began to be more and more looked upon as the leader of the party opposed to the Medici. His prediction respecting the death of Lorenzo had been accomplished, and in the death of the Pope his followers saw another of his prophecies fulfilled. He himself had dreams and visions symbolical of his doctrines; every thing conspired to increase his confidence that he was the recipient of divine revelations. In this state of mind, he preached at Bologna; but the city being under the iron rule of Bentivoglio, he was constrained to be moderate. Notwithstanding, he was subjected to many insults, but, fortunately, Lent being nearly over, he was very soon able to take leave of the people. The last time he preached to them, wishing to show that he was not a man to be intimidated, he said: "This evening I shall set out for

him come before the hour of my departure. But know that my death is not to be cele-

brated at Bologna."

His first step on his return to Florence, where, in July, 1492, he had been elected Prior of St. Mark's, was to obtain the separation of the Tuscan congregation of St. Mark from that of Lombardy, a messure which, with some difficulty, he effected. After obtaining the independence of the convent, he set about, with his wonted vigor and energy, to reform its discipline, his first attempt being directed to the enforcement of the practice of poverty. He next established schools in which the monks might learn painting, sculpture, architecture, and the art of copying and illuminating manuscripts. He next caused the priests and higher clergy to devote themselves to the instruction of the novices, and to preaching in different cities. Very soon, the effects of these reforms began to make themselves visible in the A spirit of earnestness and convent. zeal was developed among the brethren. Throughout the city the people were filled with an enthusiastic admiration for the Priori, and many noble citizens requested to be enrolled in the order. Such were the sentiments entertained towards Savoparols when he resumed his sermons in the Duomo in the advent of 1493. His words were now bolder than ever. The immoral lives of the Italian princes and prelates, the corrupt state of the Church, these were the topics on which he constantly insisted in his twenty-five sermons on the seventy-third Psalm. In the Lent of the following year, he dwelt, in his sermons on Nosh's Ark, on the punishments with which the people of Italy were about to be visited, while he also predicted the advent of a new Cyrus, who should traverse Italy as a conqueror, without meeting with any resistance. The twenty-first of September, in the same year, was a memorable day both for Savonarola and for his hearers:

"The Duomo could ecarcely contain the crowd, who, in a state of new and extraordinary excitement, waited, with open ears, for the voice of the preacher. At length, he mounted the pulpit. After having surveyed the assembled multitude, and seen the trepidstion which prevailed, he cried, with a terrible voice, 'And behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.' Pico della Mirandola relates that a cold shiver ran through all

If any one has anything to say to me, let; all his bones, and that the hairs of his head stood on end, while Savonarola assures us be was himself not less moved than his hearers."

> And with good cause. On that very day the news had come that an inundation of foreign troops was sweeping over the Alps to conquer Italy. The words of Savonarola had all been verified; the princes whose deaths he had foretold were in their graves, and now had come the scourge which he had predicted. Events, thenceforth, followed in quick succession. The French-for it was that nation which had invaded Italy—were openly invited to enter Florence. Savonarola himself called to the French King, the new Cyrus, to cross the mountains. Meanwhile, the greatest confusion prevailed in Florence, ending in the expulsion of Piero de Medici. Savonarola was the only man who had any control over the people. From the pulpit he enjoined upon them faith, union, and charity, with so much earnestness that for some days afterwards he was quite exhausted. But his words had prevailed, and during those stormy days no excess of any kind was committed. No sooner had it been decided that Piero de Medici was no longer capable of being at the head of affairs, than Savonarola was deputed, with other ambassadors, to go to King Charles. They were to tell him that all the evil which had arisen in the city had been caused by Piero, and that the people were friendly to the French name. But the ambassadors met with a cold reception at the French camp. Piero had got there before them, and it was clear that the promises he had made to Charles had completely won over the French King to support his cause. Savonarola, however, seeing that the ambassadors had failed, went alone to the King, and addressed him in these solemn words:

"Most Christian king, thou art an instru-ment in the hand of the Lord, who sends thee to deliver Italy from her afflictions, as for many years before now I had predicted, and sends thee to reform the Church, which lies prostrate in the dust. But if thou be not just and merciful, if thou pay not respect to the city of Florence, to its honor, its citizens, and its liberty; if thou dost forget the work for which the Lord sends thee, he will then select another to fulfill it, and will let the hand of his wrath fall upon thee, and will punish thee with awful scourges. These things I say unto thee in the name of the Lord!"

The King listened to Savonarola with

earnest attention, mingled with some degree of terror, which made him promise to obey the behest of the Friar. But when Charles arrived in Florence all sorts of difficulties arose. At last, the Signory succeeded in settling a treaty with the King. Notwithstanding, after all had been concluded, he showed no inclination to depart from the city. In their extremity, the Signory had recourse to Savonarola, and entreated him to go to the King. Charles, surrounded by his barons, gave the Prior of St. Mark's a gracious reception, and Savonarola then spoke, saying: "Most Christian Prince, thy stay causes great damage to this city, and to thy enterprises. Thou losest time, forgetting the duty that Providence has imposed upon thee, to the great injury of thine own spiritual welfare, and of the world's glory. Listen, then, to the servant of God. Proceed on thy way without further tarrying. Do not desire to bring ruin on this city, nor to provoke the anger of the Lord." Savonarola was successful in his appeal, and, on the twenty-eighth of November, the King took his departure from Florence.

Piero de Medici, having been expelled from the city, the form of government had to be reconstituted. Savonarola, much as he had always wished to keep aloof from secular affairs, felt that the hour had come when it was impossible for him to avoid taking part in them. Accordingly, he proposed a plan of government, the groundwork of which was, to use his own words, that "no individual should have any benefit but what was general, and that the people alone should have the power of choosing the magistrates and approving the laws." His recommendations, given from the pulpits of the Duomo just at the time that his prophecies had received their fulfillment, produced an immense effect. They were all of them adopted. Into the great wisdom which characterized the political reforms proposed by Savonarola we shall not enter. We can but say that they bore the impress of his upright, liberal, sagacious nature, and of his far-seeing genius. So rapidly had the undertaking, which he had initiated and superintended progressed, that, within the limits of a single year, the freedom of a whole people had been established, without a sword being drawn or a single drop of blood having been shed.

Great, however, as had been the work performed by Savonarola, and undoubted as had been his success, his mind was oppressed with sadness, and his soul uplifted in prayer to God for his beloved Florentine people, on whom, in prophetic vision, he saw the scourge about to descend. At the very time when, after having carried the law which established a popular form of Government, the people, full of enthusiasm, flocked in crowds to listen to the song of praise which they expected would fall from his lips, he began in a strain of sadness to foretell his own violent death. His sermon made a deep and solemn impression on his awe-stricken hearers. So uncontrollable also was his own agitation, that, in the midst of his address, he was obliged to pause, saying: "Now let me have some rest from this tempest." Then, resuming his discourse in a loud voice, which echoed through the church, he called upon the Lord to let him die quickly. "Already," he exclaimed, "I see the axe sharpened. But the Lord says to me, wait yet awhile, until that which is to come to pass, and then thou shalt show that strength of mind which shall be given thee." Listening to such words as these, men and women sobbed aloud, and the great church echoed with the cries of people of all ages and conditions—artizans, "If we imparpoets, and philosophers. tially consider," says Signor Villari, " the life and doctrine of Savonarola, we shall find he had a most singular and inexplicable presentiment of his future fate, which gave an extraordinary power to his writings, his sermons, and his course of life." In his celebrated "Conclusions" he was continually repeating that infidels would be converted, that Christianity would be triumphant over the earth, and that before long there would be but one Church under one shepherd. To these convictions he hung with wonderful tenacity to the very last. But we must hasten on with the remainder of our story. Not long after the popular form of government had been established in Florence, civil discords began once more to rise. Amongst the political parties to which these differences gave birth were the Aerabiati, who, while they hated the Medici, hated also the friends of the popular gov-They concentrated all their maernment. lice upon the Friar. They began their attack upon him by endeavoring to cast ridicule on his visions and prophecies, by

complaining of his meddling with affairs of State, and by protesting that his charges against the Court of Rome were a monstrous libel. Savonarola was not, however, to be thus intimidated. January, 1485, he preached a course of sermons in which he again argued for reforms in the Church, speaking with such audacity and boldness that at last the anger of the Pope was roused. In the same month of January, an order came from Rome, commanding the Prior of St. Mark's to go and preach at Lucca. This measure had been brought about by the schemes of the Aerabiati, who thought that if the Friar were but removed from Florence, there was nothing which they might not be able to accomplish. the hopes which the order from Rome had excited in their minds were doomed to The Signory wrote to disappointment. the Pope, and begged that he would allow Savonarola to remain in Florence, to preach there during the coming Lent. The Holy Father, having no special reason for hating Savonarola, of whom, as yet, he knew but little, was easily induced to grant the request of the Florentines. cordingly, Savonarola began his Lent sermons. In them he abstained, as much as possible, from all allusions to State affairs, while he sought to impress upon the minds of the people the duty of living in peace and concord with one another. After the course of Lent sermons was over, he appeared to be utterly overcome by the exertions he had made, and by the heavy anxieties which were pressing upon him. But he had had his reward. The multitude, in listening to his last sermon, had been so overcome by their feelings that they had sobbed aloud. So great was the reform in manners which he had effected that the whole appearance of the city was changed. Every where temperance and modesty reigned; habits of prayer were resumed, and alms were freely given. Bankers and merchants refunded large sums of money which they had unscrupulously acquired, and all men were struck with a change so great and almost miraculous. One is inclined to wish that this had been the moment destined for the translation of Savonarola to heaven. But God had a nobler destiny in store for him —that of the martyr's crown. We shall pass quickly over the political events which followed—the assistance given by the allied powers to Piero de Medici, and ed. The anger of the Pope was once

the failure of his attempt to enter Flor-The Aerabiati, meantime, were ence. still going about to accomplish the ruin of Savonarola. Through their means, letters were sent to the Pope, representing him as a bold reviler of the clergy and of the Holy Father. The old rival of Savonarola, the Preacher Gennezano, was at that time at Rome, and was only too glad to bring forward all sorts of calumnious ac-The result of cusations against him. these machinations was that in July, 1495, Savonarola received a brief from the Pope, blandly inviting him to repair to Rome, where he would be received, so said the Holy Father, with all love and charity. Savonarola, however, saw through the artifice. As he was just at that time suffering from the exhaustion consequent upon a severe internal complaint of which he had but just been cured, he found himself provided with a legitimate excuse for not leaving Florence. The Pope made no answer to the letter sent him by the Friar, but gave Savonarola to understand that he accepted his excuses. For a time, his physical weakness preventing him from preaching, he kept himself in retirement at St. Mark's; until, in the month of September, another brief arrived from the Pope, again commanding him, this time with threats and menaces, to repair to Rome. Instead of obeying the behests of the Holy Father, Savonarola mounted the pulpit, and preached three sermons, which produced such an extraordinary effect, that in November the Pope fulminated another brief, in which he commanded Savonarola to abstain altogether from preaching. He had no alternative but to obey. During his enforced period of silence, he employed himself in study and in writing letters to his family, who were oppressed with grief and misfortunes. He also set himself to reform the festivities of the Carnival, an attempt in which he was perfectly successful. Meantime, his friends had labored so assiduously in his behalf, that in January, 1496, the Pope was induced to allow one of the cardinals to grant him permission to resume his preaching. He was not slow to profit by the indulgence. In the Lent of 1496, he once more ascended the pulpit of the Duomo, his heart overflowing with mingled sadness and scorn. There, in the presence of a vast multitude, he preached a series of sermons more daring and eloquent than any he had yet delivermore kindled against him, and this time it burnt with a fiercer flame than ever. On the other hand, the condition of affairs in the Republic of Florence had undergone a great change, and the citizens, in their state of alarm, turned again to the Friar, as to the only man who could undertake the defence of the country. Of all the enemies of the Republic, the Pope was the most bitter, and he accordingly resorted to every expedient in his power to prevent Savonarola from addressing the people from the pulpit. First, he sent a brief, addressed to the Convent of St. Mark, commanding that Savonarola should abstain from all preaching, either in public or in private. Savonarola, on this occasion, addressed a long letter to the Pope, in which he lamented that his enemies had so succeeded in deceiving the Holy Father with regard to him. But the Pope persisted in his resolution, and in anotherbrief, directed to Savonarola himself, reiterated his command that he should ab-The letter was stain from preaching. couched in the mildest terms, but Savonarola well perceived that nothing less was intended than to keep him silent at the very time when the Republic was most in need of his voice. The city of Florence was, moreover, reduced to such a state of misery and alarm, that the Signory implored him vehemently not to allow the people to remain without the comfort of hearing him. Overcome by these entreaties, on the twenty-eighth of October he once more made his appearance in the pulpit, to encourage and exhort the afflicted citizens. His words had a marvelous effect, the more especially as the succors which he prophesied would arrive reached the city within two days after. The Florentine Republic was now once more comparatively safe. The popular party had triumphed, and the name and authority of Savonarola was now held in higher estimation than ever.

In Lent, 1497, he resumed his preaching, and denounced with the utmost audacity the corruptions prevalent in the Church. Just after he had brought his sermons to a conclusion, Piero de Medici made another attempt upon Florence. After it had failed, the Aerabiati became once more masters of the field, and resolved to do every thing in their power to bring about Savonarola's destruction. On Ascension Day they excited a great tumult in the church where he was preach-

ing. Being unable to go on with his sermon amidst the terrible din and confusion which prevailed, he came down from the pulpit, and, surrounded by his followers, retreated to St. Mark's. Feeling that the tempest was thickening, he addressed a letter to the Pope, in which he renewed his declaration of submission to the Church, and his protestation of never having preached any other doctrine but that of the Holy Fathers. Ere this letter reached Rome, sentence of excommunication against Savonarola had already been passed. He, however, declared it to be invalid, saying that when the commands of the Church are contrary to charity and the law of the Lord, no man is bound to obey them. The proclamation of the excommunication gave rise to renewed confusion and tumults in Florence, and the Signory made great efforts to have it withdrawn, but without success. Neither did a second letter which Savonarola addressed to the Pope produce any effect, though the Pope did not seem to have been offended with the exhortations of the Friar to repent and lead a new life. Meantime, and until the close of 1497, his friends were earnestly endeavoring to obtain his absolution. The Pope, however, would do nothing but temporize. At last, the Republic got tired out, while the impatience of Savonarola under the long silence he had had to endure became intolerable. He could wait no longer, and accordingly, on Christmas day, he attended three solemn masses. On the first Sunday in Lent in the year 1498, he also resumed his preaching in the Duomo, at the earnest request of the Signory. It was not to be expected but that such fearless conduct as this would enrage the Pope. He instantly threatened the city with an interdict, and with the confiscation of the property of the Florentine merchants in Rome. His impetuosity was, however, checked by the more prudent of the Cardinals. the end, he contented himself with sending a very threatening brief to the Signory, commanding them to send Savonarola, under safe custody, to Rome. The Signory would have complied, for the majority of its members were hostile to Savonarola, but they did not dare to oppose the citizens, who were of opinion that to banish Savonarola from Florence would be to expose the city to the greatest peril. However, in order to show the Pope some sign of obedience, they decided that he

should be prevented from preaching in the cathedral, though he should continue to do so in the Church of St. Mark. Notwithstanding this concession, the Pope was much displeased at the line of conduct adopted by the Signory. He therefore addressed a brief to them, in which he employed still more violent threats than he had hitherto used. On the receipt of it the Signory called a meeting, and, after a long discussion, one of the most determined of the enemies of the Friar succeeded in getting a resolution passed, whereby Savonarola was entirely prohibited from preaching again at all. On hearing of this new decision, the Pope was overjoyed, and sent the Signory a most gracious letter. On the thirteenth of March, 1498, Savonarola preached his last sermon, which concluded with the words, "I shall effect by prayer what I

We have not space to detail the efforts made by Savonarola, at this and other

made by Savonarola, at this and other crises of his life, to call together a General Council. At first, this great project seemed likely to be attended with success. But it was not to be. A letter which he addressed on the subject to the King of France was intercepted, and fell into the hands of the Pope. The Borgia was consequently in possession of a document which incontestably proved the whole extent of the Friar's audacity. Henceforth his ruin, long since decided upon, advanced with rapid strides. All at once, the sentiment of the people toward him also underwent an apparently unaccountable change. While their minds were in this state, suddenly an event occurred which caused the greatest excitement among the public. We allude to the affair of the Ordeal of Fire, by which a Franciscan Friar offered to test the truth of Savonarola's doctrines. Fra Domenico, a follower of Savonarola, was only too ready to accept the challenge. The Signory was induced to take part in the matter, and the enemies of Savonarola did all in their power to oblige him to go into the fire instead of Domenico. But he knew that the Minorites would not have the courage to venture upon the ordeal, and that they were only instigated to make the challenge by the party of the Aerabiati. Notwithstanding his exertions, however, to prevent the ordeal taking place, he soon perceived it was inevitable. The event proved that

thing was prepared, and a vast multitude assembled, all eager and panting for the result of the ordeal, the Minorite friars started all sorts of objections, and in order to gain time, commenced attack against Savonarola. The Signory at length interfered, and gave orders that the ordeal should not take place

should not take place. The disappointment and indignation of the people knew no bounds. They charged Savonarola with being the cause of all. Even his own followers went about saying that he ought to have gone himself into the fire, and have thereby given proof of his supernatural power. As for his chief enemies, the Aerobiati, they declared that the imposture of Savonarola had now been made manifest, for he was afraid to expose himself to the ordeal. The Minorite friars were more shameless still in their They impudently declared falsehoods. that they had gained the victory, though their champion had been concealed in the palace all the time, and though, notwithstanding that he had been assured by the Signory of his safety, he had not had courage so so much as even to look upon the preparations made on the Piazza for the ordeal. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Savonarola was got back in safety to his convent. The Minorites, on the contrary, had an annual pension awarded them by the Signory of sixty lire for twenty years, as "a reward for services rendered"—in other and truer words, as the price of blood. The next day proved but the lull of the tempest. On the following morning, being Palm Sunday, the eighth of April, Savonarola delivered a short and melancholy sermon in St. Mark's, bidding a mournful adieu to the people, and giving them his blessing. That same evening the convent was attacked. For a time the assailants were repulsed, and victory seemed to declare itself on the side of St. Mark's. But it soon became evident that the Signory had determined to subdue the Then, Savonarola, deeply lamenting the useless shedding of blood which had occurred, took the sacrament in his hands, and told the friars to follow him. Passing through the cloisters, he placed the host in the middle of the hall, and addressed his brethren in these memorable words:

the ordeal taking place, he soon perceived it was inevitable. The event proved that he had been in the right. When every

he is my witness in heaven that what I said is true. I little thought that the whole city would so soon have turned against me. But God's will be done. My last admonition to you is this—let your arms be patience, faith, and prayer. I leave you with anguish and pain to pass into the hands of my enemies. I know not whether they will save my life, but of this I am certain, that, dead, I shall be able to do far more for you in heaven than, living, I have ever had power to do on earth. Be comforted, embrace the cross, and by that you will find the haven of salvation."

At eight o'clock that night he surrendered himself into the hands of the macebearer of the Signory, and, turning to his brethren, said: "My brethren, remember never to doubt. The work of the Lord is ever progressive, and my death will only hasten it." Just then, Fra Beneditto, the dearest and most familiar friend of Savonarola, sobbing and weeping, forced his way into the crowd, saying he wished to go as a prisoner with his master. But the raging multitude hurried Savonarola and Fra Domenico away, leaving Fra Beneditto in the cloister, sad and desolate.

When the two friars were brought before the chief magistrate of the city, they were asked if they still believed that Savonarola's sayings came from God. Replying in the affirmative, they were shut up in two separate cells. The same evening, the Signory announced to the Courts of Rome, Milan, and France, what had happened.

We will not linger over the examinations Savonarola had to go through, nor the shameful indignities and cruel tortures to which he was subjected. Neither will we describe in detail the corrupt proceedings at his trial, the manner in which his judges were constituted, and the way in which his confessions were falsified, and his depositions altered, again and again, to bring them into conformity with the admissions which it was requisite to draw from him in order to give a colorable pre text for his condemnation. Nor will it be requisite to state how the tortures inflicted on his sensitive frame rendered him delirious, and made it easy for his judge to extort any evidence that they wished for from his mouth. We need only say that throughout this season of bitter suffering Savonarola proved himself to be, as he ever had been, a man of a just, lofty, ardent, generous and powerful nature. The Pope's commissioners appointed to examine and pronounce sentence on him ar- | Savonarola were struck, and likenesses

rived in Florence for the purpose on the nineteenth of May; and, on the twentieth, he was subjected to his hardest and last examination. On the evening of the twenty-second of May, the sentence of death was communicated to the three undaunted friars—Domenico, de Salvestro, and Savonarola. When the Prior of St. Mark's heard the sad announcement, he gave no sign of joy or grief, but continued engaged in prayer. The same night, a short interview was permitted to take place between the condemned, when Savonarola impressed upon his two brethren that in their last hour all their thoughts should be turned to God, and that they should call out to declare their innocence before the people. Returned to his cell, he fell into a short and light sleep, during which he seemed to dream and smile. The next morning, he administered the sacrament with his own hands to his fellow-sufferers, and made a full and distinct declaration of his creed. Shortly afterward, the friars were told that they must go down to the Piazza. Salvestro and Domenica were the first to suffer. When the halter was fixed round the neck of the former, he exclaimed: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Fra Domenico ascended the ladder with a quick step and a radiant countenance, while Savonarola was so absorbed with thoughts of the life to come, that he seemed already to have ascended into heaven. But when he had reached the upper part of the ladder, he could not refrain from looking round on the vast multitude below, every one of whom seemed impatient for his death, though every one of them had once hung upon his lips in a state of ecstacy. At ten o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third of May, 1498, Savonarola passed out of this life, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Scarcely had the executioner descended the ladder than the pile of combustible materials which had been placed beneath the gallows was set on fire, and soon the dead bodies of the three friars were enveloped in the flames. Then arose on all sides mingled cries of reproach and lamentations. Many of the followers of Savonarola, amongst whom were several ladies disguised as servants, made their way to the foot of the scaffold, and collected relies of the martyrs. Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Signory, medals of engraved. Moreover, for several years afterward, flowers were constantly found stewed on the place where the three friars had suffered.

Thus was concluded the first act of the drama in which the Prior of St. Mark's played so conspicuous a part. "Savonarola was the first in his time," says Signor Villari, in the concluding words of these volumes, "to direct humanity to that goal which to this day we have not reached, but toward which we are now advancing with redoubled strength. It was his desire that reason and faith, religion and liberty, might meet in harmonious union, but he did not think that a new system of religious doctrine became therefore neces-

sary. His work may be associated with those of the Council of Constance, of Dante Alighieri, and Arnaldo of Brescia, as initiating Catholic reform, which was the unceasing desire of those great Italians."

Whether Signor Villari be entirely right in the view he thus takes of Savonarola's life and labors, there is some room, perhaps, to question. But we are persuaded that there will be found none among our readers who will not feel that the great Dominican friar may justly be regarded as "the prophet of a new civilization," and as one of the noblest martyrs of political and religious freedom that the world has ever seen.

A. R. B.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER'S TREASURE.*

FROM THE DANISH.

Ву Мрв. Вивнву.

PART I.

One summer afternoon, two young fishermen were togother before the door of one of the last cottages which are situated between the sand-hills, near Stadil Fiord, in the district of Ringkjöbing. The one was painting a pair of oars, the other had stretched himself at full length along the bench near the well, and was resting his head idly on both his hands, while he watched his comrade's work. In this attitude his countenance expressed a sort of quiet contentment, which seemed never to have been disturbed by the storms of passion. He had a low forehead, prominent eyes, a round face, smooth hair, combed straight down, and colossal limbs. His companion was of more slender proportions, and evidently possessed less bodily strength; but he seemed active, and there was an expression of benevolence and honesty in his features that could not fail to inspire confidence in him.

The sun was shining that afternoon from a cloudless sky; the larks were singing, gulls and other sea-birds were flying about in circles in the air; and the monotonous sound of the waves of the German Ocean, rolling lazily on the Jutland coast, as, borne across the sand-hills, was like the audible breathing of a sleeping giant. The church-bell at Vædersö was ringing for the afternoon service. All was quiet and repose in that sandy desert, where the eye in vain sought a tree, a bush, a single blade of fresh green. Only the lymegrass amidst the hillocks, and here and there a little yellow patch of rough, half-withered grass in the hollows, varied the dismally uniform color of the sand.

^{*} From a collection of Tales, in one volume, entitled "Haablös"—" Hopeless."

"Come, now," said the young man who was doing nothing, after he had remained a long time silently contemplating the other, "put away that paint-pot, and give up work for to-day. Wash your hands, Jörgen, and come with me to Vædersö; we will have a game at skittles. This is a holiday, and one can't be always laboring."

The young man thus addressed looked up and smiled, and, after having for a minute glanced at his handiwork with ap-

parent pleasure, he exclaimed:

"I am ready now, Ebbe. But only look! I have painted two hearts, with a wreath round them, inside of our names, which are to signify that you and I will will hold together in friendship and good companionship all our days."

"Yes, that we will, Jörgen."

"I don't see why one should be idle all Sunday, any more than on other days," said Jörgen. "In spring, you know, we two bought a boat together; it was a very ugly one, and in a sadly dilapidated state, you may remember; but, in consequence of devoting our spare time to repairing and beautifying it, we have now got as smart a little craft as there is on the whole coast. I am never so happy as when I am at work."

"And I am never so happy as when I can lie quietly and comfortably on my back in the sunshine, and look up at the heavens, as I am doing now. I don't see the least use in a man's working harder than he absolutely need do. You and I, Jörgen, have been obliged to work since we were quite little fellows. Our parents sent us away among strangers, because they had no longer the means of maintaining us; we toiled and slaved for the benefit of others, and for the same reward that they gave their beasts—for mere food. From those days to this, we have never been able, with our united efforts, to make more than the fifteen dollars we paid for the boat. And now we must begin to labor afresh; and so we shall be forced to go on through the whole of our lives, until we are too old to work any more, and then we shall be thrust into the poor-house, as our parents before us were, and get leave to hobble about with a stick and a clay pot, to beg for food from those whom we helped to enrich when we were young. You may laugh, Jörgen, but what I am saying is the plain truth nevertheless. If a poor lad, such as I

I am, could only earn enough in his youth to enable him to take it easy in his old age, he would be laboring to some purpose; if our gains could amount to so much as the gains of the person who owns that large ship out yonder; or if we could make as much as the lord of the manor at Aabjerg possesses, who has nothing to do but to drive in summer round his fields, with his hands behind his back, and his German pipe in his mouth, and in winter to sit at home in his warm chimney-corner, and play at cards with all the strangers that visit him, it would be another thing. Ah, Jörgen, Jörgen! if one could only get so far as to be able to take the reins in one's own hand, instead of carrying the bit in one's mouth!"

Jörgen shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Shortly afterward, the two young fishermen were seen strolling arm in arm

to the village of Vædersö.

Toward evening the weather changed; the skies became cloudy, and before the sun had set the whole coast wore an aspect very different from the peaceful calm that had reigned around in the earlier part of the afternoon. A cold north-west wind blew in sharply from the sea, whose waves, rising higher and higher every moment, sent a thick rain of spray and foam over the adjacent sand-hills, whilst the breakers dashed loudly on the reefs along the shore. The sand began to whirl about among the hills, and flocks of seagulls and other birds flew in toward the beach, their hoarse and mournful cries predicting bad weather.

The peasants at Vædersö had finished their games of skittles, and were about to return to their homes, when a fisherman brought to the little town the tidings that a foreign ship was in distress at sea, outside of Husby Sand-hills. This intelligence, which seemed to interest all who heard it, drew particular attention from those who were standing in groups. A number of men and women set off immediately on the way to the sand-hils, without heeding

the rain and the coming storm.

Amidst the crowd who sought as speedily as possible to witness the calamitous spectacle might be observed a person of very peculiar appearance. He was a tall, heavy-limbed man, with a blood-red complexion, the natural hue of which became deeper and deeper every moment, in consequence of the haste with which he was making his way through the heavy

sandy road. His face was encircled by a forest of coal-black hair and beard, and shaded by a dark calf-skin cap. The deep set eyes were nearly hidden beneath a pair of dark eyebrows that almost met over a nose which looked unnaturally broad, as chance had not bestowed much length upon it. This was the village blacksmith. He was by birth a Pole, and had served for some time in the army, under the reign of Frederick VI.

The road from Vædersö to the sandhills, as has been said, was entirely through sand. On both sides might be seen fields of rye, whose slender pale blades were beaten down by the tempest. The smith had taken as a companion along this fatiguing path a favorite and faithful friend, who lived at free quarters in his house, and carried on in this comfortable abode his trade, which was that of the village tailor. These two persons were almost always to be seen together the lesser man, indeed, seemed to be quite a necessary appendage to the taller one, who looked as if nature had appointed him the tailor's protector. The merits of the latter, however, were not to be questioned; he was an untiring listener, and so submissive and dependent, that if the smith had pushed him out by the door he would have crept back through a window; so complaisant, that if the smith had chosen to tell a falsehood, the tailor

These two individuals formed, for the moment, the center of a group of peasants who had gathered on the sand-hills. Below, upon the sea-shore, were to be seen several fishermen hard at work, drawing up their boats farther on the beach, and when that was done, standing in silence, anxiously contemplating the sea, on which a large ship was struggling with the furious wind, and heavy waves that were every moment driving it nearer to the land, notwithstanding all the efforts those on board seemed making to escape the threatened danger.

The groups among the sand-hills were less silent. The smith had just declared, in decisive tones, to which nation the unfortunate ship belonged.

"Yes, as I have this moment told you," he continued, in the sort of barbarous Danish in which he usually spoke. "It is an English vessel, and I thank God it is not Swedish."

"Why?" asked the tailor.

"Because they build their ships with such bad timber—only fir and pine—not an inch of good strong oak among it. I wish no evil to any one, or any thing; but if it be our Lord's will that a ship is to be run aground to-night, I am glad it should be an Englishman; those English know how to build ships."

"You are right there, Master Harfiz!" said the tailor. "What capital iron bolts we got from the last wreck, and what excellent oak timber to boot! When the wreck that is going to be is brought to auction, I shall look out for a share of it."

"And I also," said the smith. "I dare say, now, that craft out there will furnish me with some good strong posts for my new smithy; it does not look to be built of tinder or matches."

"We can discern the goodness of the Almighty toward all mankind," remarked the tailor. "No cotton grows here—no silk, no iron is to be found; nothing, so to speak, but salt fish can be got on these bare coasts, and He is good enough every year to let one or two vessels be lost here that we may obtain what we require at a reasonable rate."

"Yes, and He mercifully ordains this to happen generally in the fall of the year," added an old woman, "because He knows that the winter is approaching, and that poor folks want a little wood for firing to warm themselves."

"There is no dishonesty in taking what is cast in to us by the sea," said the tailor. "They did much worse in old times down yonder at Nymindegab."

"At Nymindegab?" echoed the smith. "I know nothing about it. What did they do down there?"

"Don't you remember that true tale we heard last Candlemas at Thimgaard about the rich nobleman Espen? He lived at a castle which was called Ahner, and he used every stormy evening, and during the dark nights of winter, to ride over the sand-hills with a lighted lantern bound underneath his horse, in order that the seafaring people who were driven out of their course should fancy that the light came from a ship sailing in deep water, and thus get stranded on the reefs while they steered for the light. This went on well for a long time, and Espen of Ahner became a very rich man, for all the wrecks on that part of the coast belonged to him. But at length, just when he was celebrating his daughter's wedding, a poor halfwitted creature found his way into the castle, and disclosed their lord's evil deeds to all his vassals."*

During this conversation the ship, which had excited the attention of so many, had tried several times to tack about, so as to get away from the shore, but the attempt had always failed. In the terrible storm, which seemed to be increasing every moment, it was no longer possible to carry such a press of sail as was required to take the ship out. Its fate could not, therefore, long be doubtful as every swell of the sea brought it nearer and nearer to the dangerous reefs which stretched along the coast.

It is about half a century since the events here related took place. At that period the German Ocean had dashed many a wreck over the outer reef, and many a cry for help or death-groan had been wafted away by the stormy wind, or smothered by the sea, before any one thought of taking effective measures to give help to the drowning mariners. the occasion of the shipwreck in question, however, the unfortunate crew were often so close to the land that their despairing cries and earnest prayers were distinctly heard on shore, and the tempest had driven them within the outer reef, their vessel almost smashed to pieces, indeed, but so near that, but for the fury of the waves, the fisherman could have got out to them even in their frail boats, and have saved them.

In the meantime daylight had gone, but in the summer evening even distant objects were still visible; and when the moon struggled forth from the heavy clouds, in the pale and tremulous light it cast over the sea, the ill-fated ship could be seen driving, with two or three small sails up, nearer to the coast. Presently one of the masts went overboard, was caught in the cordage, and hung on one side of the hull. From time to time, between the more furious gusts of wind, the gale bore heartrending cries of distress to the land. All exercise of authority on board seemed to have been long given up, every one apparently thinking only of saving himself. A boat was with difficulty lowered, but it filled the moment it reached the water.

The crowd on the beach was now increased by two persons—the lord of the manor from Aabjerg and his son. The

"Hark ye, good people!" cried the great man, stretching his chin over the enormous handkerchief that enveloped his throat, "we must try and do something for them out yonder. It would be a sin to let all these poor fellows perish, would it not—eh? What say you?"

"God have mercy on them!" muttered an old fisherman. "It is too heavy a sea for any boat to live in; we can do nothing

for them, Herr Krigsraad."*

"Not if I promise a ten-dollar note to any one who will take a rope out to them? What! Is there not one of you who will try it?"

The fishermen looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders; but no one spoke.

"I shall add five dollars to my father's ten," cried the lieutenant.

"Well, I think this is a very good of-

fer," said the Krigsraad.

"But you must not take too long to consider about it," added his son. "Courage, my lads! It only wants hearty good will, and a pair of strong arms, and you will soon reach them out yonder."

"Since the noble Herr lieutenant thinks so, he had better make the attempt himself," said one of the fishermen. "Your honor seems to have a pair of strong enough arms; I will lend you my boat for this venturesome deed, but I won't sell my life for any money."

"The impertinent scoundrel!" muttered the young officer, turning toward his father. "I wish I had him on the drill-

ground at Kolding."

"For Heaven's sake be quiet, lieutenant," whispered his father, "and don't draw me into a quarrel with my fishermen. That man is no coward; I have myself seen him and another rescue sailors from a wreck in the most frightful weather,

first-named was a very stout man, muffled up in a thick great-coat and a fur cap, with wings that came close down over his ears, and were tied under his chin. He had a tabacco-pouch well fastened to a button-hole in his over-coat, and was smoking a large German pipe. His son was a lieutenant in the Lancers at Kolding, on a visit for a few days at his father's country house. He wore that evening a blue uniform, and carried an umbrella, which was every minute almost turned inside out by the wind.

^{*} See Eventyr og Folkesagn.—Espen til Ahner.

^{*} Krigsraad—a Danish title.

when there seemed no more chance of his getting safely back than there would be for me were I to try to wade out yonder

in my great-coat."

While this short colloquy was going on, a piercing cry was heard from the wreck—a gigantic billow had raised the ship aloft and cast it in over the reef; when the waves rolled back the vessel lay on its side, having been raised and dashed down again several times in the raging surf, and left lying partially buried in the sand. After this, every wave washed over it with a force that must have been seen to have been believed possible, and which, in the course of a few minutes, swept the deck clean of every object that had hitherto been securely fastened on it.

In the confusion which followed, another cry of distress arose, and those of the fishermen who stood nearest to the water thought, in the dusk, that they perceived many of the sailors carried away by the sea, which, unchecked, was rolling over the deck. As the swelling waves dashed forward these unfortunate victims stretched out their arms. When they retired nothing more was to be seen; the men

were gone.

Three sailors had crept up the shrouds and had lashed themselves to the only remaining mast, and every now and then the wind carried to the land their agonized appeals to the people on shore to save them. Shortly after a boat was seen to be shoved off from the beach with four men in it; they bowed their heads, took off their hats, and held them for a few moments before their faces, while they seemed to be offering up a short prayer, then they let the boat glide out into deep water. The four men stood up, and appeared to be working hard to get over the inner reefs. For a short time the boat went bravely on, the oars were plied by experienced hands, and every effort was made to reach the stranded ship, but the raging sea cast them back, and filled the boat, and the fisherman were obliged to return without having effected their object.

At length, the next morning, about dawn of day, the storm seemed to be abating. In the interim those who still remained on the wreck had made another effort to reach the land in one of the boats which had not been carried away from the ship, but had continued fastened to its side. But this attempt also failed; the

waves broke over the unfortunate boat, and relentlessly swept it out to sea. When the sun came forth only one man was to be seen, and he was lashed to the mast.

The Krigsraad returned to the beach at an early hour, and renewed his appeals to the fishermen. Ebbe and Jörgen were both there; they had not left the seashore the whole night.

"The weather is not so wild as it was," whispered Jörgen to Ebbe, "and the sea is not so terribly rough. What do you say to our making the attempt? Our boat floats lightly, and will stand the waves better than any of the others."

"It can't be done," replied Ebbe; "we should be risking too much—our beautiful newly-painted boat, that we spent everything we had to buy! You don't remember all that."

"I remember that once when my father was shipwrecked up near Skagen, he was fastened to a mast like that poor man out yonder; let us do as the natives of Skagen did, and save him."

"Let us wait a little longer, at least," whispered Ebbe, eagerly. "Perhaps the Krigsraad may offer a larger reward presently."

Jörgen cast a reproachful look at his comrade, and said:

"God forgive you for the sin of thinking of money and reward at such a moment as this. I won't wait; and if you do not chose to go, I will get some one else to accompany me; for, happen what may, I am resolved to attempt the rescue of that poor man."

"Have a little patience," cried Ebbe, holding Jörgen back by his arm. "Just wait till I take off my new waistcoat and my nice cravat; it would be a shame to

spoil them with salt water."

"What are you two consulting about?" asked the Krigsraad, going up to them. "Have you determined to go out yonder, my lad."

"We shall attempt to do so," replied

the young fisherman.

"That's right, Jörgen! you are a brave fellow, and have more courage than all your comrades put together. Well done!"

"I am younger than any of them," replied Jörgen, blushing at the great man's praise, "and I have neither wife nor child to grieve for me if any accident happens to me."

"I also am going," said Ebbe, in a dole-

ful voice. "I also will risk my health and | loosely from the fallen mast, and crept up my life to save a suffering fellow-creature. And though your honor was so good as to promise a reward, I must beg you not to think that I am going for the sake of the money. Nevertheless, I shall accept it, for I am betrothed to a little girl here in the neighborhood, and the money might be useful to her if I am lost."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" cried the Krigsraad. "What! Do you think I am the man to withhold the ten dollars

I promised?"

"It was fifteen, sir," observed Ebbe.

"Well, well, fifteen then! Make yourself easy, I shall be as good as my word; but be off now!"

"I shall trust to your word, sir—and there are witnesses," mumbled Ebbe.

Ebbe then divested himself of his new green and red-striped vest and gay-colored necktie, which he put away carefully together under one of the boats that were drawn up on the beach. He then went down to Jörgen, who was busy launching a small, newly-painted boat into the sea.

"The weather is moderating," cried the Krigsraad, filling his pipe comfortably. "I think the sun is going to shine

brightly."

"Our Lord is pleased that we are so humane as to risk our all in order to save a human being who is a stranger to us," whined Ebbe, as he took his place in the boat with Jörgen.

It was a moment full of anxiety and sympathy when the frail little boat was caught in the first heavy sea, was thrown up aloft, and then bidden among the engulphing waves! The crowd on the beach stood silent and breathless, and even the Krigsraad forgot bis newlylighted pipe. He mounted on a fragment of rock, holding his hand over his eyes, and standing with his head bowed forward, intently watching the treacherous sea; and he was the first to break the silence with a loud oath, when Jörgen's boat glided safely over the reef, and up to the side of the shipwrecked vessel. thrilling shout burst forth at that moment from the spectators on shore—a shout full of triumph and joy; it rang over the waters as far off as the wreck, and Jörgen was seen to turn towards the land and wave his hat in the air, after which he made his boat fast to the shattered ship by the end of a rope that was hanging | heard from the boat.

the side of the wreck.

The one man still clinging to it had fastened himself on the bowl of the mast. At the extreme end of the ship stood a black, shaggy-haired dog, who, with a weak, suppressed whine, was gazing out on the open sea, without taking the slightest notice of the strangers. When Jörgen reached the deck the man turned his head toward him, made a sign with his hand, and murmured repeatedly one word-"Water!"

"I am sorry you will have to wait till we reach the land," said Jörgen, "but, with God's help, that shall not be long."

"I am afraid I have got my chest very much injured," said the man, in the mixture of low German and Danish which he spoke. "The same accursed wave which carried off our captain with it during the night dashed me down from the bowl of the mast, where I had lashed myself with the end of a rope, to prevent my being washed overboard. Whilst I was hanging there a heavy sea came rolling over the wreck, and it drove me with such force against the mast, that I lost all sense and consciousness. Since then it has been almost impossible for me to hold out against the weather, and I was on the point of loosening the rope, and letting myself go down to Davy's locker with the rest, when I saw your boat put off from the shore. In the name of Heaven, why were you so long of coming to our assistance?"

"We dared not venture out sooner," replied Jörgen, "on account of the awful storm."

"Do you call this bit of a puff of wind a storm?" cried the man, scornfully. "It is more likely that you were afraid of a wet jacket, or of catching cold. Ah well! I must not complain; you have done what you could, and I'm thinking that you yourself will profit the most by having saved me."

"I don't know what you mean by

"Oh! that's not the question just now. Help me to get free of this rope; my hands are so cramped that I can scarcely use them, and let us be off."

Whilst Jörgen was assisting the man, who at every movement that he made uttered a sigh or groan of pain, a voice was

"Make haste to come, Jörgen, or Ebbe will lose the boat."

"What do you say?" cried Jörgen,

much surprised.

"I say that our boat will be thumped to pieces—to splinters—lying here and knocking against the wreck. Already the edge of the gunwale has started, and we have sprung a leak on one side; so come down, Jörgen—it is too unreasonable for any one to expect that we should risk ourselves and our all to save other people."

"A brave comrade you have got!" muttered the stranger, as Jörgen carried rather than helped him down out of the shrouds. "Call out to him, and tell him that I have with me that which would make him cry his eyes out to lose if he does not take me safely from this wreck."

Jörgen full well knew what effect this intelligence would have upon Ebbe, and instantly repeated to him the stranger's The object was attained, for words. Ebbe immediately came creeping up the side of the wreck, to assist in bringing the shipwrecked man down to the boat. The suffering seaman groaned repeatedly, and the exertion of moving seemed almost too much for him; bloody froth issued from his lips, and when he reached the boat he sank down exhausted in the bottom of it. The poor dog, meanwhile, had never stirred from its place, although Jörgen had done his best to coax it to come to him; the animal had turned his head for once towards him, and then sprang to a higher part of the wreck, with a dismal and heart-rending howl.

"There is no use in your calling that beast," murmured the stranger. "He has stood in one place and done nothing but howl since his master, the captain, was washed overboard. He will not quit the ship as long as a plank of it is left. "Cast loose the rope, and push out with the oars, you there in the flannel waistcoat, who were afraid of scratching your smart little craft."

After this petulant speech, the stranger laid himself back in the boat, and closed his eyes. Jörgen loosened the rope; as he did so, a wave carried the boat at once far away from the wreck. The dog was the only living creature left on board of it, and he did not seem to perceive that the boat was speeding fast away.

As they were rowing toward the land,

Jörgen and Ebbe had a good opportunity
of observing the stranger. He was a English miles.

man apparently about fifty, partially bald, with a round forehead, high nose, pointed chin, and a shrewd and cunning expression of countenance, which was strongly marked, even though the eyes were closed. Ebbe surveyed his prostrate figure with a degree of veneration, and much would he have given to have known where the treasure could be deposited in safety, to which the unknown had so recently referred, and with the possession of which his humble attire so ill accorded.

The passage from the wreck back to the land was made speedily, and in silence, until they had got over the innermost reef, which the receding tide had left almost bare of water; then suddenly arose a cry of exultation from the fishermen on shore. At that sound the stranger opened his eyes, raised his head, and exclaimed:

"What are they shouting for in there? Oh! I suppose it is in honor of the great feat you have accomplished. Nonsense! How far is it from this place to Hjerting?"

"About nine miles," replied Jörgen.

"North or south?"

"South."

"Ah, I thought sure enough that we had made a mistake in our reckoning; but it must be forgiven, since it was the last piece of stupidity our blessed captain has been allowed to commit. Are you quite sure that it is not more than nine miles to Hjerting?" he asked again, a little after, as if the matter were of great consequence to him.

The two fishermen repeated the assertion.

"Are you going on to Hjerting?" asked Ebbe.

"Certainly; my sympathizing friend, it is easy to travel nine miles* with a severe wound in one's chest. Find me a hut to lie down in, and a doctor to put a plaster on me, and I shall want nothing more just at present. I have the means to pay you for every thing you do for me. And now not another question or another word, for I feel the greatest pain whenever I open my mouth to speak."

In the course of another hour, the stranger was lying comfortably in Jörgen and Ebbe's hut. He had reported him-

[•] One Danish mile is equal to more than four English miles.

self to the Krigsraad as the first mate, Fourness, from Amrom. Jörgen had gone to Vædersö to ask assistance from the smith, who, in addition to his other accomplishments, also carried on secretly the profession of a medical man among the peasantry in the neighborhood. Jörgen found the learned gentleman sitting in his smithy, surrounded by some countrymen, to whom he was reading aloud the political intelligence from a soiled provincial newspaper that was lying, spread open, upon his knees. In the furthest corner of the workshop an apprentice was busy shoeing two horses.

When Jörgen mentioned his errand, the smith put away his newspaper with alacrity, and instantly gave all his attention

to the report of the case.

"Do you think you will be able to cure him, master," added the young fisherman, "or shall I go on to Ringjöbing, though it is so much farther off, for the doctor of the district?"

"I'll tell you what, Jörgen," replied the smith, in a raised voice, and with a look that betokened the utmost self-confidence, "I will undertake to cure any creature who is not already dead, and even then sometimes they may be called back, as the worthy priest can testify, who knows that about Easter, last year, I brought back to life his brown filly, after it had been dead for nearly half an hour. If that can be done with a filly, I should think it can be done with a human being. Why not? But where is he wounded? In the head?"

"No; in the breast."

"So much the better. We must give him something. I shall take my pills with me; if they don't set him to rights, you can order his grave to be dug. Come over the way, Jörgen, and let us have a dram together before we set off to cure the man."

The smith then left his workshop accompanied by Jörgen. His secret—the preparation of these wonderful pills—it may be mentioned here, was found out some years later, during an investigation which took place before the magistrates of Ringkjöbing, on the occasion of the worthy smith being charged with culpable quackery. They were only made of rye-bread and the juice of walnut-leaves!

While Jörgen had gone to summon the smith, Ebbe had remained with the sufferer, who seemed to have become worse gold, if you liked."

since he had landed, for he moaned repeatedly, and tossed about as if in pain on his bed. Ebbe sat by the window in silence, reflecting deeply upon the words of promise the stranger had let fall before he had left the wreck.

"What are you sitting there and waiting for?" asked the seaman, when he ob-

served Ebbe.

"I am sitting here to see if you want any help before the doctor comes."

"Yes, I want something. Get me another glass of grog, and let it be warm and

strong. Do you hear?"

"It is not good for you, mate. When Jörgen went away, he said you were not to have more than one glass of grog, and you have already drunk three."

"You blackguard! mix me a glass directly. Don't you think I am the best

judge of what is good for me?"

Ebbe arose, and went toward the fireplace, where a kettle of water was boiling. A bottle, half full, stood upon the table.

"It is too bad, when rum is so dear to us in these parts," muttered the fisherman, while he mixed the grog. The stranger took no notice of him. "I had to give three marks for the pint I bought for you."

The mate still remained silent.

"Please to remember, mate, that the money spent for your rum was mine," said

Ebbe, in a surly tone.

"Oh! yes, I shall remember it. Make yourself easy; you shall have your money back. What are three marks to me? I could cover you with gold, if it were not a useless expense."

"Ebbe's eyes sparkled, and he looked with reverence at the unknown, as he approached the bed with the desired grog. The mate raised himself, seized the glass,

and emptied it at one draught.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, while his face was distorted with pain, "that was warm. It burned me more than the confounded wound, but it will do me good for all that."

"No doubt you have made many long voyages, sir?" said the fisherman, after a short silence.

"Yes I have," replied the stranger; you may swear to that."

"And is that how you have gathered so much money?"

"What money?" asked the mate.

"That which might cover me with gold, if you liked."

"Oh! to be sure—no, indeed! That would have been impossible. The money I own I could not have made myself if I had been as old as the German Ocean."

"Mercy on us! How can you carry so

much money about with you?"

"Who said that I carried it about with Blockhead! I have disposed of it better than that. The earth keeps it safely for me; I can take it when I want it; and I intend to take it up as soon as I am well. Then we shall have a jolly life. It has been long enough of commencing. But don't talk any more to me now; the

pain is increasing."

Shortly after Jörgen, accompanied by the smith, entered the hut. The shipwrecked guest turned his face toward the wall as they approached, but on Jörgen's informing him that the doctor had come, he muttered a few unintelligible words, and then stretched forth his hand, without altering his position. The smith evidently misunderstood the meaning of the action, for he laid hold of the outstretched hand and shook it heartily, while he said in a cheerful tone, "Good morning."

"The mischief take you!" cried the sailor, as he raised himself quickly. "What sort of a doctor is that you have brought me, young man? I put out my hand that he might feel my pulse, as they always used to do at the hospitals, and he wrings it so furiously that I feel the shock through

my whole body. Confound it!"

When the smith heard these words, which were spoken in the Low German dialect, his scarlet face assumed a very

benignant expression.

"So you are a German!" he exclaimed, in the same dialect; "then we are almost countrymen. So much the better. have nothing to do with your pulse, my good friend, and I should like to ask any sensible man, what use there would be in feeling the arm when the wound is in the breast. Turn over a little bit toward the window, and let us see what the injury is. If you are not able to move yourself, let me get hold of you, and I will turn you in the twinkling of an eye."

There was something in the smith's sharp and determined way of speaking that seemed to please the stranger; he turned toward the light, and opened his vest and his under garment. However rough and unsusceptible the three spectators might have been, they all started | evening."

back at the sight of the frightful wound which they beheld before them.

"Well, what do you say to this?" asked

the sufferer.

"Heavens and earth!" cried the smith, grasping his own hair tightly in his dismay. "This really does look dangerous! I would rather have to deal with a horse in the worst case of staggers, than to cure such an awful hurt. The person who expects to set you to rights must indeed look sharp."

"Of course you must look sharp; but only standing staring at me won't be of any use," said Fourness. "What do you

think of doing with it?"

"You must have a good large plaster on it; and you must take some medicine.

I have brought my pills with me."

"The plaster with all my heart; get it ready at once; but I'll have none of your pills. I once swallowed a whole boxful of pills, and they did not do me the least good."

"But you must take the pills," replied the Smith, decidedly. "There is no use in jabbering about your past experience, my good man; you have got a nasty wound in your chest, as you see yourself, but you also feel ill internally, don't you?"

"To be sure I do."

"Now listen. I know what I am about. A breast like yours resembles a watch that has been smashed almost to pieces. What would be the use of putting in a new glass if the works inside were not repaired also? So you must take the pills; and if you make any fuss about it, we shall have to hold you fast, stick the handle of a hammer in your mouth to keep it open, and so pop them down your throat. I know how to manage you."

"The mate felt himself too weak to struggle with his powerful medical attendant, and he made no farther objections. The smith cast a significant glance toward the two young fishermen as he betook himself to the table, where he set about spreading an enormous pitch plaster.

"Come, this will do you good!" he said, when he returned to the bed to put the plaster on the wound. "And see, here is a packet of pills. I shall give you some of these at once, and if you should be worse before I come back, you must take half a dozen more; they will certainly relieve you. I shall call again early in the

The wound was bandaged, and, after giving a few directions, the smith left the hut. Toward the afternoon the invalid became much worse, in spite of the remedies which had been applied. The wound burned under the pitch plaster; he tore it off, and, cursing and swearing, he refused to take any more of the prescribed pills. In this state the smith found him in the evening.

"How do you really think that he is?" asked Ebbe, who had called the learned

man aside.

"Well, I think it is a very doubtful case," replied the smith. "Since my pills have done him no good, not to speak of the plaster, I am inclined to believe he is pretty near his last gasp."

"Do you mean that he is actually in danger?" inquired Ebbe, with a degree of interest which was inspired by the thoughts of the mate's gold and the unpaid rum.

"When a person is ill there is always danger," said the smith; "and as he will not use the means for his recovery which I advise, I think the best thing either you or Jörgen could do would be to go and call the parish doctor."

"You are right," said Ebbe. "I will

go for him."

"When you see him, you need not say any thing about my having been here. These folks with diplomas are so very jealous. And I think you had better lose no time before you set off. And—by-the-by, Ebbe, you can keep the rest of my pills, lest you should be ill yourself some day. They won't spoil by keeping."

The smith took his departure, and Ebbe soon after also left the hut, and set off for Ringkjöbing to call the doctor. Jörgen

remained alone with the patient.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

From the London Review.

MODERN SACRED ART IN ENGLAND.*

A Greek sculptor or painter must have worked at his employment with feelings scarcely conceivable by a modern artist. If he were a man of power, his doubts concerning the moral relations and destiny of man could never so far distract as to disable him. Of any life to come, his mind could take but a feeble hold. Where his imagination broke through the vail of the material, it was not into more ample regions of the unseen and future, which awe and absorb the mind of the Christian. He might "have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;" but Proteus laid no restraints upon his conscience. The gods of Olympus, if to men of vivid fancy in some dark hours a cause of nameless fear, must have been, on the whole, a gigantic and solemn amusement. Enough of the vague, the visionary, and the spir-

itual existed in paganism to meet that first demand of great art, a belief in what is unseen; but not enough to raise doubts that could alarm a tender conscience or affright a reverent fancy. A glimmering notion of the possibility of immortal life filled the mind with enlivening wonder; but its great uncertainty threw back the baffled imagination with tenfold force on what was material. Posthumous fame, with us an imaginative, was, to the artist of the time of Pericles, the only real, immortality; and a pathetic sense of the shortness of human life, and its contrast with the enduring works of man, must have nerved his hand and fired his brain to project along the future something which would preserve his memory, otherwise destined to perish like the autumn leaf. Whatever gave him an opportunity to exercise the chisel or the pencil he would watch with rapt attention. Shape and show were the anchor of his hope;

^{*} Catalogues of the Royal Academy of Arts. 1800 to 1861.

and as he witnessed the swift sally of the gladiator, the twisted fury of the wrestler, or the stately pacing of the senator, he looked the more eagerly, because they presented him with the means of securing an everlasting name. In the fleeting elements of feminine beauty, attractive through all time, he saw his wealth of With what intensity tame increased. would be follow every motion of "the white-stoled Tanagræan maids," while listening to their "plaintive roundelay," to seize some gesture in which all the lines of the whole would flow together into a crested harmonious wave, caught just before its nodding fall, and fixed in eternal marble!

In the Greek statues that remain to us, every stroke of the chisel bears witness that those who wrought them had a set. tled conviction that their work was not running to waste; that there was no need to hurry; that they did what was worth all their labor and sacrifice. The witness is no less clear that whatever incentive could come to them from their religion was felt in its greatest force. The gods approved when Phidias carved those hidden portions of the Theseus and Ilissus, on which the shadows of their sheltering pediment fell. A sacred impulse kindled his imagination, warmed his hand, and strengthened his heart. All things combined to help him—religious motive, hope of future remembrance, present acclamation, and substantial pecuniary reward. With the Greeks art was life, and the able artist lived among them like a demigod.

The advent of Christianity broke the spell of ages—

"From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius was with sighing sent;"

and the early Christians, so closely had art been associated with idolatry, would not admit into their communion any one who practiced it, though with unconscious inconsistency they carried in their hands lamps and vessels on which lyres, and palms, and lambs, and crowns were painted or embossed; thus granting its essential principle. For this we readily excuse them. There are junctures in the history of human progress when the best things become so surrounded by evil associations that for a while great sacrifices must be

made, even if advancement be rendered halting and slow.

After the revival of art under the auspices of the Church of Rome, and until it reached its culmination in the sixteenth century, the painter had nothing to complain of. There was little difference between the incentives felt by Raphael and by Phidias. The sphere of art was enlarged. The true immortality had been brought to light, and the key of it was professedly kept by the Church, whose policy it was to darken the eyes of the. soul by glaring beams of external splendor. No privileges and immunities were greater than those enjoyed by artists who could embellish the Church and support the Papal State. Michael Angelo could make free with the Pope; Raphael lived like a prince; and whatever rewards and encouragements could keep them interested in their pursuit were liberally showered upon them. Their work may be imperfect; but it bears no traces of langor or inward discouragement.

The Reformation burst like a storm on the crowned head of the genius of painting, and, though it did not annihilate, it greatly enfeebled her. During the ages that have passed since then, her recovery has been slow.

One would think that the more pure the form of religion, the more complete would be the development of the entire range of human faculties. In science, in poetry, in general learning, Protestantism has justified this supposition. But over the subject of Art there yet rests much discouragement.

We ought, with such clear light, such increasing liberty, so much of all that can stimulate mind and elevate motive, to have works greater than have ever been produced in the world's history; yet, while science progresses with the strides of a giant, art, particularly that which is sacred, creeps along comparatively feeble and cold. Shall we conclude that this is because it is an idle, useless, or unlawful thing? or that while a pure religion encourages whatever appeals to the reason, and whatever busies itself with the mechanism of the universe, it finds no place or employment, and bestows no approval on that which educates the imagination and refines the taste?

them. There are junctures in the history of human progress when the best things become so surrounded by evil associations that for a while great sacrifices must be to throw out some fragmentary suggestant to throw out some fragmentary suggestant to the sacrifices must be to the sacrification of the sacrification and the sacrification of the sacrificat

scruples and questionings with which it is encumbered.

It is curious to contrast the unruffled delight of the growing boy and girl who is "fond of pictures," with the fretful and gloomy hesitation of the conscientious lover of art in our own day. Some of these are historical, others may arise out of the nature of the pursuit itself.

Could we conceive of the pure Christian culture of a mind strongly susceptible of the beauty of nature, (the true root of all delight in art,) unbiassed by the complex associations which since the days of the Reformation have entangled the question, we could scarcely imagine any perturbation to have arisen.

What then is the origin of those doubts which at times becloud the delight of Christians in a pursuit, to say the least, innocent, and hinder a more careful cultivation of that which when rightly used is so helpful.

Its great abuse in past ages originates the most weighty scruple of all. But what does man not abuse? He turns the very "truth of God into a lie," and continually "worships and serves the creature." Man has not perverted art more than he has perverted other things; but the perversion is lamentably obvious, because the instrument so misused possesses a terrific and an universal power.

The instinct of "creation," as it is called, is not peculiar to an age or a race, but belongs, more or less, to all men and to all time. If a man "set up his idols in his heart," he has a dangerous ability to "set the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face," and to multiply his sin a thousand and a million fold. That which is sinful as a thought, becomes horribly and conspicuously so as an idol. When the image of gold is raised high on the plains of Dura, it darts its impiety into a nation's soul. Nor can we wonder at the heat of the Divine indignation which, because of multiplied idolatries, waxed hot, "vexing His people with all adversity," till after the Captivity in Babylon they were weaned from a mode of evil appaling in proportion to its power.

With the memory of the long sad histories of Israel and Judah fresh in our minds, we would deferentially regard the solemn watchfulness with which spiritual minded men listen to those who take high ground on the subject of Sacred Art. But leaving for a while this mournful as-

pect of the question, and in order to clear a way to considerations which may exhibit other and better uses of art as a friend and teacher, it will be needful to speak with elementary simplicity of what it professes to be and to do.

Thoughtless people, whose tastes lie in other directions, frequently confound a fondness for pictures with a love for paint and canvas—much as a Red Indian would at first take the European's delight in a book for a love of "black and white;" as if pictures were the end of art, and not a bridge between man's mind and the great forms of nature. And we are not furnished, in our current literature, with instructions clear enough to show them just how the matter stands.

In reading the defences and complaints made by lovers of art against the opposition or indifference of the public, we are dissatisfied with the exceeding generality of their statements. We are irritated rather than enlightened; irritated by the strong claims made upon us, and bewildered by the obscure explanations given. A clear analysis would be a work of much labor; nor shall we systematically attempt even an outline.

The root of art is the love of natural aspects; a desire to dwell upon them—a desire to communicate our impressions to others. The sky hangs over us like a dome—the oak is broad and gnarled —the birch pendent and silvery—Mont Blanc rises in buttress and plateau, peak and dome — Lincolnshire spreads level and low—man and woman walk in infinitely varied outline, size, and color — the elephant tramps along with unwieldly ease —the tiger bounds lightly on his prey. How deeply is the endless variety of form which, from the mulecule to the Alp, meets our eye, intended to impress by its aspect—to become part of our mental furniture—to create and administer to the evolution of moral influence—to touch the springs of joy and awe? What speech or language is there in these things? How far, how deeply trenched, has "their line gone out to the end of the world?"

Whatever may be told us by their aspect, of that the most exact reproduction possible to man is found in representative art, which is but the beholding of it as in a glass, instead of in its own substantial beauty.

ground on the subject of Sacred Art. Though the influence of the shows of But leaving for a while this mournful as nature is felt more or less by all, though

it is the office of art to represent them, and though in some few respects art challenges comparison with its original, it is a mistake to suppose that it claims to be looked upon as the rival of nature. That to which it emphatically and boldly lays claim is its right to be compared with any other mode of reproducing natural appearances before the mind.

Painting has the power of holding the mirror up to nature in a sense which differs from literature, not only in degree, but in kind. Words are symbols. Pictures are imitations. Words stand for the things they describe, but in no degree resemble them. Pictures deal with the very qualities they profess to describe. As a face in a mirror, so far as look goes, is much the same thing as a face out of a mirror, so it is with a well executed picture; and painting approaches in influence the object itself just in proportion to the quantity of influential attributes it reproduces.

If Peter Bell sees nothing in "a primrose by a river's brim," he will be indifferent to a primrose from the pencil of Miss Mutrie; but if the eye that looks on nature is fed with gazing, by what process of objection can it refuse to receive, so far as they can be actually recalled and rendered permanent, continuous and reiterated impressions from an instrument which represents the very elements of the object it imitates, rather than from dark symbols that require to be replaced by mental images before they give any intelligence at all? There can be neither virtue nor sense in using a roundabout mode of acquiring knowledge or producing emotion when a more speedy and impressive one is at hand. Any denial of the uses of representation can be urged only by those who have never analyzed the essential difference between imitative and symbolic methods of communicating knowledge, or by those who have some superstitious prejudice against it. Its directness, clearness, vividness, and the simultaneous way in which the whole and its included parts present themselves for observation, give to it, within certain limits, an unspeakable power of impression. The fact, that pictures not only please children at an early age, but instruct them before they know the use of words, is not so much a proof that a love of them is a peculiarly childish

rect and triumphant power of communicating knowledge.

There is, as has been already said, a sense in which painting challenges comparison with nature herself, as a source of interest and information. It does so in its unrestricted power of selection, which can inclose the loveliest or the grandest things, and exclude the ugly, the irritating, and the trivial; of generalization, which prevents the laboring mind from being overcrowded by multitude, or distracted by irrelevance; of relation, which can bring together in a golden chain what lies unlinked and distant over the field of the actual or possible; of quantity, which can weigh to a grain what the mind is able to receive with profit and delight; and of emphasis, which can brighten into pro minence what is best and foremost, and bury in shade, or diminish by distance, whatever would interfere with its main design. May we not say, that these powers are rendered more effectual by that quiescence which in some moods is so soothing, when compared with the changeful restlessness of the loveliest things in nature; and that permanence, one of art's most noble attributes, which must have been present to the mind of the monk, who said to Wilkie in Spain, as they looked on the glowing walls: "They are substance, it is we who are the shadows."

In order to judge how far these qualities may be rendered subservient to the teaching of sacred truth, we ought to know how far it has pleased God to present that truth to the mind of man by appealing to his power of observing and conceiving of the forms of nature.

To the reader of the Bible this appeal is so constant, that he can scarcely read a page without having the mind filled with lively images, as distinguished from dry statements. It would lead us too far to recall and describe them in the slightest way, from the pastoral sublimity of the Book of Genesis to the obscure suggestive magnificence of the Book of Revelation. We can not think of the Parables without a gush of picturesque conception. We have all seen, or the parable has not answered its intended purpose, our own sower on the slopes of Tiberias, the flash of the flying seed, and flutter of the thronging birds. We have seen how often, how vividly! the eager departure of pleasure, as that in pictures there is a di- | the prodigal son, his worn and weary return; and, as if we had known him, the scowl, the folded arms and bitter lip of the clder brother, sulkily watching the sweep of the best robe in the curving dance.

Have such thoughts we must, if we read the parables. Then what, as distinguished from their "moral," is the value and influence of these vital forms with which our minds are swarming? Are we thus furnished, having our imagination teeming with richly-associated images, less likely to profit by them in proportion to their distinctness? If we could take our pencil and, when their exceeding beauty or tenderness invited to expression, exhibit them in an outward life of their own, no longer solely ours, and, opening the chambers of sacred imagery, make our generation share and echo our own thoughts, and be moved by our own emotions, how can it be shown that their utterance would make them futile or evil? The essence of idolatry is not embodiment. The same law that would condemn a thought outside a man would condemn its presence within. To say the least, such "large utterance" would be innocent; and there still remains its inexhaustible power, which is surely neither lessened nor profaned by being employed in giving clearness and force to our ideas of divine truth.

The partial jealousies and groundless comparisons made between painting and poetry, language and form—as if the advantages of one mode of instruction must imply the degradation of the other—have helped to retard both mental and moral progress. Whatever modes of acquiring knowledge precede the use of this instrument will still remain; for the life of art interferes in no way with the province of letters. It rather enlarges its borders. He will use words most forcibly who sees images most clearly, and literature and art must unite before the human race help itself to balanced wings in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, and give full play to all its available faculties and gifts.

If its lawfulness, as a means of communicating instruction and impression, be admitted, what promise of succor and illustration can art give to religion?

There has been much intemperance on opposing sides in answering this question. An exaggerated estimate of its powers on the one hand, and an unreasonable contempt and indifference on the other, have I barley, how did he tie them on, and what

caused a contention far too long and bitter.

By one class it has almost been confounded with religion itself; by another, with the enemies of religion. The truth is, that Divine power is no more inherent in this than in other modes of mere expression and communication. forms of art, as with the mere letter of Scripture, "the flesh profiteth nothing." It is a vivid and forcible way of setting forth what it undertakes to exhibit, but the good or harm of its influence lies much deeper than itself. A right-minded painter, writer, speaker, out of the good treasure of his heart will bring forth good things; an evil one evil things, while the method of expression remains the same in both cases.

There are two main conditions which must be complied with, in order to the usefulness of art to sacred ends. The first, which it has in common with other kinds of art, is the reproduction of essential facts.

There are certain necessities of art which make it more difficult than literature in those respects. One of the foremost of its difficulties is that in whatever it undertakes to exhibit it must define and decide its component parts. In writing a landscape, the pen of Milton slips easily over "russet lawns and fallows gray." The painter's lawns must be russet, his fallows must be gray, but he must also account for every visible rood of them, show where they rise and fall, and whether they are divided by hedges or hurdles. It is not enough to imagine mountains in the abstract, with clouds resting on their barren breasts; he must know the incline of their crests, the rounding of their domes; and every cloudwreath must be defined on the windward side, kindled exactly where the sunlight ought to strike its summits, retreating in arcades of shadow, where the beam does not search it, suffused with its proper colors, tender as pearl, quick as the eastern fires.

It is not enough to tell us, in the general, that "shield, helmet, man, pressed helmet, man, and shield." What sort of helmet, good painter? had it a vizor, or a nose-piece? and what was the device that held its plume? and was the shield round or square, long or short? If the golden greaves of Sir Lancelot glisten among the objects did they reflect, and how did they fit round ankle and knee? and, if they are "splashed with drops of onset," how does a thin coat of dried blood look on a gilt ground?

What an author does not know, he need not tell; but a painter must. Let the reader only consider the enormity of the demand thus made on the artist, and he will concede that it is too much to expect every kind and mode of visible truth in the representation of imaginary facts. Said a friend, "I see it so plainly in my mind's eye, that if I were limner I could paint it." "I am not so sure of that," was the reply; "is his right arm up or down?" He was not prepared to say. "What has he on his head?" He did not know. "What is the shape of his beard?" but he could not tell, nor whether it reached to his waist, or fell only six inches below his chin. He was confusing awakened emotion and imperfect conception with clear and accurate knowledge. Our actual acquaintance with the commonest things shrinks before any catechetical inquiry to a measure vexatiously small; and it is well sometimes to put our positive knowledge to the test. Most of us think we know how a cow looks in profile. We know, negatively, that a cow is not a horse, but that is not direct knowledge of the aspect of a cow. In what precise curve does the neck recede from behind the horns to the shoulder, and what line would conduct us from the top of the neck to the end of the nose? Could we even get between the horns? A slate and slatepencil, used to answer such questions as these, will help to teach us to look about a little more.

One of the most discouraging things the artist meets is the intolerance and dullness which is manifested for want of sympathy with the nature of this difficulty. Yet let us not plead for inexactness, or want of naturalness. Let all that is introduced be natural; let it harmonize with the sentiment of the subject. And we ought, if the work bears internal evidence of sincerity, to be content, though the dresses are not exactly those of "the period," though the plants and flowers did not, and, perhaps, could not, grow in Palestine; and though the physiognomies be not so true to the teaching of ethnological science as we might conceive possible.

Bible stories are not mainly dependent | pierced through her soul; how else could

for their force on these things. The Bible is a book for the world, and for all time; and, provided the broad, consistent elements of humanity and true faith be not wanting, we can afford to dispense with more archæology. What person of any feeling or apprehension starts back in contempt from Rembrandt's "Nativity" in the National Gallery? Does it not rather throw such a spell of the "blessed season" over him, as the sound of carols, faint in the frosty moonlight, twines with his dreams, spreading before his eyes in a vision the happy, angel-haunted pastures of Bethlehem? The shepherds are Dutch shepherds, it is true, and come into the dim-lighted stable with brood-brimmed hats and horn lanterns; but do we not feel that there is stronger seizure of the universal boon, "Unto us a Child is born," than in those more labored attempts which look but at the outside of things, and in what is called "correctness" lose the essential truth that these things did not occur for Palestine, but for Man? So in that sublime sketch of "Jacob's Dream" in the Dulwich Gallery. Who with ordinary insight thinks or cares whether that strip of lonely heath faithfully represents an Eastern desert, or that tattered sleeper, the exact portrait of Jacob the exile, while, beholding, he is carried far into the essence of the story—desolate nightgleam beyond the earth's low mounds silent hovering of ghostly plumes below the abysmal glory?

But from the sacred painter, of all others, we have a right to ask that infusion of the sacred spirit which alone can make his art the handmaid of religion. No man will ever paint well what he does not deeply feel; and in nothing does the inward temper of a man declare itself more plainly than in what he paints. See how the spur and plume of Sir Peter Paul Rubens clank and wave among the divinest mysteries! His pictures show no evidence that the habit of his soul was that of either penitent fear or adoring love. But if we gaze at that wondrous face of the dead Saviour, by Francia, in the National Gallery, how can we fail to conclude that at least the pathos of the subject had been completely realized by him? If Correggio did not feel all the divinity of his main subject in the "Ecce Homo," he felt sympathy with the pangs of the fainting Virgin when the sword

he have given the strange, seldom-seen quiver of the lip, and droop of the eyelid, than which nothing more touching has ever been reached by the pencil? Before Sacred Art can become a thing directly profitable to the souls of men, it must be executed out of that abundance of the heart which alone will waken responsive echoes. How is it to be expected that the conscience can be reached by men whose own conscience is callous or perverted? Without a devout heart and an enlightened mind, joined to adequate capacity for the execution of their mental conceptions, artists will never become really helpful to the cause of true re-

ligion. And, moreover, in undertaking sacred subjects at all, without, at least, the safeguard of right motive, they are in great danger of sacrilege. The flippant, in many cases the insolent, way in which sacred subjects are made a theme for the use of the pencil, is frequently not less than horrifying. Let any painter, before he undertakes them, ponder the following considerations—first, that, according to its own statement of its functions, all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for correction, reproof, and instruction in righteousness; and that whether it be illustrated by words, or by lines and colors, the illustration ought to accord with the intent of the men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Secondly, that, where that intent is altered, it will not be easy to show how the mere fact that the utterance is pictorial, can free any man from the liability of those who add to, or alter, Scripture. Third, that a work of art, and the more in proportion to its excellence of execution, has usually as wide an influence, though it be silent and unrecorded, as any thing else produced by man. When it leaves the hands of the painter, then begins that solemn reflex action which goes on for three or four hundred years. be exposed to public view, who can compute the amount of mind which it affects? Swarm after swarm of men, hour after hour may pass by it, and in a few glances its influence is exerted on them, consciously it may be, or unconsciously, for good or In numberless minds that image which entered through the outward eye can never be effaced. It will dawn upon the inner eye that lives on the mysterious wealth of the mind; and the soul will be tures, no doubt moves many a heart to

moved by it again and again. Long after the hand that produced it is turned to dust, the thought of the heart will work as freshly as ever. The painter who unthinkingly takes up such a subject for example, as "The Woman of Samaria," and, instead of the true sentiment of the scene, fills his foreground with the salient earthliness of an academy model, should pause before he send it out to the eyes of the world, either to affect the spectator with indifference, or to divert his imagination into tracks of evil by associations which even the nominal presence of the Saviour can not sanctify.

We would fain dwell upon that which has already been produced in England in the department of Sacred Art. But a rapid review of its products will convince us that very little has yet been done.

Except two or three portrait painters, England had no native art till the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It would be tedious to follow in detail the history of modern painting; but let the lover of it turn to the list of English masters since the days of Reynolds, and enumerate those who have risen above mediocrity. Let him separate the painters who have touched the subject of Sacred Art at all, and then compare the number of their sacred pictures with the number of their secular subjects, and he will be surprised to find how few they really are. We confess to a peculiarly humbling feeling on making the sur-

vey for ourselves.

The sacred subjects of Reynolds were very small in number, and not very subduing. The Infant Samuel is a sweet little modern praying child. The Holy Family is a remarkably fine study of composition, color, and execution, but with no depth of sacredness. Cotemporary with Reynolds was Benjamin West. West was not the contemptible painter that by some he is held to be; nor, considering the small amount of mind employed in the higher walks of art, is there much warrant for the scoffing tone in which writers of criticisms dismiss the claims of a man who will retain his hold on the general public to a large extent, in spite of the disrelish of the few. There are good heads in the "Christ healing the Sick," in the Vernon Gallery—a good head of a blind girl, for example, leaning back; and the expression in the sick man's face, in the foreground, with his glassy eye and glistening fea-

deep feeling. The picture may be tame; but, on the whole, it not only does the unlearned no harm, but gives immense pleasure and profit. Critics are much too apt to consider the effect of a picture on themselves alone, and can not, or will not, contemplate the vast number of personalities beside their own, to whom pictures address themselves, and who will persist in being pleased in spite of canons, of which they are on some grounds happily, ignorant.

After Reynolds, came Northcote, who, when he did his best, was just a respectable painter. Being fond of animals, he painted Daniel in the Lions' Den, and made a good study of lions gaping and growling. The fate of the disobedient prophet also furnished him with a good lion and ass. And Balaam, met by the angel, gave him a first rate opportunity to make the most of Balaam's large ass in a panic.

Another venerable link between Reynolds and our own days was Stothard. When Reynolds died, Stothard was thirtyeight years old. His mental and moral qualities fitted him in the highest degree for the appropriate illustration of sacred subject; and to no artist, unless it be Angelico, could we point with more satisfaction and security, as an exemplification of what art can do, in giving that feeling of serene and sacred equanimity which seems to pervade his designs. A skillful mental use of Stothard's work is a secret worth learning by any one looking for elevation and refinement in the domain of art. To enjoy it, and profit by it, it is not advisable to take too much at once, so as to feel the satiety produced by his "manner;" but with judicious use, the pastoral reed of poetry can not soothe and calm the spirit more than the sight or memory of some of his little idylls. Let the reader recall the "Jacob's Dream," with the right foot raised slumbrously, as if climbing the ladder of the skies; and "The Boaz and Ruth." Benignity, gentleness, stainless purity, flow from the mere memory of Meek Ruth stooping among the them. "alien corn," hearkening in soft surprise to the words, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust," as Stothard has set her before the eye of the world, breathes a quiet blessedness on all who look on her. There is a sense in which, to expression, with considerable feeling

in one direction at least, we might rest content with the mark Stothard has reached as to mode, and say: "Here we have found the province and the utility of sacred art." With great knowledge of drawing and composition, there was such an absence of parade, and such a profound and settled tranquillity pervading all his work, that even when he is not treating scriptural subjects the mind recognizes a scriptural charm. "The peace which passes all understanding" seems to brood over his professedly sacred works; and, even when treating classic or mythologic subjects, tends to drive away all unhallowed associations; and, if it does not suffuse them with a hue specifically Christian, it brings back the innocence and unbroken quiet of the fabled golden age. Stothard died, full of years, in 1834; and by that time William Hilton had attained the age of forty-seven. Unfortunately, the British public is not generally acquainted with those few pictures of his which best illustrate scriptural subjects; but those who have seen his "Crucifixion," in the Town Hall at Liverpool, remarkable for grand and solemn feeling; his "Raising of Lazarus," in the church at Newark; his "St. Peter delivered from Prison," lately exhibited at the British Institution, will feel that when he died, faintly recognized by his countrymen, they lost a man of high powers, who, if stimulated by due encouragement, would have left works of a very noble kind, to instruct and impress his nation. In looking at the single specimen of a scriptural subject, by Hilton, exhibitin the Vernon Gallery, "Rebecca at the Well," a strong regret is aroused that it is the only sample of his powers in that direction before the public. Compared with the pictures above mentioned, it is weak, though bright and labored, and has much the air of being painted under such a depression as five-and-thirty years of neglect will hang upon the spirit of a man, however brave and true.

If ever a human being made great assumption of power in a pursuit for which he was eminently disqualified, it was Haydon, when he entered with his contentious and sarcastic spirit upon the production of pictures of a religious order. No one will deny him the credit of possessing great artistic abilities, such as knowledge of drawing and anatomy, and its relation

for color; but neither in "The Judgment | of Solomon," nor in "The Resurrection of Lazarus," do we see the reverent temper, or the conceptive power, required for great success in subjects so ambitious. The unearthliness and masterly realization in the figure of Lazarus himself, make it one of the finest things in art, though it is more like a baleful and defiant apparition, come from the grave to rebuke and to denounce, than the Lazarus whom Jesus loved. Haydon is much more at home in the figure of Nero, with his gladiator's sullen neck, leonine brow, and cropped hair, harping behind the bristling swordfence of his guards; while the flames of Rome soar to embrace its rich pediments and tottering triumphal columns. It will strike an interested observer to see how few subjects of a religious kind are pre-time traverse those delightful rooms.

sented in the two galleries of modern British painting made free to the public. In the Sheepshanks Gallery Mulready and Leslie are richly represented; but by these masters there is not an attempt at a sacred subject. In the Vernon Gallery, besides the Hilton, lately named, how little do we find! There is a mild influence in Eastlake's "Christ's weeping over Jerusalem"—with its Gospel suggestions of the lamb and the dove; the hen that gathers her chickens under her wing; the ax laid to the root of the tree; the lily; the good seed; and the white-walled city, nestling in its groves below—which has always made it a favorite with the public, and which must convey a large and profitable influence into the minds of the tens of thousand spectators who from time to

From the British Quarterly.

THE FAR EAST.* FORESTS LIFE THE IN 0 F

Doctor Johnson is reported to have apologized for an unduly long letter he wrote, by saying he had no time to make it shorter. As Mr. Spenser St. John has returned from official life in Borneo only to resume it in Hayti, perhaps a similar plea is to be urged on behalf of these bulky volumes about Borneo. They would have been greatly improved by condensation, and contain nothing which would have been injured by the process. Indeed, we have almost a fear that, for want of this, their unquestionable value and importance may run the risk of being overlooked.

His long residence in Borneo, his extensive intercourse with its population, and his various well-known qualifications otherwise, entitle Mr. St. John to speak with authority. He followed up his ac-

quaintance with the more civilized communities of Borneo with a self-introduotion to its wild tribes. Among these the Sea-Dayaks are the most numerous, the most warlike, and the most intelligent. They are imitative, too, not less than observant; and we hear of a chief on the Sakarang river whom Mr. St. John visited, and in whose house he was pleasantly surprised to see "colored representations of horses, knights in full armor, and ships drawn vigorously, but very inartistically, on the plank walls." The secret of it was, that the greatest traveller of modern times, the Illustrated London News, had found its way to Borneo and the Sakarang, and had served as a study for the charcoal, red-ochre, lime, and yellow-earth drawings of the artist chief. Among some of the wild tribes of Borneo the practice of human sacrifice is probably still continued, but not on a large scale or with frequency. Head-hunting, however, is to this day a cherished institution. It has come down from the earliest times, and has much re-

^{*} Life in the Forests of the Far East. By Spen-BER St. John, F.R.G.S., formerly Her Majesty's Consul-General in the great island of Borneo. With numerous illustrations. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

tarded the progress of the country. karang and Serihas," for example, "within the memory of living men, were a quiet, inoffensive people, paying taxes to their Malay chiefs, and suffering much from their oppressive practices—even their children being seized and sold into slavery. When the Malay communities quarreled, they summoned their Dayak followers around them, and led them on expeditions against each other. This accustomed the aborigines to the sea; and being found hard-working and willing men, the Malays and Lanum pirates took them out in their marauding expeditions, dividing the plunder—the heads of the killed for the Dayaks, the goods and captives for themselves.

"Gradually they began to feel their own strength and superiority of numbers. In their later expeditions the Malays have followed rather than led. The longing these Dayaks have acquired for head-hunting is surprising. They say: 'The white men read books, we hunt for heads instead.' Until the Sarawak government curbed their proceedings they were known to coast down as far as Pontianak, and occasionally they had been met forty miles out at sea in their rattan-tied boats, some of them seventy feet in length. In rough weather most of the crew jump overboard and hold on to the sides while the rest bale the boat out. They say, when this occurs in places suspected to be frequented by sharks, they each tie a bundle of the tuba plant round their ankles, to drive the devouring fish away. The juice of the tuba is the one used to intoxicate fish. Parties of two or three sometimes went away for months on an inland incursion, taking nothing with them but salt wrapped up in their waist-cloths, with which they reasoned the young shoots, and leaves, and palm-cabbages, found in the forests; and when they returned home, they were as thin as scare-crows. . . . They have been known to keep watch in a well up to their chins in water, with a covering of a few leaves over their heads, to endeavor to cut off the first person who might come to draw water. At night they would drift down on a log, and cut the rattan cable of trading prahus, while others of their party would keep watch on the bank, knowing well where the stream would take the boat ashore; and when aground they kill the men and plunder the goods."

Mr. St. John next describes the Land- ceived at once what was the matter, bade

Dayaks, who, in spite of all their degradation, still retain a dim sort of belief in a Supreme Being, and who attribute their knowledge of agriculture and of religion to a supernatural source. Rice came to them in this way: "Once upon a time, when mankind had nothing to eat but a species of edible fungus that grows upon rotting trees, and there were no cereals to gladden and strengthen man's heart, a party of Dayaks—among whom was a man named Si Jura, whose descendants live to this day in the Dayak village of Simpok—went forth to sea. They sailed on for some time, until they came to a place at which they heard the distant roar of a large whirlpool, and, to their amazement, saw before them a huge fruit-tree rooted in the sky, and thence hanging down with its branches touching the waves. At the request of his companions Si Jura climbed among its boughs to collect the fruit, which was in abundance, and when he was there he found himself tempted to ascend the trunk and find out how the tree grew in that position. He did so, and at length got so high that his companions in the boat lost sight of him, and after waiting a certain time coolly sailed away, loaded with fruit. Looking down from his lofty position, Si Jura saw his friends making off, so he had no other resource but to go on climbing, in hope of reaching some resting-place. He therefore persevered, climbing higher and higher, till he reached the roots of the tree, and there he found himself in a new country—that of the Pleiades. There he met a being in the form of a man, named Si Kira, who took him to his house and hospitably entertained him. The food offered was a mess of soft white grainsboiled rice. 'Eat,' said Si Kira. 'What! those little maggots?' replied Si Jura. 'They are not maggots but boiled rice;' and Si Kira forthwith explained the process of planting, weeding, and reaping, and of pounding and boiling rice. Before eating, Si Kira's wife went to get some water, and during her absence Si Jura looked into a large jar near where he was sitting, and there, as in a telescope, he saw his father's house, and his parents, and brothers and sisters all assembled and talking. His spirits were much depressed at the remembrance of a home he might perhaps not see again, and instead of eating he began to weep. Si Kira, who perhim cheer up and eat away, for he would arrange every thing for him satisfactorily. So Si Jura made a hearty meal; and after eating, Si Kira gave him seed of three kinds of rice, instructed him how to cut down the forest, burn, plant, weed, and reap, take omens from birds, and celebrate harvest feasts; and then, by a long rope, let him down to earth again near his father's house."

The great feat recorded in Mr. St. John's first volume is his successful ascent of Kina-Balu, the highest mountain of insular Asia. We are not able to discover whether the explorers regarded themselves as fully repaid for their pains.

The second volume is occupied with the

author's expeditions into various parts of the interior, with an account of a most interesting visit to the Sulu group of islands, with other accounts of the kingdom of Borneo Proper, of the Chinese insurrection against the government of Sir James Brooke in Sarawak, and of the attempts at the conversion of the natives of Borneo by Protestant and by Roman Catholic missionaries. Both missions have failed, but the Romanist much more seriously than the Protestant. The illustrations of Mr. St. John's volumes, drawn and lithographed by the Messrs. Day, are beautiful specimens of the sort of work they have taught us to expect from them.

From Chambers's Journal

FEATHERS AND THEIR USES.

All nature ministers to man; all creatures are his purveyors. The winds that blow, the showers that fall, the sun that shines—all are means to his comfort. He has dominion over the beasts of the forest, the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air. It is with this last order of creation that we have now to do.

Beautiful in every variety of color and size, from the humming-bird, flitting through the sunshine of the tropics, to the kingly eagle of the north, from the ostrich of the desert to the lark of the English meadow, birds are among the fairest marvels of a world of beauty, and they have this above many other creatures, that not only do they while living charm our sight by their shape, and our sense by their song, but when dead, they adorn us with their clothing. They pour the thrill of melody in streams which make glad the hope of youth, and cheer the feebleness of age; and when they yield to the universal conqueror, their plumage lends beauty to man's rejoicing, and majesty to his grief. Their feathers wave on the hat of the infant, borne forth for the first time

tried world—they tremble above the brow of the warrior like his stricken foeman—they glisten in the warm light of courtly assemblies, where youth and love give grace to the midnight hour—and they quiver on the somber cortège which conducts the relics of departed humanity to its long home. Nay, more, their office extends beyond the grave; the feathers of birds have been made the means of perpetuating the history and wisdom of ages; they have caught and transmitted the glowing words of genius to posterity, have conveyed from heart to heart the language of love, or the tidings of sorrow, have given lasting shape to otherwise formless breathings of the spirit, and recorded memories else forgotten. "With the hand-guided feather, man writes."

with their clothing. They pour the thrill of melody in streams which make glad the hope of youth, and cheer the feebleness of age; and when they yield to the universal conqueror, their plumage lends beauty to man's rejoicing, and majesty to his grief. Their feathers wave on the hat of the infant, borne forth for the first time from its birthplace, to look upon an universal of the feather is truly a mechanical wonder. It has three parts—the quill, the shaft, and the vane. The quill, by which it is attached to the skin, is a hollow round tube, composed of coagulated albumen, and provided with a small orifice at each end, through which the other parts of the feather are nour-ished. From the quill grows the shaft,

which gradually assumes a four-sided form, and tapers off into a point. It is filled with pith, which serves to strengthen and support it, and is smooth and convex along the back, but concave and divided by a groove in front. The vane springs from the sides of the shaft, and consists of the barbs—flat plates placed with their sides toward each other, and their edges outward—and the barbules, which are appended to the barbs, and give to the feather its lightsome beauty. The position of the barbs renders it very difficult to bend them except in a line with the shaft. When the feather first issues from the skin of the bird, it is clothed with an outer sheath; this crumbles away after contact with the air for a time, and leaves all the parts free to unfold into their graceful shape. Naturalists give different names to the feathers of different parts of the body.

The adaptation of a feather to its purpose as a covering for birds and an instrument of motion, is as striking a display of Creative wisdom as any in existence. But our business is now with feathers in their uses to man.

The feathers most in esteem for decorative purposes are the long plumes from the wings and tail of the ostrich. The best are imported from Algiers; they also come from Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal.

On the continent, the feathers of the emu are favorites; as well as those of the ibis, bird of paradise, marabout, peacock, pheasant, plotus, vulture, eagle, swan, turkey, and heron. Some feathers are very costly; the heron plumes which the Knights of the Garter wear cost from fifty to one hundred guineas, owing to their scarcity. The hussars wear the large feathers of the egret. The Chinese mandarins mount the peacock's plume.

The humbler classes of feathers are in extensive request as stuffing for beds. It must have been any thing but a comfortable repose that our forefathers of the middle ages enjoyed upon their straw pallets, with "a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster." We of modern days esteem most highly the goose feather-bed. The geese are plucked in spring, midsummer, and the beginning of harvest. The only preparation the feathers need is drying in hot air, to purify them, and beating to clear away any refuse loose matter adhering to them. There is a wicked tradi- | sun, or the solitary monk who shook the

tion that they are best when plucked from living geese. Although, however, goosefeathers are esteemed most, those of the common poultry of all kinds are used, and many are imported. The feathers of the sooty petrel, found in great numbers near Bass's Strait, in Australia, are employed in large quantities. The down of the eider-duck is used to make the finest quilts for beds; but if slept upon, it loses its elasticity.

Quills for writing are also supplied by the goose. The five exterior wing-feathers are the only ones useful for this purpose, and of these the second and third are the best. The Dutch were long in possession of the secret of cleaning them so that the ink might flow freely along them. mode of doing this now commonly pursued is that of plunging the quill-end for a few moments into a bath of fine sand heated to one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and then rubbing it hard with flannel. Some are afterward made to look yellow, as if old, by dipping them into dilute muriatic acid. Quills are dressed by being thrust into fire a second, then laid on a flat bed called the plate, and drawn quickly beneath a blunt-edged knife termed a hook. Lastly, they are scrubbed with rough dog-fish skin by women, and tied up in bundles. Generally, the heaviest are the best.

It might seem to us that no two things could possibly be remoter from each other than feathers and warfare; yet few of the weapons used to destroy human life have been more fatally successful than the arrow, and this has owed its unerring aim to its flight having been made steady by feathers; the peaceful race of birds had much to do with winning Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and indeed every battle from the siege of Troy to the Reformation.

As we pass in review all these various uses of so everyday an article as a feather, we can not fail to observe the wonderful foresight displayed in its adaptation to so many ends. In itself and its fitness for its primary purpose, it is an evidence of skillful design, while its varied applications afford a variety of pleasure to the reflective mind. The sight of a feather may bring before our minds scenes of history and types of character the most opposite. It may conjure up the boastful Persian army whose arrows darkened the reward earthly toil and adorn worldly | yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them.

world with the quill that penned the success; or it may console our failing theses at Wittenberg. It may give to spirits by leading their reflections to the the gaze of our fancy the gorgeous cloth- | birds of the air, which sow not, nor reap, ing, the wealth, the state, the honor that which neither have storehouse nor barn,

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHER IN TOWN AND COUN-TRY. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Pages 320. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

WE have received from the publishers this neat and beautiful volume, printed on tinted paper, by H. O. Houghton, Riverside press, Cambridge, than whom there is no superior in the printing art. The work is from the pen of the Country Parson, whose writings have so often enriched the pages of the ECLECTIC. His style is rich, unique, and racy. His pen moves in a line of literary march rather different from most authors. The subjects in this volume fill some twelve chapters, in which there is a large amount of practical philosophy in the ordinary affairs of human life, which will render the mind wiser and better informed which peruses the book. The author's name and fame is a sufficient commendation of the book.

On LIBERTY. By John Stuart Mill. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

MR. MILL is an author of well-earned reputation in the literary world. The running title of the volume is of the "Liberty of Thought and Discussion." The introductory chapter fills thirty-two pages. In the second chapter the author discusses the liberty of the press and the freedom of opinion among mankind. He recounts the laws which have governed mankind in former ages, and which now find influence in England. The range of thought and discussion is clear, forcible, and well worthy the logical reputation of the author. In another chapter, the author dwells on Individuality as one of the elements of well-being. The manner of the discussion is instructive and will well repay the thinking mind. In other words, the volume contains much food to instruct, exercise, and strengthen the intellect.

AIDS TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION. Prepared for Students of all Grades. Embracing Specimens and Examples of School and College Exercises, and most of the Higher Departments of English Composition, both in Prose and Verse. By Rich-ABO GREENE PARKER, A.M. Twentieth Edition. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the best book on this subject which we have seen. Its title tells its character and objects. The fact that it has passed through twenty editions is good proof of the estimation in which it is held.

This is a book for the student, not only in the College and in the Seminary, but it ought to be the companion of every young man and every young lady in the land who desires to learn how to form language into narrative, for the common uses of life. Every young person should form a habit of writing often, if not daily, by exercising the mind and the pen in this very useful department of knowledge and education.

A NARROW escape, from what would have been a most deplorable calamity, on the day of the Princess Alexandra's entrance into London, is reported. About twelve o'clock, a steamer with between two and three hundred persons on board, was about to pass under London Bridge, when she struck the ground, and began to fill with water. The confusion was indescribable, but a number of boats put off, and rescued the crew and passengers. The steamer afterwards became a wreek.

On the seventh, a royal sturgeon, about eight feet long, and weighing about two hundred pounds, was conveyed to Windsor, as a marriage present, by the catcher, a fisherman from Chichester Harbor.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, on the tenth, her Majesty returned privately to the Castle by the North Terrace, to be in time to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales at the grand entrance, where her Majesty cordially embraced them, and accompanied them to the Princess of Wales' apartments.

HUSBANDS.—Young ladies are generally supposed to be, more or less, on the look-out for husbands. Nice dresses and pretty bonnets; music and dancing, and the polite accomplishments, in societies where these are cultivated, and very much of what is called society, are supposed to have this object in view. But the supply of good husbands is not equal to the demand. We see thousands of men around us whose married state is a constant marvel to us. We can not conceive how they ever induced any woman to have them. The standard of husbandly virtues requires to be raised, and the market better supplied.; Marriage, which develops all that is lovely in women, sometimes brings out the worst qualities in men. Many a woman at forty exceeds the promise of her girlhood; but how few are the men who do not fall very far short of the hopes of youth!

ALEXANDRA'S WELCOME.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Blow soft! March Wind! the song that thou singest Aloft in the sails, is a song of joy;
Flow free, O Tide! the freight which thou bringest Is human love that hath no alloy.

Refrain, wild Waves, from your restless tossing—
Faithful as couchant hounds that day—
Keep the sea, while our Bride is crossing,
Smooth as the face of some sheltered bay.

Ship! proud ship! ride thou swift and steady, Gently breasting the ocean foam— The land is near, and the welcome ready— Bear her safe to her island home.

Shifting Sands—which the waters, beating,
Furrow with many a rippling line—
Kiss her feet with your humblest greeting:
The land is hers by a right divine.

Wave, ye Flags, with a joyous duty,
Brightly wave as she steps on shore;
Shout, ye crowds, for the Danish Beauty,
Shout to the echo of "One cheer more!"

Prance, sleek Steeds, with your fairy burden, Follow, ye gazers, with breathless pace; Happy are they who can earn for guerdon, Some chance smile from that lovely face!

Boyish hearts, that by Thames' blue river,
In your fresh meadows of Eton, wait—
Send the cheer which your glad throats give her,
Like the lark's song, "to Heaven's high gate."

And when, in old age, with a fond emotion, Ye speak of the days of your youthful pride, Tell how the child of the Northern Ocean Rode in state as your Prince's bride.

Tell how to Windsor's gorgeous towers,
With eyes that sparkled, and eager arms.
And cheeks flushed red, like a chain of flowers,
Ye drew her on, in her maiden charms.

Knightly banners, whose varying glory Fills the chapel with colored gleams, Made to hallow St. George's story And copy the old chivalric dreams,

Silent hang, like a guard of honor,
While she kneels in the sacred fane;
Mute be the blesings showered upon her—
Loud the choristers' chanted strain!

Mantled Knights, by whose eyes now living, Form so lovely hath scarce been seen, Let your hearts be in secret giving Oaths of fealty to Beauty's Queen.

Vow the vow that would sure attend her Had she been born in those times afar, Each one sworn as her leal defender For tourney of peace, or chance of war.

Gleam, thou Ring, on her slender finger— Love eternal thy circle shows; All her life let the emblem linger Guarding her safe as she onward goes.

Smile, old Oaks, of the Forest Royal— Lovers have often sought your shade; Murmur, breezes, with voices loyal, "None so fair as this Danish maid."

Early Months of the dawning Summer, Whose wooing wild birds fluttering sing, Boast your claim to this new comer— Her Beauty belongs to the budding Spring.

And, O ye Years, that link dancing hours, Grant that, through many a future day, Her tears may be only like April showers, And her rosy lips keep the smile of May!

Then shout, ye Peoples! Through all your cities A glittering joy the night shall break; And hands that give, with a heart that pities, Shall feast the poor for their Prince's sake.

So should Old England's welcome be given!
Solemn and sweet is Love's tie divine,
And the mingled blessing of Earth and Heaven
Should echo the bells of the Nuptial Shrine.

EXTRAORDINARY ENGINE CHASE.—An extraordinary occurrence took place on the Caledonian Railway, a few days ago. An engine was detached from an up luggage-train at Beattock Station, and shunted on to the down line for the purpose of taking in wa-When this operation was completed, the driver, instead of going to the points and returning to his proper line, put on steam and started for the south alone. The fireman, who was on the platform, seeing that if the engine kept on it would inevitably meet the down limited mail face to face, lost no time in getting ready another engine, and started in chase. After a race of thirteen miles he overtook the truant engine near Lockerby, and on getting alongside leaped from one engine to the other, both going at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour at the time. He had just time to reverse the engine, wake up the driver, who was asleep, and then run to the adjacent signal post, when the limited mail came thundering along from Carlisle at forty miles an hour. It was fortunately stopped by the signal in time when within a few yards of the runaway engine.—Carlisle Journal.

THE ELECTION OF THE POPE.—A Paris letter in the Independance, of Brussels, apropos of the attention of religious circles being much occupied with the future conclave, in consequence of the precarious state of the Pope's health, says that every one does not know by what a singular coincidence Cardinal Mastai arrived at the Papal chair and became Pius IX. The conclave of 1846 only lasted two days. No one thought of Pius IX. Two Cardinals, Matthei and Acton, seemed to have good chances of being elected. The votes given to Pius IX. were only trial ones, in order to bring out serious candidates. In the game of election it was the coincidence of these chance votes, which, to the great dismay of the other Cardinals, gave a majority of two to him whom none of the electors had seriously thought of making a Pope.

The copyright for engraving Mr. W. P. Frith's picture of the royal marriage, has been secured at the price of five thousand guineas by the purchasers of Mr. Frith's last work. This sum is said to be the largest ever given for the copyright of any painting, exceeding by two thousand guineas the price paid to Sir Edward Landseer for his "Peace" and "War."

HAPPINESS.—Man, wishest thou to live happy and and wise? Attach thy heart only to that beauty which perishes not; let thy condition border thy desires; let thy duty precede thy wishes. Learn to love that which can never be taken away from thee learn to leave all when virtue orders it.

Wonders of the Atmosphere.—The atmosphere raises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto a crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps city and forest like enow-flakes to destruction before it.

And yet it is so mobile that we have lived for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all our senses. touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle to our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphant arch," the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold ether would not send snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor the hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a shield of her rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degress, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of the night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, and like man she goes forth again to labor price to subscribers is three guineas. until evening.

A RAILWAY ACROSS THE SIMPLON.—The Paris correspondent of the Brussels Independance writes: "On Sunday last the scheme for the passage of the Alps by railway over the Simplon was submitted to the Emperor, at the Tuileries. The plans are executed by the directors of the Italian line; and the President, one of the directors, and M. Lehaitre, the engineer, had the honor of presenting it. The Grand Diana Gallery had been placed at the disposal of these gentlemen, for the exhibition of the plans, which are forty metres in length. Some workmen had arranged along the whole length of this celebrated gallery wooden ascents and cross roads, by which were shown the general plan and outline of the route, so that the Emperor and the persons who accompanied him could, in walking, follow upon the maps the projected | yet undermines the foundations of every virtue.

lines from Douro D'Ossola, in Italy, to Brigues, in the Valais, and so effect, in imagination, an actual passage of the Alps, upon a reduced scale, it is true, of two thousand. This great work was commenced on the first of August last year, and ended on the seventh instant. About forty agents, divided into two brigades, one turning to the north, and the other to the south of the Alps, under the leadership of two engineers, have, during four months, explored the mountains, and traced the plan of the future railway, which is to pass over rocks, across torrents, fill up valleys, gorges, and precipices, before which science does not hesitate. The stimulus of having a great work to accomplish has alone sustained the picked men to whom the task was confided. They set up shelters and encampments in woods hitherto unexplored, carrying on their backs beds, clothing, and provisions, as they had often to live two or three leagues from any dwelling. It was frequently necessary to lower by ropes down the precipices the men who had to prepare the plans amid empty space, and the snow and avalanches more than once threatened to stop them summarily in their work. The result has been to put before the Emperor eighty kilometres of iron-way in the Helvetic Alps, forty-four of which will be covered over, twenty-three in tunnels, and twenty-one in galleries. All these passages are ventilated either by shafts for the tunnels, or lateral openings for the gallaries. These openings, cut at different points into arcades, have a startling appearance. They are veritable prominades a thousand metres above the sea, offering the same security as those of the Rue de Rivoli, which they resemble, but presenting a more picturesque and varied panorama. The execution of the plan, according to the authors, would occupy less than five years. At the end of this month the complete project of crossing the Alps by the Simplon will be officially submitted to the governments of France, Italy, and Switzerland. The estimated cost of this great project, including the fixed and rolling material, the interest of the capital employed, etc., is 72,000,000 francs."

Mr. W. H. Russell, LL.D., has consented to produce a complete history of the royal wedding, and the events and triumphal progresses antecedent thereto. The text will be accompanied by illustrative plates in full colors and gold, in double tinted lithography, and in wood engraving. The work is to be published by Messrs. Day & Son, and the

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

Vice.—He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just so sure as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness for the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a blood-hound, and tracks him to his fate.

Indocence is a stream which flows alowly on, but

"THE LOVELY NORTH STAR."

"There's a star in the North that can guide The wand'rer where'er he may roam; In the waste of the desert or tide That star tells the path to his home. Though others in clusters are bright, Still changeful as radiant they are, But faithful as truth through the night Is the beam of that lovely North Star.

"There's a land that presides o'er the sea; When its Prince would embark on love's tide With sailor-like prudence, then he Sought the star that in safety would guide; So he looked to the North and he found A ray answ'ring bright from afar: And may every blessing abound On his course by his lovely North Star."

Consumption of Spirits.—From a return just published, it appears that during the year ended thirty-first of December, 1862, there were 24,966,-960 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom—the proportions for each country being. England, 7,552,037; Scotland, 13,113,384; and Ireland, 4,301,539 gallons. During the same year the countries consumed spirits in the following proportions: England, 10,458,892; Scotland, 4,400,-271; Ireland, 3,977,024 gallons; and exported as follows: England, 572,973; Scotland, 2,985,854; and Ireland, 5,417,839 gallons. During the same year, the quantity of methylic alcohol sold by the Excise was 51,897 gallons, and mythylated spirits sent out by persons licensed to sell the same, 538,088 gallons.

DEATH-RATE OVER THE WORLD.—Dr. Macpherson, of Calcutta, has obtained, we are told, by a most toilsome process, certain sanitary statistics, from which a table has been compiled showing the annual death-rate, in every thousand of population of various places. We select some items: Thasmania, 13; Great Britain, 22; London, 25; France, 28; Prussia, 29; Madras, 30; Austria, 32; Russia, 33; Liverpool, (highest in England) 331; London, (in the cholera year, 1849, $33\frac{1}{2}$; Bombay, $37\frac{1}{2}$; Calcutta, 401; London, (in the sixteenth century,) 59; London, (during the Great Plague,) 80.

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.—The earth is inhabited by 1,288,000,000 of inhabitants, namely, 396,-000,000 of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race; 196,000,000 of the Ethiopian, 1,000,000 of the American Indian, and 200,000,-000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3064 languages and profess 1000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 333,338,333, or 91,954 per day, 3780 per hour, 60 per minute, or one per second; so that at every pulsation of our hearts a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 83 years. One fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons only one reaches his hundreth year, only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones, and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1000 marry. The months it when your father lost his head?"

of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. number of men able to bear arms is but one eighth of the population. The nature of the profession exercises a great influence on longevity; thus out of one hundred of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year is—among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 33; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; and physicians, 24; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others are most liable to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed. There are in the world 355,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 professing some of the Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 of Mohammedans, and 200,000,000 of Pagans. Of the Christians, 170,000,000 profess the Catholic, 76,000,000 the Greek, and 80,000,000 the Protestant creeds.

A Fancy Ball at Paris.—A grand fêle was given a short time since, by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Madame Droyun de Lhuys. Fancy dresses being the rule, the scene was of the most animated description. The Emperor and Empress were present. The latter was in black domino, whilst the former changed his costume several times. The Emperor went several times through the different salons, and then going up to a group, in the midst of which were the family of the Minister, took off his mask and asked whether he had been recognized. Among the characters the most remarked were Madame Gortschakoff, who was dressed as a boyarde with a coronal covered with pearls and diamonds; Madame du Bois de l'Etang, who wore a Polish costume; Madame Say, as Esther; the Princess Dolgorouky, as a bee-hive; and Madame de Pène, as an Egyptian. Madame Heeckeren was a complete rose-tree from head to foot, and Madame Deval was enveloped in ivy.

Those who walk most are generally the healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

How was It?—At dinner, the other day, there were present—one father, three daughters, one son, one mother, one brother, three grand-daughters, three sisters in law, one brother in law, three aunts, four cousins, one wife, one nephew, one grandson, three nieces, one husband, and three sisters. And yet, strange to say, there were only four persons present.

Ir the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

ADMIT no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Charles II., on remarking to Milton that his loss of sight was a judgment from heaven, was immediately silenced by the poet's retort of, "How was

BETTER THAN THAT.—The Emperor Joseph of Austria, was one day taking a ride in his carriage, and a sharp shower of rain came on, when an old invalide hobbled to the door, and asked him if he would allow him to get in, as he had his new uniform on for the first time, and he did not wish to get it spoilt. The Emperor acquiesced, and they soon got into conversation. Amongst other things, the old soldier mentioned that he had had a capital breakfast that morning. "What was it?" said the Emperor. "Well," said the Invalide, "guess." The Emperor good-humoredly complied, and went over all the dishes in vogue amongst the military, to all of which he got the answer of "Better than that." At last, finding that the stranger could not guess it, the old soldier acknowledged with great glee, that he had taken a pheasant out of the Imperial preserves. The Emperor seemed to think it a good joke, and the subject was dropped. When they had nearly reached the town, the old *Invalide*, who had been recounting some of his experience on the battle-field, said to the stranger: "You look like a military man yourself, sir; what position might you hold?" "Well," said the Emperor, much amused, "guess!" After having repeated all the grades in the army, from sergeant up to field-marshal, to all of which he got the answer, "Better than that," the truth of who the stranger was seemed to flash upon his mind, and his confusion can be better imagined than described. His poaching expedition was however pardoned by the Emperor, and the story of their meeting was ever after a favorite joke at court.

THE PRINCE OF WALES. — Of all the fourteen Princes who have borne this title, only five married when they were in possession of it, and out of this small number one was married abroad. Princes were, first, the renowned knight who won the triple plume and motto, Edward the Black Prince, who married Joan of Kent; second, Edward, son of Henry VI., who at Amboise married Lady Anne Neville, the daughter of the King-maker; third, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII., who at titeen years of age pledged his boyish vows to the unhappy Catherine of Arragon, afterwards the first of the many wives of his next brother Henry; fourth, Frederick, eldest son of George II., who at the age of twenty-nine married the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, in the Chapel Royal, St. James; and fifth and last, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., to the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick. Nearly seventy years have passed away since that last scandal was enacted, when the Prince Regent put the corner-stone to the cruel theory that Princes must marry without affection, by taking his wife literally according to the act of Parliament, and in return for the payment of his debts.

A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.—A letter from Gandiole (Senegal) states that an immense cloud of locusts passed over that place on the evening of the twenty-first of December. So great was their number that, as the cloud approached, the sky was quite darkened, and every one at first thought a thunderstorm was coming on. The whirring noise of their wings, however, soon made every one aware of what it really was, and preparations were hastily made to prevent them from alighting on the crops, but with only partial success, for millions of them fell, apparently from fatigue, and five minutes afterward scarcely any trace of vegetation remained on the spots they

covered. These locusts also committed great ravages near St. Louis. It is supposed they came from the valley of the Senegal, whence they were driven by the grass in the meadows having been set on fire.

A Lion Hunt.—The Arabs of the tribe of Harapas, whose douar is established in the skirts of the forest of Halloufa, near Tebessa, (province of Constantina,) having recently lost several head of cattle by wild beasts, a noted lion hunter of the tribe, named Ali Ben Djaffar, accompanied by one person only, went last week to beat in the neighboring thickets, in the hope of finding the marauder. After a long search, seeing a large lioness lying asleep, he fired at her. The ball passed through the animal's lip without doing her much injury. As his gun had only one barrel, he was now at the mercy of the infuriated lioness, which sprang on him and would soon have killed him, had not his companion come up and beat her about the head with the butt end of the gun that she took to flight. On the following day, Mohammed Ben Ali, Djaffar's son, a young man about twenty five years of age, who had already killed twenty lions, went, accompanied by one of his cousins, in search of the lioness from which his father had so narrowly escaped. After beating about the wood for three hours, Mohammed heard his companion give a loud shriek, and on hastening to the spot found him lying on the ground, and the lioness tearing him with her teeth. Fearing to hurt his friend if he fired from a distance, he ran up and struck the animal on the jaw with the stock of his gun. The moment she loosed her hold, he discharged both barrels into her heart, killing her on the spot, and, having obtained assistance, carried her body to Tebessa in triumph. The man who had been in danger was not much injured.

WHAT WILL EUGENIE SAY ?-Louis Napoleon recently paid a visit to Nancy.

FALSEHOOD.—Never chase a lie. Let it alone and it will chase itself to death. I can work out a good character much better than any one can lie me out of it.

CENSORIOUS PEOPLE.—It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.

Evr plucked but one apple from the tree of knowledge. Many a daughter of hers flatters herself that she has stripped the whole tree.

It is announced that a French edition of Queen Victoria's work, Meditations on Death and Eternity, translated by her Majesty's permission, by M. Ch. Bernard Derosné, will be published at Dentu's in the course of a few days.

During the last twelve months large bands of Jesuits have emigrated from the Kingdom of Italy to Austria. The middle and lower classes will have nothing to do with the astute followers of Loyola and Ligouri; but the high and mighty of the land receive them with open arms, and intrust their children to their care. The Archduke Maximilian, of Este, who has a spacious palace in Vienna, now gives board and lodging to twelve Jesuits—all, it is said, from Modena.

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is proved by many eye-witnesses, and admitted in this narrative. It is merely suggested that a conflict between the soldiery and the people was part of the programme, though nobody had the nerve to order the attack.

Wholesale imprisonment and deportation followed; no less than twenty-six thousand persons, formidable from their position or talents, being transported in the course of a few weeks. Then came the universal ballot, so contrived that only one result could follow, and, as a climax of the whole, a solemn Te Deum at Notre Dame; all which is related with withering scorn. Indeed, as a specimen of caustic writing, this chapter, of more than a hundred pages, stands almost unrivalled. Every care has been lavished upon it, each vigorous and perfect sentence shows a master's hand. It is a cold, keen, merciless dissection—a flaying alive, strip by strip, and fiber by fiber. As soon as the edge of one knife is dulled ever so little by use, it is quickly exchanged for another. Every sentence is a fresh torture—always provided that the victim has any feeling left.

"If his intellect was of a poorer quality than men supposed it to be at the time of the Anglo-French alliance, it was much above the low gauge which people used to assign to it in the earlier period which began in 1836 and ended at the close of 1851. That which had so long vailed his cleverness from the knowledge of mankind was the repulsive nature of the science at which he labored. Many men before him had suffered themselves to bring craft into politics; many more, toiling in humble grades, had applied their cunning skill in the conflicts which engage courts of law; but no living man, perhaps, except Prince Louis Bonaparte, had passed the hours of a studious youth and the prime of a thoughtful manhood in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence. It was not, perhaps, from natural baseness that his mind took this bent. The inclination to sit and sit planning for the attainment of some object of desire—thie, indeed, was in his nature; but the inclination to labor at the task of making law an engine of deceit this did not come perforce with his blood. Yet it came with his parentage. It is true he might have determined to reject the indication given him by the accident of his birth, and so remain a private citizen; but when once he resolved to become a pretender to the imperial throne, he of course had to try and see how it was possible —how it was possible in the midst of this century—that the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804 could be made to sit kindly upon the neck of France; and France being a European nation, a man of honor."—Vol. i., pp. 214, 215.

and the yoke, being in substance a yoke such as Tartars make for Chinese, it followed that the accommodating of the one to the other was

only to be effected by guile.

"For years the prince pursued his strange calling; and by the time his studies were over, he had become highly skilled. Long before the moment had come for bringing his crooked science into use, he had learnt how to frame a Constitution which should seem to enact one thing, and should really enact another. He knew how to put the word 'jury' in laws which robbed men of their freedom. He could set the snare which he called 'universal suffrage.' He knew how to strangle a nation in the night time with a thing he called a 'Plebiscite.'"—

Vol. i., pp. 209–211.

"It is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth. He understood truth, and in conversation he habitually preferred it to falsehood; but his truthfulness (though not perhaps contrived for such an end) sometimes became a means of deception, because after generating confidence it would suddenly break down under the presence of a strong motive. He could maintain friendly relations with a man and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. Of course, men finding themselves ensnared by what had appeared to be honesty in his character, were naturally inclined to believe that every semblance of a good quality was a mask; but it is more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that a truthfulness continuing for seven years was a genuine remnant of virtue, than that it was a mere preparation for falsehood. doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment; for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind, that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it."—Vol. i., pp. 212, 213.

"He was not by nature bloodthirsty nor cruel, and besides that in small matters he had kind and generous instincts, he was really so willing to act fairly until the motive for foul play was strong, that for months and months together he was able to live among English sporting men without disgrace; and if he was not so constituted nor so disciplined as to be able to refrain from any object of eager desire merely upon the theory that what he sought to do was wicked, there is ground for inferring that his perception of the difference between right and wrong had been dimmed (as it naturally would be) by the habit of seeking an ideal of manly worth in a personage like the first Bonaparte. It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity, if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say; for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand, and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of

Here and there, however, are a few coarser thrusts. For instance, at the Strasbourg attempt in 1836, we are told that

"The Prince, surrounded with men personating an imperial staff, was conducted to the barrack of the Forty sixth Regiment, and the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous in-door work which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes down-cast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic coatume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo."—P. 217.

The connection of the coup d'état with the invasion of the Crimea does not at first sight appear to be very close, except as showing that it was a necessity of the Emperor to distract the attention of the French people from his antecedents. As a powerful alliance would be the surest plan of gaining respectability and status, he resolved to join himself, if possible, with England, but if not, with one of the other great powers. Napoleon III. is thus brought upon the stage as a chief actor, but one always seeking his own ends, identifying himself with the army and not with the people, and keeping the interests of the nation subordinate to his This distinction the reader never loses sight of. It is not France that throws herself into the struggle, it is only the French Emperor, and his army. There is bitter truth in all this, and abundant cause for our indignation. But let us be just, nevertheless. There can not be one law for the Emperor, and another for the Czar. If the streets of Paris have been sodden with blood, so have the streets of Warsaw, and that again and again. All the furniture of invective is ransacked and brought out, to denounce the wholesale deportation after the fatal days of December; and they are words fitly chosen. But is Cayenne so many degrees more hopeless and more horrible than Siberia? Our sympathies are be-spoken for France betrayed, bound, (though without even a struggle) and prostrate. But is nothing due to Poland betrayed, trampled on, crushed, and still writhing—a living prey—in the slow agonies of a protracted death? There is

Nicholas, who did much the same things as his "good friend," though he did them more quietly, and apread them over the period of his whole life.

But here the one is made to serve as a foil to the other. The Czar Nicholas acts for himself, taking counsel of none; but it is his lawful prerogative. He is the head of his nation—its representative man; the head of his Church — its supreme pontiff. He had destroyed no Constitution-the Czar was the Constitution. He had seduced no troops-his soldiers delighted to call him father, and themselves his children. He had seized upon no exchequer to satisfy his clamorous necessities—all the resources of the empire lay in his own hand, uncontrolled, and unquestioned. This power he had used so wisely that it had never been fully taxed, and therefore seemed unlimited; and it had been so constantly successful, that it seemed a fate. Its mere superabundance and overflow toward a weaker neighbor sufficed to restore a kingdom which had passed away. Certainly in his mode of guiding the affairs of his empire there were to the outer world signs of wisdom, prudence, clear-sightedness, as well as of stern decision and a proud will. But when we look into the royal closet, of which Mr. Kinglake has the key, we see at this particular period a weak, impulsive, irritable man, lost to truth, driven half wild by opposition, false, deceitful, "not with the profound deceit of statecraft, but rather with the odd, purposeless cunning of a gipsy or a savage." He labors under attacks of religious enthusiasm—a sort of intermittent fever of piety-hot frenzy one day, and inanity the next. He is swayed violently by prejudices and fancies, if willful, wayward, and on certain points obstinate with the fatal persistence of weak men. It is suggested that years, and the cares of state, and over-exertion, had latterly wrought much mischief and destroyed the perfect balance of his mind. It did not amount to actual insanity, but still to a scrious degree of mental disturbance.

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cessive reigns been filled with the one idea of rescuing from the grasp of the Turk the millions of Christians of their own faith, and triumphantly placing the cross on the dome of St. Sophia. This universal enthusiasm strongly impelled the Czars forward; but the unfriendly attitude of Europe, the proverbial courage of the Turks, and, in case of success, the difficulty of governing from one center such an unwieldy empire as that stretching from Archangel to the Dardanelles, combined to form a counteracting power; and between the two, the councils of the empire had oscillated continually. the Russian people it was necessary to make a show of progress toward the great object of their desire, while to Europe it was necessary to appear quiescent. But this is not quite a fair view to give. mass of the Russian people were too ignorant to understand, or to care very much about the question. The active middle class of other European nations is not yet developed, and the nobles and landed proprietors as a body were too devoid of political ambition, and too fond of ease and luxury, to enter with all their heart into any scheme of conquest. The result proved this. For even during the war which followed, when the clash of actual conflict ought to have stirred the nation to its depths, no enthusiasm could be roused. The people were loyal and obedient, they bore heavy burdens, and made many sacrifices; but they showed docility only, and not enthusiasm. It was not the sterling, lofty, invincible purpose of a whole nation that we saw, but an imperial scheme backed by the mechanical and soulless force of the state. The plea of popular pressure can not be allowed. Whether it was ambition, or fanaticism, or whatever was the motive that prompted the interference in the East, it must be charged to the Czar, and not to the nation.

Mr. Kinglake asserts that when the English government refused to listen to those famous proposals for the spoliation of Turkey, the Emperor Nicholas abandoned his design. The quarrel for the custody of the Holy Places being too trivial to put before the world as an excuse for war, and the Montenegrin question, which was to have furnished the ostensible motive, being settled, there remained no sufficient ground for interference. He, therefore, "abandoned the

intention of going to war, and even deprived himself of the means of taking such a step with effect; for he stopped the purchase of horses required for enabling him to take the field." Had he dispersed his troops, dismantled his fleet, and countermanded the draughts of seamen assembling at Sebastopol, or had he done any one of these things, the evidence would surely have been more conclusive. This pacific mood did not last long, even according to the Czar's apologist; for the refraining from buying artillery horses became a restraint so painful, that all the warlike preparations were resumed. The troops marched to the borders of the Principalities, the fleet, which had long been preparing at Sebastopol, was made ready for sea, and then Prince Mentschikoff was sent to Constantinople—still, so far as we understand Mr. Kinglake, in a pacific sense, and without the intention of going to war. These menaces were only intended to give weight to a demand for the key of a church, and another little demand, made secretly, for the transferring the protectorate of twelve millions of the Sultan's subjects to the Emperor of All the Russias. This latter point was being denied at St. Petersburg, at the very moment that it was being enforced at Constantinople.

We must here glance at another of the dramatis personæ, who was destined to render Prince Mentschikoff and his arrogant mission powerless, and even contemptible, in the eyes of the Turks. Sir Stratford Canning had always been disliked by the Russian Emperor; but the feeling had deepened into hatred by reason of Sir Stratford's complete ascendency over the Porte, and the failure in unbroken succession of every Russian scheme that ran counter to his will. One description that is given of him is so choice a piece of writing, that, although it may be familiar to many readers, it is worth ex-

tracting again.

"This kinsman of Mr. Canning, the minister, had been bred from early life to the career of diplomacy, and whilst he was so young that he could still, perhaps, think in smooth Eton Alcaics more easily than in the diction of 'High Contracting Parties,' it was given him to negotiate a treaty which helped to bring ruin upon the enemy of his country. How to negotiate with a perfect skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it with-

out swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home Government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was moreover so gisted by nature that, whether men studied his dispatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only by-standers caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian; for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts, that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper, being always under control when purposes of State so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness; for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then, too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey, therefore, the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him."—Vol. i., pp. 111, 112.

If Louis Napoleon may be considered the evil genius of the piece, Lord Stratford is no less its good genius. He always appears at the right time, he always says the right thing, he always does the right However startling may be the Russian plot, he is always ready with a It is he who instills something of his own high courage into the frightened pashas, and sends them back to their posts, men once more. He is the mentor who guides them through all the sudden twists and mazes of the quarrel. And it is owing to his wise counsels, and to the power of his example, that the Turkish nation comports itself with a calmness, a moderation, a quiet dignity, contrasting all the more strongly with the attitude of its enemy, and winning for it the sympathies of Europe. We can not enter into this diplocords appear quite a fascinating study. the partition of Turkey, without a war if

But there runs through all a current of special pleading on behalf the Czar, that is hardly satisfactory to the English reader. Stated broadly, it is an effort to show that the Emperor Nicholas sought nothing more than a moral ascendency over the Turks—precisely the influence wielded by his skillful opponent, the English minister at the Porte—and that he was driven into the war by the conduct of the allies themselves.

The whole onus of bringing about the war is thrown upon Napoleon III., who, " when Europe was quiet, was obliged, for his very life's sake, to become its disturber." The charges against him are, that, seeing the value of the Eastern quarrel for his purpose, he first sided with the other powers against Russia; then seeing that the quadruple alliance would be irresistible, and therefore pacific, and unsuitable for any prominent action, he broke it up by offering to England to adopt her policy in the East in all its completeness, on the condition of a close alliance with her Government, and, finally, that, having detached England from the German powers, and gained the alliance which he sought, he assumed the direction of it, sometimes hastening and sometimes retarding events, and so fanning the quarrel, both secretly and openly, that was became unavoidable. But, although the French Emperor is an astute man, and one who wields a marvelous power over those with whom he comes in contact, it counter-plot. Nothing fails with him. is too much for us to believe that from the Nothing prospers against him. He is very first he gained such an ascendency one of Homer's heroes on Homer's own over the English cabinet as to sway it ground. He sees through all disguises, this way or that, at his mere will detects all errors, reads men's hearts, and pleasure. The alliance brought with divines the future, and commands success. it no advantage to England, at all comparable with that which at such a crisis it brought to the Emperor; and it is not to be supposed that this could be forgotten on either side. Indeed, both the course of events at home, and the instructions given to the ambassadors, and afterward to the commanders, tend to show that it was the English and not the French Government which took the lead. granting the truth of the charges to their fullest extent, yet as influencing the vital question of peace or war, there is nothing that can seriously be compared with the matic strife, the details of which are given Mentschikoff embassy, the invasion of the with such marvelous clearness and skill, Principalities, or the slaughter at Sinope. that Blue Books and Parliamentary re- The Czar had in the outset resolved on

possible, but at the cost of a war if necessary, though he never dreamed of such an opposition as he actually encountered opposition from every quarter, rigid and implacable. But his was one of those stubborn natures that are only hardened by opposition, and so, having once committed himself to an evil course, he resolved to press on at all hazards. We are, indeed, assured again and again that he sought an opportunity of withdrawing from the quarrel, but this does not seem to be borne out by the facts; for a strong effort made by the French Emperor to save him was repulsed with words of bitter insult. In fact, he had placed himself in a position from which there was in his eyes no honorable retreat. The Mentschikoff embassy was altogether so extraordinary, and was attended with so much pomp, and display, and overwhelming menace, as evidently to court attention. Could the first refusal of the demand be considered a favorable opportunity of withdrawing? Or the second? Or the rebuff administered by the Sultan? Or when, at one point of the negotiations, the shadow of success did attend him, was he, with a vast army waiting on the Pruth, to retire with the key of a churchdoor in Jerusalem, in lieu of the coveted protectorate—the very key of the Sultan's empire? And even if he had withdrawn, what was to prevent a renewal of the strife on some fresh pretext? If the inactivity of the previous spring was intolerable, when his demands in behalf of Montenegro had been complied with, surely the reaction would be a thousandfold more intolerable after being foiled, with all Europe looking on, and that too by the Turks, whom he despised, and Sir Stratford Canning, whom he cordially hated! Another false step, the invasion of the Principalities, followed by a declaration of war by the Porte, closed the door on the last hope of retreat for himself; while the massacre of Sinope drove the Allies from their position of passive spectators, and made them at once principals in the war.

Halting for a moment on the broad margin which here divides his subject, the author recapitulates the political and diplomatic history of the struggle; and with judicial care apportions to each of the European powers its share in bringing about what he evidently considers an unnecessary war. Russia, France, England,

Austria, Prussia, the other German States, (mercy on us, and on all the little dukes and princes!) each has its share of responsibility reckoned up and charged against it, with aggravations or palliations, as the case may be. As to England, her share is set down as considerable. Her consciousness of strength, the restless spirit of enterprise that stirs within her, the sounds of actual conflict which always quicken the Northern blood, the bravery shown by the Turks, who were so much the wronged and weaker side, and the reaction which had set in against the craven spirit of the peace party—these things brought about in the minds of the English people such an inclination toward war, that it only needed some "untoward event," which the attack on Sinope furnished, to make the old fierce spirit flame out over the whole land. There is much keen perception of the influences at this time working beneath the calm surface of society.

"All England had been brought to the opinion that it was a wickedness to incur war without necessity or justice; but when the leading spirits of the peace party had the happiness of beholding this wholesome result, they were far from stopping short. They went on to make light of the very principles by which peace is best maintained; and although they were conscientious men, meaning to say and do what was right, yet, being unacquainted with the causes which bring about the fall of empires, they deliberately inculcated that habit of setting comfort against honor which historians 'corruption.' They made it plain, as they imagined, that no war which was not engaged in for the actual defence of the country could ever be right; but even there they took no rest, for they went on and on, and still on, until their foremost thinker reached the conclusion that, in the event of an attack upon our shores, the invaders ought to be received with such an effusion of hospitality and brotherly love, as could not fail to disarm them of their enmity, and convert the once dangerous Zouave into the valued friend of the family. Then, with great merriment, the whole English people turned round, and, although they might still be willing to go to the brink of other precipices, they refused to go further toward that one. The doctrine had struck no root. It was ill-suited to the race to whom it was addressed. The man cheered it, and forgot it until there came a time for testing it, and then discarded it; and the woman from the very first, with her true and simple instinct, was quick to understand its value. She would subscribe, if her husband required it, to have the doctrine taught to charity children; but she would not suffer it to be taught to her own boy. So it proved barren. In truth, the English knew that they were a great and free people, because their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, and all the great ancestry of whom they come, had been men of warlike quality; and, deeming it time to gainsay the teaching of the peace party, but not being skilled in dialectics and the use of words, they unconsciously came to think that it would be well to express a practical opinion of the doctrine by taking the first honest and fair opportunity of engaging in war. Still, the conscience of the nation was sound, and men were as well convinced as ever of the wickedness of a war wrongly or wantonly incurred. They were in this mind; they would not go to war without believing that they had a good and a just cause; but it was certain that tidings importing the necessity of going to war for duty's sake would be received with a welcome in England."—Vol. i., pp. 407-409.

The first volume having disposed of the causes of the war, the second volume proceeds with the military operations down to the battle of the Alma; and, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, we must avow a preference for the second volume over the first. It may be less dramatic; but it is more natural. We do not look down upon the scenes, we mingle with them. And the rapid action of the story leaves less room for that intolerably bitter sarcasm which seems to corrode its way through every page of the first volume. Passing hastily by the discomforts of Gallipoli, the long inaction at Varna, and the unfortunate expedition to the Dobrudscha, which have small attractions for our author's pen, we are brought to the final decision taken by the two Governments at home for the invasion of the Crimea. structions reached the commanders at Varna toward the end of July. They were very definite, leaving little discretionary power to the generals. The French marshal was averse to the scheme, and so in truth was Lord Raglan; but having no option in the matter, he overcame the objections of his colleague, as the stronger mind always will overcome the weaker. St. Arnaud had passed a wild youth, had thrice been compelled to begin life anew; and was now Marshal of France by complicity with the events of the coup d'état. His official rank did not bring with it any great accession of moral influence. His army held him in no doubtful esteem. "He had an ill name."

"He impersonated with singular exactness the idea which our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called a

Frenchman. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain; but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for admistrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life. . . . He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in any other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more goodnatured. In the intervals between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sang. men in authority, no less than to women, he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body, and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved in all things to be the Frenchman of the old times, there was once at least in his life a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God, as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church."— Vol. ii., pp. 2, 3.

This was the colleague destined for Lord Raglan, the true English soldier calm, self-contained, noble-minded, clear of view, and firm of purpose, on whose simple greatness the historian may well choose to linger, and to whose unselfishness of character was due the harmonious working of the expedition, and therefore of the Alliance. He endured a long series of annoyances, which would have broken the patience of any other man. First of all St. Arnaud, while at Gallipoli, conceived the idea of uniting the Turkish forces with his own, and intrigued with the Divan for the appointment of generalissimo, with Omar Pasha as his subordinate. This would have given him the command over one hundred and twenty thousand men, in addition to the fifty thousand of his own army, thus overwhelming the modest twenty-five thousand of the English contingent. This proposal was hardly disposed of, when another, equally daring, took its place. He had contrived a scheme which would have given him virtually the command of the English army as well as his own; but upon this he was not so obstinately bent as before, and the difficulty soon gave way. Then he declined to move up his troops to Varna. Then, if he moved at all, he resolved to take up a position south of the Balkan range, several hundred miles from the seat of war, though the critical position of Silistria rendered a closer advance imperative. Then he refused to acquiesce in the expedition to the Crimea. And when at length the two fleets, with their innumerable convoy of transports, were in the very middle of the Black Sea, an attempt was made to stop the expedition and return to Varna. That these things never reached the public ear, is due altogether to Lord Raglan's selfcontrol. He kept his own counsel, or only reported his difficulties after they were overcome, and were no longer of value even as news, (that is, for Printinghouse square;) " for in proportion as people were greedy for fresh tidings, they were careless of things which ranged with the past, and the time was so stirring that the tale of an abandoned plan of campaign, or an intrigue already baffled and extinct, was hardly a rich enough gift for a minister to carry to a newsman."

However, on the twenty-fourth of August the embarkation of the troops began. The French losses by cholera in the expedition to the Dobrudscha had amounted to no less than ten thousand men. subsequent losses, and the troops left in camp at Varna, reduced the number available for the undertaking to thirty thousand infantry and seventy pieces of field artillery. The Turks numbered between five thousand and six thousand infantry, and were placed under French command. The English force consisted of twenty-two thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and sixty pieces of field artillery; besides which there were left at Varna, ready for transport, a division of infantry, the brigade of heavy cavalry, a siege train, and five thousand or six thousand pack-horses. On the morning of the seventh of September the armada sailed, comprising sixtythree ships of war, and nearly four hundred transports; on the tenth the English commander carefully reconnoitered the coast for a convenient landing place, St. Arnaud being ill; and during the thirteenth the ships were gradually taking up the positions assigned to them opposite to Old Fort. It was arranged that during the night of the thirteenth a buoy should be placed opposite the center of the landing-place, in order to mark the boundary between the two fleets, the French and Turkish ships taking the south of the buoy, and the British the north. But the French placed the buoy opposite —not to the center, but—the extreme north of the chosen landing-ground; and when morning dawned, it appeared that the English ships and transports, though really in their proper places, were on the wrong side of the boundary." To remain

where he was, would be to involve his troops in hopeless confusion with the French, and so raise ill blood, while to seek the removal of the buoy would equally tend to a quarrel, and would certainly cause delay. So leaving the ill-natured Frenchman in possession of the entire landing-place, Lord Raglan, without a word of complaint, moved his transports to a strip of beach lying about a mile further north, and in five days the whole force, men, horses, and guns, with three days' ammunition and stores, was landed without accident or loss.

On the nineteenth the advance began. The French took what was in this case not only the post of honor but of safety, and formed the right of the line, so that their right flank was protected by the fleets, which accompanied the advance, and their left by the English army. The latter had the post of danger, and formed the left of the advancing line, protected on their right by the French, but terribly exposed on their left flank. The order in which the two armies marched was characteristic. The French fight in column like all other continental troops, and their formation was therefore solid; the English fight in line, which no other troops can do; and as there was every probability of an attack on the part of the enemy, the columns were disposed at such distances, that at a few minutes' notice the troops could deploy, and show a continuous front, either toward the south, or the east, or the north, as need might be, of nearly two miles in length.

"Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly among the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air becomes laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar, that it carried them back to childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of 'boy's love' that used to be set by the Prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

"In each of the close-massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than five thousand foot soldiers. The colors were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already vi

dettes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except | at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and, at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs, which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of

men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals."—Vol. ii., pp. 207, 208.

There is the description of a slight cavalry skirmish, very brilliant as a spectacle, but leading to no result; a night bivouac; and then the day of the Alma dawned—a notable day in the calendar of the British army.

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WILLIAM TELL, THE HERO OF SWITZERLAND. !

BY FROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

IT would be difficult to find in history an episode more popular than that relating to William Tell. The myriads of tourists, who now more than ever, since steam-power brings them to the very foot of the Swiss mountains, annually flock to give a hasty glance on the same passes and valleys, return, elated with their rapid traveling, before all the chapels erected to the memory of Tell. With the great majority of them, Tell is the deliverer of his country—a Swiss hero, who roused his countrymen to a successful insurrection, because he had been ordered by a brutal governor to bow before a hat; and on his refusing to do so, to shoot an apple on the head of his son, in consequence of being celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow. Yet, there are few events in history more clouded over by legendary exaggerations than those connected with the deeds of William Tell. On the other hand, the tradition, such as it is accepted by the generality of tourists and by the great mass of the Swiss people, harmonizes with characteristics of Alpine poetry, as well as the rude chivalric spirit of its people; and the restoration of the real

facts on the subject, through historical researches, if it strips Tell of his historical importance, leaves untouched the pure heroism of the men who effected the revolution of 1308. History shows the Swiss people of that age—at the cradle of their liberty—such as they have proved themselves through the course of times, through a variety of vicissitudes and aggressions, to this very day. Their characteristics have never changed; their love of liberty, their attachment to the fatherland, their pride of their Alps, are unalterable.

And, is there any thing more majestic than the chain of central Alps, rising in the heart of Europe, like a barrier destined to separate the vast regions inhabited by the Germanic and Romanic races? There, the Swiss people have established their homes. In the thousand ramifications of the chain, on its slopings and valleys, has grown and flourished a civilization which has covered with rich harvests the soil conquered. Thriving cities have arisen, and innumerable villages, in affluent circumstances, round which industry and commerce prosper, sheltered by the

noblest political liberties. The Alps are to a great degree the influencing source of the condition of the historical and political life, as well as of the physical and moral character, of the Swiss people. Their love for their lakes and mountains is an instinctive sentiment. The purest faculties of the human soul, the love of nature and of liberty, in their full development, are the links which attach the Swiss so deeply to his country; when he is far away from it, his hopes, his remembrance, transfer him to the foot of his dear mountains; he yearns for them-he languishes in gloom—he is a prey to the heimweh, when he is absent from them.

Pastoral life—the contemplation of a sublime nature—the struggles with its awful grandeur—have renovated among the democratical populations of Switzerland the two sentiments which more especially characterize them, love of liberty and love of religion. When the Swiss in the higher Alps, king of the land, utters his guttural song, in watching over his flock, or, when his audacity rivals the flight of the eagle and the agility of the chamois, the expression, as free as air, seems to have been created for him. His soul expanding in freedom, impressed daily with the majesty of nature, and the goodness of God, is moved to the adoration of the Creator of all. Liberty descended from heaven on those mountains in the days of Tell; and the Alpine chain has ever since been, as it were, an altar, on which the most sacred rights of man have been worshiped. The religion of faith, of hope, and charity has ever mingled with all the affections of the Alpine democracy. They have ever remained faithful to the ancestral custom of invoking God before the dangers of a battle, and at the opening of their popular assemblies. Their manners and habits have remained purer than those of any other people in Europe. The most unfrequented and unvisited cantons have preserved the ancestral honesty and purity of manmers.

Although the climate and nature of the country have had a powerful influence over the character of its inhabitants, and their democratical tendencies, we do not imply that the Swiss owe their liberty to their mountains. The nature of the soil, however, obliged them to be industrious. A laborious existence, a general poverty, engendered a natural equality. Such a And of what importance could be to the

state was highly favorable to a republican form of government. One must have dwelt in Switzerland to have an idea of the tragic events that take place round the throne of the Alps, and which have contributed to invest its children with that indomitable nature so celebrated in The mountaineer beholds the history. sudden crash of the cloud-capped hights, and a fertile soil is rapidly covered with What labors must be lavished for ruin. the recovery of the field! It is but too often lost for ever. In the crevasses—on the snowy heaps—roaring thunders are heard, and announce the awful, destructive avalanche. What terror awaits the shepherd, when, on those innumerable meadows, bordered by dark unfathomable precipices, he is surprised by one of those terrific sudden Alpine storms; his cattle maddened with terror by the convulsions of the elements, blinded by the lightning, rush reckless toward the abyss, the man follows to save them; but too often his efforts are of no avail—they all roll down, shattered to pieces. Such an existence of perpetual struggle has been the foundation of the character and condition of the Swiss. The Alpine republics have never exhibited any thing like the splendors and general eclat of the republics of Southern Europe; but they have never ceased to prove themselves grave and majestic, like their fatherland. They undoubtedly have had also their political storms and civil dissensions; but the principles of union and liberty have emerged from them untouched, unalloyed, pure, like their Alpine summits that remain unmovable in their majesty whilst the clouds that surround them are convulsed by the tempest. Switzerland is the only country in which the republican principle has gained an absolute, complete victory over feudalism.

Conflicts between the municipalities and feudalism were almost general in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but nowhere, we believe were their results so deeply and permanently marked as in Switzerland. In 1308, a handful of peasants, among whom was William Tell, formed a conspiracy to resist oppression. The results of that insurrection had a duration of one hundred and seventy years, and it was only terminated by the annihilation of the most powerful empire that was then in Europe.

Dukes of Austria the small tribute of three poor cantons? Why should the Swiss have proved so long indomitable in their resistance? The historical truth is, that the principal cause of that mighty struggle was the antagonism between feudalism and the municipalities; it was a long war of principles. Hence the greater interest that belongs to the Swiss Revolution, if compared to the other insurrections of the fourteenth century. Its history has been related in various chronicles, all of which had been thrown into the shade or fallen into utter oblivion, when, at the commencement of this century, the extensive and graphic History of the Federal States, by Johann Von Muller, the Thucidides of Switzerland, made its appearance. His genius, patriotism, and eloquence, the abundance of his researches, the mass of documents which, by his industry, have been made to contribute to his work, justly place him among the most illustrious historians, and deservedly entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of the Swiss, his countrymen, to whose history he has raised so noble a monument. Although no historian can be wholly without blemishes, although the course of time often reveals documents which change the aspect of facts and events, Johann Von Muller is, nevertheless, the highest authority on Swiss history, and we naturally have recourse to him for our sketch of the events which preceded the revolution of 1308.

The pastoral districts round the southern portion of the lake of Lucern were under the suzerainty of Rudolf of Hapsburg, himself a Swiss nobleman of the can- | themselves and their posterity, if they ton of Aarou, before he was elected Em- | would abandon and make over to his peror of Germany. The inhabitants of those valleys were bound by a federal tie. When they received the news of the death of the Emperor Rudolf, they felt some misgivings as to the disturbance that might follow, in consequence of the succession to the imperial throne. document forgotten in the archives, and published at Basle in 1760, consists of an account of their meeting on this occasion. Its tenor is interesting, because it testifies the degree of allegiance which bound them to the empire. It states that the men of the valley of Uri had the preeminence, in consequence, no doubt, of the estimation in which the Freiherrn of Attinghausen was held—that these men loved the state of things in their valleys

came along with those of Schwitz and Unterwalden, and, in expectation of bad times, bound themselves to succor each other at any cost, with all their power and means, if any of them was exposed to violence or injustice. The articles of this primitive federacy are as follows: "Whoever has a master, must obey him dutifully. The object of their union is to receive in their valleys no master who is not their countryman, or any one who has purchased his functions. Among the confederates, every contention must be adjusted through the wisest. Whoever will kill, or rob, or act treacherously, will be judged for his crime, and whoever protects him will be banished. All must obey the judge in the valley, or the confederates will take compensation for his obstinacy. If in internal dissensions, one party will not accept and submit to justice, all the others must help the adverse party. These ordinances for the general good, ought, if God wills it, to be eternal."

In the meantime, Albert had been elected to succeed his father on the imperial throne, and was exerting his utmost efforts in Germany, in order to force back to the imperial sway the rebellious feudal states. He could not brook any limit to his authority, and was little disposed to recognize any freedom among the people who owed allegiance to his house. When his attention was drawn to the woody districts, the Waldstetten we have spoken of, he sent Von Ochsenstein and Von Lichtenberg to them, with expressions of esteem for their bravery and honesty, and propositions of protection for royal house their lands, abbeys and cities; adding that they could never resist the powerful arms of his Majesty, son of the great Rudolf; stating, also, that it was not from a desire of taking away their flocks or obtaining money from them, but that the great Rudolf had impressed the Emperor with their worth and bravery, and that he would lead them to victory, and enrich them with booty.

The Freiherrn and people of the Waldstetten replied, that they knew well, and would ever remember, how much the late Emperor had been a good sovereign and governor, and that they would always think well of his race; but that they such as it had been with their fathers would persist in continuing it—and that the Emperor was requested to confirm it, as his father had done. After this protestation, they sent Werner, Landamann of the men of Uri, to the Imperial Court, in order to obtain the confirmation of Albert was engaged in their liberties. a distant war, and his affairs left in the hands of subordinates. Werner obtained nothing satisfactory. The Valley of Schwitz, therefore, made an alliance of ten years with Graf Honberg, who was hostile to the Imperial ascendancy. Subsequently, however, there was another meeting of the Freiherrn and men of the Waldsetten. Unwilling to break their allegiance, and wishing to remain obedient to Austria, according to their Constitution, they sent an envoy to Albert, requesting him to give them an Imperial governor. The Emperor immediately dispatched to the Waldstetten Herman Gessler and Bermger 'n von Landenberg, knights of ancient houses. Both were notorious for their coarseness. The valleys were given up to men whose oppression could not avoid leading to a re-There is every appearance that their appointment was made with that intention. Albert was determined to annul the liberties and privileges of the mountaineers, and his proceedings were in accordance with his policy in other circumstances in other lands. The Governors were ordered to inhabit the country; Landenburg took his quarters at Sarnem, in Unterwalden, at the Castle of Rozberg, beautifully situated on the hill, close to the town; and Gessler built a fortress, a Twinghof, at Altorf, in Uri.

The Imperial Governors exercised great severity. They laid a heavy toll on importation, forbidding exportation in the neighboring districts. The inhabitants of those peaceful valleys suffered much, such restrictive measures violating their old rights. They resolved to send messages to the Emperor, with respectful expressions of their grievances. These envoys did not see the sovereign, whose representatives gave them no hope of obtaining justice, nor a word of consolation. It was evident that Albert's intention was to rouse the spirit of the Waldstetten, in order to be justified in afterward crushing them. The Swiss had ever, hitherto, lived in a state of calmness —passing tranquilly their days with their live in such fine houses?" In Schwitz,

flocks, in the blessed enjoyment of peace —they had ever met with favor, justice, and honor, at the hands of the Emperor, but they now became agitated by gloomy forebodings. The Herr of Antinghausen, Walter Furst, was distinguished among these simple populations for his wisdom, experience, his wealth and noble blood, and also for his devotedness to his country. He was highly respected in his valley, as well as Werner Stauffacher, in Schwitz, and several others equally devoted to the freedom of their native land. The people, dwelling in numerous villages, most houses of which, like those of the ancient Germans, stood on rich meadows, or on beautiful hills, by the side of murmuring springs, were deeply attached to the habits, manners, ideas of their fathers. They felt an instinctive repugnance to every novelty, accustomed, as they were, to a great uniformity of existence in their rural pursuits. They were generally silent and solitary, remaining in their cottages in calm repose after their labors. On feast or holy days only did they mix and communicate with each other, when all the people of the mountain assembled at church. Now, whisperings about their grievances, and the injustice they were exposed to, passed from mouth to mouth. They looked up in vain to their venerated patriarchs, in the keen sense of the wrong sustained, and in their hope of justice.

The persecutions continued. The ambition or wants of the Emperor rendered new taxations necessary. Nevertheless, the people of the Waldstetten remained within the limits of legal right. In their simmering indignation, they still respected their liege lord, the son of the great Rudolf. But, as it is ever the case with worthless men in possession of unusual authority, the pride of the Imperial Governors grew daily more insolent. Their words and manners insulted the whole people. They spared no manifestation of their scorn. To them, the aged, respected heads of families were nothing more than a low set of peasant-nobles. One day, as Gessler was passing by the house of Stauffacher, and beheld a comfortable dwelling, well-built in wood, and painted outside, as was the custom, with mottoes, names, or sentences—brilliant with glazed windows—he exclaimed before Stauffacher: "Can one allow these peasants to

near the Lowerzer See, a sub-governor, Burgvogt, outraged the daughter of a man of Art; the brothers of the victim killed the Burgvogt and fled. One morning, one of the German chiefs, Wolfenschiess, came from Engelberg, passing on the Alzellen, near the many cottages on the brow of that mountain, he beheld on the flowery meadow the beautiful wife of Konrad von Baumgarten, who was absent. The licentious conduct of the rude German filled her with shame and anguish; she fled, sought her husband, who, hastening back in a paroxysm of indignation, struck down Wolfenschiess dead with his ax. Baumgarten fled also; Gessler assembled his men to avenge the death of his companions. In the mean time, Stauffacher was brooding over the envious words of the Governor about his house; his wife, also, with the antique energy which gave to the Housefrauen manly sentiments, anxiously foreboding, urged him to anticipate the threatening misfortune.

Stauffacher went over the lake to his friend Walter Furst, in Uri. He there found concealed a young man, whose sad adventure was related to him with deep emotion by Walter Furst. This young man was related to him; his name was Erni, transformed of late into Arnold. He dwelt in the Melchthal, valley of the Melch, in Unterwalden. The Melch flows down the whole length of this sweet spot, along with other warbling streams, that run from the mountains; in the winter the sun only cheers it during three hours. There is no masonry in the district, no rich harvest, but it is a heavenly spot in nature, inhabited by a noble race. thal, beheld Erni and his father with a pair of fine oxen at work; the Governor observed that those peasants could very well draw the plow themselves. Erni made a reply which gave offense, Landenberg ordered the fine oxen to be taken away; the father complained with vehemence of this act of outlawry; the blood of the young man warming up, with his stick, he broke a finger of one of the rude spoilators. Erni fled, but soon heard, at Attinghausen, that the Governor had ordered his old father's eyes to be plucked out. Stauffacher and Furst now deplored, with sorrow, that all right and justice was trodden under foot. At the same time, they believed that resistance all, all for each. Such was their demo-

could not fail of bringing a cruel vengeance over the Waldstetten. But death was preferable to submission to an ignominious yoke. They concluded that each must sift and consult his friends and relations; and they resolved to meet secretly, not to give umbrage, on the Grütli, (ground where bush and wood has been cleared,) a little, solitary meadow, advancing into the lake of the Vierwaldstetten, accessible by water only, and over which frowns the huge, steep Mytenstein. There, in the stillness of night, they discussed the means of delivering their country; they communicated to each other the opinion of their friends, and the progress of their project. There, subsequently, Walter Furst brought his friends, Stauffacher, the son of his sister, Von Rudenz, of Unterwalden, and Melchtal, to whom the tradition has left the name of his na. tive valley instead of his family name, came also, accompanied by some trustworthy patriots. In the mean time, the stern, silent, subdued demeanor of the people, was observed by the governors. They had some suspicions of the meetings of the men of the different valleys; but, the more the position of the confederates of the Grutli became dangerous, the higher rose the vigor of their hearts, and their resolute determination to be free.

One night, before Saint Martin's day, (1307,) Furst, Melchtal, and Stauffacher, each came, accompanied by ten adjuncts from their valley. These thirty stouthearted men, to whom the project of resistance to tyranny had been revealed, were deeply attached to their ancient liberty and to the bonds of brotherhood. The thirty-three patriots, thus assembled Landerberg, passing through the Melch- at the Grutli, fearless of the imperial power, pressed each other's hands, with beating hearts, and swore, in the face of God and heaven, to live and die in sacred friendship!—to protect, in their valley, the innocent, oppressed people, and not to estrange any of the rights of the house of Hapsburgh, to endeavor that the Governors with their men and soldiers should leave the mountains without the shedding of a drop of blood, and to leave to their posterity, pure and untouched, the liberty which they had inherited from their an-These noble men proclaimed that the peasant had equal claims to the unalterable rights of man, as the Emperor. Their principle of union was, each for

cracy; they did not understand the name of it, but practiced its spirit. Such were the men of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden—brothers in heart, before they could form a political family. The patriot mountaineers, after their sacred oath, unanimously came to their final resolution. The first day of the January following (1308) was fixed upon for the expulsion of the tyrants. In consequence of the extreme difficulties of communication, it was agreed that each district would light a blazing fire on the Alpine summit nearest to it, as a signal of the success of the enterprise. Then, all returned to their homes, and calmly resumed their rural labors, remaining in tranquil expectation of the solemn day, on which, ere many weeks, they would break their chains.

However, the space of time that was to elapse between the meeting of the Grütli and the first of January, intended to be a state of lulling torpor and apparent resignation, became deeply agitated by a most unexpected and tragical event: Governor Gessler was killed by William Tell, a man from Burglen, near Altorf, in Uri, Walter Furst's son-in-law, and one of the ten whom he had brought to the Grütli. Gessler, from a capricious tyranny, it has been believed, but more probably, informed of a menacing agitation among the people, resolved to discover those who were disposed to resist his domination. He had recourse to a measure not unusual in those ages. He ordered a hat, representing the ducal dignity of Austria, to be fixed in the square of Altorf. This hat, or some other head-garb, bearing the crest or arms of the Prince, was to be honored and saluted by all. It would thus be easy, from their demeanor, to discern the rebelliously disposed. Tell, then about forty-seven years of age, scorned to honor the insignia of despotism, and the hasty, abrupt expression of his feelings, induced the Governor to have him seized. The tyrant knowing him to be celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow, ordered him to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son, stipulating that both he and the boy would be put to death in case of a refusal. The anguish of the father need not be described; his supplications were in vain, but he collected all the powers of his soul, and successfully struck the apple. In the exultation of his excitement, he exclaimed that God was with him, and that the worst would have happened to the hour fixed for the freedom of the

the Governor if he had killed his boy. Gessler, already uneasy, on beholding the excitement of the people and of Tell's numerous friends, resolved to keep him a prisoner in Kussnach, at the other extremity of the lake. Accordingly, the Governor, with his guards, the prisoner in fetters, proceeded to the barge and embarked. They had reached the portion of the lake not very distant from the Grütli, when suddenly arose the dreaded Föhn; a southern wind of an extraordinary violence, that passes over the Gothart, and which, if, in the spring, it thaws beneficently deep snows in one night, is, on the other hand, terrible in its fury, when, inclosed between the mountains, it throws the waves of the narrow lake, high and deep, creating liquid mountains and abysses, echoing fiercely through the rocks. Formerly, the night watches were doubled when the Föhn began to blow; a law forbade fires in houses; in the valleys, huge stones were placed on the roofs. Gessler and his men were terror struck and bewildered; but Tell was known to be most skillful in the management of a boat on such emergencies, while he was thoroughly acquainted with every corner of the lake, and gifted with great muscular strength. His fetters, therefore, were taken away, and he was ordered to take the government of the boat. He directed it skillfully toward the platten fels, a flat surface of rocks, since called Tell's platten, close to which was afterward erected a chapel. When near to the spot, he darted upon it with the rapidity of lightning, and hurled back the boat in the swelling waves. Gessler and his men long remained bounding to and fro the shore; the storm subsiding, they finally reached the extremity of the lake, and taking their horses, bent their way toward the castle of Kussnach, on the circuitous road that leads to it.

William Tell, after his escape, climbed over the mountains, wandered in Schwitz, and finally placed himself behind a bush or large tree, on the elevated part of the ascending road to Kussnach, over which Gessler must pass, called, from its declivity, the hollow road. There he awaited his victim, and the latter advancing up slowly, fell mortally wounded. The arrow of a free man, says Zschokke, struck the heart of a tyrant. Johann von Muller observes, that Herman Gessler died before

country; but that no one who feels ants of the castle, and made them prisonhow intolerable must have been to a fiery soul the scorn of the ancient liberties of the fatherland, will disapprove the deed —that it was not according to established laws, but that similar actions at Athens, and Rome, and among the ancient Hebrews, have been celebrated—that, in the same way, in these times, when a tyrannical power over the ancient freedom of a peaceful people can not be borne any longer, such men become the instruments Muller affirms that the of retribution. deed of William Tell gave greater courage to the men of the Grütli, while the cruel authority and vigilance of Landenberg and other chieftains, became naturally fiercer. The former assertion is scarcely admissible. The league of the patriots must have been greatly endangered by the unexpected murder of Gessler, unless it could have been anticipated, and the conspiracy could have broken out at the same time, by a sudden explosion. But no! all remained tranquil; nothing stirred in the villages and valleys; and, the last day of 1307 was attained with unruffled calm, throughout the country. the dawn of the first day of 1308, however, a young man of Unterwalden, one of the thirty of the Grütli, obtained admittance into the castle of Rozberg by the means of a rope, hung from a window, through the connivance of a girl to whom he was betrothed, and who had employment and a room in that castle; (this is the episode celebrated by the people of Unterwalden, when they sing about Joggeli and Anneli.) The youth afterward drew up, by the same means, twenty friends who were waiting in the ditch. They instantly surprised and silently seized the commander of the tower, with his guards and servants, whom they imprisoned; every thing remaining outwardly quiet and undisturbed, in expectation of other events. Some hours after, as Landenberg emerged from the castle of Rozberg to go to mass, he was met by a number of people, who brought their offering of hares, calves, and fowls, as a new year's gift, according to the old custom. The Governor welcoming it, ordered the men to bring them into the castle; in the mean time, one of those who were concealed in the tower blew a horn; it was the signal agreed upon, whereou each having fixed hastily a blade at the end of his stick, rushed on Landenberg and all the inhabit-I hundred from Schwitz, placed themselves

ers. The whole Unterwalden was soon in commotion, and every agent of tyranny was captured. During the same day, the Twinghof was surprised and taken by the men of Uri, and Stauffacher having assembled all the people of Schwitz at Lowerzer, they swarmed round the fort of Schwanau, which offered but a feeble resistance. On the evening immense fires, like splendid meteors, blazed on every accessible Alpine mountain, announcing to the inhabitants of every hill and dale of the Waldstetten, that they were free. The greetings and rejoicings were boundless. Stauffacher opened his house to all his companions. Melchtal was hailed with enthusiasm in his valley, while his old blind father thanked God that he was still living; Walter Furst returned to his home where the Uri men flocked in high glee, when, says Muller, he especially and openly honored the husband of his daughter, William Tell. In the explosion of their exultation, however, these men respected every right and every property! not a drop of blood was shed. The foreign oppressors were made to swear never to return, and ordered to go back to their own country. From that time the Waldstetten received the appellation of Schweizerland, in honor to Schwitz, because it had been the most prominent in patriotism, decision, and energy on the occasion. The following Sunday all the Swiss assembled and swore solemnly to remain eternally allied.

For several months the Swiss remained without any tidings from the land of their former tyrants. The Emperor Albert, however, was preparing plans of vengeance when he was assassinated by his nephew, in Argau, at the foot of the hill on which still frown the ruins of the castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of his family. The day came, 1315, when his heir, the Duke of Austria, was in a position to claim the apanage of his race, and force the Swiss to a terrible reckoning for past outrages. The Duke, proud and brave, assembled a brilliant chivalry; he headed his host with confidence; he had round him a Gessler and Landenberg, both thirsting for revenge, and many of the most valorous knights of Germany. In the meantime the confederates were not slumbering; four hundred men from Uri —three hundred from Unterwalden—five

on a hill between Einselden and Schwitz, facing the plain, toward which the Duke and his host were bending their way. The brilliant army, dazzling with steel and plumes, beheld with scorn the mountaineers, closely serried in solemn silence —the silence of prayer, when fervently swearing to conquer or die. The enemy rashly and disorderly rushed upon the Swiss, and their horses soon becoming entangled in the mud and reeds, the patriots fell upon them like an avalanche. Nothing could resist their fury. In a few hours the Duke had scarcely a man left, and took to an ignoble flight from the immortal field of Morgarten—the Marathon of Switzerland. The battle of Morgarten, when the Swiss were not yet organized as a nation, when they were unskilled in warfare, rolled back the Germanic aggressions for a length of time. Had it been lost, Germany and Germanism might have absorbed that fair land, and annihilated its nationality. It was, therefore, a decisive battle, as much so as the battle of Marathon; and we can not explain the reasons which induced the industrious author of the fifteen decisive battles (Professor Creasy) to refuse to it the honor of being included in his work, whilst we believe that a few of those which he introduces were not wholly decisive, and one of them especially (Karl Martel) so little so, that there are very fair grounds mentioned by Michelet and Sismondi, which would justify the belief that this decisive battle has never been fought.

One of the most instructive and interesting objects of study in history, is the simultaneous idea or principle which, at the same period, agitate and transform into heroic bands, whole populations, distant from, and unknown to, each other. Popular insurrections form the characteristic feature of the fourteenth century; and, whilst the Swiss were proclaiming their freedom, and consecrating it for ever, at Morgarten, the Scotch, with their Bruce, were repelling the ferocious aggression of Edward the First, with an invincible perseverance. After Bruce and his force had been decimated, the Scottish hero, although in a state of langor from fatigue and privations, emerged from the desolate Isle of Rachrin, on the northern coast of Ireland, where he had taken refuge—attacked and defeated the English twice in the spring of 1307; again, on a memorable day, in 1308, and finally in | fragable proofs of the truth of his narra-

June, 1313, at Bannockburn. Undoubtedly the Scottish war can not be called, strictly speaking, a popular insurrection, since the Scotch were repelling an invasion; nevertheless, they were animated as well as the Swiss, by the same hatred of foreign masters, and deep love for their nationality.

Johann Von Muller, in his brief narrative of the Swiss revolution, and of the adventures of William Tell, establishes the authenticity of all his statements on the subject. In sundry notes, he adds that Tell belonged to a respectable family of Burglen; that he had two sons; that the hero's posterity ceased in 1684, in the male line, and with a certain Verena, in the female line, in 1720; still, that it is impossible to decide with precision in what relationship he stood with regard to Walter Furst; that Tell fought at Morgarten, and lost his life, in 1354, in endeavoring to save a child from a flood at Burglen, stating as an indisputable testimony of all he advances, that in 1388, when the chapel raised on Tell's platte was inaugurated, and an annual divine service established at the Landsgemeind, near Altorf, one hundred and fourteen persons, then living, solemnly affirmed that they had known William Tell. When the Scandinavian Chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus was printed for the first time in 1486, containing the adventure of the Dane Tocco, condemned also by the King to shoot an apple on the head of his son, clamorous voices were heard asserting that the person and adventure of Tell were a mere importation from the north, devoid of truth. The Swiss historian indignantly repels such an audacious, heartless skepticism, on the ground that similar circumstances may take place in another country and another age. He adduces the testimony of the Chronicle of Klingenberg, which brings its narrative to the close of the fourteenth century; that of Russ, a Lucerner, who closes his book in 1480, with a Tellenlied; that of the Lucerne state writer, Etterling, who, during the first moiety of the fifteenth century, found the memory of Tell living in every valley; Freudenberg's Danish fable; Balthazar's Defence of Tell, 1760; Emmanuel von Haller's Lecture at Berne, in 1772; and finally the testimony of the one hundred and fourteen persons mentioned—all of which he considers as irre-

tive and statements about William Tell, concluding enthusiastically—" Most truly hath this hero lived, and hath God been thanked for his deed against the oppressor of the Waldstette; through him the fatherland hath thrived so that he de-

serves the gratitude of posterity."

There is scarcely any event in history so interwoven with the popular feelings as the traditional records relating to William Tell; on the other hand, there has ever existed a class of skeptics who readily reject as a myth every traditional testimony, however irrefragable and convincing it may appear; and, moreover, political passions, either of an excessive democratical patriotism, or devotion to absolutism, have made the story of Tell an instrument of their animosity. We must endeavor to exhibit the pure truth in this history, irrespective of an exaggerated, romantic patriotism, as well as of an unreasonable skepticism. We must separate the tradition from history, and see how far—as it has happened so often in the history of the world—circumstances of little import, when they take place, gradually expand in narration with the course of time, are often transformed into mere fables, while they penetrate slowly into the domain of history, contradictory facts becoming embodied in one sole person. It is already more than a century since the question has often been asked, ered as traitor to his country.

especially in Germany, what was really the part taken by Tell in the insurrection of Switzerland in 1308? The genius and noble soul of Schiller have been inspired by the subject; his tragic muse gave a new impulse to the curiosity of the public, a vast majority of which accepted the play as pure history, whilst it awoke the curiosity of the learned about the story.

The Swiss have always been attached to the memory of their Tell; he is to them the hero of their liberty; and a man thus honored during ages, whose glory received incessant additions, through the poetry and imagination of the people, becomes unassailable; the strangest illusions about his person and actions ensue. The Swiss, for instance, forget that Tell, according to their version, must have murdered Gessler from behind a bush, and without any danger to his own person; but they defend their hero with an overardent zeal, arising perhaps from their anxiety of attributing a brilliant chivalric commencement to their revolution, which, however great in its consequences, was after all, little more than a bloodless, quiet insurrection of a few pastoral valleys. The belief in Tell has been so excessive among the Swiss—so much a fact they had at heart—that any one among them who would have dared to express a doubt as to its truth, would have been consid-

From Chambers's Journal.

E T R S S - G A N G. H E

Many years ago, when I was a young clergyman, I became incumbent of a parish on the coast. The living was but a petty affair, when looked at from a pecuniary point of view, and the duties were arduous enough. There was no residence for the vicar's use; the lesser tithes were small in amount, and not very regularly paid; and the parish consisted of a large, noisy scaport, full of dirt and vice. Un-

that few could be found who were willing to accept so uninviting a post, and that the benefice for some months "went a begging."

My friends shook their heads when I, the Rev. Joseph Hawley, was gazetted to the vicarage of St. Peter's, Sallyport. was mad to take such preferment, they Within the memory of man, the living of St. Peter's had never been held der such circumstances, it is not surprising | by a resident parson. Old Dr. Stall, that comfortable prebendary and pluralist, had pocketed the lesser tithes for forty years, far away in his comfortable residence under the shadow of Mossminster Cathedral, and a starved curate had done the work. In those days, zealous clergymen were much more rare than at present. I was no better than my compeers, nor do I wish to advance any pretension to superior merit; but I was one of those young members of the Church militant who were piqued at the success of Wesley and Whitfield, and grieved at the practical heathenism of masses of our countrymen.

That was why I became vicar of St. Peter's. They had sore need of a spiritual guide those poor inhabitants of Sallyport, and no less need of a word of sound advice at critical moments in their reckless lives. It was the war-time, and the time of the great old war against France and the formidable ruler of France, and Britain was straining every nerve to cope with an antagonist who leagued against her almost all the might of Europe. We were fighting too hard abroad to have leisure for reforming at home. The morality of the seaports, in especial, was lamentably low; there was a frightful amount of drunkenness, and there was not much more religion than among some benighted tribes of savages. During the first few months of my incumbency, I had an uphill fight to wage, but I persevered, and I was thankful for the results of my persistency. The people, who first stared at me, or jeered me, learned to respect their vicar, and, in some cases at least, to listen to and to like him. Sallyport was a town which depended partly on its merchant shipping, partly on that immoral trade of privateering which the long struggle against Napoleon had fostered into a regular profession. Accordingly, there were times when the whole place rang with revelry, when the fiddles played all night at the sign of the Valiant Sailor or the King George, and when the exulting privateersmen would fling gold and silver out of the public-house windows, to be scrambled for by the mob without.

There were also times when bad luck prevailed, when all were poor and dejected, and when my parishioners were in despair. I am glad to think that I did them some good. The good they did me was probably in teaching me to entertain more hope and trust in human nature,

however debased, than I had previously felt. They were a kindly, generous race, that amphibious population, in spite of all their faults.

I had been a twelvemonth among them, and was tolerably popular, when the old woman in whose house I lodged came one evening to announce that "Mary Wade wished to speak to me, if I pleased."

Mary Wade was shown into my little angular parlor, where, amid conch-shells, stuffed parrots, ostrich-eggs, and dried cuttle-fish, I was busy with my immature sermon. "Good-evening, Mary; what can I do for ——. Gracious! what is the matter?"

For Mary Wade, the instant Mrs. Simmons, the landlady, had closed the door, put the corner of her shawl to her eyes, and began to weep and sob most bitterly, but in a silent and suppressed fashion, as if she feared to call attention to her grief. "Dear me," said I, rising from my armchair, "I am sorry to see you in such affliction, poor girl. I hope your father is not taken ill?"

For I knew that the retired naval quartermaster, Mary's only surviving parent, was very frail and old, and I could not conjecture any more probable cause for her agitation than the snapping of the slight thread which bound that aged man to life. Mary herself was a very pretty, dark-eyed girl, of modest demeanor, the most regular church-goer in the parish, and the quickest and neatest needlewoman in Sallyport. The wildest youngster in the town would step respectfully aside, as Mary Wade passed along the pavement with her work-basket and her calm, honest eyes; and fierce termagants, whose tongues mauled their neighbors cruelly, were forced to own that old Wade had a pattern daughter, and the best of nurses in his dotage.

"Oh! no, sir; heaven be thanked, father's well; but I'm in great trouble, and indeed,

sir, you alone can help me."

"Be sure that if it be in my power to serve you, the will shall not be lacking," said I, soothingly; though I had not the slightest idea what could have happened. But I induced the girl to sit down and compose herself a little, before continuing her appeal for aid. Mary Wade sat down wiped away the tears that stained her rosy cheeks, and burst out with a gasp: "Oh sir, it's about Henry."

I knew perfectly well who "Henry"

was, and in what relation he stood to the pretty weeping petitioner. Henry Mills was one of the finest young scamen on the coast; he was as brave as a lion, and his character was unblemished. I had heard with pleasure that he had been promised a place as fourth officer on board an Indiaman, and that on his return from his first voyage I was to publish the bans of marriage between Mary Wade, spinster, and himself. The young lover I had seen but twice; he had been chiefly absent on coasting voyages; for although the privateer captains were eager to secure so first-rate a hand for their vessels, young Mills had always declined their offers. "Mary and her father didn't like it," the lad had had the moral courage to reply to more than one oily-tongued tempter, who told of French and Spanish prizes, of rich ships embayed among the sandy islets of the West-Indies, and of sailors who had won a sackfull of dollars by the flash of a cutlass or the snapping of a pistol. Henry Mills was naturally of an adventurous disposition, and I can well imagine that he often looked with a sort of envy at the departure of a gallant ship's company, flushed with hope and confidence, on the then favorite errand of plundering the enemy. But old Wade, a very sober and religious man, had scruples regarding this rough and wanton trade, scruples which his daughter shared, and which his intended son-in-law respected.

So, when poor Mary Wade sobbed out the words, "Oh! sir, it's about Henry," I

was fairly puzzled.

"Henry!" said I; "surely he is at sea, and out of the Downs by this time; and in a few months we shall hope to see him come back from Calcutta to claim his wife. The Clive was to have sailed a week since."

"Ah, your reverence, but the Clive didnt't sail," sobbed Mary; "and now my poor, dear Henry will be taken by the press-gang, and sent off to the fleet and sea, as so many of our poor lads have been, and he will be killed in these horrid wars. I shall never, never see him more!"

And the girl wept more piteously than ever, struggling the while to repress her obs, lest Mrs. Simmons should hear them, and grow inquisitive; for my landlady, though a good sort of woman, was an inveterate gossip, and publicity would be atal to the plan which Mary had al- prospects of happiness should be thus nip-

ready formed in her head. A plan there was, and no bad one, to be the device of a young woman of nineteen, whose life had hitherto been spent in the simplest domestic duties. But before coming to this notable scheme, which will develop itself in due time, I must point out what was the danger against which it was directed. Men were in great request at that time for the royal navy. The bounty was high, but the service, in those days of flogging and discomfort, was by no means so attractive as at present. It was on the press-gang that the Admiralty chiefly relied for manning the fleet, and at this particular period the man-of-war tender Grasper, commanded by Lieutenant Barnes, lay in Sallyport harbor, and her crew were busy on shore. As yet the Grasper's men had made but few captures, of able seamen at least, for the few sailors whom the town still contained were hidden away most carefully in artful places of concealment, and did not venture to stir abroad until the press-gang should be gone. But Mary Wade had just learned the fact that Lieutenant Barnes had discovered the hiding-place of a number of seamen, who were stowed away in an obscure public-house, in one of the waterside suburbs, and that this preserve of human beings was to be pounced upon that very night.

"And Henry's there, sir," said the poor girl, in a timid whisper—" he is there along with the rest, and will be taken with them. Oh! sir, it was so unfortunate the delay about his going up to London to join his ship. But the Clive proved to be in want of some repairs in her rigging or masts, or something, and is in dock; and the captain wrote word Henry need not come up yet; and he was here when the Grasper came into port, and was obliged to hide like the other sailors, because Lieutenant Barnes—that cruel man —had sent a party by land from Tidemouth to intercept any poor fellows trying to escape by the road. And now they are all snared, like birds in a net, and in a few hours they'll all be in irons on board the king's ship."

I was myself much alarmed by this announcement. I had long taken a good deal of interest in this humble pair of lovers; though I had but a slight acquaintance, personally, with the young mariner, I still regretted much to hear that his

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to essay, in default of any other plan. "Thank you, sir, a thousand, thousand times, whether you succeed or not in saving my poor Henry. I will pray to God for you to my dying day, dear Mr. Haw-

rash to me, but which I willingly agreed

So saying, Mary Wade dried her eyes, wiped away the glistening stains of teardrops from her face, and tripped demurely from the room and down the passage, wishing Mrs. Simmons a good-night as she went by, in a quiet, cheerful tone, as if her heart were not full to bursting of an agony of hope and fear.

She was gone, and I had my work to do. I felt rather nervous about it, it was so foreign to my usual mode of life; it was an errand of mercy, no doubt, but it hardly seemed of a clerical nature. I was putting away my unfinished sermon, and had my hat on, and my great-coat ready to sally forth, when Mrs. Simmons came, true to the usual hour, jingling with the tea-tray.

"Lawks, Mr. Hawley, sir, I'd no idea you was agoing out any more," said my landlady, with just a shade of tartness in her tone; "and without your tea, too; what a pity you let me toast the crum-

pets."

Bachelors of mild dispositions are not uncommonly a little henpecked by their landladies, housekeepers, or indeed any middle-aged female with whom they have any thing to do, and I was a very punctual man in general, and given to early hours. So I dare say I winced somewhat at Mrs. Simmons' remark; but briefly excusing my apparent caprice on the ground of a visit to a parishioner who was in some danger, I hurried out.

It was a dark night in foggy December, not very cold, but damp and raw. The streets of Sallyport, unclean and ill-paved, presented a most gloomy appearance as I groped my way along them by such feeble light as the wretched oil-lamps, sparsely hung in the main thoroughfares, afforded. I knew the Blue Dolphin, a house of resort

ped in the bud, and Mary's distress would have moved a more callous observer than myself. I tried to comfort her, by suggesting that Henry Mills would be released on exhibiting his written proofs that he filled the post of fourth officer in an Indiaman; but Mary replied that this chance was denied him; he had no written appointment to show, nothing but the captain's letter, and Lieutenant Barnes—a hard, overbearing man, detested by all the seafaring population of that coast would laugh his expostulations to scorn.

"I heard, sir," said the girl, "that the Lieutenant was specially anxious to get my Henry into his clutches. He has got a list, somehow, of most of the Sallyport men, and he knows there's no sailor among them all, except perhaps Minns and Datchet, who are away to South-America, to compare with my dear Henry, and they do so want men to fight the dreadful battles, and"— Here she broke down altogether.

"But what can I do to assist in this matter?" asked I, in great perplexity, for Mary kept sobbing out incoherent asseverations that "I alone—I alone could save

them both, if I pleased."

"Of course I will do all I can," said I, as I paced the room; "but I own I can see no way out of this distressing affair. I fear it would be of little use to speak to the officer; he is a severe man, and not very scrupulous, or report does him great injustice. If I were to go to the place, and give warning to the men concealed—"

"Ah! no, sir; it's too late for that," said the girl, shaking her head. "Before I heard of what was to be done, which came about through a neighbor's child overhearing the talk of the men-of wars men, every way was beset and guarded. dared not go there. I don't even think the poor lads know their danger, and, dear sir, they don't know they are sold."

"Sold!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," answered Mary. child I spoke of heard the tender's crew boasting among themselves how they had trapped the wariest of the merchant seamen at last, and how the landlady of the Blue Dolphin—to think any one should be so base—had betrayed the poor men that were hiding, to get fifteen guineas from the Lieutenant."

This treachery did not much surprise me, for I knew that the crimps, at whose houses sailors were hidden until they could for merchant seamen, in rather an out-ofthe-way nook, but I had never visited the neighborhood save in broad daylight; and it cost me some trouble to find it on the night in question. After twice losing my way among narrow alleys, paved with sharp pebbles, and where the crazy wooden dwellings, calked and pitched like so many fishing-smacks, were tapestried with nets and perfumed with herrings, I at last found myself within sight of the creaking signboard, on whose ground of faded pink the Blue Dolphin displayed his cerulean scales, and courted custom.

As I approached, two men, wrapped in those rough blue coats which sailors call "gregos," and with glazed hats slouched over their faces, sprang forward from under an archway on the right; while two more, who might have been twin-brothers to the first couple, emerged from a blind alley on the left. I heard their cutlasses chink as they moved, and I saw the brass-bound stock of a pistol peeping out of the breast-pocket of the man, who caught me rudely by the wrist. The press-gang!

"What cheer, brother?" growled my captor, holding me fast. "Whither so

fast, at this time o' night?"

"What sort of fish have you netted, Bill?" said another deep voice. "Is he worth picking up to nibble his majesty's biscuits, eh?"

"He's only a landlubber; don't ye twig his shore-going togs," grumbled the redoubted Bill, whose grip was like the pressure of a vise. "Still he might do for a waister, if not for one of the afterguard."

I now recovered from the first shock of surprise. I proclaimed my name and my sacred calling, demanded my instant release, and warned them that they would be punished if they molested a clergyman.

The men grumbled between their teeth some allusions to "gammon," and "a cock that wouldn't fight," when, luckily for me, a little sunburned imp of a midshipman came on the scene, followed by three seamen, one of whom had a lantern. The moment I saw the light glinting on the boy's gold-laced cap, I knew that deliverance was at hand. I renewed my appeal.

"Avast, you fools!" exclaimed the youngster. "Lift the lantern, Smithers; throw the glim on the chap's face—so. Bill Jeffreys, you dunkerheaded son of a sea-cook, let the gentleman go. I beg your pardon, sir, for these fellows' blunder, but

generally, in the dark, all's fish that comes to our net. Hope they haven't hurt you?"

I hastily assured the little officer that I was none the worse for the rough handling of his followers, took my departure at at once, and in two seconds more was tapping at the door of the Blue Dolphin.

No notice was taken of the knocking, until I ventured to rattle the latch up and down, and to rap smartly with my foot against the panels. Then, indeed, there was a great stamping and shuffling to be heard inside; a light appeared at a lattice overhead, and the window was cautiously opened, while a female voice said: "Who's there? You can't come in, for we're all just gone to bed."

"To bed at nine o'clock, Mrs. Smart I Your usual hours must have been strangely altered, I should say," answered I. "Be so kind as to admit me at once. I must speak to some of the men who are

here."

"Men!" exclaimed the voice from the upper window. "You're talking of what you don't understand. There's no men here but my husband and the lame hostler."

"I must see the persons I seek," I replied with energy, but still in a cautious tone. "You ought to know my voice. I am Mr. Hawley, the vicar, and I will and must be let in."

A good deal of consultation took place, in alternate whispers and growls, between Mrs. Smart and some one whom I guessed to be her husband, the landlord; and then the light was withdrawn, and the treacherous landlady came down to admit me, fawning and apologizing for the delay in a manner that sickened me, cognizant as I was of her having sold the liberties of her guests for a bribe.

I was at once ushered into the long, low room, opening on the stable-yard, where the concealed sailors were assembled. Through a cloud of tobacco-smoke—the room itself being dimly lighted by a seacoal fire and a couple of iron lamps fed with coarse whale-oil—I could make out that about thirty men were present. These were, for the most part, strong, able-bodied sailors—some mere lads, others with grizzled hair and weather beaten faces; but the nautical garb and bearing of all was plain enough.

Bill Jeffreys, you dunkerheaded son of a sea-cook, let the gentleman go. I beg your pardon, sir, for these fellows' blunder, but tumblers and pannikins, or moodily puffing

at their clay-pipes. My appearance at first created some stir, but several of the men knew me, and told the others they need not fear—" it was only Mr. Hawley, the good pastor of Sallyport." Poor fellows! as they respectfully made way for me to pass them, I loathed the treachery which had betrayed them to the kidnappers, and I would have warned them to flee, had flight been possible; but I well knew that every avenue was guarded, and that although the merchant sailors were well provided with bludgeons and knobbed sticks, they had little chance against the trained attack of the press-gang. I therefore turned to the corner of the room, where a fine looking young sailor, taller by the head than any there, and with a very pleasing expression in his handsome honest face, sat alone, lost in melancholy thoughts. I approached. "Henry Mills," said I, in a subdued tone, "I wish to speak with you, apart from the rest. You may remember me—Mr. Hawley, the vicar of Sallyport. I was asked to come by some one who takes an interest in you.

"By Mary, sir, was it?" asked the young man, springing up. "Have you a message for me, sir, from the dear girl?"

"Hush!" said I, coming nearer—"hush! I can not tell you what I have to tell, until you have promised to obey my instructions in all this business. I can not save you, unless you will do so—unless you will promise not to be rash. And it was to ask that I would render you a service that your sweetheart, Mary Wade, came to me this night."

"Bless her kind little heart!" said Mills warmly; "but, indeed, sir, there's no special danger; we're safe here, and the Grasper's crew can't find us; and to-mor-

row ----"

"To-morrow will be too late," whispered I. "I can not explain matters here. A hasty word would ruin all. Let us have a few minutes' talk in some quieter room than this."

"Well, sir, if you wish it, the tap's quite empty, and we can talk there all by ourselves. There's a lantern in the passage, and I can unhook it as we go by."

The conversation lasted about ten minutes, for every moment was precious. At the end of that time young Mills, his oilskin-covered hat slouched over his face, and the collar of his monkey jacket turned up so as almost to conceal his mouth and chin, returned to the long, low room, and

sat down in the same secluded corner, apparently lost in thought.

And at almost the same moment the Rev. Joseph Hawley, incumbent of the parish of Sallyport, quitted the public-house, acknowledging, in the curtest and most laconic fashion, the profuse civilities and verbose good-wishes of the landlady

of the Blue Dolphin.

The men-of-war's men were hanging about the archway and the blind alley thick as bees, and humming forth a note of preparation; but as the gleam of their lantern fell on the long great-coat, the white neck-cloth, umbrella, and beaver hat of their late captive, they opened their

ranks and let him pass.

"Good night, your reverence! pleasant dreams, old boy!" said the young midshipman, with a giggle at his own wit, and the seamen gave a smothered laugh, which ceased as an important-looking personage in a cloak, with cocked-hat and clinking sword, came up — Lieutenant Barnes himself. But even the lieutenant had no power to stay a minister of religion, and Mr. Hawley went on his way The proceedings of the unmolested. Vicar of Sallyport that night were very singular; he did not go home to his lodgings, his tea and crumpets, but hung about the dark streets till the hour of ten, when the royal mail, with horn and clash of hoofs and wheels, red-coated guard and bluff coachmen, came dashing through Sallyport; and then who should appear at the coach-door just before it drove off from the office, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley.

He modestly announced that he was going to London. An inside place was vacant; he occupied it. "No luggage, All right, Thomas." Up jumped the red-coated guard, crack went the whip, twang went the horn, and off rolled the coach toward London. The pressgang examined the royal mail two miles out of Sallyport, but found no runaway seamen. What, to them, was the name of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the waybill, or the presence of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the interior of the vehicle! At exactly ten minutes to ten, the men-ofwar's men and marines, with clubs, cutlasses, and crowbars, broke into the Blue Dolphin public-house, and captured every man there. This was not effected without a dreadful fight. Bones were broken,

more than one pressed man was taken | discovery, that Henry Mills, having senseless on board the Grasper.

But Henry Mills made no resistance; he was taken as easily as a lamb is secured by the butcher, and his captors were half | London as four active horses could convey disappointed that so gallant and powerfully built a young man should have shown the white feather.

However, when Lieutenant Barnes, at half-past eleven o'clock, reviewed his prisoners on the deck of the Grasper, by the light of a ship's lantern, he found out with dismay that the prisoner in the pea-jacket and glazed hat was not Henry Mills at all, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley, M.A., Vicar | Clive Indiaman, and pretty Mary Wade. of Sallyport; and he made the further

changed clothes with his friend, the clergyman in question, was already far beyond danger, speeding as fast toward

I pass over the oaths and lamentations, both loud and deep, of the crestfallen Licutenant Barnes. But the laugh was against him, and he was glad to go to sea in the Grasper before nightfall on the following day. Half a year later, I had the pleasure of uniting in holy matrimony the hands of Henry Mills, third officer in the

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

AND POLAND INSURRECTION. ITS

more in Poland. Never for nearly one hundred years has it been extinguished. It has, during long intervals, burned dimly, and with a scarcely perceptible light. Every now and then, however, the hand of persecution has poured oil upon its flickering flame, and immediately after the dark skies have been reddened with the beacon-fires of rebellion. Since the partition of this aristocratic kingdom in 1772 down to yesterday, Poland has had no peace. The dream of nationality has incessantly haunted the troubled existence of the Pole; and, whether at home or in exile, he has looked forward with the faith of a Hebrew to the day when his country should be restored to him, and his race rule supreme once more in the valleys of the Vistula. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the three powers who shared in the crime and the spoil of the dismemberment, have found it a difficult task to crush the undying hopes of the unfortunate people whose masters their iniquitous ambition made Prussia was content with the smaller portion, and Posen fell to her lot. By increasing the German element among

THE torch of insurrection flames once | the population, and indirectly absorbing the Sclavonian into the Teutonic, as well as by conferring upon the annexed province that enlightened legislation which the Prussians, notwithstanding the perverseness and infatuation of their monarch and his ministry, enjoy, in comparison with their neighbors, the Prussian Poles have been comparatively content, and Europe has been but feebly disturbed by their murmurs. Galicia, a large slice, was seized by despotic Austria; and there the spirit of insurrection has ever smouldered, occasionally bursting out into open revolt; as when the Hapsburg autocrat canceled the liberties of Cracow, or when he cruelly instigated the peasants to rise against the nobles and massacre them in their own mansions. To Russia, however, was conceded the lion's share. Having already conquered and annexed Volhynia and Podolia, she peremptorily demanded, and obtained, the bulk of the ancient kingdom, together with the majority of its inhabitants.

The tyranny of the Czar made the lives of the Poles who lived in Posen and Galicia positively happy, when compared with the existence of their brethren who had had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Muscovite. A horrible system of repression was introduced by the Romanoff, which was carried out with the most inhuman cruelty. The Government of St. Petersburg was bent upon trampling out the last spark of freedom that lighted up with a hallowed gleam the hearts of the Poles. The inheritance of centuries was to be swept away and annihilated, and the civilized Sclavonian to be dragged down to a level with his barbarian conquerer. The casemate, the knout, the scaffold, and, what was still more terrible, deportation to the wilds and frozen solitudes of Siberia, were employed to break in pieces the national aspirations of the Poles. Hence one long, bitter wail has ever been heard from that unhappy country. Rachel was there weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.

On the accession of Alexander the Second to the throne, the hopes not only all Russia, but all Europe, were once more awakened. Report spoke of the new Czar as an enlightened and liberal prince; and the whole party of progress throughout the Muscovite empire expected to find in him a high-minded and generous reformer. He was to stimulate industry and enfranchise commerce; sealed ports were to be opened, and railways vastly extended; whilst a whisper went through the whole length and breadth of the empire, which shook the nobility with alarm and indignation, that the serfs were to be emancipated. Those who had languished under the dark and cruel government of Nicholas imagined that they beheld the dawn of better things in the advent to power of his more humane son. He was regarded as the herald of civilization in the North, and the brightest anticipations were formed of his future administion.

No wonder that Poland caught the echoes of these glad tidings, and revived her drooping spirits. In this general jubilation she fondly imagined that she herself might rejoice, and again the cry went forth that Poland was to be restored to the Poles. That these anticipations were in some degree justified, must be admitted. Alexander, either sincerely sympathizing with a fine race which had been so long trampled under the iron heel of his inflexible predecessor, or wantonly playing with their patriotic aspirations, Polish mind, eternal servitude in the Mus-

spoke openly of concessions which were to include even a constitution. A constition for Poland! Did he really know what that meant? Liberty to Poland! What could that mean in an autocratic mind? The independence of Poland! How could such an idea dwell for an instant in the despotic brain of a Czar? How widely different were the views of the Poles and their rulers soon became evident; and the reforms which were so much vaunted, the constitution which was so loudly talked about at St. Petersburg for the southern kingdom, were of the most hollow and bubble character. A few municipal privileges to the Varsovians, and the opening of some public schools, were the crumbs thrown to this famished and exasperated people. Low and deep was the murmur that burst from this disappointed land; bitter, though tranquil, the spirit of indignation that arose. In vain Alexander sent governor after governor into his mutinous province. Their coming, indeed, was heralded with fair promises; and the Poles were taught to believe that each successor would remedy the errors and be more liberal than his predecessors; but when the gifts which they brought were presented to them, they were found to be but apples of the Dead Sca—mere dust and ashes. It suited the policy of the Czar thus to play with his incensed Polish subjects; he imagined he would weary out their patience and destroy their spirit. The Poles, however, submitted with magnanimous meekness, which won for them the admiration of the world. Conscious of their weakness, they refrained from engaging in a profitless insurrection, which could only end in riveting their chains still tighter round their hands and feet. Though they had a thousand provocations, they chose the nobler part of passive resistance, and offered themselves, with exemplary resignation, as victims to their Tartar torturer. Prometheus, chained to the rock, permitted the Condor of the North to pluck out his heart without a cry.

Still, though submissive, the Poles were not abject. In the midst of their misery they never forgot their nationality, nor failed to remind the Czar that they were a nation. At the risk of incarceration in the gloomy fortresses of Russia, or exile to the mines of Siberia, or, what was far worse, and had still greater terrors for the covite army, they still continued to proclaim their nationality. They were the national costume; they sang the Bole col Polske, ("O God, protect Poland!") their national hymn; they prayed aloud in their churches for the restoration of their country; but they raised not a hand against their ruler, they drew not a sword for the recovery of their long-lost liberties. Their very passiveness exasperated their governors. Proclamation after proclamation was issued, prohibiting the wearing of the national costume, the singing the national anthem, and the offering up of prayers for their country. Warsaw was given up to the military, and a terrible massacre took place in April, 1861; men, women, and children were ruthlessly shot down as they left the churches—nay, even the sacred altars were polluted by the blood of the citizens—because they had prayed for the restoration of their ancient laws, and the recognition of their down-trodden race. The cruel tyranny of Gortschakoff, the Czar's deputy, went still further; he forbade the relatives of the slaughtered to wear mourning, and the very churches were closed, that the people should not petition on consecrated ground. Nevertheless, the Poles forebore to disturb the peace of Europe by an uprising. Their secret rulers bade them wait, and patiently bow their heads to their inexorable tyrants, still hoping that this picture of meekness and resignation would wring from their iron masters the righteous concessions they demanded.

Thoroughly to understand the social and political state of Poland, and to comprehend this mastery of the Poles over themselves, it is necessary to bear in mind the means adopted by the St. Petersburg Government to carry out their policy, and the machinery which the Poles on their part instituted in order to counteract the great national conspiracy. The chief object, of course, of the conqueror has been to Russianize Poland, and this has been attempted in a twofold manner —first, by discouraging the education of Poles in their own language; and secondly, by drafting them into the Muscovite armies. The conscription wrought fearful havoc amongst the middle-classes, who were chiefly selected, as their superior enlightenment made them a terror to the authorities. Those who escaped impeachment were dragged away into military higher officials.

service, and scattered amongst the various regiments stationed over the vast Russian empire. Nor were the nobles themselves beyond the reach of this exasperating tyranny; the highest amongst them were compelled to enter the public service in a body. When Poland was conquered by Russian gold, and its armies defeated by the dissensions and treachery of their commanders, among their many other Russian institutions, the practice was forced upon the Polish nobility of serving the state in alternate generations. Unless the father or son accepted a commission in the army, or became a clerk in a government-office, whatever might be the rank, or age, or splendor of the family, it lost caste, and was classed amongst the plebeian herd. For a noble family to retain its nobility, every second generation was obliged to give up its sons to the Moloch of the state; and although the regulation has been in many cases evaded by the wealthier among the Slachiz of the kingdom, yet enough remain who can not possibly escape the moral degradation of doing the work of their conquerors. Placed before the alternative of making themselves government-clerks, or donning a military uniform, the Poles, as a rule, have preferred the latter, as the most chivalrous calling of the two. Many of them have fought the battles of the Emperor in the Caucasus; many have shed their blood before the walls of Sebastopol; and from Riga to the Amoor the Polish officer is a standing figure in the army, appearing in nearly every regiment in the service. But with all these precautions, the Poles have never lost their sense of nationality. True as steel to the instincts of their birth, they have cherished the hope which for ten decades has animated the sons of Poland; and the only result of this mistaken policy has been, that the Russians have distributed amongst the ranks of their slavish battalions the fearless propagandists of liberty. But the Pole does not rely upon himself alone; he is surrounded by, as it were, a human Providence. The great League watches over him, surrounds him, protects him, employs him, and records his every action. This grand secret association pursues him every wherewhether serving in the armies of Russia, whether at home in the bosom of his family, in the casemates of Warsaw, in the government-offices, or the bureaus of the

The organization of this powerful and invisible League is based upon the system of decades, every ten members forming a separate division, presided over by the Tenth man. The latter is appointed by the Centurion, or hundredth man, and confirmed by the leader of the district. If he act contrary to orders, or fail to accommodate himself in every respect to the party-programme, complaint is preferred by the Centurion, and sentence of removal pronounced by the local chief. While in office, the Tenth receives orders from the Centurion, who is the only member of the society known to him beyond the members of his own decade. To him he is also bound to report, as frequently as possible, upon the state of his company, and communicate the information furnished by its members. The tenth is obliged to watch the conduct of the latter, to communicate orders from above, and to prevent any deviation from the strict line of the programme. Nobody is received into the society except upon the recommendation and guarantee of a member of some standing, and in selecting new members honesty and enthusiasm for the common cause are the only necessary qualities. The promise that they will obey orders and keep the secrets, whether at large or in prison, is the only rite exacted, the taking the oaths being reserved for extraordinary cases, and immediately on the eve of rebellion.

Each member of a decade guaranteeing the submission of his new subordinates, is allowed to collect a decade of his own, and become a Tenth himself. manner a Tenth may obtain promotion to the rank of Centurion. The chief of the district, or, more correctly, the chief of ten Centurions, is appointed by the "town committee," or directing body established in all the larger cities of the kingdom. Over the town committees are installed a number of provincial committees, deriving both authority and orders from the central committee in the capital. It is the duty of the districtual leader to make a daily report to the "town committee," the orders of the latter being communicated to him by means of a single agent, whilst all intercourse is strictly limited to conversation or a complicated system of ciphers. In some cases several districts may be united into a department under the direction of a special committee, when the latter is made dependent upon the town com-

mittee nearest to it. The upper bodies, though consisting of several persons, are strictly holden to carry on their intercourse with the inferior and superior bodies by the agency of a single person only. Every member of a decade, and the society at large, is obliged to pay implicit obedience to orders from above; to assist, serve, and advise in every emergency the other members of the League; to carry on the propaganda among the remaining portion of the population, and prepare himself in every respect for active service in a revolutionary force.

A similar organization is carried out in Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Galicia, and the grandduchy of Posen, each province being placed under a provincial committee, which is at the beck of the central committee at Warsaw.

There is, moreover, a grand secret tribunal shrouding itself under the appellation of Central National Committee. In this head and center of the organization powers unlimited have been vested by the will of the founders and the assent of the people. It may act as it likes, command what it pleases, and be free from all responsibility to the subordinate bodies of the League. No resistance offered to its orders will be accounted to legalize the conduct of the recusants; no contradiction excusable so long as the committee remains enthroned in darkness over the people and its rulers—those other rulers who have come from the banks of the Neva. Yet, if its resignation should be demanded by two-thirds of the provincial committees, the Central Committee has to bow before the decision of its subordinates, and to retire to the less ambitious position of a simple decade. This central committee consists of seven members, and in addition to its other powers is entitled to fill up vacancies. All its votes are taken by majority, and the sitting is presided over by a mysterious personage, the head of heads, called the "Regulator." Each member of this National Board attends to some special department, the divisions being as follows: Warsaw affairs; provincial affairs; foreign affairs; control of the Russian police; matters of finance; and the press. The minister, as we may well call him, for the latter department.is also charged with the establishment of a secret postal service throughout the kingdom. The Regulator, as becomes the dignity of his office, is saddled

with no special business, but directs rebellion without the drudgery of details.

This omnipotent and omnipresent organization will account for the passiveness of the Poles under so many provocations. The word to rise had to issue from the chiefs of this grand committee of conspirators; and so long as they were silent, not a battalion moved. They knew the political state of Europe; they knew the strength of the Russian armies; they knew the resources of the Czar, and they patiently bided their time. They felt, moreover, the great responsibilities which devolved upon them. They loved Poland, and they would not sacrifice her blood and her life Unlike Mazzini, they recoguselessly. nized the fact that partial outbreaks could only end in universal humiliation and despair; and they prudently and mercifully restrained the burning impetuosity of their countrymen with marvelous deci-But they every now and then made their power, unseen, felt. An offending official was tried before their secret tribunal, and if condemned, an executioner was appointed to do justice upon his head. The world called it assassination; and when Falconer, the hated commissioner of the police, fell by the daggers of Polish patriots, the cry of the Muscovites was "murder;" but the friends of Poland called it "justice;" and considering the crimes and cruelties perpetrated by that black agent of a relentless tyranny, it would not be very difficult to justify the appellation.

At length the Grand Duke Constantine arrived at Warsaw, the brother of the Emperor himself; and, like that of his predecessors, his advent was heralded by a flourish of promises. Wielopolski, though liberal in his language, had failed to satisfy the claims of Poland; for he had in reality nothing to offer them but fine words. But when a prince of the imperial blood was sent amongst them, whose character was known to be humane, and whose views, it was said, was so liberal that he had been censured by his autocratic brother, it was believed that the "good time" was come at last. But again disappointment; the same system of repression was enforced, and the policy of non-concession pursued. There was, however, anger and alarm. The Poles, though firm and quiet, were again deeply exasperated at being the dupes of successive governors; and whispers of insurrection- houses, the more comprehensive strategies

ary movements in preparation were heard. The Grand Duke Constantine represented to Alexander the importance of pacifying his new subjects by an extension of their liberties. He invited the Poles to make known their grievances; and they appeared in the ante-chamber of the Castle of Warsaw only to find that they might as well have stood upon the beach and addressed themselves to the pitiless waves. The nobles were taught that they might petition the Emperor, and Count Zamoyski imagined that he might transmit the petition into the imperial hands; but exile was and is his reward. Then came the last act of this tragedy of government. The time approached for the conscription. It was rumored throughout Poland that the lists, however, were not drawn up impartially; that the infliction was to fall heavily upon the towns, whilst the peasants in the country were to be comparatively exempt. The policy of this was manifest; the peasantry, scattered over the surface of the land, are isolated, and have not the power of combination; but in the cities men group themselves together, and, where there is a common grievance, unite. Hence the Czar prepared this last great crime against the manhood of Poland. So horror-stricken were the families, so borne down by their grief at this announcement, that Constantine himself wavered in the execution of his brother's designs; and upon his representations at the court of St. Petersburg, orders were given to postpone the carrying out of the imperial ukase; but it was only, however, to enable the Czar to lay his plans more perfectly, and to render the original illegality of his decree a hundred fold more illegal.

January the 15th will be memorable in the annals of Poland. At five o'clock on that morning the houses of the Praga were suddenly occupied by troops. Companies of infantry rushed through the streets, and dividing into pickets of ten men each, entered the doors, with or without the consent of the inhabitants. Each picket was attended by three policemen, and an official acting as the recruiting-sergeant of the party. In a vast majority of cases no resistance was offered to this invasion of domestic privacy; but in some places the doors, being locked and bolted, had to be beaten in by axes and crowbars. Whilst this movement was being executed against individual

of the generals were evinced by a military inhabitants of the houses, boys and old occupation of the suburbs as well as of the towns. At every corner was posted a cavalry patrol, each party being placed in sight of the next, and the whole forming a continuous chain of stationary but agile alarmists all over the capital. The more frequented thoroughfares and the squares formed the focus of this system of scattered outposts. There one might see entire regiments ready for attack, murder, or plunder. These men were supported by batteries of artillery prepared for immediate action; by the Mohammedan horsemen who constitute the body-guard of the Grand Duke; and last, not least, by a division of the guards, who had been specially dispatched from St. Petersburg. When the first columns were defiling through the Praga streets, the presence of danger overcame the lesson of prudence which the people had learned. Of resistance there was no possibility in the teeth of the Regulator's injunctions. Escape, so far as his person was concerned, was the only chance remaining with the isolated recruit. Like doves flying before the kite, hundreds of young fellows rushed from the houses, and wandered along the streets in search of some quiet retreat. As the troops advanced, gradually occupying the whole of the town, the majority of these fugitives were captured and carried off to head-quarters; whilst others, with money enough in their pockets to engage a vehicle, escaped by bribing the patrols they happened to meet.

In the mean time the various stages of the tragedy were being rapidly played out in the houses of the suburbs. The passage once guarded by two soldiers with loaded guns, the rest of the party proceeded up stairs to demand the surrender of their victims. They were accompanied by a sergeant, with a list of the individuals to be carried off from every dwelling. Such lists are always inaccurate, and in the present instance were a mere matter of form. Correct or not, there was the paper in the hands of the dread official. A multitude of names had been written down, and at the risk of heavy punishment he was compelled to seize and deliver up an equal number of individuals. If he found his prisoners, he was contented for a trifle not to break the furniture and explore the bedchambers of the ladies; if not, he selected his hostages from among the male | Bodzentin and Szydloweck; whilst at

men included, whilst even the sick and the lame were not excepted. In hundreds of cases this horrible cruelty was practiced on that terrible night. When morning dawned, great was the alarm that pervaded all classes and all ranks in Warsaw. Every male who could fled to the pinewoods and the marshes and the hills for protection. There they grouped themselves together in small bands, and subsisted as best they could for a fortnight, until, hunted down by the Cossack hordes of Russia, they were forced into rebellion. Now was shown what may be done by a nation animated by a great idea, by a great despair. Like a prairie-fire, leaping from tuft to tuft, the flame of insurrection spead over moorland and forest, and kindled the beacon-lights of war on the crests of a thousand hills. The night of the Branka, that St. Bartholomew of Warsaw, filled the cup of provocation, and nothing was left but to seize whatever weapons were at hand, and to declare war to the death.

The treachery of the Muscovite government was conspicuous throughout all these events. It is now well ascertained that it deliberately goaded the Poles into insurrection; apprehensive lest they should rise at a more favorable season, when Russia would be busy in settling accounts with the seris.

But the Czar and his counselors missed their mark. The few bands that were scattered united their forces, and thus swelled their ranks. With curious cunning the official accounts of the insurrection received from the North exaggerated the defeats of the regular troops, and calumnious reports were propagated with regard to the cruelty perpetrated by the insurgents. It was alleged that they had fallen upon and massacred soldiers in their sleep, and that they were burning villages and killing the inhabitants, priests and old men even not being spared. The libelous part of these reports, however, was soon dissipated by the light of truth; but, on the other hand, there was a grain of truth, and a large grain too, in the official statement. The insurgents did gain victories. At Plock and Plose two companies of troops were attacked by, or attacked, the desperate insurgents in those localities, when five soldiers were killed. A serious affair took place near Radom; again at

Stock, near Siedlice, bodies of the military were encountered and defeated; and what gave greater indications of the strength of this insurrectionary movement, was the fact that the telegraphs were cut down, and the railways either broken up, or the trains stopped on their passage. In fact, the Vienna and Warsaw line was subject to the frequent visitations of the "rebels," who, however, did no further mischief than ransack the luggage of passengers for official dispatches. Yet this examination was by no means general. So well was the communication, so wide-spread was the conspiracy, so perfect the organization, that the secrets of the chief bureaus of St. Petersburg and Warsaw were made known to the insurgent chiefs, so that when the train stopped they were well acquainted beforehand with the person who was carrying the dispatches. All that they had to do, therefore, was politely to request the said official to deliver up the papers intrusted to his charge; and if he objected to this breach of trust, his objections were easily overruled by a brace of pistols pointed at his head. On one or two occasions the gentlemanly bearing of insurgent chiefs was carried so far as to give the despoiled messenger a receipt, which he could present to his masters, signifying that the dispatches had not been lost, but that they would be found at the head-quarters of the particular band which had seized them. As the news of the uprising spread throughout Europe, many hundred exiles hastened home to the scene of action; and amongst them officers of experience who had served in the armies of foreign kingdoms, so that within a month the work assumed a more organized form. The Poles were divided, it is true, into numerous bands, but each of them had its center of operations. The government of Radom, for example, was inclosed between two insurrectionary bodies commanded by Kurowski; the first occupied the south-eastern district, whilst the second corps was strongly posted in the west, and protected by extensive forests; again, the south was guarded by flying detachments which connected the east with the west, and kept open communication between the larger bodies. Here it was that appeared the first detachment under Langiewicz, encamped on the frontier of the department, watching the isolated movements of the Russians, and preventing their concentration. In the tower of strength would have been added

government of Lublin, the high-road from Lublin to Lemberg was threatened by the corps of Francowski, some of whose detachments were in communication with other bodies extending into Volhynia; and lastly in Volhynia there sprang up a band, under the command of Neazaj, a Cossack by birth; whilst Lithuania and the government of Augustow were speedily overrun by companies, whose numbers and movements divided the forces of the Czar and thwarted their plans.

The object of Alexander is naturally to suppress this insurrection as speedily as possible; and neither fire nor sword has been spared to accomplish this consummation. Wherever the Russian columns advanced, they left a black line of desolation behind them; the cruelties perpetrated at Tomaszow and Miechow, where the people were massacred, and houses plundered, and the towns burnt to the ground being repeated over and over again. Innocent people have been dragged away from their homes and shot by the Cossacks, without pity or remorse; and even the Russian officials themselves head the approach of these furious and barbarous squadrons. The destruction of the chateau of Count Zamoyski, and the slaughter of the guests of Count Poletylo —both known for their attachment to the Romanoff dynasty—will leave an indelible brand upon the Russian officers who committed these atrocious deeds. But troops which can be guilty of such cowardly horrors dare not meet the brave bands of patriots which overrun the country, except they are in overwhelming numbers, and supported by formidable guns. It has, on the other hand, been the policy of the Poles to carry on simply a guerrilla warfare, and hence they have avoided collecting any large force in one spot. Nevertheless there has been tremendous fighting; and the battle of Malagosz, which was fought on the twenty-fourth of February, will be long memorable in the annals of this war of independence. The Russians were at least six thousand strong, and protected by seven guns; the Poles were far inferior in numbers, were devoid of artillery, and, comparatively speaking, even of muskets. Nevertheless under the able generalship of Langiewicz, they thoroughly routed their enemy, with but trifling loss on their own side. A fresh

to the insurrection, it was expected, by the arrival of Mieroslawski, whose appearance upon the scene of action gave fresh confidence to the Poles, and enlisted still more deeply the sympathy of the peasants in this desperate struggle. Mieroslawski dwells in the hearts of all classes; and no sooner was it known that he had arrived in Poland than numerous bands gathered round his standard, and placed themselves at once under his command. But he has suddenly disappeared from the scene of action, his political views being either offensive to the nobles, or his ambition consorting little with the projects of the National Committee.

On the eighth of March the secret directors of the insurrection put an end to their short executive existence by confering upon Maryan Langiewicz—the general to whom the insurrection owed so much, who had been amongst the first to rush to the rescue of Poland, who had sedulously organized her scattered bands and led them to victory—the highest honor it was in their power to bestow, they voluntarily abdicated their own offices, and created the successful soldier Dicta-Langiewicz, accepting the post, at once set to work to form a civil administration, thus consolidating and giving life and energy to the National Government.

The following is the decree or manifesto by which he called into existence this essential body, around which must group so many hopes for the future of holy

Poland:

"Head Quarters, Sosnowka.

"In the name of the people, Maryan Langie-wicz, Dictator.

"By virtue of the manifesto of March 10th, and the stipulations therein contained, I, Maryan Langiewicz, Dictator of Poland, hereby ordain the institution of a civil National Government as follows:

"Clause 1. The civil National Government to consist of four members, being respectively the chiefs of the military, financial, home, and foreign departments.

"Clause 2. Until further notice, this Govern-

ment is to remain secret.

"Clause 3. The commands and ordinances of the Dictator, relative to the civil administration of state, are to be addressed to the Civil Government; the latter to be responsible for their transmission to the subordinate authorities.

"Clause 4. The decrees of the Civil Government shall be issued in the name of the Dictator, and by virtue of the authority conferred

upon it.

"Clause 5. The commands of the Dictator to

the Civil Government shall be countersigned by one of his Secretaries-General. The appointments here mentioned have been completed simultaneously with the issue of this decree.

"Clause 6. I also appoint three government commissaries, to be attached to the home department for special purposes. These commissaries will be placed under the orders of the National Government, which will give them the necessary instructions.

"Clause 7. Our representatives at foreign courts I shall appoint, subject to the recommendations of the chief of foreign affairs.

"Clause 8. All civil and military authorities whatever their origin and the time of their appointment, are hereby dissolved.

"Clause 9. They are, however, to continue their functions until further orders from the

Civil Government or its commissaries.

"Clause 10. I hereby appoint Valerius Tomczynski to be Deputy-Secretary-General until the assumption of office by one of the Secretaries-General already nominated.

"Given at head-quarters, Sosnowka, March

12th, 1863.

[Signed] "MARYAN LANGIEWICZ.

"The Deputy-Secretary-General VALERY TOMCZYNSKI."

The camp of Langiewicz presents a most striking and interesting aspect. The troops look more like volunteers or militia than regulars; nevertheless, they need not shun comparison with the enemy on the score of general outfit. Krakusians may be seen in the white gown, (a la Kosciusko,) and Uhlans, of all kinds and colors, and Kossinniaires, with the square cap of the native peasantry; whilst large fires along the open ground, where entire sheep and oxen are being roasted, complete the picturesqueness of the camp. As a rule, the insurgents wear a close-fitting coat, called a gunque, quite plain, without either buttons or frogs, and made of coarse brown cloth; gray trousers; a white leathern belt; and a square cap, amaranth, turned up with black. They carry a double-barreled gun slung over the shoulders, a revolver stuck in the belt and a small bag for bread, etc. The cavalry are dressed in the same manner, and armed with lances bearing the Polish colors, red and white. The flags of the insurgents have on one side the white eagle of Poland and the white horse of Lithuania; on the other, the portrait of Our Lady Czentochan, with the motto, "For our liberty and ours!"

But the chief center of attraction is General Langiewicz himself. He is short and muscular, a Prussian by birth, and a little above thirty, with features that can scarcely be said to be striking. He looks calm and reserved, like a quiet deliberative mind rather than the champion of an audacious insurrection. He has a slight halt, talks little, and knows well how to value the worth of time and words. In short, he looks what he is, a man of decision rather than of impulse. He wears a square-shaped cap of violet silk, adorned with a sheep-skin border, and surmounted with a white plume. High polished boots, and a dark Czamarka lined with fur, constitute the chief items of his truly national uniform. Among his captains there are still many remnants discernible of the revolution of 1831. Not a few hoary heads and gray beards figure among the immediate advisers of the gen-They have hurried thither from every quarter of the globe, hopeful again, and longing for the realization of the dreams of their youth. A peculiar element in the camp is formed by the ladyofficers, half a dozen of whom are said to have been admitted into the service. Two of them followed their husbands to the war, the rest, consisting of girls of noble descent, are also desirous of striking a blow against the hereditary enemy of their race and caste. They all wear men's garments, are capital riders, and renowned for their chivalry amid the dan- lations of Europe.

gers of the fight. Above all others, Mdlle. Pustowojtow is mentioned as a dead shot and daring leader of reconnoitring patrols. In her uniform, adorned by a sash of the national colors, she looks like a delicate youth on the threshold of manhood, and with the promise of future strength imprinted on her animated features. She, as well as the other officers, and indeed the general himself, observe the rites of the Roman Catholic Church with religious zeal and solicitude. Mass is celebrated daily in the camp; and the Capuchin monk, the head of the Church militant in the interior, is regarded as one of the most important personages in the councilchamber as well as beside the altar.

P. S. By a recent telegram it appears that Langiewicz has been defeated near Zagoscie, that his forces have been dispersed, and that he himself is a prisoner in the fortress of Cracow. Thus a heavy calamity has befallen the cause of Poland. Nevertheless, all is not lost; if he has been driven from the scene of action, Poland has many a worthier son than he, and in every province of the kingdom the tide of insurrection is rolling higher and stronger; and there is yet hope that victory will be allied to justice, and that the Star of Sarmatia will yet shine forth with all its luster amongst the dynastic constel-

From Chambers's Journal,

LAST GREAT MEN. WORDS 0 F

Is there not something very tender and suggestive, reader, in the title which heads this paper? Who will deny that an intense and sorrowful interest attaches to the last recorded utterances of all men, but more especially of all great men? Who can say what marvelous sights may not have been seen by their mortal eyes, which, so fast closing upon all earthly things, were even then entering the very presence-chamber of the Highest? It is last thoughts were as diverse as those related by the biographer of Thomas | which occupied their lives. Ofttimes, the

Campbell that the last sound which escaped the poet's lips on earth "was an exclamation of surprise or joy." Who can say, as the poet's spirit was traversing that border-land which separates life from immortality, what wondrous sights might not be dawning upon its vision?

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay adying, the subjects which occupied their last broken expressions of our great men contain dim foreshadowings of things to come; as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness and resignation, or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see "the ruling passion strong in death." We find warriors thanking God, with their last breath, that they had done their duty; and martyrs, whilst ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would live after them, and would be their truest monument to all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grisly King of Terrors himself, and passing behind the dark curtain with a jest upon their lips! In short we shall find the last words of our great men generally breathe out courage, wisdom, philosophy, pathos, happiness, sorrow, wit, remorse, or despair, just in proportion which their lives exhibited these qualities.

Not a few of our great men have, of course, departed without giving utterance to any very remarkable last words, but still, generally speaking, their last recorded utterances will be found—viewed by the light in which they uttered them—to be wise, suggestive, tender, and profound.

Surely, there is something very pathetic in those last words of Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head-master: "It grows dark, boys; you may go." As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waning twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant "dismissed" from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the two last words which Goethe uttered were truly memorable: "Draw back the curtains," said he, "and let in more light."

At the time of Humboldt's death, the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying, and it is stated that his last words, addressed to his niece, were these: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen, sie schienen, die Erde, zum Himmel zu rufen!" (How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven!)

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, more than once turned to Lockhart, and exclaimed with great fervor to him: "Be a good man, my dear." When we recolthem, is not there a little sermon in these words? Judge Talfourd, it will be remembered, died suddenly whilst delivering the charge to the grand jury at the Stafford assizes. The last sentence which he uttered, before his head fell forward upon his breast, is pregnant with wisdom; and from the eternal truth which it so nobly enunciates, forms a fitting conclusion to Talfourd's benevolent and useful career. "That," said he, "which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy." And so with that last word "sympathy" yet trembling upon his lips, poor Talfourd passed away.

Dr. Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: "God bless you, my dear." And "God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dorah?" were Wordsworth's last words.

There is a singular identity, also, between the last utterances of Mrs. Hannah More and of the historian, Sir James Mackintosh, the last words of both consisted of one word, and both alike breathe the same spirit of happiness. "Joy" was the last utterance of the former, and "happy" that of the latter. am ready" were the last words of the great actor, Charles Mathews. Knox, about eleven o'clock on the night of his death, gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed: "Now, it is come." These were his last words, for in a few moments later he expired.

General Washington's last words were firm, cool, and reliant as himself. "I am about to die," said he, "and I am not afraid to die." Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him "to mark how a Christian could die."

Etty, the great painter, quietly marked the progress of dissolution going on within his frame, and coolly moralized thereon. His last words were: "Wonderful-wonderful, this death!" and he uttered them with perfect calmness.

Thomas Hood's last words were: "Dying, dying;" as though, says his biographer, "he was glad to realize the sense of rest implied in them."

Amongst the last utterances of another great wit, Douglas Jerrold, was the reply which he made to the question "How he Jerrold's reply was quick and felt?" lect the character of the man who uttered | terse, as his conversation always was. He felt, he said, "as one who was waiting, and waited for."

When we remember Charlotte Bronte's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief months toward its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, there is a melancholy plaintiveness in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy."

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his

life.

One of Keats's latest utterances is full of a singular pathos and beauty. "I feel," he said on his death-bed—"I feel the flowers growing over me!" Tasso's last words—"In manus tuas Domine" (Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit)—are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and immediately afterward he expired.

Napoleon's last words assuredly exhibit "the ruling passion strong in death." On his death-bed, he became delirious. He issued orders to his troops, and imagined that he was conducting a great battle. "Tête d'armée" were the last words

which escaped his lips.

We lately read a touching anecdote of the last moments of a great merchant. This gentleman had long been resident in China, where he had amassed a colossal fortune. He resolved at length to return to England; but whilst he was busily making final preparation for his return surpassed." home, he was struck down by death. The track of his homeward voyage, so often traversed by him in spirit, was, however, so stamped upon his brain, that he died deliriously pointing out the headlands and capes which he fancied he saw on his homeward voyage. He died, too, singularly enough, just as he, in his delirium, fancied that he sighted the lights of his English home. Paschal says: "La mort est plus aisée à supporter, sans y penser que la pensée de la mort sans péril." So perhaps, after all, his end was peaceful.

The son of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, was a young man of rare promise, and his early death hastened the decease of his illustrious father. It is relat-

ed, that on the night of his death young Burke suddenly rose up and exclaimed: "Is that rain? Oh! no; it is the sound of the wind among the trees." He then turned to his father, regarded him with a look of great affection, and then commenced to recite with deep feeling these sublime lines of Milton from Adam's Morning Hymn, which he knew to be his father's favorite:

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,

Blow soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship, wave."

Just as he pronounced the last word, his strength failed him; the lamp which had flickered up so grandly in its socket was quenched; he fell forward into his father's arms, and so died. Burke's grief was terrible; and he did not long survive his son. Burke's own last words are the same as those of Johnson and Wordsworth

—namely, "God bless you."

A remarkable instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" is to be found in the account left us of the death of Mozart, the great composer. Although Mozart was enfeebled by a fortnight's illness, still, when he felt that his last moments were approaching, he desired that the "Requiem" (which was among the latest of his productions) should be sung around his bed by some friends of his, performers at Shickanerder's theater. He himself sang the alto part, Schack the soprano, and Hofer the bass. Shortly afterward he expired. This instance of the "ruling passion," we opine, has, in penny-a-liners' phrase, "been rarely equaled, and never

Who that ever read them, can forget those noble last words which Bishop Latimer addressed to his fellow sufferer, Bishop Ridley, when both were about to perish in the flames at Oxford? Addressing Bishop Ridley, he said: "Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; this day we light a candle in England which shall never be extinguished." We question whether, if the archives of all the "noble army of martyrs" were to be ransacked, there could be found a record of any more me-

morable utterance than this.

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas More, perished, it will be recollected, upon the scaffold. Observing, as he was ascending the scaffold, that it

appeared very weak, he turned to the lieutenant, and said to him merrily: "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, that you see me safe up; and as for my coming down, why, let me shift for myself." Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our land the title of "Merry England."

King Charles II. also died with a joke upon his lips; his death had been expected for some time before it occurred, and thus many of his courtiers had been kept up all night. He apologized to those who stood round his bed for the trouble he had caused them; he had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying, but he "This was hoped they would excuse it. the last glimpse," remarks Lord Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation."

There is an incident related of the death-scene of Sir Charles Napier, the great Indian warrior, which is so curious and suggestive, that (although, strictly speaking, it does not come under the category of "last words," since no word was spoken by Sir Charles,) we can not resist referring to it here. It appears, then, that the Twenty-second Foot was the regiment with which Sir Charles's chief victories were achieved, and to which he was most strongly attached. Just as the old warrior's spirit was passing away, Mr. M'Murdo, his son-in-law, seized the tattered, shot-torn fragments of the colors of the twenty second regiment, and waved them over the dying warrior. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sir Charles's face as this was being done, and thus his spirit passed away.

In Snorro Sturleson's matchless Heimskringla — a work whose every line should he read by all lovers of deeds of Norse daring—there is to be found an account of the last words of an old Norse hero named Thormod. This worthy had been mortally wounded by the shaft of an arrow striking him in battle. He retired to a barn, where a woman-servant tried to pull the shaft of the arrow out of his wound with the help of a pair of tongs! Not succeeding in her attempt, Thormod reproved the girl for her tenderness in using the tongs; took them himself, and, by main force, pulled the arrow out of the wound. Upon it

heart, some red, some white. When Thormod saw them, he said grimly: "The King has fed us well. I am fat, even at the heart-roots." "And so saying," says Sturleson, "he leaned back and was dead." We imagine that there can be found but few instances of last words which imply such a thorough scorn of physical pain as do these of Thormod. In the Heimskringla, too, there will be found an account of the last words and actions of another old Norse king. This hero, feeling that his time was at hand, and being sternly resolved not to die a natural death, ordered his war-galley to be brought out. This being done, he proceeded on board, set it on fire, and slowly drifted out to sea, chanting his war-song with his last gasp. Surely the gates of the Walhalla of the Norsemen would fly open to welcome two such heroes as this old Norse king and Thormod.

Zwingle, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words are cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death-wounds, he calmly exclaimed: "What matters this misfortune? They may indeed kill the body, but they can not kill the soul."

And now that we are speaking about the last words of warriors, who can fail to recollect those noble last words of our great Nelson? "I thank God," said he, "that I have done my duty." And so, with the great guns booming overhead, proclaiming the victory so dearly bought, he died.

In the year 1591, Sir Richard Grenville —the Sydney of the sea—was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force. After inflicting the most terrible chastisement upon the Spanish fleet—it is said that Sir Richard was engaged with no less than fifteen ships—the Revenge (Sir Richard's vessel) was taken, and Sir Richard Grenville himself was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honor. But in a few days he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervor: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind; for that I have ended my life, as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, there hung some morsels of flesh from his | queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do."

We purpose giving, as the final illustration of our subject, the last utterances of a soldier who fought in another warfare; to wit, the Venerable Bede. Bede died at Jarrow Monastery, near Newcastle, in the year 735. The account left us of his death is very striking. For a long time previous, Bede had been engaged upon a translation of St. John's Gospel into the Saxon language. His work, which was to give God's word to the common people in their own tongue, was very nearly completed; but Bede's strength was ebb-

ing fast. He sat in his chair, however, conscious still, though the shades of death were fast gathering around him. The scribe, who was writing to Bede's dictation, now hastily exclaimed to him: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." This speech recalled Bede's fast-failing senses; gathering together all his strength, he answered: "Write quickly;" and then dictated to the scribe the last sentence of the last chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said: "The sentence is now written." Bede replied: "It is well. You have said the truth. It is finished! Consummatum

AMONG THE DEAD POMPEII. AT

THE disentombed city of Pompeii presents objects of commanding interest to the stranger and traveler, such as he can hardly find elsewhere among the ruined cities of the world. When we walked among its ruins, some years since, three miles of streets had been opened to the light of the sun, which had remained burried for eighteen centuries. The walls of the houses were still standing—the side-walks and pavements in good order, and the fresco-paintings on the walls; and the mosaics of the floors were still fresh and beautiful. But a new chapter has recently been opened in the history of Pompeil for the reading world, and some of its inhabitants have come into view after a concealment of eighteen hundred years, as follows.

A letter in the Athenæum informs us that two hundred men, women, and girls are employed in excavating at Pompeii. The writer says:

"The excavations are being carried on in two spots, near the Temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbondanza, but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house, in a small street just opened, were found

attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of pummice stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire, ashes, and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and insuring their preservation for nearly two thousand years. On removing the debris, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but a fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cav. Fiorelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Versuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture, the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and, mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first Further researches led to the century. discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which the bodies or skeletons which are now first awakened the interest of the excava-

tions was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a fingerring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and, from the twisted position of her body, had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm are raised and contorted, and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the headdress and hair are distinctly visible. the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain. By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys, and the rings, and the cast of it, with all that remains intermingled with or impressed on the plaster, is preserved in the same room. Passing on to an inner chamber, we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right; the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scoriæ or the plaster, whilst the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protrude through the incrusted ashes, and on the surface of the body, in various parts, is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is uppermost, is very conspicuous, and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress. The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow.

the whole of the upper part of the body, are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard—by which I mean, of course, the traces of them—are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. The first was the mother and the head of the household, for by her side was the bag of money, the keys, and two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was only found on Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicates it; and coiffure too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. child—perhaps her child—does not appear to have suffered so much, but, child like, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all danger. I judge so from the marks of the folds of the linen round the arms and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand, as if it had grasped something. Poor child! it was not so tenacious of life as the mother, and soon went to sleep. There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from the large, projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much evidently, as the right leg is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as her sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, man-like, had struggled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell on his back, and fell dead. His limbs are stretched out to their full length, and give no sign of suffering. A more touching story than that which is told by these silent figures I have never read, and it was with comparatively little interest that I closed this day by visiting the sites where the laborers are actually at work. They are cutting out streets beneath the roots of large trees, and carting off the soil to many feet above them. Walls are coming out to view every moment, with the large red inscriptions, and folds of the dress on the arm, and over the popular jokes of Pompeiani. Many

houses have been completely uncovered, with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of distinguished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pompeii. There are two large gardens in the interior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of a wild boar being pulled down by dogs, and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired, and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. Amongst the many improvements which Cav. Fiorelli has introduced | Italians have made."

is the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii. There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty loaves which were baking when Versuvius burst forth, and which were 'drawn' only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the There are the tallies, too, and hammers, and bill-hooks, and colors, should the artist need them, and medicines for the sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and pateræ of plain and colored glass, light and elegant in form, are there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamented and more useful and elegant than any that modern

From the London Intellectual Observer.

EXPERIENCES HASCHISCH. $\mathbf{0}$ F

BY SHERLEY HIBBERD.

Luca, on Haschisch, which appeared in the December number of the Intellectual Observer (page 346) recalled to my memory some experiences of my own in the use of Haschisch. These experiences might not be worth recording were it not a matter of some interest to the medical profession whether or not Haschisch can be exhibited as a therapeutic agent, a matter to be determined very much by a comparison of its effects on persons of various habit and constitution. It may be right to preface these remarks by stating that I am of middling hight, spare habit, sanguine-nervous temperament, not ro bust, but have always enjoyed sound health, have great powers of endurance, and possess altogether a vigorous constitution.

The publication, in 1845, of a work on Haschisch, by Dr. Mareau, occasioned

THE translation of a note by M. S. de | between myself and a friend, who was then preparing for the medical profession, some conversations on this and other narcotics, the result of which was that we several times smoked and swallowed opium, and resolved also to possess ourselves of some Haschisch. We made application to Messrs. Battley and Watts, the druggists, of Fore Street, without success, and, after other fruitless efforts, gave up the hope of ever tasting the fascinating compound of Cannabis Indica. In 1849 my friend was sent to Paris, and he soon after wrote to me to say that the students at the Medical Schools were all indulging in the intoxication of Haschisch and by the next post he would forward me a sample. In due time I received a small brown slab, resembling a refined sample of Cavendish tobacco, and with it instructions to take not more than one drachm at a time. I was so eager to make acquaintance with it that I could have taken the whole at once. It weighed about half an ounce; it emitted an agree-

^{* &}quot;Du Haschisch et de l'Alienation Mentale Kiudes Psychologiques."

able odor when broken, and felt sticky between the fingers. I trembled with joy as I turned it over and over in my hand, and I thought the odor affected me so as to produce a sense of inward satisfaction, like that of the first few whiffs of a good segar. I retired to my study, it was then growing dusk, the season July, and I had been up two nights in succession reading Jocob Behmen. I remember feeling quite fatigued and low, yet in perfect health, and in the mood for any wild freak which might promise a sensation agreeable to the imagination. I sat down at the window, broke off a piece of the cake as near a drachm as I could guess, and swallowed it. I put away the remainder, that I might not be tempted to take a second dose, and waited anxiously to feel its effect.

I soon became conscious of a sense of disappointment. I said "That was not Haschisch, but some preparation of chocolate. I took my pen to write an indignant letter to my friend, that he might know I had not become an easy dupe to his plan for deceiving me. I was at a loss how to begin the letter, though otherwise always ready at writing, even when fatigued. For a moment I paused, considering, and then the parietal bones of my head expanded widely, as if parting at the sutures, and again collapsed with a sort of shuffling sound. I said: "This is the result of fatigue; I have read too hard, I will go to bed." As I rose from my table I became conscious of an agreeable state of warmth and lightness; I felt as if I had taken Scotch whisky. The room seemed larger than usual, and getting larger and larger still; some skulls of animals on the walls acquired colossal proportions, and the conviction entered my mind that I had realized an old dream of living in the midst of the monsters of the Oolitic period, and that I had been awe-struck for years, immovable, paralyzed, and with every faculty benumbed, except the faculty of wonder. I caught sight of my watch hanging in front of some papers on the wall, it at once dispelled the illusion. I calmly looked at it, and found it was just twenty minutes since I swallowed the Haschisch. Immediately the watch expanded to vast dimensions, and its ticking sounded through my head like the pulsation of a world. I knew now for the first time that I was under the influence of the drug, and began | five minutes.

to make a few notes in pencil. Suddenly my limbs seemed benumbed, my toes shrunk within my slippers, my fingers became like the long legs of a convulsed spider, I dropped the pencil, and walked to the window. The landscape was so sublime that I forgot the cause of the illusion in my admiration of the magical scene. The horizon was removed to an infinite distance, but was still discernible, and the sunset had marked it out with myriads of fiery circles all revolving, mingling together, expanding and then changing to an aurora, which shot up to the zenith, and fell down in sparks and splashes among the trees, which at once became illuminated, and the whole scene was grand beyond description, with fires of

every conceivable color.

All this time the landscape continued to expand, every thing grew as I looked on to greater and greater proportions. Trees shot up higher and higher; their branches overspread the sky; they met together, and became a confused mass; the lights, which just before had glowed on every hand, changed to a general purple haze, a sense of twitching in every limb, coupled with a feeling of weariness and depression, caused me to turn aside and sit down. The twitching changed to a sharp pricking sensation, most violent in the extremities, and for a moment the thought crossed my mind that I had been poisoned by strychine. I opened a drawer to find an emetic, but the drawer had gone, and in its place sat one of my antediluvian monsters grinning at me—a real icthyosaurus, with a red cap on its head, and with drum and pandean pipes. For about six weeks—so at the time I determined the period—it played a monotonous tune, while I sat on the ground laughing and enjoying the idea of my toes and fingers being elongated into claws, when suddenly the thought seized me that I would destroy the illusion by an effort. I dashed at the monster, and my hand fell on the handle of the drawer. The dream was dissolved, and I could clearly understand that the ticking of my watch and the singing of a bird in the garden, were the real sounds which my fancy had changed to the drum and pipes of my Oolitic companion. I once more looked at my watch, and though years seemed to have elapsed since the spell began, I found the real period to be but twenty-

This last act of observing the time threw me again off my balance I said, "Twenty-five minutes, twenty-five days, twenty-five months, twenty-five years, twenty-five centuries, twenty-five eons. Now I know it all; I am the alchemist who discovered the elixir of life in the dark ages, and I shall live for ever; what is time to me? Yes, that was the elixir I took twenty-five minutes ago to experience a sensation, and there it goes round the room." It made me giddy to see it whirl like a wheel of which I was the center. There was a bust of Milton on the shelf which had changed to the face of Jacob Behmen, and it sat on one of the spokes of the wheel, and smiled upon me with such a smile of peace and satisfaction that I shouted "Ha, ha!" The wheel revolved; it became brilliant with fiery corruscations, and by degrees the center where I sat became the circumference, and I was whirled with it, my head opening and shutting, so that I could feel the cool air upon my brain; my breath getting short and difficult, my chest falling in as if crushed by a weight, and my stomach gnawed by rats. This went on for ages, yet I knew all the while where I was, and how the whole thing had happened; and actually got up, rang the bell, and ordered some coffee, though not for an instant did the illusion cease, nor, so far as I ever learnt, did the servant who answered me discover any signs of my aberration. thought of the coffee as likely to relieve the sense of oppression and disorder, which was now fast dispelling the illusion by its reality. I felt my pulse, and tried to count it; I knew afterward that it was full and rapid, but at the time the throbs were like the heaving of mountains, and the numbers would multiply themselves; so that as I counted "one, two, three," they became "one, two, three years, centuries, ages," and I literally shricked with the overpowering thought that I had lived from all eternity, and should live to all eternity in a palace of colored stalactites, supported by shafts of emerald, resting on a sea of liquid gold, for this was now the appearance of things; and the gnawing at my stomach suggested the idea that I should be starved to death and yet live, the deformed wreck of a deluded man.

At this moment there was a tap at the during the part of the during the part of the coffee. It was in a huge tankard chased mal memory.

all over with dragons that extended all round the world, and I saw the odor of it play round her in circles of light, and for at least an hour she stood smiling and hesitating where to place it, because my table was covered with papers. calmly removed a few of the papers, and heaved a sigh that dissipated the dragons, made the odors fall in a shower of rain, and she put down the tray with a crash that made every bone in my body vibrate as if struck by ten thousand hammers. know not whether she was alarmed at my appearance, but she stood apparently aghast, and her rosy face expanded to the size of a balloon, and away she went with the rapidity of lightning, with Mr. Green in the car, and I stood applauding in the midst of thousands of lamps, which I had time to note—as the scene continued during a period which seemed indefinite were all glow-worms, which I could touch, and they communicated to my fingers phosphorescent sparks, as if they had been rubbed with lucifer matches.* knew this was unreal; and I drank the coffee with the most perfect composure, though I felt it difficult to pour it out without spilling it, and the cup came to my lips as if it were the rim of a cauldron seething with a stew of spices and nepenthe, and amid the steam I could see the fierceness and tartness and prima materia of Jacob Behmen, all displayed, so that there was an end of the mystery, and I could see into his brain, as he now seemed to be looking into mine.

The moment I sipped the coffee it darted through me, and caused sensations of insupportable heat. The gnawing sensation of the stomach and contraction of the chest gave way to a sense of pricking, most violent in my fingers and toes, and yet, though painful, this was all pleasant; and though I could now collectedly observe the objects around me, yet they would transport themselves to immeasurable distances, and keep continually dilating in size; and though I looked at my watch, and saw that only forty minutes had elapsed, yet there was a secret persuasion in

^{*} Only a few days before I had found some glow-worms in the garden, and on handling them found my fingers tipped with a dull phosphoric glow. This probably gave rise to the illusion. In fact, I afterward traced many of my sensations during the paroxysm to previous events, and I almost believe the illusions are the result of abnormal memory.

my mind that a period of at least forty centuries had gone by since I broke off a fragment of the cake, and committed myself to this dream.

There seemed to be now only one effect of the drug remaining, and that was a sense of warmth all over the body and a tendency in my head to expand and fill the room. But my arms dropped down; I could not keep them up without great and painful effort. I finished the coffee, experienced less of the pricking sensation than at first, and then rose and went to I could walk without difficulty, though my legs were immensely long, and felt as if they would presently be cramped, so that I should cry out. As I undressed myself, my clothes would fly from me far away into boundless space, and become wandering stars, the buttons of my vest glittered in the firmament like Orion, but much more vast and splendid. I did not dare to look out of the window; I endeavored to control myself, for I began to feel a sense of dread. As I got into bed, the bed extended; as I lay down at full length I myself extended, and as soon as I shut; my eyes I felt that I covered the space of the whole earth. I had a sense of indescribable pain all over me; my skin seemed to move to and fro upon my flesh, my head swelled to awful dimensions, and I parted in two from head to foot; became two persons, each throbbing, breathing hard, sighing loudly, and lost in a commixture of ethereal yet agonizing colors and sounds. These seemed to continue for ages; but I was really asleep, and I never could call to mind at what time I went to bed, or at what point of the illusion sleep came upon me, but I always supposed it to be when I felt myself parted in twain, and immersed in light and music.

The next day I was awake early, and seemingly unrefreshed. I lay some hours pondering on the strange effects the drug had produced, and found it difficult for some time to prevent the intrusion of some broken fragments of the visions from taking possession of me; but when I had dressed and breakfasted, I felt as well as usual, and experienced no sensation whatever, which I could attribute to the effects of the drug.

In a second experiment, when unaffected by fatigue, I noticed that every physical and mental power seemed intensified. I shall have a glorious time of it." Immediately a voice shouted, "There he

more ridiculous. I was the subject of a thousand different moods in the course of a few seconds, which, as in the former cases, seemed ages, and these moods were nearly always swallowed up in some strange vision of walls receding, landscapes rolling away to an horizon they never reached; skies opening to views of boundless space, and sudden flashes before the eye of visible odors, sounds, and ideas. The most remarkable feature of this paroxysm was a feeling that my soul was too large for my body, and must expand it to suitable dimensions. pained me. I gasped for my breath, and felt my skin stretch and crack, and my joints fly like the snapping of huge beams of timber. These illusions became instantly the foundations of others. The cracking of my skin became suddenly a display of fireworks; and the snapping of my joints, the beating of gongs. Still pleasurable sensations prevailed; old memories were revived as pictures, and in many respects the effects resembled those of opium. But with opium there is a more entire and settled acquiescence in the illusions, and the ideas are more settled and continuous. With Haschisch there is a rapid succession of new scenes and start-When there is no ling combinations. pain the mind is literally whirled away in a succession of ravishing delights, and is yet all the while conscious that the whole affair is a deception. This paroxysm was soon over. It ended in a joyous feeling, in which life seemed lengthened out beyond the natural term, and all around me were objects of transcendant beauty, which I had the power of resolving into realities by an effort of the will; and it seemed that by successively using this effort the spell was broken, and the effect of the drug entirely destroyed.

The third dose was the last. I took it at mid-day, when in my usual health and spirits. Thinking that at the second experiment I did not take enough, I now weighed out four scruples. I at once went out, and proceeded across Finsbury Square, in the direction of the city. It seemed that about a quarter of an hour elapsed, during which I had felt a comfortable sense of warmth, and an increasing tendency to open my mouth for air, though I was not aware of any difficulty of breathing. "Now," said I, "this is pleasant. I shall have a glorious time of it." Immediately a resistant of the city.

goes; he's always inflated!" I was at once conscious that I was observed by passers-by to be expanding rapidly; and I felt myself rise from the ground, and walk above it. I halted, and by an effort of the mind collected myself, and found that the voice was that of a man selling some wares in Moorgate street, who had not even noticed me, nor had any one else. But the thought occurred immediately: "This is a delusion, I am expanding, and can not touch the ground." For a moment it might be, but it seemed an indefinite period, I saw the whole of the city spread out before me as a diorama. church bells rang joyously; the houses were illuminated; the horses had gold and silver trappings; the people were waltzing, singing, laughing, and playing with fireworks. I again exerted my will, and felt a disgust at the meanness of such a performance, so far short did it come of my own sense of sublimity; for I felt exalted, and had the utmost consciousness that I was able to separate the false from the true, though I really could not. I retraced my steps, and was accompanied home with triumphal bands of music, shouts of triumph, running footmen, carrying colored flambeaux and I gradually quickened my pace till I ran too, only touching the ground at intervals, but for the most part swimming through the air; yet knowing that I walked as other people, and knowing too, that the ordinary sounds and scenes of the streets were the foundations of the whole delusion.

I reached home, and went to my study with a sense of satisfaction that I was now in a safer position than in the streets under such an influence. I sat down, and began to fill a pipe with Turkey tobacco. The pipe would lengthen out so that I could not reach the bowl, yet I did reach it, and in like manner the tobacco jar seemed deep enough to serve for one of those used in Ali Babi, or the Forty Thieves," and it suddenly became a row of jars, and out of them leaped the forty thieves, with monkey's faces and red jackets on.* I lighted my pipe, and as the cloud rose, I saw the party had all lighted their pipes, and were all proper Arabs, and I was in the midst, about to tell them a tale.

By some strange freak they all suddenly collapsed and became the double of myself, and yet they continued smoking. I now saw in the stomach of my double a huge cake of Haschisch, which presently shot up into his brain, and I felt a hot throbbing of the head, and the thought occurred, "Why, if he has the Haschisch, have I the burning, and how can that shadow smoke so calmly with a mass of poison in his brain?" I rose and propounded to my double a problem, "How, in the end, matter and spirit would be completely identified and made as one?" I was assured, in reply, that a sense of lightness would accomplish all, and I became light as a feather; I swayed to and fro, I was lifted up, sparks flashed in my eyes, fire was emitted from my fingers, my head, my stomach; and presently there was an awful crash, and I came to myself with the thought that I was going mad. I saw the pipe in fragments at my feet, and the burning tobacco on the hearthrug. I coolly picked it up with my hand, took another pipe, dropped the smoking-tobacco into it, and saw my double again. This time he was the body and I was the shadow. I felt myself to be nothing; I was the soul, and beside me was the body. I thought I had now solved the problem of matter and spirit. I said: "They are only two forms of the same fact," and I laughed aloud, and they all laughed with me—the umbrellas, I mean—for my umbrella hung on a hat rail, and it peopled the room with offspring, and away went the furniture and ornaments and book, all carrying umbrellas, dancing, whistling, and splashing the water from the pools upon me till I stamped my foot and smothered myself with sparks, and planets, and auroras, and sank back with a pain in the head that literally dispelled the delusions, and created a momentary alarm. I was now beset with prickings; I seemed to swell; I had a difficulty in breathing—and yet it was a pleasant one. I put the tobacco away, inspected every thing about me, and thought of trying the effects of reading aloud, and of attempting to sing; but I found my strength gone, I was spell-bound, so light I could not govern my movements, and by degrees I began to discover that the illusion was over, that it had left me tremulous, and with a low pulse, and requiring refreshment for my recovery. The first act

on fairly reviewing the case was to seize

^{*} I had seen a monkey on a barrel-organ during my walk, and tested my sanity by noting all its zoölogical features, in order to determine its species; but I lost it suddenly.

and fling it up the chimney. It went up, and did not even return again; I saw it go into the sky and become a bird, for the chimney was glass, and I could see through all its windings. I now felt that madness had really come upon me, and I began to bathe my temples and drink soda-water, and soon discovered that I had had a second paroxysm, for there lay the Haschisch among the shavings in the fireplace. I applied a match, there was a glorious blaze, and I now saw it dissolve into a grand procession of colored lights, that died away and left me quietly and collectedly reflecting on the whole affair. This was the third paroxysm. There was yet one more, but of a trivial nature, and I had now done with Haschisch.

Having at that same period of my life frequently indulged in the use of opium, I | feeling, that sequence is destroyed. can compare its effects with those of

the fragment of Haschisch that remained | Haschisch, and I notice this great distinction as regards my own experiences: With opium the mind and body become alike contented. Pain soon ceases after commencing to smoke a pipe in which a fragment of opium is mixed with the tobacco. On the other hand, Haschisch causes pain, and many unpleasant sensations are mingled with the most delightful of the visions it presents. Another distinction is that opium always causes some amount of nausea when its pleasurable effects are over. Haschisch leaves a slight depression, but the stomach does not appear to be affected; but this might be different if the use of Haschisch became habitual. Another distinction is, that the mind can pursue a train of thought logically while influenced by opium, but Haschisch causes so many alternations of

From the National Review.

THE ETERNAL CITY; OR, ROBA DI ROMA.*

IT was Chateaubriand, we think, who called Rome the second country of all the world. The phrase was one of that happy class which tell a whole story in half a Rome can hardly be expressed better than by saying, that no stranger has ever lived there without feeling a sense of home. In the first place, it is, so at least it has always seemed to us, a city without a people. We are not speaking of the vast extent of the ancient walls, which might embrace a population numbered by millions, not by thousands, but of the sort of moral separation between the city and its populace. The modern Romans have the air of being as much strangers amidst those mighty ruins as we are ourrelves. The Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Forum, are as much our property as

Ry W. W. Story. London: Roba di Roma. Chapman & Hall.

they are theirs. The story of old Rome, the legends of consuls and emperors, the doings of the world's conquerors, are better known to us than they are to them. dozen words; and the secret charm of The glories of medieval Rome, St. Peter's, and the Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore, they are the property of the Catholic world, of the "orbis terrarum," not of the Romans themselves. Even we, who belong to another faith, seem to have an unacknowledged share in that grand inheritance. As to modern Rome, the Pincio and the Borghese Gardens are open to us as readily as to the native, and know the harsh tones of our guttural languages better than the soft sweet accents of the Italian tongues. The pale listless Roman nobles glide about quietly in their carriages, like shadows which shun the light; the shopkeepers and "mezzo ceto" are there to minister to our comforts; and the common people form the picturesque background of the scenes

that we love to gaze upon. So in Rome we foreigners, especially we of the Anglo-Saxon race, are the real masters. We attend the ceremonies, we visit the antiquities, we keep alive the Carnival, we patronize the arts, we scour the Campag. na, we supply bread to the "populus Romanus;" and so every thing is arranged for our especial delectation. In any other foreign capital, an Engli-hman can hardly help having the sentiment that, however superior he may be to the natives in every mental and physical quality, still he does not belong to the ruling race, he is not of the upper ten thousand, to whom every thing is made to yield. But in Rome The "forestiere this feeling vanishes. Inglese" is a greater personage than the cardinal in his purple stockings, or the Principe in his palace. This state of things is not unpleasant. Occasionally some of our countrymen may manifest their satisfaction at it by vulgar pretension; but, as a rule, we take this acknowledgment of our superiority quietly and unconsciously.

Each nation, and each individual of a nation, feels the charm of this position more or less according to circumstances. But in our own experience, we should say that Americans possibly feel it most of all. They are more at home in Rome, we fancy, than in any part of the Continent. Here, in the presence of bygone antiquity, other European nations are no more venerable by age than their own. The old Romans knew of no difference between one race of barbarians and another; and men of Northern blood are all alike barbarians at Rome. There, the American, in as far as the natives recognize him as a distinct entity, is only an Englishman who dislikes other Englishmen, and spends his money somewhat more freely than the run of his compatriots. Like us, he is an honored guest, and avails himself calmly of the advantages of the situation. Moreover, paradoxical as it may perhaps seem, the American appreciates the antiquity of Rome even more than we do ourselves. Coming as he does from a land where there is nothing older than himself, and where even the primeval forest is a poetic fiction, not an actual reality, he feels the full charm of seeing old things about him to an extent we can not realize. Few persons, we should think, could have wandered much about Rome alone without work of an Italianized American who has

having at times a doubt pass across their minds as to the truth of our received faith of progress. What can we do that has not been done here before? We may go on building up our Tower of Babel, and then when we have raised it to its hight, to the grandeur of that Roman structure among whose ruins we walk, the edifice will crumble down, and another generation will begin again that Sysyphean labor, taking no warning by our example. Why so the thought runs, should not we be wise in time? Let the world move on as best it may, we will fold our arms, and study nature which makes no progress, and beauty which never changes, and the past which lies beyond reform. Under the influence of thoughts like these, Englishmen and Americans by the score come to the Eternal City; and weary of life's struggle in the West, loiter their years away there uselessly if not hurtfully.

To this class we are glad to say that the author of the Roba di Roma does not belong. To the English public he is best known as a sculptor of high fame and higher promise. The Cleopatra in her wicked beauty, and the Libyan Sibyl in her sullen grandeur, will be long remembered by every visitor at the International Exhibition. It was not so much, we think, to their innate beauty that these statues owed their success. Their popularity was rather due to the fact that amidst a crowd of inane prettinesses and soulless graces, they bore an unwonted stamp of mind and thought. The mark of the creative power rested on them, and the public recognized it at once, as it never fails to recognize genius. To English residents at Rome, Mr. Story's name is familiar as that of the pleasantest of hosts, and the brightest of talkers. To those whose acquaintance with him is ! more intimate, it will be no news to say, that the sculptor is also a keen politician and ardent patriot. Even the most enthusiastic of Southern sympathizers will not respect or like Mr. Story the less for the knowledge that his long absence from home has not blunted his affection for the land of his birth, and that he is as uncompromising an advocate of the Union as if he had never left his native State of Massachusetts.

We have made these remarks to show our readers that they need not fear to find the Roba di Roma the dilettante become so enamored of the past as to have grown careless of the present. It is the work of a thoughtful observer who has lived long in Rome, and who, while he has learnt, as he could not fail, to love it dearly, has not grown blind to its faults and errors. Turning over the pleasant pages, we seem again to be within the walls of that wondrous city, to see again the dome of St. Peter's rising above the sea of brown tiled roofs, to watch the shadows of the clouds rolling over that vast Campagna desert, to stroll through those narrow, empty streets, to drive through the oak-groves of the Borghese gardens, and to wander up and down amidst the tombs upon the Appian Way. And the charm of the Roba di Roma is, that it throws so many new illustrations on the scenes we recollect so well. It tells us so much about people we know something of, and whose faces Anglo-Romans must remember so vividly in this colorless English life of ours. Who, for instance, does not know Beppo? At the time when these lines are written, or when they are read, supposing that event to take place from sunrise to sunset, he is at his place on the summit of the Piazza di Spagna, wriggling about the pavement on his legless stumps, and asking for alms with his commanding air. He is not a pleasant old man to our minds; and when we felt nervous, we had always an impression that his real legs were doubled under him, and that if we gave him nothing he would spring up and garrote us. Moreover, we had a painful consciousness that he looked upon us as parvenus, who gave him charity only to say, that we too were Romans, and knew the lions of the place. Finally, he had an unamiable way of consigning our souls to very uncomfortable localities if we did not happen to accede to his demands. Still, we look back kindly now on the memory of that graceless old reprobate, and are right glad to hear what Mr. Story has to tell us of him. We have seen him often riding into business on his jackass, which by the way, he belabors cruelly when he is out of humor; but we did not know that he is a sort of Roman Gobseck, or Gigonnet, which unites the office of moneylender and banker to that of beggar. He has been known to lend some sixty scudi at a moment's notice; he pays rent to the Government for the platform on which he crouches and carries on his trade; he has

his own paese in the contorni of Rome; and generally is a respectable and well-todo citizen of the Papal city. It is some comfort to us when we reflect on all the pauls and baiocchi of ours which have gone into those capacious pockets, to learn that Beppo is not devoid of genial feelings, and that Mr. Story saw him once in his glory at a beggars' supper, where he discharged the duties of host and entertainer

with due dignity and liberality.

But Beppo is only the first of the Roman beggars of whom our author has so much to tell us. The loss of a limb, an eye, or a sense, is a godsend to the povero stroppiato. A deformity is a stock in trade. Of all the manifold wretchedness in the eternal city, we doubt if that of the professed beggar is the greatest. He has nothing to do, he has few wants, and he can reckon confidently on receiving his small pittance. It is a mistake to suppose that the tradesmen of Rome live upon the strangers exclusively. No doubt the aristocracy of the class frequent the Babuino and the Condotti, and the quarters where English most do congregate; but the mass are to be found in squalid by-streets and side-alleys, where scarcely one foreigner a day is to be seen. To do the Romans justice, they are a charitable people. In the poorer shops of Rome we have constantly seen beggars enter, and have rarely, if ever, seen them sent away empty-handed. Where every body is shiftless and miserable in a greater or less degree, charity is sure to be pretty universal. Then, to give the priests their due, they deal kindly with the poor. If you only go to mass, and, whatever else your sins may be, avoid the unpardonable one of liberalism, you are certain to get your sup of bread and meat at the doors of any convent you affect more especially. Except amongst the poorer mechanics, absolute want of food is, we should think, unknown. So, at least, persons who ought to know declare; and the author of Roba di Roma confirms the story. The Italians, however, themselves dispute the assertion, and say that downright lack of food is not uncommon amidst the poor of Rome. Still, as far as we could learn ourselves, the former statement is substantially correct. If the people would only be quiet and satisfied, the priesthood would much prefer their being reasonably comfortable. The religious rulers of Rome do not feel unkindly togot a wife and children; is a gentleman in | ward the poor. Their wish is to do good

to them, but in their own way, and their the priestly government of Rome, but the indirect result, not the intentional one. As Mr. Story says:

"The restrictive policy of the Church makes itself felt every where, high and low; and by long habit the people have become indolent and supine. The splendid robes of ecclesiastical Rome have a draggled fringe of beggary and vice. . . The government makes what use it can of the classes it exploits by its system; but things go on in a vicious circle. The people, kept at a standstill, become idle and poor; idleness and poverty engender vice and crime; crime fills the prisons; and the prisons afford a body of cheap slaves to the government."

But from Beppo and the beggars let us pass on to a brighter subject. The lottery is the first papal institution which attracts the notice of the newly-arrived traveler. The gaudily-painted booths with their flaunting numbers, where the tickets are dispensed, catch your eye at every streetcorner. The lottery office is as universal in Rome as the gin-shop in London. requires some courage to enter in and take a number. There is such an air of ill repute about the Prenditorie di Lotto, that not even the papal miter over the doorway can give them an air of decent respectability. But even when you have overcome your British awkwardness, and have invested your scudo on a terno della fortuna, you always feel a doubt whether all is right, and whether you may not have been cheated by the ticket-taker. We see that Mr. Story tells us that no ticket is valid unless it has the stamp of the central office on it. We suspect there is some error in this assertion, and that the stamp is only required before you present your ticket for payment; at any rate, we flatter ourselves it is so. It is true our numbers never happened to turn up; but still it is vexatious to think that, even if they had come out, we should not have been a baioccho richer, as our tickets certainly bore no stamp upon them. Whoever wishes to learn how he should invest his money in the Papal lotteries, should consult the Roba di Roma, from which he will learn one sound lesson, and that is, never to despise his wife's advice, even after her death. An Englishman, it seems, whose luck in the matrimonial lottery had not been brilliant, lost his wife, to his great peace and comfort. One night his rest was disturbed by the l

appearance of his deceased spouse, who own way only. Begging is the result of | told him to back a certain terno, or series of three numbers, at the next drawing. The obstinate widower treated the supernatural counsel with foolish contempt, and was justly punished by learning that all the numbers were drawn. The following week his wife appeared again, upbraided him for his self-willed folly, and gave him a new "card" for the succeeding estrazione. This time the unbelieving Thomas yielded to reason; but, alas, not one of the promised numbers appeared. This mishap, however, far from shaking his faith in the miraculous character of the visit paid him from the unseen world, only confirmed him in its truth. "Taken in," he cried; "confound her, she knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I would not play it; and having thus whet my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time, because she knew I would play it. I might have known better." If the spiritualists wish for a decisive testimony as to their theory that the character of spirits is much the same as that which they enjoyed in the flesh, we recommend them to apply to Mr. Story for the authority on which he quotes this remarkable story.

There is, we suspect, little doubt that the drawing of the lottery is substantially fair. In the first place, the monopoly is so valuable a source of revenue that no consideration of temporary gain on any one individual drawing would tempt its owners to ruin its permanent popularity by creating a suspicion that the play was not loyal. In the second place, by the the law of averages, one number in the long run is as much sought after as another, and therefore it makes very little difference to the bank what numbers turn The gambling tables in Germany are unquestionably fair for the same reasons; and, short-sighted as the Papal Government is, it is keen enough to know its own interest with respect to gambling. The only suspicious feature about the system is, that no tickets can be taken after midnight on Thursday, while the drawing does not take place till noon on Saturday. The result is, that the government has thirty-six hours clear during which it can, if it likes, examine the state of the books, and discover what combination of numbers would be least unfavorable to its exchequer. However, in spite of the story

about a cardinal who provided for a troublesome dependent by giving him a ticket in the lottery which happened to turn out a prize, Mr. Story inclines to the faith, that within the laws of a most iniquitious contract, the Papal Government plays on the square; and we are disposed to agree with him. We think, however, that he perhaps deals somewhat hard measure in his comments on the Vatican with reference to this institution. Those who believe the government of Rome to be a divine theocracy, a model illustration of the practical working of Christian principles, may doubtless feel extreme vexation at the fact that it encourages a most pernicious mode of public gambling. We, who look upon it as the lowest and most ignorant of European governments, can hardly blame it for not being wiser or better than its neighbors. The truth is, the lottery is a passion in Italy. Even Cavour was afraid, deeply as he felt its evils, to deal summarily with it. When Garibaldi entered Naples in the hight of his wondrous popularity, he passed a decree abolishing the lottery within a few months' time. He found he had trusted too much in his power. The Neapolitans, passive in all else, who had seen the king depart and the dictator enter with equal indifference, could not stand the abolition of their beloved pastime. Garibaldi had to yield; and the execution of the decree was first adjourned, and then allowed to lapse unnoticed. To the very poor the lottery gives the charm of hope. After all, it is always within the bounds of pos sibility that a lucky ticket may make them rich for life, and they share completely the gambler's sentiments that the next best thing to playing and winning is to play and lose. We doubt whether the Papal Government has the power, even if it had the will, to remove the lotteries. The more reasonable complaint is, not that the Pope keeps up the lottery system, but that the priests, instead of urging the people to economy and industry, actually encourage them to invest their hard-earned savings in that most unpromising of speculations. The passion for this form of gambling is not confined to Italy. Lotteries are sanctioned by the government all over Austria and the South of Germany; and —a fact Mr. Story does not mention—they have been adopted of late years by the State legislatures of several of the Union Slave States. The towns of Louisville!

and St. Louis and Delaware are as full of lottery offices as Rome itself; and the New-York papers report their drawings The only difference between regularly. the American and the Papal lotteries is, that that the drawings take place daily, or even twice a day, instead of once a week, and that the terms are even more unfavorable to the public than they are at Rome. The Saints, it is true, are not invoked to aid the choice of the gambler; but, then, in all the great American towns there are astrologers or wise women who advertise, amonst their other gifts, the power of selecting lucky numbers.

If Mr. Story be right, the Romans must be fonder of athletic games than we have given them credit for. The description of the Pallone and the Boccette reads like the narrative of an English game of footfall or cricket. For our own part, we should have said that the only active sport the Romans are addicted to is the Ruzzola, with which all persons who have strolled out to the gardens of the Doria Pamphili on a sunny afternoon, must have been made acquainted by ocular, if not by per-

sonal demonstration.

"Round a circular disk of wood the player winds tightly a cord, which by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible the disk is seen bounding round some curve to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the furthest wins a point."

We have seen some of these ruzzole roll an incredible distance. To a person at all nervous about their shins it is not pleasant to run the gauntlet of a discharge of ruz-No doubt you can see them zole. coming. People tell you that you can always dodge a cannon-ball when you see it bounding toward you. ing had the satisfaction of making the experiment ourselves we much doubt the truth of this statement; and our skepticism is confirmed by the extraordinary difficulty we have found in getting out of the way of these stone missiles as they come leaping on. However, a cannonball follows a straight path, whereas these disks spring up and cushion off the walls, and pocket themselves in ruts, and then dart out with renewed vigor and in new directions, in a manner more easy to recollect than to describe to those who have not seen it. Still this pastime is confined almost exclusively to young men and boys. The "civis Romanus" proper diverts himself almost exclusively with games of cards, or with the "morra," where the fingers supply the absence of the devil's books. The passionate excitement with which the Romans indulge in these games, creates an impression among strangers that they are a quarrelsome and savage people. Mr. Story tells us, that during his long experience in Rome he never knew but one instance of a quarrel arising out of play terminating fatally. Indeed, on this subject his reflections appear to us eminently just:

"The readiness," he says, "of the Italians to use the knife for the settlement of every dispute is generally attributed by foreigners to the passionateness of their nature; but I am inclined to believe that it also results from their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. Where courts are organized as they were in Naples, who but a fool would trust to them? Open tribunals where justice is impartially administered would soon check private assassinations; and were there more honest and efficient police-courts, there would be far fewer knives drawn. . . . In the half-organized society of the less civilized parts of the United States the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this that the Americans are violent and passionate from nature; for among the same people in the older States, where justice is strictly and cheaply administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown. potism and slavery nurse the passions of men; and wherever law is loose, or courts are venal, public justice assumes the form of private vengeance.

Before we leave this subject, we can not refrain from telling a story which happened to some friends of ours. Their party consisted of two English gentlemen with their wives, all fresh to Rome, and impressed with the true British conviction that every Italian has a stiletto always ready for use on every occasion. They had driven out to the Pamphili gardens, and wishing to walk home, dismissed their carrozzetta. A dispute arose as to the fare, and the driver began to gesticulate and shout as only Southern Italians can. At last, in a paroxysm of indignation, he plunged his hand underneath his cloak. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen sprung upon him; in a moment he

was pinioned and laid upon his back. Cautiously his antagonists dragged his hand out of his bosom, and found tightly grasped in his fist the tariff-card of the Roman carriages. Of course our compatriots made all sorts of apologies, which the man could not understand, and paid him double what he had asked, an excuse which he did appreciate; and afterward they were not so prone to fancy that every body they met was about to plunge a dagger between their shoulder-blades.

The Roba di Roma opens a new view of Rome. We English know it mostly in the winter months, when we are the monarchs of all we survey. But those who would see Rome aright should see it in the summer-time, when the shops are shut during the heat of the day, and the city wakes up at sun-set from its death like stillness, and the streets are crowded with groups of people sitting before their houses, and open-air theaters are in their glory. Our author has some excellent sayings of his to quote of late origin, which are new to us, so that we willingly pardon the intrusion. During the journey which the Pope made through the Romagna, shortly before the outbreak of the Italian war, with a view of recovering his lost popularity, the following dialogue was found affixed to the mutilated statue who fathers the wit of Rome:

"Dunque il pastore se n' é andato. Si Signore, E chi lascia a custodire la grege? I cani, E chi custodisce i cani? Il mastino."

""Therefore the shepherd is gone." 'Yes, sir.' 'And whom does he leave to guard the flock?" 'The dogs.' 'And who looks after the dogs?" 'The mastiff.'"

Again, on the invasion of Naples by the Garibaldians, and of the Romagna by the Sardinians, this epigram found itself affixed one morning:

"Tutti stanno in vaggio—soldati vanno per torra—marinari vanno per mare—e preti vanno in aria."

"All are going on a journey—the soldiers are going by land—the sailors are going by sea—and priests are going into the air."

We remember two ourselves, which appeared in the spring of 1861, when the annexation of Naples had created unusual excitement in Rome. As a demonstration against the Papal sway, the Romans had

resolved not to enter the Corso during the Carnival, but to go out to the "Porta Pia" road to keep a merry-making of their own. The Government prohibited the demonstration; and the prohibition was commented on by the following question and answer appended to Pasquino: Quest. "Why will not the Pope allow the Romans to go out of the city walls?" Ans. "Because he is afraid they will set the Campagna on fire." Shortly afterward, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Pope's return* to Rome from Gaëta, every householder received orders to illuminate in honor of the great event.

Of the more serious portions of the Roba di Roma, we should be disposed to give the preference to the chapter on the Ghetto. Indeed, the whole subject of the Jews in Rome is treated in an exhaustive manner. To any one who has threaded the dark alleys of this Hebrew colony in partibus infidelium, the following description will recall the scene like a clear marked photograph:

"Its very name is derived from the Talmud 'Ghet,' and, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious, and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world and stamped as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jaws. The air reeks with the peculiar frowsy amell of old woolen clothes, modified with occasional] streaks or strata of garlic, while above all triumphs the foul human odor of a crowded and unclean popula-tion. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open, and, within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, standing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews -fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and

young—as thick as anta around an ant-hill. The shop doors are dressed with old clothes and second-hand robs of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness; forlorn silken court dresses of a past century, with worn embroidery; napless and forlorn dress-coats, with shiny seems and flabby skirts; waistcoats of dirty damask; legs of velvet breeches—in a word, all the cast-off riff-raff of centuries that have fallen from their high estate,' are dangling every where over head. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors, or perched upon benches ranged in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation—the needle; and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skillful net-work. Every body is on the look-out for customers, and sa you pass down the street you are subjected to a constant fusilade of 'Pst | Pst | from all sides."

There is something strangely appropriate in the fact that the Ghetto should be entered by the "place of wailing." The motto which Dante affixed over the entrance of Hell might, we have often thought, have been placed appropriately on the confines of the Ghetto. How human beings can dwell in such abodes of misery; and how, when the whole world is open to them, generation after generation can still linger on in a prison-house like the Ghetto, have always been mysteries we could not fathom. There must indeed be a strange charm about the Eternal City if even its Jewish parishs can not bear to leave it. The record of the oppressions with which the vicegerents of Christ have loaded his chosen people, from the days of the Aurelian Council to those of Pio Nono, is repeated in these pages with a damning fidelity. We have not room to relate that dismal narrative. We must confine ourselves to the enumeration of the humiliations which they undergo up to the present hour. Napoleon I was the first to throw open the Ghetto, and to allow the Jews to engage in trade. But when the great European coalition restored the Popes to power, Pius VII. rescinded forthwith the irreligious permission. Leo XII. modified the existing restrictions to some extent, and allowed the Jews to own landed property within the Ghetto, whose limits he somewhat enlarged. Pius IX., in the fervor of his spurious liberalism, exempt-

^{*}We were staying in Rome amid the troubles in 1849. The people were indigment at the oppressions of the Pope and his Government. They seized the confessional boxes in the churches, dragged them out into the public squares and smashed them. We saw the mutilations. The storm of the people's wrath increased. The storm burst. The Quirinal was attacked. The Pope's Secretary was shot dead in the bow window. The Pope field by night in diaguise. He rode out the gate in the garb of a postillion, and escaped to Gasta. Rome was besieged by the French army, and bravely defended by Garibaldi, but was at length captured. Cannon balls made terrible havoc. Beautiful palaces were destroyed. We were among the ruins. Soon after this the Pope returned. Agreet event, indeed.—Euron Echanoma.

ed the Jews from the obligation of attending on Sundays a course of sermons directed against the faith of their race, and allowed the walls of their prison to be leveled. But as soon as the farce of priestly liberality was played out, the Jews were punished for the sins of the Romans. time had gone by for direct persecution, and so the privileges conceded to the Roman children of Israel were rendered nugatory by underhand obstructions. Within eleven years, from 1842 to 1853—the number of Jews in the Papal States fell from twelve thousand seven hundred to nine thousand two hundred and thirtyseven, a striking testimony to the beneficent rule of the pontiff-king. At the present day the Jews in Rome are prohibited from holding any civil, political, or military office; they can carry on no trade of public credit; they are not admitted to any employment on the public works provided for the relief of the poor; they can embrace no liberal profession except that of medicine, and only then on taking an oath that they will practice solely among their own people; they can not claim relief from any of the numerous public charities which exist in the Eternal City; they can not hold a foot of soil within the Papal dominions; they may not even rent a farm from Christians; except within the Ghetto, they can not purchase a house, nor can they invest their money on mortgages of real estate within the walls of Rome. civil cases their testimony is not admitted in court; and all legal acts to which they are witnesses are null and void in the eye of the law. Finally, in all domestic matters they are still subject to the jurisdiction of a branch of the holy Inquisition. On the other hand, they are subject, according to our author's statement, to various oppressive taxes.

"They are forced to pay to the surrounding parishes, as a compensation for the Christian population which might otherwise occupy the area of the Ghetto, the sum of one hundred and thirteen scudi annually. Being under the supervision of Catholic officials, they must also pay two hundred and five scudi for the presents to them at Christmas; and in August, one hundred and nine scudi are also exacted for apparatus and boxes for the use of the public deputations at the Carnival. A regular tax on industry and capital, now paid by one hundred and thirteen individuals, and varying in amount from four scudi to one hundred and fifty, is also required. Three hundred and sixty scudi are levied on them as salaries for the attorney, ac-

countant, and tax-collector of the Hebrew university, who are required to be Christians and Catholics. They are taxed one baicocco on every pound of meat they buy. And, what is more preposterous than all the secretary of the vicariat, who has special jurisdiction over the Jews, receives from them an obligatory stipend of seventy-three scudi, paid even now as compensation for the duty which formerly belonged to him of accompanying with carabineers the Jews who were forced to listen to the preaching against their religion in St. Angelo di Pescheria."

The long list of cruelty which stands registered against the Papacy with respect to the Hebrew race, has found its fitting climax in the robbing of a child in arms from its mother. It is not in Rome alone that within our own days this oppression has been carried on. One of the latest acts of the Papal government at Bologna, shortly before its overthrow, was to force the Jews in that city to return to their allotted quarters, and to prohibit under heavy penalties the employment of Christian servants in Hebrew households.

Let us turn to a gayer subject. The feature in which the Roba di Roma appears to excel the hundred other works, grave and gay, which have been written on this inexhaustible subject, is the knowledge displayed in it of the common Roman character. Possibly Mr. Story, born and bred as he was amidst an anxious, hard-working, serious race, like that of the New-England States, somewhat overvalues the keen physical enjoyment of life and the child-like good-humor which characterize the southern Italians. Life in that sunny climate comes easily, and the inhabitants take it as it comes. Marble Faun Mr. Howthorne gave, we think, the most perfect representation ever given of the ideal Italian. We do not mean that there ever was a human being like the soulless lover of Miriam, but we regard him as the incarnation of qualities which Italians possess above all other people. They are pleased with very little; and, what is more, they do not mind showing that they are pleased. The morbid speculation on an unseen future, and on abstract questions of right and wrong, which perplex our Anglo-Saxon minds, have hardly any hold on that Southern people. "Chi lo sa?" seems to them a satisfactory answer to all the metaphysical difficulties with which we trouble our hearts and brains. They

are free, too, from that self-consciousness which is the curse of the English race on either side of the Atlantic. "Jests which would provoke a blow from an Anglo-Saxon, or wound and rankle in the memory for life, are taken by an Italian in good part."

But on this point we can not refrain from quoting Mr. Story's own summingup of the Italian character, it seems to us so just and true.

"But I feel quite sure that these people are more easily pleased, contented with less, less morose and less envious of the ranks above them, than we are. They give little thought to the differences of caste, have little ambition to make fortunes, or rise out of their conditions, and are satisfied with the commonest fare, if they can get enough of it. The demon of dissatisfaction never harries them. When you speak to them, they answer with a smile, which is nowhere else to be found. . . . They live upon nature—sympathize with it and love it; are susceptible to the least touch of beauty; are ardent, if not enduring, in their affections; and, unless provoked and irritated, are very peaceful and amiable. . . . We, who are of the more active and busy nations, despise them for not having that irritated discontent which urges us forward to change our condition, and we think our ambition better than our supineness. But there is good in both. We do more, they enjoy more."

Making allowance for the inevitable inaccuracy which attends all attempts at generalization about men or races, we believe this character of the southern Italian to be a very true one, though applying rather to the Neapolitan than to the Ro-In the Roman proper there is a vein of our Northern seriousness. Whether it is due to some infusion of Norman blood, or to that dim recollection of Rome's ancient greatness which still tinges the dreams of every true-born member of the "populus Romanus," we can not tell, but the fact is so. This view of the Italian character is often cited by the advocates of the Papal and Neapolitan Governments, to prove that on the whole the people were happy under them; happier, at any rate, than the inhabitants of better-governed countries. Now, our answer to this plea is, that in the first place, even admitting its truth, we do not allow its force. Material sensuous enjoyment is not the highest stage of human existence. Even at the risk of some loss of pleasure, it is better that men should work and struggle than that they should pass

their lives in careless ease and laziness. No doubt, as civilization and political life and moral culture spread through the Peninsula, the Italians will lose—nay, are already losing—something of their animal joyousness of nature. The loss, to our minds, is more than compensated by the gain in moral elevation and dignity. But, even if this theory be disputed, it is impossible to assert truly, that either the Bourbons or the Vatican made their subjects happy. Neither of these régimes at all resembled that of the "Roi d'Yvetot." On the contrary, they persecuted their people with oppressions, which the intensity of their enjoyment of ease and comfort made them feel all the more bitterly. The inhabitants of Rome are subject to every kind of petty annoyance and vexation on the part of their rulers. Their daily life is interfered with; their privacy is invaded; their amusements are curtailed; their property is taxed; and their persons are molested at the pleasure of a priestly aristocracy. If the Romans have preserved any thing of their gaiety of heart, it is in spite of, not by virtue of, their Government. "The moment," Mr. Story remarks, "the Italians are contented, they sing; and there is no clearer proof of their discontent under the oppressions of Rome than the comparative silence of the streets in these latter days of despotism and Antonelli, Goyon, and Company."

No small credit is due, we think, to the author of the Roba di Roma for the boldness with which he speaks out his mind. A resident in Rome, and with all his interests and pursuits connected with that pleasant city, he has run, we should think, some risk of finding that his company is no longer acceptable to the government of the Vatican. English and American residents abroad under the government of a small power, have an immense temptation to keep on good terms with the authorities. It is pleasant to be on friendly relations with the great people in the country where you live, and to be able to apply to them for the small favors a foreigner requires, with the certainty of not being refused, as long as you ask any thing in reason; and, above all, it is gratifying to distinguish yourself from the ruck of your fellow-countrymen, and to be able to assume the tone and language of "one who knows the country," to which assumption great effect is given by any

appearance of intimacy with the ruling powers. To these seductions Anglo-Saxon residents in Rome are peculiarly ex-Those who speak well of the powers that be, are certain of receiving civilities, if the desire them, from the dignitaries of the Church. It is true that no coquetting with Cardinals or Monsignori will procure entrance for a stranger into high Roman society, as the Roman nobles entertain an especial aversion to the whole convert class, political as well as theological. But then, on the other hand, except under very rare circumstances, a foreigner never does make his way into such Roman society as there is; and therefore he must perforce content himself with the company of the clerical aristocracy, if he wishes to see any thing of the social world in Rome. The abbés, and padres, and cavaleri who swarm about the salons of the fashionable Anglo-Roman set, will, we doubt not, look coolly on Mr. Story after the publication of this book of his. Happily, not being a subject of the paternal government, he need fear no heavier penalty than ostracism from the good graces of the Papálini. It may perhaps seem inconsistent with the received impression as to the intolerance of the Papal Government, that a gentleman should be allowed to reside quietly in Rome who writes of its rulers as Mr. Story does. This inconsistency, however, is intelligible enough to any one who understands the real way in which foreign governments regard English criticism. If the author of Roba di Roma had been a Roman, he would be in exile or in prison for uttering one-hundredth part of the sentiments contained in this book; if he were a Frenchman, he would be banished from the Eternal City, and the whole energies of the censorship would be directed to prohibiting the entrance of his writings into Rome. But being an American writing in English, the Vatican will probably leave him alone, with no other penalty than the refusal to sell his book at Piale's or Monaldini's. The reasons of this tolerance are threefold. In the first place, all foreign governments have a well-founded apprehension of interfering with either an Englishman or an American. Our Anglo-Saxon race | Rome possesses for the Northern stranger.

resents injuries to an individual with a corporate energy, which no other race displays under like provocation; in the second place, the custom of the English and their American cousins is too valuable to Rome for the government rashly to take any step which might drive the "forestieri" to other winter residences: lastly, it matters very little to any body except ourselves what we say or write. We are very fond of boasting of the omnipotence of English opinion on the Continent. Now the truth is, that the moral example of England has immense weight throughout Europe; but our literature and language has very small influence on any Latin race. English is little known in Rome, or indeed in any part of Italy; and the tone of the English mind is in many respects unintelligible to the Italian. A brochure of About's has more influence throughout southern Europe than a work like Mr. Kinglake's. English newspapers and reviews might fulminate for and against the despotisms of Rome and Naples without producing any tangible result, if other causes did not conspire to aid them. The liberty with which our writers are allowed to utter their opinions in Rome arises, not from any feeling of tolerance, but from a conviction that we shall do no great harm after all.

Mr. Story describes his book as filled with roba, and containing, as he hopes, very little robaccia, which Mr. Millhouse defines to be "trash, trumpery, and stuff." That this hope is justified we need hardly say. We have to thank the Roba di Roma for recalling to us many pleasant days in that grand old city, which we know so well. Those to whom Rome is familiar will, we think, feel something of shame, that during their stay there they should have learnt so much less than the author of this book. The old story of Eyes and No-eyes will be recalled to them, we fear, somewhat forcibly. Those to whom Rome is a name only can read Mr. Story's work with the pleasing conviction, that when they have read it they will know more about the Papal city than nine Anglo-Romans out of ten. They will understand, too, something of the mysterious attraction which

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THE LOST BROTHER.

THE House of Rosenburgh had been as rich and powerful in its day as most of the baronial families of Upper Austria, but extravagance in one generation, and losses by the Seven Years' War in another, had reduced its possessions to a small estate, half farm and half forest-land, and an old castle situated at the foot of the Carpathians. There the last baron had retired, after serving the Empress-Queen in all her wars, with much praise but little profit, and there he died, a few months before her Majesty, leaving a widow, two sons, and the orphan daughter of a military friend, whom he had adopted and affianced to his eldest boy, because she was portionless, and had no relations. Madame Rosenburgh was one of the best housewives in that end of Germany. Her husband had left her a faithful old steward, named Hans Muller, who had served the family for forty years, and never married, because he could not find a wife sufficiently devoted to the Rosenburgh interest. Under their joint management, if the family could not be made rich, they did not at least look poor. The best that could be made of old house and well-worn furniture, marshy field, and unreclaimed forest, was accomplished. Little Gertrude was kept at home, to be educated by Madame and Father Stephen, who came down from his poor mountain-convent every month to confess the family, and carry back a supply of country provisions for himself and brethren, his spiritual services being always paid in kind, for money was scarce at the foot of the Carpathians. Ulrich and Englebert were sent to the University of Vienna, the one being heir to the estate, and the other intended for the Church, as the Rosenburghs had connections of influence in that quarter.

Gertrude was then in her eleventh year, a girl of small growth, but pretty and good. She had come into the family a mere infant, and Madame Rosenburgh, having no daughter of her own, took the command far more than his seniority; besides, he had a nob'e, generous disposition, which made him the constant friend and helper of his younger brother, and bound the latter to him by ties of pride

orphan girl to her heart, and occasionally boasted that she would bring up a good wife for her son. If a thorough knowledge of pastry, pickling, and all manner of household affairs, constituted the goodness of a spouse—and it does go some way—Gertrude already promised to become the best of helpmates; but that, together with a very little reading, and some practice on the spinet, were all the accomplishments of which she or her instructors ever dreamed. Ulrich was eighteen, and Englebert two years younger. Though so near in age, there was little personal resemblance between the brothers, and still less of character. Ulrich was so strikingly handsome, as to be distinguished for that fact among the fifteen hundred students of his University. Gay and ardent, witty and thoughtless, his class-fellows said he should have been born in France rather than in Austria; but the steadiest among them liked his company, and the most impertinent did not care to provoke him. Englebert, on the contrary, just escaped plainness, and was every inch an Austrian; cautious by nature, slow by habit, always likely to make a respectable, but never a brilliant figure. He was fond of distinction, wealth, and all the world's good things, if they could be had cheap, but not at all disposed to run risks or overexert himself. Both the Rosenburghs were good sons to their widowed mother, good brothers to little Gertrude, and good young masters to all the servants and peasants; but, from the baroness to the woodman, everbody loved the handsome, gay Ulrich best, and thought Providence had done quite right in making him heir to the estate. Strange as it may appear, Englebert thought so too. Ulrich's high spirit and superior energy gave him the command far more than his seniority; besides, he had a nob'e, generous disposition, which made him the constant friend and helper of his younger brother, and

and affection. There was not much companionship between them. Their tastes and pur-uits were defferent, and that defference grew wider with advancing years. Ulrich preferred public amusements and gay society; Englebert liked quiet evenings, country rambles, gozing at old pictures, and attempts at drawing; yet few brothers agreed be ter, and none were more ready to stand by each other.

Their time at the University passed with as little adventure as that of most students in Vienns. Ulr ch got into several scrapes, but they were not seriou, fought two duels without any bad consequence, and came home with his brother every vacation-time to find Gertrude growing taller and prettier, the baroness prouder of her exploits in the domestic line, and the old castle duller than ever. Still, there was no fretting again-t the family arrangement. The young heir of Rovenburgh stood quite prepared to marry his destined br de at the close of his college course. Gertrude never imagined that any thing else was possible for her. Between her duti ul sons and notable daughter-in-law, Madame Rosenburgh was one of the be-t-contented widowwithin sight of the Carpatbians. There was but one difficulty in her family, and that was with the quiet, cautious Englebert, who did not like to be made a priest. The Rosenburghs belonged to the prevailing religion of Austria, and were sound Catholic. Englebert said be never would have the vocation requisite for holy orders; he could serve the Church, himself, and his family much better if they would only allow him to be a painter. An artist in Vienna had told him he had talents. He showed sketches of two broken bridges, a ruined castle, and a wind-mill, which half his class had admired, and reminded the baroness that painters sometimes lived at court, and were counted great men. Madame Rosenburgh had never heard of any nobleman's son becoming an artist; neither had Father Stephen, nor Hans Muller. So the subject remained an open question, debated in the long evenings, every vacation-time, between the above-mentioned trio and the two brothers, for Ulrich, as usual, took Englebert's part; and the latter quietly sketched away from season to season, lounged in every studio to which he could get admission, and entered cautious protests against the gown and surplice.

Thus occupied, Englebert scarcely observed, till it became the talk and wonder of his fellow-students, the unaccountable change which passed over Ulrich as their University studies drew to a close. His buoyant and boundless spirits, so long the joy of every student-company, were now checkered by fits of gloomy and absent thought. He excused himself from the merry gatherings which had been his delight, cared for neither ball nor theater, yet often went out alone in the evening, nobody knew where. Some said it was an affair of the heart, and had all come out of a masquerade at the last carnival, where Ulrich had his fortune told by a beautiful gipsy, and they heard it whispered she was an Italian countess. Others averred he had got entangled with the That ancient order of Rosicrucians. quacks, or what you will, had waked up once more, as so many trampled-out traditions did before the first heavings of the French Revolution, and made Vienna its head-quarters, to the great scandal of the old-school nobles and the orthdox clergy. The well-meaning, but not very clear-headed monarch, Joseph II., having got rid of his mother's management, and resolved to bring in the millennium at once, patronized them in common with all people with extraordinary pretensions; and they were said to raise ghosts and foretell events with more than usual facility in the neighborhood of the old castle. Ulrich's solitary walks were taken in that direction, but, beyond this, the vigilance and curiosity of the students could make no discovery. Englebert once ventured to question him, but he showed such unwonted anger at his interference, that the younger brother, with his accustomed preference for a quiet life, made up his mind to let the secret alone.

Both brothers took respectable degrees as Bachelors of Art, took leave of their College friends, and were packing up clothes and books in the fast-falling twilight, to set out for Rosenburgh Castle next morning.

"We'll go home, brother," said Ulrich, waking out of one of his absent fits—the house-porter afterward recollected that a foreign-looking page had brought him a letter that afternoon—"we'll go home, and you will be an artist, if you like. I wish you had been born to inherit the estate, and marry Gertrude."

"Don't you like to marry her, brother?"

said Englebert, as a suspicion connected with the carnival story crossed his mind.

"I will marry her," cried Ulrich, resolutely, as if somebody had been advising him to the contrary. It was my father's last command; it is the wish of my mother's heart; Gertrude is a good girl, and has no other provision."

"But don't you like Gertrude?" in-

quired his brother.

"Of course I do—everybody ought to like a good, pretty, industrious young woman. But, Englebert, don't lock that portmanteau; I am going to the next street, to get a present of tobacco for old Hans; it will make his heart merry in the long winter evenings yonder, when there is nothing to be heard but the moan of the wind, and the hum of the spinningwheels. I'll be back before supper." And seizing his hat, Ulrich darted down stairs at his usual rapid pace.

Englebert lit his lamp, and read and sketched till the streets of Vienna began to grow quiet, but Ulrich did not come back. At length, he went out and inquired for him at the tobacconist's; but Ulrich had not been there. He called at the lodging of his student-friends; none of them had seen him. The night passed, the morning came, and still no appearance of Ulrich. The police were applied to, and their machinery set in motion. Every place, of good and evil fame, in the city was searched. The young baron was advertised for far and wide—the Danube itself was searched; but from the moment he left his brother and the packing-up, all trace or token of Ulrich Rosenburgh was lost.

It was with a heavy and bewildered heart that Englebert went home without his brother. The unaccountable manner of Ulrich's disappearance wrought strangely on the secluded household of the cas-Neither Madame Rosenburgh nor tle. Gertrude could believe it for some time. Ulrich was playing his friends a trick; he had gone on an excursion, and would soon come back. But when weeks and months had passed away, and still no return, no intelligence, Gertrude came down one morning and told the baroness that Ulrich was dead, for she had seen him in her dream, dressed as he used to be, but lying in a strange-looking coffin. From that time, a dreary despair fell on them;

gone; and with the consciousness of her great loss, a dark suspicion of her remaining son crept into Madame Rosenburgh's mind. The removal of his elder brother must leave him heir of the inheritance. He alone had been with Ulrich when the latter so suddenly disappeared in Vienna, and his account of the circumstance was at once vague and improbable. Englebert's home was thus rendered no longer The strongest aftenantable for him. fections of his nature had been given to Ulrich; he missed him night and day; the uncertainty which hung over his fate made himself neither heir nor younger son —and feeling himself grievously wronged by the suspicions which his mother could not conceal, he scarcely asked her consent to go and study painting in Italy. Thus bereft of both her children, the baroness sought consolation in the observances and austerities of her Church, as one on whose house a strange judgment had fallen. Gertrude followed her example; so did the elder servants. Father Stephen found it expedient to come and reside with them as a permanent director, and a monastic gloom settled on the halls of Rosenburgh.

Years passed away. The baroness grew old and infirm; Gertrude withered into German spinsterhood; Hans Muller went home to his old master; Father Stephen made his own last confession, and was succeeded in his office by a younger Englebert von Rosenburgh bemonk. came, not a great artist, for that was not in him, but a first-class portrait-painter, who put crowned heads and court beauties on canvas, to their own and the public's entire satisfaction. While he was growing to that hight in the profession, the French Revolution had come like another deluge, changing the face of things; no Pope had been left in Rome, no Doge

in Venice, no lady at Loretto.

Old prisons had been opened, old palaces turned out, but the peace of Amiens had just been signed, and there was to be an everlasting settlement of Europe. People supposed it to have already commenced at Vienna, where Francis, afterward known as the First of Metternich's subjects, had made a new empire of his old Austria. There the rich and idle assembled out of every corner where they had taken refuge from the French and the war; and good society, with its beauty and fashion, cardthe hope and anchor of both lives was tables and scandal was fully reëstablished.

One of the brightest stars in that reconstructed heaven was the Countess of Falkenstein. Though no longer young, she was still beautiful, with that halfeastern beauty peculiar to the daughters of old Venice, where-she was born. stately, and slender, she had a clear brown complexion; eyes at once soft and brilliant; hair in whose lustrous blackness Time had yet sown no gray; a winning smile; and a hand which might have served: Hebe when presenting Jupiter his cup. The countess was accomplished as well as fair; she danced superbly, sang divinely, had talk for artists, wits, and poets. The splendor of her jewels, and the elegance of her costume, were said to be envied by ladies of the imperial family. Her charms were known to have broken the hearts of an admiring host, beginning with archbishops, and ending with barons of the Holy Roman Empire; yet such was the dignity of her manner and the prudence of her deportment, that even in a city believed to be its native seat, gossip could find nothing to tell concerning the countess.

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She had been twice married: first, to an Italian; and secondly, to an Austrian count. Both her husbands were old men; and in departing this life, they had both left her solid consolations. From the Italian, she inherited certain silk-growing estates in Lombardy. The Austrian had endowed her with broad lands and a baronial mansion in the county which supplied his title; and Madame Falkenstein had remained faithful to his memory, though her weeds had been cast off for almost seven summers. Regarding the lady's early history, nothing certain was known; there was a vague tradition floating through Vienna that she came of a noble but reduced Venetian family, who had placed her in a convent, by way of provision; but how she managed to get back into the world, could not be ascertained.

Nobody ever accused the countess of eccentricity. She presented a charming example of doing as Rome did, on all occasions, and was therefore esteemed a pattern of propriety; yet there were two particulars in Madame Falkenstein's conduct at which people had wondered till they got tired of that exercise, and of which explanations had been attempted First, it was by every body but herself. said, that neither in her town-house, her

she ever remain longer than six weeks. Secondly, that wherever she went, on journey or excursion, visit or pilgrimage and the countess being a good Catholic, took some trips of the latter kind—there went with her a huge trunk, covered with black leather, bound with iron, and never known to be opened. Servants had been bribed and lovers sworn to discover its contents; the curiosity of the beau monde is powerful; but the best directed efforts had been hitherto unsuccessful. The anxious circle got no further than ingenious Some said she kept her speculations. convent habiliments, together with her shroud and other instruments of penance, there; some, that it was filled with the private papers of the late Count Falkenstein, who had been an employé of Prince Kaunitz, in his youth; some that the archives of her Venetian ancestors were treasured up in that trunk; and if so, they must have been very heavy records, for all the porters that ever lifted it agreed on its weight being no trifle.

June,

The trunk was an old subject, and a very unsatisfactory one; so was Madame Falkenstein's movings. From capital to capital, and from watering-place to watering-place, she generally made the tour of fashionable Europe once a year. something new at length began to be heard regarding the Countess; shrewd people were predicting a third change of her name, and all Vienna were envying, criticising, and inquiring after the fortunate artist, whose acquaintance she had made at Florence, and who had followed in her train to the Austrian capital. Every body knew him as the painter Von Emsgraff, whose portraits were universally admired. He was neither rich nor strikingly handsome, a man within sight of forty, said to be nobly born, but separated from his family for reasons not to be found out; and the never-ceasing wonder of all men was, what Madame Falkenstein saw in him to charm her.

There is nothing more difficult to define than the special attractions with which Cupid tips his arrows for the fairer part of mankind. A score of deserving objects may come begging for a lady's heart, and find no charity; yet somebody not a whit better, or, it may be, much worse, calls some morning, and carries it away. There must be a luck in these things; so thought the painter, when Madame Falkenstein, country-castle, nor any where else, would after being induced by the persuasions of

a good-natured cardinal to give him a sitting, became, first, his zealous patron, then his attached friend, and finally the lady of his devoirs, with whom there was every prospect of a favorable hearing. How much he had insinuated, served, and flattered, in the progress of his promotion, may be guessed only by a lady's man of first-rate practice. Others had paid as humble homage, but not to such purpose. Had his cold, cautious nature the charm of contrast for the fervid, jealous temperament which still flashed at times in her Venetian eyes? or was the secret of his success to be found in the fact, that the suitor was no captive, but a free man, and had lost neither his heart nor his head by the business? In that ancient and admirable game of love-making, there is no advantage equal to this freedom. The man who enjoys it has ten to one of the interested party; and so it was that the not very handsome, not very rich, not very talented artist, courted, followed, flattered, but did not love, the beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy Countess of Falkenstein.

There was a girl who used to watch goats and knit within sight of her father's cottage beside the Upper Danube, when he was sketching there, and all the princesses he ever had the honor of painting got her portrait; but such an alliance was not to be thought of by one who could call himself Emsgraff, and had a nobler name to boast. As he grew older and wiser in the world's ways, Englebert von Rosenburgh discovered that it would never do for the heir apparent of his ancient house to follow the profession of an artist with his name and lineage blazoned to the world. A great deal of question and remark must be the consequence, which suited neither his caution nor his pride. Among the many unemployed titles of his family was that of Emsgraff, or Lord of the Ems, from some real or imaginary conquest made on that river in the feudal times. The younger sons had been accustomed to bear it in the flourishing days of the Rosenburghs; and Englebert reclaimed their ancient honors by taking it for his name as soon as he began to paint portraits. To all intents and purposes, he was lord of the lonely castle and forest-land; might have called himself baron any day with that poor and muchencumbered estate. On the mystery of his brother's disappearance, time had thrown no light. Last time he visited the same, but she had not worn so well, per-

baroness, now fallen into dotage, she asked when he would bring Ulrich home. Gertrude watched him wherever he went about the castle, and the old servants believed it was a troubled conscience that would not let him stay longer in its dullness and poverty. Poor as well as dull had the old home of the Rosenburghs become by the death of Hans Muller and the incapacity of the baroness. Englebert was not the man to take the management of his ancestral estate under such circumstances. In common with many of slow and steady order, he had a strong attachment to the finery and the pride of life. To live in one of the noble mansions of Vienna, and flourish at court as the Baron von Rosenburgh, with fortune and appendages becoming that dignity, would have suited his taste exactly. His professional gains were considerable, but he spent them, and despised the mode of their coming; and when it dawned upon him that the silk-growing lands in Lombardy, and the still more ample estates in Falkenstein, might be made his by the blessing of the Church, who can wonder that he followed up his advantage with all the energy and resolution possible for such a prudent general? No day elapsed without his humble duty being done in Viennese fashion, at her toilet, in her boudoir, or beside her chariot in the Prater. No wish of hers, whether expressed or understood, was left ungratified, no command unfulfilled; but he avoided all mention of his history and family, lest some suspicion, like that which troubled his mother's peace, might enter the mind of the countess; made great but circumspect endeavors to fathom the mystery of the trunk and the traveling; and deferred the all-important question, partly to get his mind at rest on those important subjects, and partly to throw the handkerchief with greater cer-

There are no worse managers of loveaffairs than cautious men, particularly when they have to deal with characters opposite to their own. That very generalship which was to make Englebert's conquest complete, roused the jealousy of Madame Falkenstein's Italian nature, and made her set a keen but silent watch on all his proceedings. Madame had a maid named Constanza. Like her mistress, she had been born beside the lagoons, and was a true Venetian. Her age was the

haps because nature had not been so liberal to her, for Constanza never could have been pretty. A rough and now wrinkled skin, a wide mouth, with thin lips, a pair of fierce black eyes, with a most decided squint, and a nose long and sharp as the beak of the old Roman eagle, did not form an agreeable contour; but Constanza was an Italian woman, and could therefore look out for lovers, lay snares, coquette, and, if need were, intrigue as keenly as the brightest beauty in the land. She was the daughter of madame's nurse; had been brought up with her in the family palace hard by the church of St. Mark; came with her from Venice, and served her faithfully through her marriages and travels; had her entire confidence, and was believed to know the secret of the trunk, though nobody had been bold enough to tempt her fidelity by either bribe or question. To this confidente of many years, the Countess imparted her suspicions. Did this mere artist dare to trifle with her? Was his allegiance growing cold? Had his eye found another star? Constanza would take notes, and observe his comings and goings.

Ill betide the power which has made mischief between maid and mistress, and ladies of every degree, since men began to be faithless! Constanza did take notes at first dutifully for the Countess, but by and by it was for herself. Among his other abilities for getting through this world with credit, Englebert was blessed with a quick eye; it made him aware that the black erratic orbs of the waiting-woman followed all his movements, and he naturally concluded that her heart had fallen before the attractions which her mistress had found so irresistible. The conquest was not one to boast of, but Constanza knew all that concerned the Countess, and he had learned from wicked wits, perhaps from experience, that seldom does woman's faith or friendship hold out against delicate attentions. Accordingly, the delicate attentions were paid, sparingly indeed, and altogether on the sly, for the Falkenstein estates were not to be lightly risked. There was a glance for Constanza when madame chanced to be looking another way, a hasty compliment when they met on the stairs, and a pair of gilt car-rings judiciously presented when the Countess was from home. The old bird was caught with the chaff, as, in spite of the proverb, old birds are apt to be.

Constanza was vain enough to imagine that she had snared her mistress's lover. There was the charm of his superior rank, the carrying on of a secret intrigue, which is the life and soul of a true Venetian, and she applied her mind to it in good earnest. The German Englebert had not calculated, however, on the combustible materials with which he had undertaken to play. Regarding herself as the real, though secret idol of his affections, the ancient waiting-woman learned in time to consider her mistress a usurping rival, and resented the daily service performed at her shrine with a mixture of jealousy and impertinence not to be met with except among the confidential maids of Italy. How far the Countess saw into the matter was never known. Though a Venetian, she was a woman of the world, had self-command, and great cause, as was eventually proved, to bear with Constanza.

One of the most magnificent apartments in all Vienna was the dressing-room which Madame Falkenstein had fitted up for herself in her own town-house. All the age could boast of interior decorations was there — rich cabinets, choice paintings, mirrors framed in porcelain and silver, hangings in which were woven pictures from the classic poets, and a toilet apparatus of crystal and gold, by which Cleopatra of Egypt might have dressed. Englebert's artistic eye and love of splendor had often rejoiced in that room, and at times when the thought crossed him, a stealthy look had been cast behind the rich curtains for that mysterious trunk. It was nowhere to be seen; perhaps had no existence except in Vienna gossip; but there was a large closet, opening beside the dressing-table, dimly lighted, and looking blank and bare. He had never been within, but had caught glimpses of a large crucifix, and a massive object covered with black, which he took to be an altar, and presumed it was madame's private chapel. Opposite that closet-door, Englebert was seated one forenoon, when every body was preparing for the carnival. The Countess sat at her toilet, conversing about masks and costumes, while Constanza braided her long hair, in the strictly classic fashion which was then the rage in Paris.

"Should I ever attempt to paint Venus at her toilet, she will have such hair," said the artist; and the compliment was but the utterance of his thoughts, for the locks of Beauty's queen could not have been

more abundant, soft, and shining.

"It's growing gray," cried Constanza, with the very triumph of malice in her look and tone, holding up between her fingers two hairs which she had just discovered, and the ends of which were undoubtedly white.

Whatever the Countess might have tolerated, this went beyond her patience. There was a momentary flash like summerlightning in her eyes, and then she said in a calm and haughty tone: "Go, Constanza, and send Magdaliné here; she shall

dress my hair in future."

If ever there was wrath too deep for utterance, it appeared in the waitingmaid's look as she left the room with a threatening gesture toward the closetdoor, which Madame Falkenstein did not see, but it chilled Englebert's blood. What did she mean? His glances, compliments, ear-rings, had extracted nothing but those displays of awkward jealousy which had amused him till now, when he felt convinced that it was no longer safe to pay attentions to Constanza.

"Those people are so ready to forget themselves," said the Countess, speaking as if nothing had happened to discompose "Constanza has been a useful waiting-woman, but something seems to disturb her mind of late; sometimes I fear the poor woman's senses are leaving her. What is your opinion, Herr Emsgraff?"

Englebert's caution never left him. assured the Countess that he had scarcely observed her maid, and could therefore give no opinion on the subject; on which Madame Falkenstein recurred to her former conversation. Magdaliné, her second maid proceeded with the braiding; and the painter went home, determined to make a bold stroke, and declare himself on his very next visit, before Constanza had time to ruin his prospects. His resolution was carried into effect on the following day when tête-à tête with the Countess in her boudoir. Lovers were required to talk of flames and threaten suicide in those days. Englebert went very respectably through the whole ritual of despair, and his destiny was propitious. Softened, perhaps, by the sight of her first gray hairs, Madame Falkenstein listened as favorably as could be expected from a well-dowered and much-courted widow. She declared her intention of founding a

and follies of the world, spoke with a sigh of her fading youth and her solitary condition, hinted that she was not quite insensible to the merits of Herr Emsgraff; in short, she gave him leave to hope with a sentimental propriety that would have rejoiced the heart of Madame de Genlis. Thus encouraged, the painter pressed his suit day after day with becoming fervor; his mind was, moreover, relieved by the decided reformation wrought on Constanza. Her sin against madame's dignity was too great to be easily forgiven, and she had been kept at needle-work in a back-room, by way of penance, while the less presuming Magdaliné officiated in her stead. How the confidential maid retrieved her position, was not for a gentleman to know exactly, but never was waitingwoman more improved by a short sequestration; the airs of rivalry were gone, her demeanor to her mistress was edifyingly humble, her eye never so much as wandered in Englebert's direction, and the prudent suitor took care to be perfectly unconscious of her existence.

Some time before that carnival, the Princess Lieven had come to carry on fashionable life and Russian diplomacy in the Austrian capital, as she did in many a capital beside, and the city could talk of nothing but the grand bal masqué given at her mansion on the evening of the popular festival. The Court were to be present, and the principal rooms were therefore kept select, but every body who came in costume had free admittance to the outer apartments; and as complete disguise was the order of the day, there was great anticipation, and a deal of subsequent gossip. Madame Falkenstein was one of the invited guests. She contrived to obtain a card for Herr Emsgraff also, but made it a point to conceal her intended character and costume from the painter, who, of course, declared that he would recognize her under any disguise. His own appearance was to be made as a crusader; he had provided himself with knightly armor, and studied the part under madame's direction. Her good taste and general information qualified the lady to give counsel in such matters, but Englebert had another device on which she was not consulted. To see the by-play, and give himself every advantage, he determined to make his first essay in the costume of a charcoal-burner from his convent, and retiring into it from the sins | native forests, and accordingly, accoutred

with canvas coat, wooden shoes, and cap of wild-cat's skin, he repaired to the scene of festivity. A blaze of lights, a deadlock of carriages, and a crowd as if all Austria had come there to see, were the outward signs of the diplomatic princess being at home. The throng of maskers was scarcely less dense within. Englebert danced with nuns, cracked carnival jokes with Italian bandits, admired fine eyes which shone through vizards, and at length began to think it was time to assume his superior character and look after the countess.

He lingered a moment in one of the outer rooms, looking on the motley crowd from the curtained recess of a window, and thinking of carnavals long ago when he and Ulrich were at college. Suddenly there was a hard hand laid on his shoulder, and a shrill voice said in his ear: "You are going to marry Madame Falkenstein—come with me, and I will show you what she keeps in her closet."

Englebert turned and saw a beggingfriar well got up, only that he looked lazier and dirtier than most of his order, and now glided on before him as if to lead the way. The painter followed; he knew the voice to be that of the reformed Constanza; her gesture at the closet-door crossed his memory, but on he went, being a man of curiosity and courage; such an opportunity might not come again. It was carnival-time, and all the city were abroad. His guide conducted him through streets and lanes he scarcely knew, except that they led towards the old castle, and at the end of a dark alley, unlocked a door in a high wall, and they entered a wild neglected garden, overgrown with long grass and old trees, through which the wind moaned as if it had been a church-yard. A door at the end of this garden opened on a narrow stair lighted by a loophole in the wall, by which the rising moon shone in; it led directly into what seemed a great cupboard, but on emerging, Englebert found it was one of the richly inlaid wardrobes he had so often admired in Madame Falkenstein's magnificent dressing-room.

"I know you don't love me," cried Constanza, flinging off her mask; "but look at this; for all her fine reputation, it has been with her these last twenty years, and I never knew her to forget the keys before. Come in, and bring that lamp with you," she continued, as the closet lock clicked

Englebert obeyed. There stood the together till this day. The old Count

crucifix, and the massive black object of which he had caught glimpses. It was no altar, but an immense trunk, long, old-fashioned, and bound with iron. Constanza darted to it, thrust in the key, and strained with all her might; the lock yield-ed slowly with a grating sound of rust and disuse. She threw up the lid, and a fear seemed to come over her. There was a strange odor of strong and heavy perfumes, something covered with three linen sheets.

"Lift them, and look for yourself," she cried. Englebert did so; and there, in the very dress he wore on the evening of his disappearance, twenty years before, covered with what seemed withered leaves and flowers, and with the dry, fleshless look of a mummy, lay the corpse of the long-lost Ulrich! Englebert was not a man of delicate nerves, but the horror of the discovery overcame him; he staggered back, faint and sick, and leaned against the wall.

"She murdered him," said Constanza in a shrill whisper: "he was a student, and used to come here in the evenings the very way I brought you. The old Count Scorza, her first husband, was dying then; his great-grandfather used to deal with the Jews, when they were forbidden in Austria, and made that stair for the business. I never knew this man's name; but he would go home and marry some girl he was promised to, in spite of all she could say; and when he came to see her for the last time, she would have him stay to supper; but he never rose from the table. There were strong poisons made in our Venice; I know what went into the sauce that night, which neither I nor my mistress tasted. She had sworn she would never part with him; and before midnight, old Barbetta, who used to live behind St. Mary's Church, and do jobs of the kind for the Capuchins, was at work embalming the body. We laid it in here when he had finished. It is a family trunk, you see, and came from Venice with my mistress's wedding-clothes in it; but they used to keep the books of the Council of Ten there; three of her grand uncles were clerks to it, and made out most of the secret warrants for executions. There it has lain ever since. The trunk went with us wherever we went. I have heard people wondering at it, but my mistress never lost sight of it for four-and-twenty hours

Scorza died; she was a mourning widow for two or three years; then my lord of Falkenstein turned up, and never guessed what sort of a trunk his lady had at home and abroad. He is gone this many a year; and now she says she will put the thing away, for her heart has found a purer affection. Haven't I done you a charity? though I helped in it all, and would have done anything for my mistress then; she had not crossed me; but now you may tell the police, if you like; I want nothing but revenge."

There was an officer of the secret police waiting for Madame Falkenstein's return from the bal masqué, where she had excited universal admiration by the splendor of her costume and the elegance of her performance as the Sultana Zobide. An hour after her arrival, a carriage guarded by gens d'armes left the old Count Scorza's town-house; it contained his charming countess, but not her confidential maid; while Herr Emsgraff was communicating with the police, she had locked up everything, taken the keys with her, and disappeared so completely, that neither search, inquiry, nor the offer of large rewards could obtain the slightest clue to her hiding-place. Madame Falkenstein's trial was strictly private; it involved three noble families, and when was rank unconsidered in Austria? Constanza could not be found, there was no evidence against her but that of her own trunk. She attempted no defence; but she had been always a liberal patroness of the Church, and the Archbishop of Vienna, together with sundry Italian cardinals, interested themselves so warmly in

her favor, that she was allowed to retire to a Benedictine convent in Venice, which one of her ancestors had founded; and it is said that a more reluctant nun never took the vail. Her Falkenstein estates were forfeited to the crown, and like the rest of the county changed hands between France and Austria as the fortunes of that long war went. Her maid was never heard of, even by the police; but attached to one of the Italian regiments which marched with the French army on its Russian campaign, there was a vivandière so old, withered, and notable for a fierce temper and a bunch of rusty keys hanging from her leathern belt, that the French soldiers called her St. Peter's grandmother.

As for the fortunate painter, concerning whom all Vienna had wondered and talked, he assisted at a funeral-ceremony, performed by torchlight, in the crypt of the Rosenburgh chapel. There were but two other mourners—the once pretty Gertrude, now a woman of middle age, and the decrepit baroness, saying she was satisfied with Englebert, for he had brought back Ulrich at last. The events of that carnival-night had given him enough of fashionable life and high match-making. He retired to the old family castle, in due time laid the baroness in the crypt beside her eldest son, lived under Gertrude's management, went about his lands like a man whose days were crossed, and died when the Congress was sitting in Vienna, leaving among the peasantry a dark and doubtful reputation, for the honest people still believe that he had some hand in the disappearance of his lost brother.

From the London Society Magazine.

OF WALES. THE PRINCES

THAT had been a simple-minded generation of Welshmen to whom Edward I. presented his baby boy, who had just seen the light in Caernarvon town, as a veritable Prince of Wales. The victorious King, occupied with affairs of state,

lucky messenger made his appearance, and told the monarch that his Queen had again made him the father of a son. Other sons the rough-bearded warrior had had, but two had died, and the sickly Alphonso alone survived. The delighted inwas sojourning at Rhudlan Castle when a | formant was rewarded after the splendid

and indiscriminate liberality of that rude evil darkness, and the pure and splendid age. His pouches were crammed with broad pieces of gold; he was dubbed knight on the spot; and, happier than most modern knights, he was presented with house and land wherewith to support the dignity so easily acquired. The Welshmen longed for a native prince. For the love of Eleanor de Montfort their last prince, Llewellyn, had done homage to the English king in London, and had received from the English king the hand of his bride in Worcester Cathedral. Not to my light pen, but to the grave historic page belongs the doleful, later narrative of the fierce fight for Wales, which scarcely ended when the remorseless Edward placed Llewellyn's head on the highest of the high turrets of the Tower of London. I do not myself accept the legend that the simple-minded mountaineers promised to submit to any native born prince, and when shown the royal infant, at once transferred to him the promised allegiance. They, poor souls, would cling to any fragment of their banished independence, little dreaming how, in the glorious future, that dependence would become the firmer and happier independence of cemented interests and united affections. Some slight earnest of better times there might be in this English prince born in that palace fortress which branded subjection on their country, but nevertheless called by the Welsh title. It will be noticed that, in the first instance of all, it was not the eldest son of the monarch who was the Prince of Wales, but the second. Alphonso died the same year, and ever since the eldest son of England has worn, in loving amity, the hereditary badge of the sister, or, rather the self-same land of Wales. The Welsh prince was duly christened by a Welsh prelate. The Bishop of Bangor received a costly fee such as never since has gladdened the clerical heart. Manors and regalities were settled on him in abundance for his services at the font, not to mention the produce of the ferries across the Menai.

It is a matter of nigh six hundred years ago. England was then as low in savagery as she is now high in civilization. All the possibilities of rhetoric could hardly highten the striking contrasts. The difference is as great as between marble in the quarry and marble in the statue; as between the clouded morn, rising as if blood-stained in the fight with | hit hard. He was only sixteen when the

radiance of the meridian of one of these lovely days of spring. Nemesis, that sometimes slumbers for centuries, awoke sharp and sudden. She transferred to a late age the inestimable blessings of the conquest, but she smote down the conqueror's line, yea, to the third and fourth generation, with an exceeding grievous blow. The lot of the first Prince of Wales was as baleful as the lot of the present Prince of Wales is blessed. penalty has long been paid, and the harvest of prosperity and peace is rightfully The Eumenides are satisfied with something better than Athene's arbitra-The Last of the Bards, in Gray's noble lyric, when from Snowdon's steep he saw at last the feud satiated, faltered at the unborn glories that crowded on his soul. But neither far-sighted poet nor hopeful patriot could have dreamed of the modern days of our Prince of Wales, when, through England and the whole British realm, and that wide empire over which the morning and the evening star ever shines, there was witnessed a passionate enthusiasm and affection for Albert Edward not exceeded in any phase of European history.

In the long and illustrious roll of the Princes of Wales there occur the high names of some who have never worn the English crown, but who lived long enough to earn for themselves an honored name in English history, and to enhance the luster of the title which they bore. First and chief was Edward the Black Prince. His mother was the heroic Philippa of Hainault, and the beautiful matron, with her fair boy, furnished to artists of the day a model for the Madonna and Child. When he was four years old he received that title of Duke of Cornwall which the Princes of Wales have ever since borne, being, moreover, the first duke created in England. The days of Edward III. are justly regarded by our statesmen as a grand epoc for our constitutional law; and the boy prince, in the absence of his father, twice presided over those parliaments which, while voting wool or coin, vindicated the rights of the subject in the disposal of their money. The glory of the Black Prince is chiefly martial, and his renown herein commences at an early age. When quite a child his brave mother encouraged him to run tournaments, and to

great day of Cressy made his military fame immortal. Every reader of Froissart—also every non-reader of Froissart knows something of the details of the famous battle; how thirty thousand English withstood four times that number of the French; how thrice the Genoese troops threw themselves on the Prince's line; how King Edward, when he saw his son hard pressed, with Spartan hardihood refused to come to the rescue that the glory might all belong to his brave child; how the Moravian marquis, and the French chivalry, and the Bohemian King, and Philip of France himself lowered their lances, abased their knighthood, humbled their banners before the imperial English boy. For the first time, with random infrequency, the cannon, novel, and untried engine in war, added to the roar of the contest, which was nevertheless decided by the battle-ax and the bow. From the blind and vanquished Bohemian King it is said that the Princes of Wales have derived their ostrich plume and the motto *Ich dien*, but the antiquaries, worthy men, can not quite make up their minds upon the subject. It is interesting to know that, at the ensuing siege of Calais, when Eustace and his seven brave compatriots were prepared for martyrdom, the Black Prince, strongly contrasting with his subsequent conduct at Limoges, anticipated his mother in interceding for their lives. When the war subsequently broke out afresh, the Prince commanded in the south of France, and his father in the north. He took Narbonne, and men congratulatingly told each other that "it was a city little less than London." He met with greater difficulty when he attacked Romorantin, but he swore by his father's soul that he would never raise the siege. A crowded and gallant host, one mellow September day nigh five hundred years ago, gathered in locust swarms around the little English army, and prepared to sweep it from the face of the earth. The French King had then an opportunity of concluding a treaty that might have restored peace to his bleeding realm. Prince Edward had sense as well as courage, and was unwilling to hazard his beloved soldiers against such overwhelming odds. In an evil moment King John demanded that the Prince of Wales should surrender himself and a hundred of his knights as captives. "England shall never pay ransom of God. His last words were such as would

mine," was the heroic answer, and then the battle of Poictiers commenced. In every battle, Napoleon used to say, there are some ten minutes in which the issue of the contest is practically settled. Chandos detected the critical moment, and with practiced generalship the Prince availed himself of it; and though the battle was virtually won by high noon, the the English continued to ride down the foe until, in Homeric phrase, "the sun was set, and all the paths were dim." The narrative of the Prince's knightly courtesy to his royal captives is as memorable as the story of his valor. He bore his honors quietly, as befits an English gentleman. "Gaudete Domino semper," he wrote to the Bishop of Worcester, "iterum dico gaudete." His entry into London after the victory, in many respects, reminds of that famous entry which all the world has been talking about. It took the Prince and his royal captive, King John, nine hours to perform the journey from the city to the Savoy. We must conclude that the hospitable city of London proffered them refreshments by the way. The day of Edward's marriage was another great day. The ceremonial was performed with the utmost magnificence, as in the present royal instance, at Windsor. The loves of the Black Prince and the fair Countess have, in their day, been greatly celebrated. Much of legend and romance clustered around their courtship, and it is to be regretted that so large a portion of this is lost. The Lady Joan, daughter of the Earl of Kent, was a kinswoman of Edward's; and it was said that at a dinner at Dover at her own home, after his return from Poictiers, the Prince fell in love with her. The health of the Prince can not have been very strong, for when, not long after his marriage, he and his wife departed for Aquitaine, men spoke gloomily of the little probability there was that he would ever succeed to his father's throne. That was a sad time for England when, after the Spanish Expedition, the renowned Prince appeared to fall into a decline. A bearded comet dismayed the minds of the people even as the fiery star which blazed in the form of a spear over doomed Jerusalem. Good men thought he was perhaps taken away that Englishmen might learn to trust not in the arm of flesh, but in the arm of befit all men, and would least of all misbecome princely lips: "I give thee thanks, O God, for all thy benefits; and, with all the pains of my soul, I humbly beseech thy mercy to give me remission of those sins which I have wickedly committed against thee; and of all mortal men, whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended, with all my heart I desire forgiveness." He lies now in that stately shrine which is the glory of Canterbury Cathedral. Among all the minsters of England none shows with so fair a magnificence; and if it so happen that any one of my readers has not, with loving, reverent feet, drawn nigh to its awful beauties, let him revive old Chaucer's story, and become a pilgrim

to Canterbury. I am afraid that I am only discoursing so much history which the ready mind of my cultivated readers will at once anticipate. But in discoursing of that famous Prince of Wales, Edward, surnamed the Black Prince, I am afraid no prudent love of reticence will enable an English essayist to hold his peace concerning this glorious page of English history. conqueror of Cressy at once recalls to mind the conqueror of Agincourt. We know that the King gave him an establishment near Eastcheap, and we also know, from Shakspeare, a great deal about the "Boar's Head" Tavern in Eastcheap. "Madcap Harry" is the first example of the wild Prince, a character which, in subsequent history, figures largely enough. Henry of Monmouth's wild life, and the celebrated incident with Chief Justice Gascoigne, have been questioned; but I am afraid we must believe, with Lord Campbell, that, after we have allowed for exaggerations, the old chronicles still Warwick should not be allowed to live. contain substantial truth. Henry redeemed his faults nobly when he became King. I wonder if poor Florizel, the fourth George, would so have redeemed his famo if he had had his chances? We pardon much to youth, very much to royal youth; but let it not be thought that early error is necessary to subsequent and splendid success. Some writers foolishly talk of wild oats, as if there was some necessary connection between these wild-oats and the real golden grain. Such a theory is both very mistaken and very mischievous. Moreover, it is unfortunately found that these wild-oats, when sown, have a knack of producing, throughout life, exceeding-

through a royal and beloved mother, a righteous father, a happy home, a pure court, no shameful public brand rests upon our current history. The future historian will count it up as not the least among the honors of our Prince of Wales that he was an obedient son, a careful student, and a faithful lover.

A faine thus pure has been possessed by two other Princes of Wales, who, as we have said, only lived to impart additional luster to their high estate. These are Prince Arthur and Prince Henry. Full sad a "morte d'Arthur" was the decease of the young Prince whose future reign seemed to promise all the fair hopes that could gather around a "blameless King." He, like our modern Prince, was pretty well known at Oxford, for, although not enrolled a student, he had twice visited Magdalen College. chamber was there laid with rushes, and "his table was furnished with jack and tench, red wine, claret, and sak." When quite young, he corresponded with Erasmus himself, who was amazed at the excellence of the child's Latinity. He was only sixteen when he was married to the pretty, dancing Spanish girl Katharine, unhappily destined to be twice a Princess of Wales. There has been lately published a Calendar of State Papers of negotiations between England and Spain, from the Simancos archives, edited by M. Bergeuroth, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. This valuable work reveals many curious facts hitherto little suspected by the student of history. Her father, Ferdinand, cruel and crafty, appears to have made it a condition of her marriage that the Plantagenet Katharine deeply felt that she could not expect happiness from a marriage for which a price had been paid in blood. Their union had not lasted five months when the young Prince, the hope and glory of England, was taken away by death. And now come the strange facts which M. Bergeuroth has developed. Henry VII. proceeded to suggest that he should himself marry his young daughterin-law. Even Isabella had sufficient grace to term this "a very evil thing, the mere mention of which is offensive to the ears." But although this thing must happen "not for any thing in the world," she recommended to him the young Queen ly bitter crops. Let us be thankful that, of Naples as "particularly well calculated

to console him in his deep affliction." The King at once approved the idea, but was anxious to see the portrait of the "For," wrote De Peubla, the Queen. Spanish Ambassador, "if she proved to be ugly, and not handsome, the King of England would not have her for all the treasures of the world. Nor would he dare to take her, on account of the English thinking so much about personal appearance." It had also been Henry's express wish that the ladies who accompanied Katharine should all of them be beautiful, or, any rate, not ugly. Handsome looks appear to have become a traditional necessity in this country. It will be remembered how Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, in describing the necessary qualifications of a Princess of Wales, gave a list, in which he lays down, firstly, that she should be pretty; and, lastly, that she should be a Protestant.

We return from this digression concerning the loves of that elderly lover, Henry VII., to a much worthier subject -Prince Henry. He, too, might remind us of that exquisite plaint of Virgil's, the world-known "Tu Marcellus eris." Good Bishop Hall, on several occasions, preached before "the sweet Prince." Let me quote his words respecting the national bereavement: "A loss that we had neither grace to fear, nor have capacity to conceive. Shall I praise him to you who are, therefore, now miserable, because ye did know him so well? I forbear it, though to my pain. If I did not spare you, I could not so swiftly pass over the name and virtues of that glorious saint our dear master, or the aggravation of that loss whereof you are too sensible. Deathespecially such a death—must have sorrow and tears. All nations, all succession of times, shall bear a part with us in this lamentation. And if we could but as heartily have prayed for him before as we have heartily wept for him since, perhaps we had not had this cause of mourning."

A very strong element of personal romance exists in all the love affairs of the princes of the house of Stuart. King James himself, setting an example to be followed in a distant age, went over to Denmark to win a bride. Anne of Denmark is probably the lady designated by Lord Herbert of Cherbury as "the fairest of her time." And she has helped to brilliant, practiced flirt was struck by the freshness of the lad's appearance, perhaps also by his misfortunes. "Could he only have spoken for himself, heaven only knows what might then have happened." She made up her mind, of course—and probably she was right—that the Prince was deeply in love with her, and, after the manner of her sex, regarded him "as an

cement that national affinity which exists between the British and the Scandinavian races. Violent storms prevented the return of the royal couple to their home; but James, nevertheless, appears to have enjoyed a very happy and comfortable time. Upon his return, judging that the bad weather had been caused by witches, he selected a number of elderly ladies for the honors of incremation. Still more remarkable were the love adventures of the ill-fated Charles. The famous journey to Madrid will always furnish a standard subject to historical romance. The consternation of Herbert may be imagined when he discovered that the Prince of Wales had actually been at Paris, and had left the city without his knowledge. I am afraid that Charles treated the Infanta very ill, with which the vision of Henrietta at the Paris ball may have had something to do. It is a tempting subject for disquisition, but I refrain. The errant loves of the second Charles, then only titular Prince of Wales, are still better known. I do not only mean the Barbara, the Lucy, or the Nell, but those by which the young man hoped, if he could make a useful alliance, to help himself toward his ancestral throne. It was even suggested by his friends, in the time of the Commonwealth, that he should marry Miss Lambert, the daughter of the powerful and turbulent "The lady is pretty, of an ex-General. traordinary sweetness of disposition, and very virtuously and ingenuously disposed." Mr. Hallam justly says that, after all, she was hardly more a mésalliance than Hortense Mancini, whom Charles had asked for in vain. His early loves with Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the "Grande Mademoiselle," have been related by the Montpensier herself, and probably have not suffered by the recital. The vast fortune of the heiress appears to have been the determining motive in the mind of Charles and of his mother Henrietta Maria. On the first occasion of wooing, Charles could speak no French. brilliant, practiced flirt was struck by the freshness of the lad's appearance, perhaps also by his misfortunes. "Could he only have spoken for himself, heaven only knows what might then have happened." She made up her mind, of course—and probably she was right—that the Prince was deeply in love with her, and, after the

object of pity." After the disastrous battle of Worcester, she and her unfortunate soldier seem to have definitely parted. He consoled himself, sauntering away all the wonderful chances which the Restoration had given him. His brother, James II., heavy, bigoted, dull, and slow of heart, had, nevertheless, some romanco mingled in his wooing. Romantic were the circumstances under which he gained Anne Hyde, the daughter of Clarendon the Chancellor, and, as he has also been justly called, "the Chancellor of Human Nature." Great was the wrath of Cla rendon when he heard of the secret mar-Bishop Burnet pronounces his character worthy an ancient Roman. Her father, in a spirit that Brutus might have envied, considerately proposed "that the King should immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and cast into the dungeon; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for cutting off her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man that should propose it." In this case it is not the lady, but the lady's father who protests too much. pugn Clarendon's language. I doubt his sincerity. I suspect Clarendon, although I disbelieve the scandal about Catharine of Braganza, was not superior to the possible advantages of such an alliance. continue the amatory fortunes of the line, take the case of the Chevalier de St. George. The Princess Mary of Poland formed a romantic attachment to him. At this time, a second restoration to the throne of England was by no means absolutely despaired of, and on the chances of such a speculation her father was not averse to the match. The narrative of her seizure, escape, and marriage is romantic enough, but at the last-named point the romance evaporates. She proved to be something very like a termagant, but her husband's bad character is a great excuse for her. The pretty, willful woman became a great saint, and was highly esteemed by the Pope, who set up a cloud of inscriptions in her honor. loves of the Pretender Charles Edward would lend an additional illustration to this phase of romance in the unhappy Stuart line.

When I was speaking of those Princes of Wales who, though they never came to the throne, nobly fulfilled their office in English history, I wish I could have added to | For some time he had reluctantly dis-

that slight but glorious band the name of Frederick Louis of Hanover, who for more than twenty years was Prince of Wales, but who has quite failed to obtain any place in the national memory. So ill-bred was he that, when the Princess his mother discussed the subject of his manners, his tutor bluntly replied that they were those of a scoundrelly groom. He came to England in his twenty-second year, strongly oppressed by his Hanoverian debts. That acute old lady, the Duchess of Marlborough, told the young man that she would give him a hundred thousand pounds if he would marry her beautiful grand - daughter, Lady Diana Spencer. The Prince was willing enough, but that astute old gentleman, Sir Robert Walpole, effectually prevented the match. So at least runs this Georgian legend. There appears to have been some secret and horrible cause of the rooted aversion which was manifested by his parents toward Frederick Louis. The facts were such that they could not be committed to paper, and, if they found their way there, were at once expunged by affrighted editors. Dr. Doran speaks about one of his friends, "hanger-on, most obnoxious to princes and their friends generally, a man who kept a diary, good-natured, weakminded, gossiping Bubb Dodington." can not say that Lord Melcombe's diary has given me the impression that these adjectives are well merited; the most unfortunate point about him is the Christian name, in which I certainly think his godfathers and godmothers treated him rather unkindly. There are few pages more striking than those in which he records certain visits to Leicester House, in which the Prince is ill, and then better, and then well, and then dead. George William Frederick now became Prince of Wales, the grandson of the old hero of Dettingen. The readers of Mr. Thackeray's Four Georges have become so familiar with the later Princes of Wales, that I will not run the chance of repeating a twice-told tale. I would, nevertheless, point out a passage in Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, a book which deserves more attention than it has obtained, in which clear sense and accurate observation become almost prophetic in this instance.

In 1758, the sensible Earl Waldegrave drew up the character of the future George III., then in his twenty-first year.

charged the office of the Prince's governor: "His parts, though not excellent, will appear very tolerable. . . He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behavior which makes honesty appear tolerable. . . . His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort; he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neighbor. . . . He does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy. ... It will be difficult to undeceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent and has strong prejudices. . . . He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of frequent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased his anger does not break out with heat and violence, but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet, not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill-humor." Now this remarkable passage certainly seems to me to mirror forth much of the subsequent history. Let it, however, be always recollected concerning him what Mr. Thackeray, one of the severest of his censors, has written. Of no other George, of few other kings, could thus much be said: "He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew he tried to practice; what knowledge he could master he strove to acquire.... The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.; not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because, according to his lights, he worshiped heaven." When Mr. Thackeray, in his lectures, passed on to George IV., it was to be expected that he would become more sarcastic than ever. He professed, however, to allay any such expectation. "I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on; to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game." This is a common rhetorical artifice. Notwithstanding the disclaimer, Mr. Thackeray proceeds to hunt the prey with considerable animation. This may be shown by our admiringly quoting some words from his vocabulary of abuse: "Empty scapegrace;" "lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable;" "heartless, treacherous;"

"debauchée, dissolute, fickle, cowardly;" "swaddled in feather-beds, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking;" "steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment;" "yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles." I am of opinion, notwithstanding his ironic disclaimer, that Mr. Thackeray has not failed to mount and lay the dogs on. I wonder if our modern satrist has ever meditated on the striking dictum of that Chief Justice of history, Henry Hallam: "It is an unworthy office, even for the purpose of throwing ridicule on exaggerated praise, to turn the microscope of history on private life."

Our current opinions respecting the Georgian kings are rather derived from prejudice, traditional belief, and general notions, than from a careful sifting of evidence and well-grounded conclusions. I do not wonder if some writers cling to the belief, in which I can scarcely participate, that a per contra remains to be stated on behalf of the Regent Prince of Wales. It is best that truth, however unpleasant, should be known. We often extenuatingly speak, in the case of the lowest, or the overwhelming force of circumstances. And the force of circumstances is no less powerful in the case of the highest. It will be found that the two great disasters of the Hanoverian princes were, first, the want of a happy home; secondly, a confined experience and illiberal education. Both these errors, by an abundant compensatory process, are entirely avoided by our princes of the Coburg race. The profound wisdom of the lamented Prince Consort received no higher exemplification than the wonderful training which he afforded to his children. Lord Bute pronounced it necessary that his royal pupil George William Frederick should travel, and accordingly took him to the Isle of Bute, otherwise the royal journeys for the most part lay between Windsor and St. James's. It is remarkable how completely in the present instance the errors of a bygone age are retracted. The education of the Prince of Wales has confessedly been one of unexampled variety and completeness. This result is mainly due to the almost unrivalled wisdom of the Prince Consort. He appears to have profoundly studied the plan of his son's future life, with a full view both of its limitations and possibilities, desirous of insuring to him a happy, honored, and useful existence, subordinated to the will

and providence of God. Our beloved Queen, whose household is an example to every dwelling in the kingdom, gave him a happy home illustrated by her own bright example. England, honoring him for his own, loves him still more for his mother's sake. The country has no loftier ambition than that he should resembled the Queen, no warmer desire than that he and his consort may effectually aid and comfort her.

If I follow in the wake of that court flattery which was once prevalent, I should employ a fulsome and exaggerated vein which, it is a matter of congratulation, has long ceased to be pleasing alike to royal ears and the public taste. In speaking of the present Prince of Wales it is unnecessary to dilate, as the old birth-day writers would have done, of the lightning of his eye, the eloquence of his language, the profondness of his knowledge, the precocity of his genius. He has simply his own fair natural abilities sedulously improved to the highest point of cultivation. He has that intimate acquaintance with the Continent which is not unusually possessed by Englishmen, and beyond that his travels in the modern world of the West and the ancient world of the East are such as have fallen to the lot of very few gray-haired men. Without the least wishing to intrude into the sacred privacy of royal life, regarding the prince as a public man, I may say a few words respecting him, gleaned from public sources. The youth of the Prince of Wales does not appear to have been marked by any showy performances or brilliant promise. His mind seems to be of that order which develops gradually, and flowers late. That the Prince, when a child, thought and acted | as a child is itself an augury that, having become a man, he will put away childish things. Each step in his career has succeeded its predecessor in fair and natural gradation. I have not heard of any extraordinary precocity, but at every stage there appears to have been that ripe improvement and full development which are far more satisfactory. I was once at a pretty place on the Rhine, staying in a dwelling which had, for some months, been the abode of the Prince. It was in the midst of the Rhine scenery of "Childe Harold," in the neighborhood of the Seven Mountains. He was then, I believe, attending lectures at the University of Bonn, in pursuance of the original | pecially animated. No restriction is im-

system that he should attend a circuit of the universities. Any one in the village was ready to talk about the Prince. The very boys who accompanied me up the Drachenfels were ready to shout for Old England, and told how the Prince had tossed to them largess. Graver people attributed to him youth and inexperience -truisms obvious enough. When he was afterwards at Rome, the English ladies were simply delighted with him. The thoughtful aspect, the modest, unassuming manner, the kind graciousness were quite his own, and propititated the warmest regard. At Edinburgh his instructors spoke of him as possessing more than the common ability, and much more than the common assiduity. In very much the same vein is the language of the authorities both of Oxford and Cambridge. The Prince in all these places enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the most thoughtful supervision. It would not be right to allude to his career without a grateful commemoration of General Bruce.

I remember especially one mellow afternoon when the Prince arrived at Oxford for the purpose of matriculating at Christ Church. In the streets the plaudits might be loud enough, but when he had passed the massive gates, and entered the spacious quadrangle, there was a very different scene. Scarcely a sound was heard, but as the simple carriage drove up every collegiate cap was uplifted. The dean, a man whose ponderous scholarship has not unfitted him for a court, advanced to meet the illustrious alumnus, and conducted him within the deanery, where the necessary formalities were transacted. At first the Prince attracted the general gaze, but town and gown soon became familiarized with the appearance of his Royal Highness moving carelessly with his friends down the High Street. It was evident that the Prince was at Oxford with a serious purpose. He read regularly, giving, it is believed, a larger attention to natural science than is usual among Oxford men. His attendance at college-chapel in the cathedral was most exemplary, and, I believe, must rather have raised the average attendance among the men; for college tutors would sternly ask delinquents how, if the P ince of Wales attended so regularly, they could not at least follow so eminent an example. On Sunday afternoon the scene in the cathedral was esposed on the public concerning admission, which is the case with some other colleges, and there was always a thronged assemblage of the townspeople to catch a sight. The Prince, who had sat by the ride of the dean in a stall, canonwise, during the service, came out in company with the dean, the archdeacon, Canon Stanley, Canon Pusey, and others. The residence of the Prince was at Frewen Hall, which is just beyond the splendid debating-room of the Union Society, the entrance to both being up a narrow passage by the Star Hotel. To the debates at that mimic St. Stephen's, the Union, the Prince gave great attention, and was pretty constant in his attendance. The whole assembly would rise for a minute while he was entering or leaving, but beyond this the freedom of the debate was not at all interfered with. Indeed, this freedom was sometimes carried to a great length. Young political enthusiasts are not very guarded in their language, and it frequently happened that the Prince was called upon to listen to a great deal of democratic and violent language, which he used to do with unimpaired cheerfulness and close observation. On some oc

casions he was challenged for his votes but this he always declined giving. A noble gift from his Royal Highness commemorates his connection with the society. Of that connection the university may well be proud. On the illustrious roll of the Princes of Wales his name stands among the highest, as the most traveled, the most accomplished, and the most popular.

"Let him who loves me follow me," was the exclamation of the Black Prince as he dashed across the waters of the Somme. We, too, all love our Prince of Wales, and follow him. Those great days in March show that. The great national heart beats high in hope and affection for him. To the proud distinctions that are his now may others be added! May the historian of another generation be able to say that of all the Princes of Wales he was the Prince who held that honored title for the longest term of years, that his career was noble and beneficient, that the Queen was comforted, and the land had peace! Long may he rule over us! Late may he be called away, and only to lay down the crown of perishable, earthly gold to receive the amaranthine diadem that shall gleam on his brow forever!

From the British Quarterly.

REVOLUTIONARY POLAND.*

Poland will have made a great stride toward independence, if Mr. Henessy's statement, that her political future has become a practical question, should prove ultimately true. Appearances have been in favor of this view of the subject. The British House of Commons, which in former years was weary of the name of Po-

* L'Insurrection Polonaise. Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Paris. 1863.

Le Comité central et le comité militaire Russe. Réponse au General Miroslavski. Par M. Bakou NINE. London.

The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. RUFIN PIETROWSKI. Followed by a narrative of recent events in Poland. London. 1863.

land, assembled lately in large numbers to sympathize loudly with her wrongs and with her struggle against the oppressor. It was clear that the nation thought to be dead still showed signs of life. When the standard of revolt was raised once more, Polish exiles and refugees, old and young, merchants and soldiers, teachers and writers, laid down their assumed vocations among strangers, and hastened to their fatherland to fight and die, if need be, for liberty. Despite the tyranny of so many years, Poland it seemed would not die. Moreover, the year 1863 is not 1831. Isolation is not possible while telegraphs, railways, and newspapers flourish as they

Every act of cruelty and barbarism, the sound of which might have been stifled thirty years ago, is exposed with brief delay to the view of all the civilized world. Europe is horror-struck at the criminal violence of the Russian authorities. an able writer quaintly expresses it, "the jury of nations has even now retired to consider the verdict," and it is to be hoped that the condemnation pronounced on the government of the Czar will be decisive and unanimous. We trust there will be no craven timidity in giving voice to the general feeling that prevails. Justice and sound principles are the only real pacificators of the world; and the more constantly we keep this in mind, the more fearlessly we express our earnest, well-weighed convictions, the better shall we promote the interests of mankind. It is quite time to cast off that false tenderness in handling the Polish question which infected the various governments of Europe who deferred to Alexander I. and Nicholas. Those monarchs made the most of the adventitous halo of power and grandeur which Europe foolishly had conceded to The Crimean war dispelled the illusion, and turned the mind of the present Czar to improvements at home, and the peaceful development of the nation's resources.

This honorable course could not, however, be run without peril to the ancient order of things. The very name of freedom quickened the intelligence of the most civilized among his subjects. The enfranchised press spoke out with unexpected boldness, and if hopes of liberty animated the breasts of the Muscovites—children of a civilization of yesterday—no wonder that it raised to the highest pitch the nation which three centuries ago had attained to a high degree of learning and refinement.

There can be no doubt that the outbreak of the Polish insurrection, although apparently sudden, was deliberately planned and prepared. However lightly M. Tengoboski may write in the intercepted dispatches of the efforts of the insurgents, the uprising has been extensive and determined. It springs unquestionably from a spirit of genuine patriotism, deeply rooted in the heart of every Polander, and strong enough to survive the cruel oppression of two-and-thirty years. And no wonder! The ugly desolation called Poland, with its sparse towns and

villages thinly populated, its extensive swamps, barren plains, and dense forests, might, by the free development of the laws of nature, have become the happy and fertile dwelling-place of countless thousands. The Pole, who in the grade of civilization and refinement has undoubtedly been at the head of the Sclavonic race, did unfortunately, notwithstanding the generous and chivalric elements of his character, bring ruin upon himself by his self-will, vanity, and unsteadiness to political principle. When John Sobieski died in 1696, Poland was torn by factions, and the glory of the monarchy was at an end.

Augustus, Elector of Saxony, seated himself on the throne of the Piasts and Jagellons by force of money and arms. The nation became a plaything in the hands of foreign potentates. Charles XII. of Sweden deposed Augustus, and set up Stanislaus. After Peter the Great's triumph on "dread Poltava's day," Stanislaus retired, and Augustus the Strong again reigned, but under the protection of Peter, who craftily contrived a large and permanent reduction of the Polish army. Imprudent nation, indeed, as Rulhiere says, which allowed itself to be disarmed at the very moment when new dangers were about to threaten it! The Saxon giant died, after having violated the constitution of the country he was bound to protect, after suffering the spoliation of Livonia and the inheritance of Courland at the hands of his protector Czar Peter, and after having infected the manners of the people with the vices of his corrupt and luxurious court. Once more the philosophic Stanislaus was elected king. Unfortunately for Poland, however, his daughter was Queen of France, whose ancient enemy, Austria, combined with Russia to carry by force the election of Augustus III., also Elector of Saxony. The French King avenged his father-in-law by making war on Austria, but decent terms having in 1735 been obtained for Stanislaus and his immediate followers, the Polish nation, as in later interventions of France was left to its fate. Let us hope better things from the interference of the liberator of Italy. Intolerance came to add its mischievous influence to foreign encroachments. Jesuit persecution drove the dissidents, a large and intelligent section of the community, from all share in the government of the country. Political pharised the Diet. Augustus III. preferred Saxony to Poland as a residence, and detested the Diets because they compelled his presence in Warsaw, and spoiled his pleasure. He seized every opportunity of exercising the *liberum veto* and dissolving the assembly. On one occasion, being puzzled how to force a veto, he luckily hit upon an old law which declared debates by candlelight to be illegal. Thereupon his partisans managed to prolong the discussion till dark and to call for candles. The blind sticklers for privilege cried out against this violation of the laws, and the Diet was dissolved. So low had the representatives of the nation fallen, so completely forgetful of the high purpose for which they existed. During the thirty years of the reign of Augustus, the transaction of all State affairs fell gradually into the hands of the King's minister.

Public life ceased to have any interest for the people, and public spirit died out. The army was undisciplined, the chief officers of State uncontrolled, diplomatic communication with other nations and the residence of Polish ambassadors at many toreign courts were discontinued. Peace indeed prevailed, but conferred only its worst gifts—idleness and luxury. In 1752 began the intrigues between the Czartoryskis and Russia, in which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams bore a prominent part, and which first contemplated the dependence of Poland on Russia. Four years later the resolution of Austria to recover Silesia led to a new combination of European states, and to the Seven Years' War. Russia abandoned Williams's scheme, and transferred her alliance from the Czartoryskis to King Augustus. The Czarina Elizabeth, who hated Frederick of Prussia, sent one hundred thousand men through Poland to rescue Saxony from his power. From this time Russian influence prevailed in the councils of Poland, and when Augustus III. died in 1763, the Empress Catherine proceeded to exert all her power in favor of her quondam lover, Count Stanislaus Poniatoffski, a relative of the Czartoryskis, and a man eminent for nothing but his personal attractions, which Hanbury Williams had artfully brought to bear on Catherine when she was Grand Duchess. Patriotic resistance was offered by some of the nobles to Catherine's intrigues and menaces, but in 1764 Stanislaus was elected king by a Diet surrounded with Rus. | words of Burke. The innovations, though

sian troops. The further degradation of Though a Poland speedily followed. Pole by birth, Stanislaus never ceased to be a tool in the hands of the Russians, who had some twenty thousand soldiers in various parts of the kingdom. By negotiating a matrimonial and political alliance with Austria, he incurred the enmity of Frederick of Prussia, who exclaimed with contemptuous rage, "I will break his head with his crown!" By supporting the bigoted Roman Catholic party, he entirely alienated the Protestant Dissenters, who were skillfully manipulated by Russian agents, and held in terrorem over the head of the King whenever he wavered from his disloyalty to Poland. The confederate Dissenters were betrayed in their turn, and Prince Repuin, the Russian ambassador, became the real director of affairs in Poland. The nation revolted against the Russian usurpation, and the Turks were incited to make war on the Czarina's dominions. Souvoroff, and other generals of Catherine, first humbled the Sultan to the dust, and then Austria, Prussia, and Russia, closing round the unhappy country, broke up the Polish confederacy of patriots, and in August, 1772, executed the first partition treaty. Russia received the Palatinates of Polosk, Vitepsk, and Miceslaf, as far as the Dwina and the Dnieper, more than three thousand square leagues. Austria obtained Red Russia (Galicia) and a portion of Podolia and Little Poland, as far as the Vistula, about twenty-five hundred square leagues. Prussia's share, including Posen, extended to the Netze, and amounted to nine hundred square leagues. The rest of the kingdom was to be insured to Stanislaus under the old constitution.

For a time it seemed as if Stanislaus meant to render the remnant of his monarchy really independent. Instigated by Prussia, he broke with Russia when the latter power was engaged in a war with Turkey. Further, he resolutely carried out most important reforms in the government of Poland. On the third of May, 1791, was adopted by the Diet the new constitution, which excited in England the warm admiration of such men as Burke and Fox. "It is a work," said the latter, "in which every friend of reasonable liberty must be interested." "Humanity must rejoice and glory when it considers the change in Poland," were the glowing supported by Prussia, were odious in the eyes of the Czarina, who was no sooner delivered from the Turkish war than she took up the cause of a small confederacy of Polish reactionists, and under pretext of saving the country from the subversive jacobinism which was then distracting France, she occupied Poland with one hundred thousand men, announcing ! her intention to narrow the limits of the saw the light at the partition of Poland. kingdom. Prussia first treacherously deserted Poland in the hour of her need, necessary response to the attitude taken then took her share with Russia in the second partition, 1793, Austria being a consenting party. Catherine thus advanced her frontier into the middle of Lithuania and Volhynia, and Frederick William secured the remaining portion of Great Poland, and part of Little Poland, for his share of the spoil. Stanislaus was constrained to govern the diminished remnant of his kingdom according to the old constitution—an obsolete formula of by-gone ages. It was in the resistance offered to this nefarious spoliation that Kosciusko first appeared upon the scene, distinguishing himself in several engagements with the Muscovites. Kosciusko and other patriots took refuge in Saxony, and began at once to form projects for the deliverance of their country. In the spring of 1794 their insurrection broke out somewhat prematurely, and scythemen then, as now, formed the principal infantry of the insurgents. Ere summer was over, Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow, and a large portion of the kingdom, was in the hands of the patriots, who made Kosciusko dictator. The fall of their gallant leader in battle, on the tenth of October, and his captivity, destroyed their hopes of freedom, and, in the first week of November, Souvoroff of raising an insurrection in Poland. carried Praga by assault, killed eight thousand armed Poles, twelve thousand townspeople, and reduced the city to ashes. Warsaw submitted, and Russia was once more mistress of Poland. On the twentyfourth of October, 1795, the treaty for the third partition of Poland was concluded, although the arrangements between Russia and Austria, as to the limits of the Palatinate of Cracow, were not brought to a close till the following year.

Stanislaus abdicated, and was pensioned by the three powers. Their kingdom being thus swallowed up, the Poles fled by thousands to foreign lands. Paris was their chief place of refuge, and the cause then stirring the hearts of all Frenchmen

was dear to the exiles. They had suffered from the intervention of foreign powers in their domestic affairs, and they were eager to enrol themselves under the banner of the new-born republic, armed to resist the intervention of the Coalition. It is instructive to remark that the most monstrous political birth of modern times, Absolutism, the fruit of coalitions, first The republican fury of France was the by the absolute monarchies.

Two Polish legions fought bravely under French leaders in Italy, until they were all but destroyed by their old ene-The remnant was dismy, Souvoroff. patched to St. Domingo, on the discreditable service of suppressing Toussaint

l'Ouverture and his negroes.

M. Montalembert is lavish in high-sounding eulogies on the chivalric generosity of Frenchmen as fighting for an idea, and as the only people in Europe capable of noble aspirations. To France alone he looks for the deliverance of Poland from the yoke of Russia. The first Napoleon was equally eloquent in the expression of his love for the Poles, and he profited largely by their gratitude—gratitude, be it remembered, for favors to come — yet he never scrupled to sacrifice their interests to his alliances when the independence of Poland became a stumbling-block to him. Kosciusko, who had received some personal kindness from the Czar Paul, and had seen many thousands of his countrymen restored to their homes by the same monarch, distrusted the French Emperor, and declined an invitation to accompany the expedition of 1806, for the purpose "What!" he exclaimed, "despotism for despotism; the Poles have enough of it at home without going so far to purchase it."

Notwithstanding his refusal, Kosciusko's name was, after the battle of Jena, made use of in proclamations to the Poles. More fine words, of a vague character, were uttered in manifestoes by the conqueror. In 1807 Prussian Poland was declared independent under Napoleon. At the treaty of Tilsit it was offered altogether to Russia, on condition that Alexander would adhere to the continental system. The offer being declined, the Duchy of Warsaw, eighteen hundred leagues in extent, was erected under the rule of the

complaisant King of Saxony.

treaty of peace, restoration of the Polish could regard with indifference. provinces was made to Austria, with the the Duchy of Warsaw. In 1812, seventeen thousand Poles followed the French eagle into Russia, but the resident popuof the grande armée the gallant Poniatoffoki * brought few back from Moscow; the Elster the last hopes of Poland for independence fled.

The Czar, when in Paris, received an affecting letter from Kosciusko, and pronounced to do his best for Poland. Alas! it was but futile sentimentalism on the part of the Czar, whose real projects of aggrandizement were expressed by his most sagacious adviser, Pozzo di Borgo.

"The conduct of Russia toward Poland," wrote this able minister to his master, 'has constantly been that of a strong and vigorous government toward another which is not so. The destruction of Poland as a nation forms the modern history of nearly all Russia. The conquest of Poland has been achieved principally in order to multiply the relations of the Russian nation with the rest of Europe, and to open to it a wider field, a nobler and more conspicuous theater, where it may exercise its strength and its talents; where it may gratify its pride, its passions, and its interests."

It is a striking fact, not without its moral, that Poland, since her fall, has engaged more of the attention of courts and cabinets, and has weighed more in the international relations of European states than she had done for a century before. Alexander and Napoleon had agreed to efface the name of Pole and Poland from history, and substituted the title of the Duchy of Warsaw for the remnant that

When Austria was brought low by the was preserved of the old kingdom; yet, French conqueror, Galicia was placed un- at the Congress of Vienna, the spirit of der a provisional government that swore Polish nationality haunted the hall of conallegiance to Napoleon, but at the next ference with a ghostly power that none

At first it was proposed to reconstruct exception of four departments added to the kingdom of Poland on an independent footing, a scheme which was strongly supported by the English plenipotentiary, and as strenuously resisted by Russia. lation of Lithuania found the mild rule of Indeed, the pretensions of the latter Alexander preferable to the deceptive power were so alarming, that they occapromises of Napoleon. Of the fifth corps sioned a secret defensive alliance between England, France, and Austria, which was concluded on the third of January, 1815, and when he perished under the waves of for the purpose of maintaining the security and independence of the contracting

parties to the treaty of Paris.

The return of Napoleon from Elba precipitated the conclusion of the treaty between the three northern courts, which was signed on the third of May, 1815. The fifth article of the treaty declared that the Duchy of Warsaw should be formed into a kingdom, to be united to the Russian crown, but should enjoy a separate constitution and administration. Austria recovered the lost portions of Galicia. Cracow, with its territory, was created a republic, with a distinct constitution, under the protection of the three powers. The Posnanian portion of the old Duchy was bestowed on Prussia. In the following month Alexander was proclaimed King of Poland, and before the year had expired he granted the promised constitution, which was very similar to that of the third of May, 1791. The privileges thus conferred extended to four million Poles only, Alexander's design of uniting Lithuania to the kingdom never having been executed. M. Pozzo's remark, that "the title of King of Poland can never sympathize with that of Empeperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," pointed to a truth which was not long in showing itself. The incongruity of the two functions of Czar and constitutional King, which Alexander undertook to discharge, could not but prove fatal to one or the other. Several encroachments on the constitution had already been made when Alexander died in 1825. On the twenty-fifth of December his successor. Nicholas, solemly swore to observe the Constitutional Charter. The next day occurred that revolt of the troops which made the very name of Constitution gall and

wormwood to the new Czar, and which

^{*} Poniatoffoki was made Marshal of France just before the battle of Leipsic by Napoleon I. He commanded the retreat, and by mistake, the bridge over the Elster, leading out of Leipsic was blown up before the French columns had all pasted over. Poniatoffoki with his guards attempted to escape by swimming the narrow but deep stream. His horse became entangled, he reared and rolled Poniatoffoki under the water. and was drowned. We gazed at the spot with deep interest.—Editor of the Eccnoric.

made his reign one long nightmare of tyranny and oppression. Some Poles were implicated in the Russian conspiracies, and hundreds of the Polish youth were imprisoned,
of whom a select few were tried and acquitted. Nicholas was crowned King at
Warsaw in 1829, and appointed his brother Constantine, a ruthless savage, commander-in-chief, and virtually viceroy.

The revolution of July, 1830, in France, occurred at a time when the Poles were smarting under the barbarities of the Grand Duke, and while they still retained the life and strength gained during fifteen years of comparatively free government. They rose in insurrection on the thirtieth of November, 1830, and, for a time achieved considerable success. was assembled. Chlopiski, Radzivil, and Skrzneski were successively commanders of the insurgent forces. Adam Czartoryski was elected president of the National Council which met in Warsaw. Negotiators were sent to St. Petersburg, but no terms less than unconditional surrender would be accepted. On the twenty-fifth of January, 1831, the provisional government declared the throne of Poland vacant. Nicholas decreed the confiscation of the estates of all revolters of the upper class, and exile in Siberia for The Poles fought desthe lower class. perately, and victory declared for them at Grovehof in February; at Wurz in March, at Zelikof and Seidlitz in April. Diebitsch, the Russian Field-marshal, died, as it was said, of vexation of spirit. Grand Duke Constantine followed him to the tomb in less than three weeks. sanguinary battle of Ostrolenko, fought on the twenty-sixth of May, was indecisive, but the tide of victory had turned. The Poles were defeated at Wilna, at Minsk, and, decisively and finally, at Warsaw,* on the seventh and eighth of September. The Czar occupied the kingdom with seventy thousand troops, and held it by right of conquest. More than five thousand families were banished

Thenceforth the system of "Thorough" was applied to the administration of affairs in what now became the Polish provinces of Russia. The language was no longer employed in public documents, and whatever could be done to obliterate all national characteristics that remained to the people was done. But the indomitable spirit of the nation, kept alive by correspondence with the emigrants in London, Paris, and elsewhere, was not to be suppressed. A bleeding remnant of the ancient republic still retained a certain amount of independence in Cracow, jeallously watched though it was by the three partitioning powers. They had, indeed, unceremoniously held it in military occupation in 1831, again in 1833, and again in 1836. The last occupation extended over five years. In 1840 Lord Palmerston and M. Guizot protested against the occupation, and in the following year the little republic was evacuated. Austrian troops, however, continued to watch it from the other side of the Vistula. Nor were their jealous fears groundless. years had barely elapsed after the terrible conflict at Warsaw, when an extensively planned insurrection broke out simultaneously in Posen and Galicia in the month of February, 1846. The Prussians speedily suppressed the outbreak in Posen. The Austrians had a more sanguinary task to perform. The General who entered Cracow, hearing of the advance of armed peasants, and of a general rising throughout Galicia, retreated with a speed that resembled flight, while the leader of the insurgents on his side retreated from the supposed advance of the Austrian general. The Government officials took advantage of the ignorance of the peasants, and by offering them head-money, contrived to turn them against their Polish seigneurs all suspected of being concerned in the insurrection. The result of this diabolical statecraft was a frightful amount of murder and pillage. Calm being at length restored, the three powers, after long deliberation, took upon themselves in November, 1846, to destroy the little republic created by the Congress of Vienna, and annex it to Austria. England and France were extremely indignant, but the Spanish marriages had just occurred to mar their cordial union, and the protest of the two Governments made separately had not the deterring force which belongs to a combined remonstrance of two or more of

We were staying in Paris when the news arrived there of the fall of Warsaw. The tide of indignation rose to the highest pitch, and all Paris boiled over like a pot of beer. The populace dashed in the windows of the Field marshal Sebastiana, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, because he did not interpose French power to save Warsaw. Popular sympathy and indignation was so strong that it required fifty thousand National Guards to preserve order in Paris, till the feeling subsided.—Editor of the Ecleonic.

the great powers. Lord Palmerston justly said in his sharp, incisive manner, that the Northern powers would find that they had committed an error when they combined in an infraction of the treaty of Vienna, which if good for nothing on the Vistula, must be equally bad on the Rhine and on the Po. These words which sixteen years ago may have excited only a smile at the Absolutist courts, have acquired a grim significance. It is interesting to record that the absorption of Cracow drew from the pen of the late Prince Consort an eloquent paper, replete with sound views ably reasoned, which was published in the Edinburgh Review, (April 1847.) Poland was now wholly prostrate, its name was indeed effaced from the map of Europe; and when the convulsions of 1848-9 occurred, so paralyzed was the nation in all its members, that the small attempt made by the Emigrants at insurrection, was immediately checked by the hostile attitude of the peasantry. Fifteen years, however, have brought manhood to another hardy crop of patriots, who, bold in the faith and traditions of their fathers, resolved to strike a blow for national independence.

We can not see why M. Montalembert and others insist upon affirming that the present revolution is a "sudden and spontaneous explosion," provoked by the atrocious measure of forced midnight conscription. If it be to excite a more widelyextended sympathy, we presume to think that such a course is a mistaken one. Sympathy with the victims of one gross outrage can not be so deep and permanent as sympathy with a life-long agony of humiliation. It is now well known that the explosion of the revolution if sudden was not spontaneous. It had been prepared long beforehand. Many events within the last ten years have concurred to revive the hopes of Polish patriotism. The weakness of Russia when brought face to face with her equals, as revealed in the Crimean war, the emancipation of her serfs, the boldness of political speculation among the educated classes of the empire, the formation of secret societies, the propagation of extremely advanced ideas by the Russian press in London; form one category of powerfully acting influences on the Polish mind. On the other hand occur in quick succession the humiliation of Austria, the successes of Garibaldi, the deliverance of Italy, and the revolution in Greece. One

of these great events was brought about by the powerful arm of the nephew of that Napoleon who owed more to the Polish race than any other non-partitioning sovereign in Europe. He owed them gratitude for their brave and faithful service in his army, and restitution for promises made to the ear but broken to the heart. If, as it is said, personal feeling had something to do with the victories of Solferino and Magenta, the thought of fulfilling the broken promises of his uncle, ought to impel the Emperor of the French to make a real effort for the emancipation of the Poles. We agree with M. Montalembert in heartily desiring that such emancipation should proceed from the Czar himself, feeling as we do that war is a horrible alternative, and that only an armed intervention in the struggle is likely to prove effectual. There was hope that a liberal constitution would have been bestowed upon a new Poland by the present Czar. When some eighteen months ago the churches of Warsaw and other towns were filled with men and women dressed in mourning and singing patriotic hymns, the touching protest against tyranny seemed to reach the heart of the Russian sovereign.

Preparations for a new and milder government were made. The Grand Duke Constantine and his family brought to Warsaw the éclat and dignity of a court. Inquiries into the wants of the country were assiduously made, and for a moment it seemed as if the ancient quarrel between Poles and Russians, more bitter than the by-gone animosities of English and Irish, were about to be arranged à l'amiable. The coarse Russian nature was much puzzled to comprehend the new attitude of the Poles. That meekness in demanding liberty, the fruit as it seemed of a mystical religious exaltation, was an element of resistance that the hard and cold mechanism of the Autocrat's government knew not how to deal with. No disturbances occurred to excuse the employment of military force. Agitated assemblies were appeased by the Poles themselves. eminently national association, the Agricultural Society, with the distinguished patriot Count Andrew Zamoyski at its head, took care never to depart from the line of legality in its many endeavors for practically ameliorating the condition of the people.

What was to be done? Let an address,

stating in full the demands of Poland, and signed by their leading men, be brought to the Emperor. No sooner said than done. Count Zamoyski carried the address to St. Petersburgh, where the Emperor affected to be surprised and angry at the suggestion that the constitutional privileges asked for should extend to the ancient limits of Poland, and include Li-Count Peter was banished the thuania. empire, and cruelly prevented from soothing the last moments of his wife, who died shortly afterward. A violent repression of the moderate party took place. people were put down by pistol and saber —a populace that walked taper in hand chanting, "Holy Lord God! God Almighty, God immortal, have mercy up-From plague and pestilence, on us! from fire and sword, O Lord, deliver us! Vouchsafe to give us back our native land!"

The extreme democratic and communistic party, both among the Emigrants and at home, were fortified by the ill-treatment of their more peaceful brethren, and their plans for an insurrection were hurried on. They found sympathizers and counselors in the party of Russian refugees in London, Paris, and Brussels. We learn from the printed letter of M. Bakounin to General Mieroslavski that a Comité de salut Polonais had for some time secretly existed in Warsaw, and that it acquired! great authority over the patriots in all parts of the country, professing "a complete organization in the five provinces of the Republic-Galicia, Posnania, Lithuania, and Ruthenia — with ramifications from the center to the circumference of the ancient Polish territory, and from the

sequences have obliged us to cut off that heard of any extensive defection in the lost branch from our new organization," Russian army in Poland, we must prewrites General Microslavski to his Russian | sume that the address did not attain the correspondent in the autumn of last year. | desired end, and we need not reproduce it. Already the extreme party was endeavor- | Enough for us to point out that the Rusing to seize the leadership of the approaching revolution. Meanwhile an association, called the Comité militaire Russe, presumed to be a party of liberals in the Russian army itself, formed an alliance with the central national committee of Warsaw, on the basis of liberty for both peoples and a friendly alliance of two prospective republics. In the programme of this party cess on the twenty-second of January care was taken to mollify the Lithuanians last, by which twenty-five thousand of and Ruthenians, (inhabitants of Little the best part of the population were kid-

Russia,) whose love for the Poles, pur sang, is not greater than their love for the Russians. It was provided that independence once achieved, each people should dispose of themselves in the way and to the government which they might like best. This prospective possibility of a Poland divided and in part annexed to Russia, even a democratic Russia, offended the Polish Unionists, and might have led to an important schism, had not the precipitate violence of the oppressor rallied the parties together again. The secret society, of which the Central Committee was the head, consisted before the outbreak of fifty thousand sworn members. It embraced all the towns and a certain part of the country, where its orders were implicitly obeyed. It issued two official journals—the Ruch and the Straznica and employed a police of its own, which was constantly out-maneuvering the police of the Marquis of Wielopolski. In November, 1862, the military Russian Committee published in the Bell newspaper an address to the Russian officers in Poland, who are thus apostrophized:

"Comrades of all the military corps, of the line and of the artillery, of the guard and the army, garrisons and Cossacks of military academies and the staff! Our situation is exceptional. The way in which the Government is acting in the towns of Poland is such that the people must lose patience and rise, without inquiring whether they shall conquer or be conquered. Events are drawing near day by day, the moment when we must either become the headsmen of Poland or revolt with her. do not wish to play the part of executioners, nor do the soldiers who are under us."

Much more to the same effect follows, highest to the lowest classes of society." | and the programme of the Central Com-"The retirement of Z—— and its con- mittee is set forth; but as we have not sian Government, if not previously informed by its own police of the projected insurrection, must have been thoroughly roused by the publication of this address last November. Measures, doubtless, were cautiously taken for the execution of the counterplot, which the Russian gens d'armes executed with such fatal suc-

napped and carried off to distant military depots. The blow seemed to stun the patriots, and no movement of the people took place until the official gazette published the insolent and stinging assertion, "that the recruitment had met with no resistance, and that the conscripts had testified nothing but eager good-will, cheerfulness, and satisfaction, at going to improve themselves in the school of order which military service had laid open to them." That drop of poison made the cup run over. We quote from M. Montalembert:

"That which none of the outrages committed during two years could provoke has been the work of an obscure scribe who wrote this lie on the official page. His venal hand has set fire to the powder-train. That cynical outrage on public grief and delicacy will rank in history by the side of outrages on the delicacy of women, such as gave to Rome the signal for the expulsion of the Tarquins and the Decemvirs, to Palermo for the Sicilian Vespers. Eternal honor to the people to whom a moral injury is more revolting than physical torments; who can submit to any thing, endure any thing, save official hypocrisy and a lie, promulgated in their name, and on their account! slave—be he so; but a grateful, satisfied slave; a slave who will let himself be congratulated on his freedom and happiness—no, a thousand times no! Bound, gagged, whipped, transported—be it granted again; but under chains, and the gag, and the knout, the Pole wishes the world to know him as the victim, never as the accomplice of servitude. Death and ruin, every disaster and every torture, rather than a silent adhesion to a crowned and unpunished lie !"

Notwithstanding this great and barbarous coup d'état, the plot which the imperial authorities meant to undermine was more extensive than they imagined. Thousands of men flew to arms. The experience of past misfortunes has not, we have reason to believe, been thrown away upon the insurgents. The aristocratic class among them is less exclusive than of yore. The middle class, which includes men engaged in the liberal professions and in the higher walks of commerce, and which forms the most numerous and intelligent part of the present revolutionary party, is more prudent than it was wont to be, and, relying chiefly on the inhabitants of the towns, leaves the peasantry alone as much as is possible. The extreme views of men like General Mieroslavski are discountenanced, and, as we

Garibaldi's arm has been politely and gratefully declined, on the plea that his presence might introduce into the strife an element of disunion and disturbance.

But what can the utmost heroism do against gros battaillons? What can Poland do without the aid of the Western States? We regret most deeply to see the attitude taken by the English and French Governments in this matter. M. Montalembert urges with all his eloquence upon France the duty of rescuing Poland from servitude in default of Russia herself. "A Government," he says, "which in ten years has decided by war three great questions—the Eastern, the Italian, and the Mexican questions—can not take refuge from the Polish question in impotence and indifference."

The English Government, in 1815, was baffled in its endeavors to restore Poland to independence, and was obliged to submit to the arrogant menace of Alexander, who refused to listen to Lord Castlereagh's proposal, since for sooth he had two hundred thousand men occupying The supremacy then enjoyed by the Czar is now transferred to England and her ally, and surely it becomes them to urge that the benefits stipulated for Poland in the treaty of Vienna should be secured to that confederate people. Certainly, it is not the duty of any government to engage its subjects in a war, even to rescue a nation from misery, not at least until the voice of the people is unmistakably pronounced in favor of such a war. But remonstrance clear, firm, and open—is within our power; and should this fail, there is a step which can be taken, and which might be taken, and we venture to say, ought to be taken, by England and by other states it is to withdraw their diplomatic representatives from the capital of the offending power. Let it thus be placed out of the comity of civilized states and the effect must soon be perceptible. The old Czar Alexis did as much when he heard of the decapitation of Charles I., of England. He recalled his ambassadors, and would hold no intercourse with a regicide nation. The present government of Russia did something of the same kind at the court of Turin when Victor Emmanuel became king of Italy. England, had she been strong at home and abroad, possibly would have done the same thing in 1831 with have recently seen, the generous offer of | Russia, who then perpetrated a dangerous

and revolutionary act by violating the treaty of Vienna and incorporating the kingdom of Poland as a province of Russia. Such a course was urged by distinguished men at the meeting held in Guildhall, on the 17th of March last. Such a course persisted in by England, France, Austria, and the other neutral powers, would tend effectually to make the Czar more reasonable than he now is, and Poland more free and happy, without the horrible alternative of a bloody war. The preposterous notion that all our business transactions with a country from which the ambassadors are removed must cease, springs from a false appreciation of the functions of an ambassador. The distinction between a government and the people governed is so universally kept in view that we need but cite one notorious fact to show that relations between nations are kept up even in the extreme case of the governments being at war. During the whole of the Crimean war, the English Consul remained at St. Petersburg transacting business, and we have little doubt that had there been no blockade a large trade would have been carried on, even at that juncture, between England and Russia. It is argued that the expression of feeling at our public meetings is useless for all purposes of constraint on foreign sovereigns unless we mean to go to war. has it not been the boast of our age that public opinion exercises a moral force which far transcends all physical force? Unhappily, we see too many proofs of the contrary doctrine. Yet surely it is the office and duty of journalists to magnify the power of public sentiment in relation to such questions. We regret to observe the indifference to Polish interests inculcated by some writers in the newspaper press. We do not understand why a body of men usually generous and highminded should withhold their sympathy and support from the suffering Poles. It is true, no doubt, that Russians of rank and station exercise great influence in what is especially called "Society" both here and in Paris. They cultivate assiduously the art of social success, and always show themselves to be keen politicians. influence of this kind may succeed in getting Poland voted "a bore," like a poor relation whose very name becomes a reproach and a nuisance to more fortunate men.

Even as we write, the news arrives that Langiewicz, the self-elected dictator of the insurgents, has been defeated, and has surrendered to the Austrians. We trust that the attitude of the democratic party among the Poles, whose feelings are expressed in the protest published by General Mieroslavaski, has not contributed to this disastrous result. A division in the camp is precisely the instrument of destruction which Russians spies know how to employ with fatal effect. Yet Poland will not despair. "Father Andrew," as Count Zamoyski is affectionately called in his native country, has, in a large meeting held at Manchester, appealed for help to the English people. We hope that this appeal will not be made in vain. Still more fervently do we hope that the English Government will make every possible effort to open the eyes of the Czar to the folly and cruelty of oppressing the Poles. No one is more able than Earl Russell to impress upon the Russian Government for their guidance, England's mode of dealing with Scotland in the last century, and with Ireland in our own time. Russia cannot really begin a career of freedom and improvement for herself until she has conceded liberty and equality before the law to Poland. It is morally and physically impossible. A black barrier of hatred will divide the old Muscovite provinces from the civilizing influences of the West. The Western powers will be urged more and more every year to rescue Poland from oppression, and the day will come when, if Russia has not anticipated the blow, they must do so. In their very self-defence, and in obedience to the law by which they live as nations, England, France, and Germany, will have to take hold of the "handle end" of the Russian empire and wrench it from the Czar's dominions. We, therefore, earnestly call upon our Government to rise above present material considerations into the higher regions of political morality and public faith. Let them remember our neglect of Poland in the past; let them look forward with dismay to the certain retribution which awaits crime and complicity with crime. England is now in a high position of strength, wealth, and influence. Let her use these great gifts in the cause of freedom and humanity.

From the Popular Science Review.

THE AFRICAN LION IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

BY JULES GERARD (THE "LION KILLER.")

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

The title of this journal has induced me to lay before its readers a few observations on an interesting subject in natural history, the treatment of which might perhaps be deemed too popular for any of the scientific periodicals which have higher pretensions than it puts forth to erudition and abstruse investigations; and I trust that these remarks may be the means of calling more general attention to the history of that noblest of creatures, the Lion, than it has hitherto enjoyed in this country.

My observations possess, at least, one advantage—not an unimportant one in these book-making days—namely, that of originality; for they are not merely a narrative of what others have seen, or a repetition of what my predecessors have written, but are the results of my own personal experience. My knowledge of the lion's natural history has been acquired in those wilds of which he is the sovereign ruler. I have met him face to face as he approached the encampments of the unfortunate Arabs in search of his nightly meal, have tracked him to his lair on his return from his depredations.

These adventures I have described elsewhere, in a form more suitable for the general reader;* but it is now my intention, as far as the limited space allotted to me will admit, to recall a little of the more solid information which I have obtained during my hazardous expeditions, for the benefit of those who read rather for instruction than for amusement.

Let me first mention, that the result of my observations has led me to conclude that the race of lions inhabiting the northern portions of the continent of Africa is superior to those which are met with in the western and central parts of that continent. Whether this superiority be inherent—that is to say, an original quality of the animal—or whether it is due to the conditions by which the creature is surrounded, I shall not venture to say; but shall be content to substantiate the truth of this assertion by illustrations of its superiority, leaving it to the consideration of better-informed naturalists to fathom the cause.

The western, central, and eastern portions of Africa have each a variety of lion. The first, which is found between the borders of the Great Desert as its northern limit, and down to the lower basin of the Niger in the south, is a maneless creature, of an elongated form, and whose hight is about that of the tiger, with which animal, moreover, it has many points of resemblance.

This variety is a hunter; that is to say, it procures its nourishment by chasing game. For this purpose, its instinct teaches it to combine with its congeners in the pursuit of its prey, which is effected under the direction of a veteran leader, who allots to all their proper posts and duties—to the most active and best armed the places of danger, whilst the lionesses and young ones are detached for the purpose of beating the game. By combined action—nay, it might almost be said by a strategic movement—the lionesses and their young press forward in an unbroken rank; and, just as in a battue, they drive before them all the animals within their circuit in the direction of the hunting party, their movements being accompanied by a loud clamor. When the prey arrives at the passages guarded by the elders, these spring upon and slaughter it with great rapidity, and probably with little suffering to the victims. Should, however, a rhinoceros or an adult elephant form a portion of the quarry, it is either allowed to pass unmolested, or is

^{*}Le Tueur de Lions. .. Paris: J. Vermot.

brought to the ground by the united attack of several lions. The battue ended, eached hunter takes his share of the booty, not, however, without some slight privileges in favor of superior might, which in the lion world also (in this instance, at least) constitutes right.

When, for example, the chase has been successful, and a great number of animals are slain, no disputes arise concerning the division of prey; but should it happen that there is not sufficient to satisfy the appetites of all, the arrival of the lionesses is awaited, and these are first served; then comes the turn of the males; and lastly, upon the remnants—should there be any—the young people are permitted to regale themselves.

Sometimes, when he grows old, the lion of this district turns misanthrope, and flees from the company of his congeners. In such cases, not being able to take part in the battues of the community, nor to provide himself with sufficient nourishment by hunting the animals of the forest alone, he becomes a man-eater. Taking up his quarters in the thick brushwood bordering on some village, he seizes the natives in their passage to the fields; and it is not at all uncommon for the traveler to find villages in the basin of the Gambia and Niger abandoned by their inhabitants from this cause.

In these habits, then, and in its clongated shape, the maneless lion of Africa manifests a resemblance to the tiger, and more especially to that of Bengal.

The lion of Central Africa with which we are acquainted appears to belong to the same variety found even as far south as the immediate vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope. It is adorned with a beautiful mane, the disposition of which, falling as it does far over the animal's forchead, detracts greatly from its appearance. This defect, and the elongated form of its jaws, deprive the animal of that majestic air which characterizes its congener in Northern Africa.

The third variety appertains to Eastern Abyssinia, Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, and is distinguishable by its form and color. With a body thick-set as that of a bull-dog, and fierce and sullen as the latter, this lion would be dangerous in the extreme if it were endowed with strength proportionate to its other qualities. Fortunately for the natives, however, he is beyond his red covering and his vicious disposition.

Dismissing these three varieties of the lion with the foregoing brief comments upon their appearance and habits, I shall now ask my readers to accompany me over the orthodox geographical route across the Great Desert to Northern Africa —a journey more easily accomplished in the reader's company, and on paper, than over the burning sands and under the tropical sun of Africa. This expedition will enable us to make the assertion that the "Lion of the Desert," which has been so frequently described, has no actual existence; and it requires but little consideration to show why the animal is not to be found in that locality. Three things are indispensable to its existence—fresh meat, pure water, and shade for repose. Now, from Timbuctoo to the first oases which are found north of Soudan, there is a distance of not less than four hundred or five hundred miles to be traversed without the existence of this threefold condition of life for the lion; and the country east and west along its whole length is of precisely the same character. It will, therefore, be easily understood that no lion could penetrate into, much less establish itself permanently in these desert regions. Beyond this sea of sand, however, and the few fertile islands, the verdant oases which are scattered over it, we come to the great chain of Mount Atlas, which, with its magnificent ramifications, is nobly peopled with denizens of the animal kingdom. Here it is that we find the African lion par excellence—the lion of Numidia.

Kazouïni, and Dameïri, two Arab authors anterior to Buffon, have described the lion of Northern Africa in glowing colors. Their account commences with the titles of nobility of these large-headed sovereigns of the wilds. He is the "great," the "generous," the "magnificent," the "formidable," the "conqueror," the "irresistible," the "gallant," the "superb," the "invicible," the "devourer," the "courageous," the "intrepid," the "roaring," and eighty-nine other attributes in his praise, being but one short of the number which they accord to the Almighty.

Dameïri subsequently describes a conflict in which he took part between a host of Arab warriors and a single lion. In this affray more than one hundred men and as many horses were placed hors de small, and possesses nothing formidable combat, and the lion, pierced with wounds,

remained master of the battle-field, the king having given way before so noble

and courageous an animal.

This high estimate of the Numidian lion, published many centuries back, accords with the facts which I have collected, and my own observations at the present

day.

I have, however, found in Numidia, not one, but three well-marked varieties of lion; and I presume it is in honor of the most formidable of these that the Arab chronicler has recited his narrative. The three varieties of this interesting family known to me are the fawn-colored, the gray, and the black. Amongst the Arabs they are known as "el Asfar," "el Zarzouri," "el Adraa." The fawn-colored and gray varieties are bold animal, far superior in external form and muscular strength to their other African congeners, and also dissimilar in their habits.

These great lords hold the principle that to hunt game is a fit employment only for poachers and peasants; and, after the manner of certain barons of the middle ages, they deem it more dignified and convenient to support themselves at the expense of their vassals. Every man, therefore, who stands possessed of a herd of oxen, a flock of sheep, or of a few horses, is, in their opinion, amenable to the levy of tithe and tribute.

Starting upon this axiom (still uncontroverted) the lion just referred to awakes at sunset, and coolly proceeds to some rock in the vicinity of his lair to perform his toilet; and from whence, looking down upon his territories, he can survey the whole surrounding plain, and perceive the various flocks and herds returning to the fold.

When night has fairly set in, he rises to his feet, roars for the first time, and swaying his enormous head from side to side as he proceeds, makes his way with measured pace towards the encampment which is to furnish him his supper.

The very roar of the lion in its wild state, which is music that even the most fastiduous would deem worthy of being listened to, is truly magnificent. His first note, when he commences to roar, is a low sound emitted from the chest and nostrils; but it is audible from a great distance. This is a species of prelude, and immediately afterward it is repeated, but this time it is much louder and more protracted; the

jaws of the animal being still closed, or the mouth but slightly opened. The third and fourth outbursts are given to the air through the fully-extended jaws, and with the whole force of the lungs. To listen to this roar is terrible for those who happen to be crossing the monarch's path, or to be marching through the lonely forest. At length, after two or three more utterances of this kind, the animal ends, as he commenced, with less vigorous notes.

The distance to which I have been able to trace the progress of a lion by his roar, when there has been no contrary wind, and no mountain nor other obstacle to intercept the sound, is two or three leagues; but when he roars about a league off, one who is unaccustomed to the sound would believe him to be close at hand.

A curious circumstance which I have noticed is, that when the lion is accompanied by his mate, they always roar alternately; that is to say, the lioness commences, and the lion answers her, each continuing in its turn to utter its note, but the tones never being mingled. It has afforded me some satisfaction to find that my hero possesses a musical quality, which has never been observed in any other quadruped, so far as I am aware; and I am quite content to leave it to men of science to discover the cause, should they deem the matter deserving of their attention.

But to return to our hungry lion, whom we left descending from his mountain lair to the plain on which the encampments are pitched. By the term "encampment"* the Arabs and natives of Barbary designate an assemblage of tents ranged in a circle, and in close proximity with one another, except in one part, which serves as a passage to and from the plain. In the center of this circle the herds are penned; and the external inclosure which surrounds and serves as a protection to the tents, consists of a rude hedge from six to twelve feet in hight. The aperture or passage referred to is kept open during the day, but is closed at night.

When the Arabs hear the lion begin to roar in the distance, they are at once on the qui vive. Heaps of wood are piled up before each tent, and kindled, so that when the lion arrives near the encampment he may be visible to all, and that the owner of each tent may be able to throw

forward to his neighbor's tent.

But the king of beasts is so much accustomed to these fires and to the cries of men, women, and children, joined with the yells of dogs, that he completely understands their meaning, and regards them with perfect indifference. Like an experienced hunter, when he arrives before a hedge, all he does is to take a measure of its hight with his eye, and then with a bound as quick as lightning he clears it,

and alights in the encampment.

Then follows a scene of unutterable terror and confusion. Men, women, and children rush pell-mell into their frail dwellings. The dogs are silent in an instant, and seek refuge on the tops of the tents; with desperate struggles the horses break their tethers, and all the large cattle, forcing a gap in the hedge which encloses the encampment, scamper across; The poor sheep, too much the plain. terrified to flee, are huddled together in a heap, and bleat most lamentably, as though pleading for mercy. But the lion has left his generosity in the mountains, and at this juncture he experiences only his carnivorous instincts. These prompt him to take possession of one of the poor sheep, unless on this particular occasion he prefer to regale himself with an ox or a horse; in which case he pursues the cattle into the plain, and commits fearful havoc amongst them.

For, a single victim on one night is not sufficient to satisfy this long-maned gourserves to quench his thirst.

Thus far, we have no right to object to the lion's proceedings. We drink claret, beer, and champagne; he prefers the warm blood of his victims—every one has tastes given to him in accordance with his nature. But the really objectionable part of his proceeding is, that he does not return to devour the animals he has slain, but goes elsewhere and massacres new victims. This need of freshkilled meat occasions enormous losses to the Arabs, for their religion forbids them to feed on animals which have not been killed by themselves, pronouncing, in so doing, the sacramental words "bessem Allah (in the name of God.)

This is the mode of procedure with the

a lighted brand at his head, and drive him its meal alone; if accompanied by his mate, the latter remains outside of the encampment, and her lord, clearing the inclosure, maneuvers in such a way as to drive a portion of the cattle to the locality where she is stationed. Madame selects her victim, slaughters it adroitly, and at once sets about her meal, never permitting her spouse to partake of her repast. Neither does he attempt to touch one of the slaughtered animals which lie around, but looks on patiently until his spouse has finished her meal; his behavior, let me add, serving as an example worthy of imitation by all married men. I have even noticed that, when he approached his mate, apparently with a view to inquire whether her food was palatatable, she would respond to this delicate attention on his part by demonstrations of anger, without at all, however, disturbing his serenity.

> But the excellent domestic qualities of the wedded lion do not end here. When he has attained the felicity of being the parent of two or three young ones (the average number of young in the family of a pair,) he is charged, during the daytime, with watching over the safety of all, and at night it is he who sets out to the distant plains in pursuit of prey, to furnish sustenance to the mother and her young cubs.

In the performance of this duty, the lion has recourse to an expedient well worthy of the consideration of scientific men, and calculated to puzzle those who dismand. He needs an ox for his dinner, believe in the magnetic power of animals. partaking only of the prime portions, and As the lair inhabited by the lioness and afterward the blood of five or six more her young is always at a considerable distance from the Arab encampments, it would be a difficult task for the lion to carry, or even to drag, an ox or a horse so far. To avoid this labor, he brings home a living animal. Yes, reader, incredible as it may appear, the lion possesses the power of compelling a bull to leave the herd, and can force it to precede him, in whatever direction he pleases, for a whole night, thus leading him into the most inaccessible mountains.

> Let me relate a circumstance connected with this power possessed by the lion, of which I was myself an eye-witness, my rifle having on that occasion solved the strange problem:

In the month of May, 1846, an expedition set out from the camp at Guelma togray and fawn-colored lion when it seeks wards the frontiers of Tunis, for the purpose of chastising a rebellious tribe of lion was, however, no longer there, and I Arabs. At seven in the morning of the second day of our march we arrived at the banks of a river called El Meleh Salée, which flows past the foot of a bare precipitous mountain. At this place we halted, and Captain (now General) de Tourville ordered the cavalry to remain until the infantry and baggage had passed over the hill. We had been there about an hour, when we saw a horseman gallop back to us at the top of his speed. This horseman was a spahi, who formed part of the escort, and having reached the leader of the cavalry, we saw him address him with great animation and many violent gestures, which led us to believe that the vanguard had been, or was about to be attacked. Presently, however, I heard my own name frequently repeated, as though some one was wanted on a pressing service. I hastened to join our commandant, and this is what I learned from the Arab—his statement being received with the utmost incredulity by those who stood around:

At the moment when the head of the column had reached the summit of the hill, the vanguard perceived a bull approach across the corn-fields, and behind it, only a few paces distant, was an enormous lion which followed its footsteps. The soldiers at once set up a great cry, the drums were beat, and the clarions sounded. This noise arrested the animals for a moment, and then they proceeded onwards, in the direction of the troops. As they were not above a hundred paces distant the men prepared for a volley, when the commander and officers gave orders not to fire, but to halt.

The bull and lion crossed the path on which the troops were about to march, within pistol-shot; the lion then lay down to survey this spectacle which was so new to him, and the bull commenced grazing close by his side.

It was at this juncture that the spahi was dispatched to fetch me; and it is hardly necessary to say that, notwithstanding the distance and the difficulty of the road, I was not long in reaching the scene of the strange apparition. The

had to follow his track. On arriving at a little hillock I saw him on the slope of a mountain opposite, still preceded by his victim. Having heard the gallop of my horse and that of the spahi who accompanied me, the lion had stopped, and was watching our approach.

The bull had followed his example. When I had arrived at about a hundred paces from him I dismounted and walked towards him, preparing my rifle. The lion politely advanced to meet me, and when we were distant from one another about twenty-five or thirty paces I stopped, and fired my first ball, which turned him on his back. He, however, rose instantaneously, and with furious roars bounded towards me. More fortunately or skillfully aimed, my second shot stopped his infuriated career in time, and brought him to the ground.

As for the bull, he was led to the bivouac the next day, and I ascertained from the Arabs of the district in which we were, that he belonged to an encampment situated at least twelve miles distant from the locality in which we had encountered him; and that each night of the previous month had been marked by an abduction of the kind, the victims serving as food for a lioness and her cubs which inhabited a neighboring lair.

I confess that when I heard this news, I regretted the mischief which I had unconsciously occasioned. My readers will doubtless consider the care and affection manifested by the lion towards his mate and young ones as laudable as I do; and as to the question of magnetic influence, I can only explain it on the ground of extreme terror; for there are many examples cited of Arabs thus magnetized until led away by the lion, in the presence of other persons who had sufficient presence of mind not to succumb to his influence.*

^{*} M. Gérard was then, and is still an officer in the French army. His early life and lion-hunting adventures are described in his work, already referred to, Le Tuer des Lions. A few lines concerning him will be found at the end of this paper.—ED.

^{*} It is not our intention to enter upon the discussion of the subject of the fascination exercised by animals over their prey; but we may mention that there are many instances on record of a somewhat similar power being possessed by other An anonymous writer, in the Leisure Hour, (November, 1862,) gives some examples of it in the stoat. He watched a rabbit trying to escape from the fascinating power of a stoat, around which it circulated, as if spell-bound, "continually narrowing the circle in which it was run whilst the stoat seemed to be watch come near enough to spring at."

The variety of lion to which I have been referring is, in every other respect, a pattern of domestic virtue, which is more than can be said of his mate; but as I have now almost reached the limits of the space allotted to me, I must leave them to settle their differences, and conclude this brief and imperfect account of the habits of the king of beasts with a few remarks upon the last variety, the black lion, which is the finest and most formidable of the species.

This animal is not so common as the fawn-colored or the gray one. Like the two latter, it takes six or eight years to arrive at its full growth, and its life is of fifty or sixty years' duration. With somewhat shorter legs, it is broader and more thickset than they are. The power of its jaws, chest, loins, and paws is so great, that it can clear an enclosure eight or ten feet high with a horse three years old between its teeth. I have myself witnessed this feat on more than one occasion. habits pretty much resemble those of the two last-named varieties up to the age of twenty or thirty years, but then he becomes a man-eater, and causes terrible ravages on the frontiers of Tunis and Morocco, where he is the most frequently met with. The courage of this lion is really grand. It matters little to him by what numbers he is attacked, and whether it be by day or by night, he never flinches. I have seen one of these black hons charge into the midst of three hundred Arab horsemen on an open plain, and drive them back almost to their encampment; the boldest of them, with their horses, remained prostrate along his path. I have sometimes found the gray or fawn-colored lion hesitate when I met him at night on my expeditions through the forest, but The black lion always never this one. looked me full in the face, without any demonstration of anger, before the attack, but regarding me with disdain, as if I were an inferior being. In fact, he is the most beautiful animal before, and the noblest after, man himself.

Fortunately for him, he has not yet be-

shot the stoat, and the rabbit then escaped. If, in our author's case, the bull made an effort to escape when the course of the lion was arrested, it would have been easy to explain the fascination on the same ground as in the case of the stoat and rabbit. We would also draw attention to the remarks on this subject in the review of Hartwig's Tropical World in our present number.

come acquainted with the martyrdom of captivity, for I can not otherwise designate the cruel and thoughtless mode of se-

curing him in zoological gardens.

Here is a creature which, more than any other, has need of air and space, and he is imprisoned in a cage in which he can hardly turn himself. But the money requisite to supply the place of those who thus die a miserable death would amply suffice to afford them an extent of ground similar to that reserved for deer and other less noble animals; and we should then possess creatures magnificently proportioned, instead of poor, sickly, emaciated forms; and they might be watched as they play and bound in fact almost as in a state of nature.

There is still something to be done in this respect, and sooner or later it will be accomplished, for the English are an earnest, practical people. Meanwhile, should any of my readers happen to be Fellows of the Zoological Society of London, I would just give them a friendly caution against making the mountains of Africa the scene of their vacation tours, lest the lions at large should take vengeance upon them for the unfortunate fate of their brethren held in captivity.

The author of this paper, M. Jules Gérard, is but little known in England; and it is only recently that his name has appeared somewhat prominently in connection with his lion adventures in Northern Africa, and his projected journey of exploration into the western equatorial territories of that continent.

The following details will, we trust, have the effect not only of giving additional interest to his little essay here published, but of enlisting for him the sympathies of our readers in his hazardous enterprise.

M. Gérard is an officer in the Franco-African army; but his recent reception here, and the object which he is now seeking to attain with English cooperation, are likely to associate his name with this country more intimately than with Northern Africa, the scene of his lion-hunting adventures, or with his native land.

He left Liverpool, in excellent health and spirits, on the twenty-fourth of last February, by the steamer Macgregor Laird, (a name of good omen, as he said before leaving,) for Lagos, accompanied

only by a photographic assistant; and from that place it was his intention to proceed to Whidah, (where the slaves are shipped,) and thence through the possessions of the cannibal King of Dahomey to the river Niger.

We hope to be able to communicate further details of his route in a future number; meanwhile, we may mention under what circumstances he set out.

His reputation for bravery preceded him from France, and gained for him the goodwill of every class of society. Sporting men, from noble dukes downward, made him their companion and friend. The Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Colonies, the merchants of Liverpool, the manufacturers of Manchester, and the scientific men in every place that he visited, lent him their aid "material and moral;" and, before his departure, the Royal Geographical Society presented him with a set of excellent instruments to enable him to take accurate observations on his geographical tour.

But it is chiefly to the friendship of the Duke of Wellington that he owes his good fortune, and if it please Providence that another adventurous and high-minded man should penetrate into the gloomy regions of cannibalism and the slave-trade, and that he should do something to mitigate the horrors of these most fearful of human crimes, much of the result will be

due to the prompt and generous support afforded by his Grace* to our author, nay we may say our hero, at the most critical period of his projected undertaking.

As M. Gérard is not here to read our eulogium, (for that he is as modest as he is brave all will say who know him,) we may state that he is in every respect peculiarly fitted for his mission. As far as a somewhat brief acquaintance has enabled us to judge, he combines with the courage and determination of a soldier a gentle disposition, (which was pained when he found he had deprived the lioness and her young of their protector,) scrupulous honor, French politeness, and English friendship; and if a good shot, an unbending will, and the winning ways of a man of the world be of any avail, M. Gérard will command as friendly a reception from his Majesty of Dahomey as he has experienced in civilized society in England.

When he started, he spoke with great confidence of the establishment of a colony and trading station in some healthy portion of the interior of western equatorial Africa, and we trust that in the cause of civilization and progress, as well as for his own sake, his enterprise may be carried to a successful issue.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

THE other day, talking with my friend Smith, I incidentally said something which implied that a certain individual, who may be denoted as Mr. X, was a distinguished and influential man. "Nonsense!" was Smith's prompt reply. "I saw Mr. X," continued Smith, "at a public meeting yesterday. He is a gorilla—a I say he is a distinguished and influential yahoo. He is a dirty and ugly party. I man; a very able man—al heard him make a speech. He has a hor- man."

ribly vulgar accent, and an awkward cubbish manner. In short, he is not a gentleman; nor the least like one!"

And having said this, my friend Smith thought he had finally disposed of X.

But I replied, "I grant all that. All you have said about X is true. But still

^{*} Also by Earl Russel and the Duke of Newcastle.

ed. I fear I have gone down in his esti- quent orator, and that he was greatly and mation. I have not seen him since. Per-justly esteemed by the members of his haps he does not want to see me. I don't own little communion. I never heard care.

have made me think a good deal of a tendency which is in human nature. It is very natural, if we find a man grossly deable to judge—and perhaps in the thing about which we are able best to judge the judgment of many, it is quite enough to condemn a man, to show that he is a low fellow, with an extremely vulgar accent. We forget how much good may go with these evil things; good more than enough to outweigh all these and more. There is great difficulty in bringing men' heartily to admit the great principle which may be expressed in the familiar! words—For Better for Worse. There is great difficulty in bringing men really to see that excellent qualities may coëxist with grave faults; and that a man, with very glaring defects, may have so many great and good qualities, as serve to make him a good and eminent man, upon the balance of the whole account. Though you can show that A owes a hundred thousand pounds, this does not certainly show that A is a poor man. Possibly A may possess five hundred thousand pounds; and so the balance may be greatly in his favor.

We all need to be reminded of this. It is very plain; but it is just very plain things that most of us practically forget. There are many folk who instantly on discovering that A owes the hundred thousand pounds, proceed to declare him a bankrupt without further inquiry. Possibly the debt A owes is constantly and strongly pressed on your attention; while it costs some investigation to be assured of the large capital he possesses. There is one debt in particular, which if we find owed by any man, it is hard to prevent ourselves declaring him a bankrupt, without more investigation. Great vulgarity will commonly stamp a man in the estimation of refined people, whatever his merits may be. That is a thing not to be got over. If a man be deficient by that hundred thousand pounds, all the gold of Ophir will (in the judgment of many) leave him poor. Once, in my youth, I beheld an eminent preacher of a certain small

Smith was not convinced. He depart- | Christian sect. I knew he was an elchim speak, and never beheld him save on But my friend Smith's observations that one occasion. But, sitting near him at a certain public meeting, I judged from obvious indications, that he never had brushed his nails in his life. I remember ficient in something about which we are well how disgusted I was; and how hastily I rushed to the conclusion that there was no good about him at all. Those to conclude that he must be all bad. In territorial and immemorial nails hid from my youthful eyes all his excellent qualities. Of course, this was because I was very foolish and inexperienced. Men with worse defects may be great and good upon the whole. Or, to return to my. analogy, no matter how great a man's debts may be, you must not conclude he is poor till you ascertain what his assets are. These may be so great as to leave him a rich man, though he owes a hundred thousand pounds.

> The principle which I desire to enforce is briefly this: that men must be taken for better for worse. There may be great drawbacks about a thing, and yet the thing may be good. Many people think in a confused sort of way, that if you can mention several serious objections to taking a certain course, this shows you should not take that course. Not at all. Look to the other side of the account. Possibly there are twice as many and twice as weighty objections to your not taking that course. There are things about your friend Smith that you don't They worry you. They point to a like. conclusion which might be expressed in the following proposition:

SMITH IS BAD.

But if you desire to arrive at a just and sound estimate of Smith, your course will be to think of other things about Smith, which speak in a different strain. There are things about Smith you can not help liking and respecting him for. And these point to a conclusion which a man of a comprehensive mind and of considerable knowledge of the language might express as follows:

SMITH IS GOOD.

And having before you the things which may be said pro and con, it will be your duty first to count them, and then to

weigh them. Counting alone will not suffice. For there may be six things which tell against Smith, and only three in his favor; and yet the three may be justly entitled to be held as outweighing the six. For instance, the six things counting against Smith may be these:

- 1. He has a red nose.
- 2. He carries an extremely baggy cotton umbrella.
 - 3. He wears a shocking bad hat.
- 4. When you make any statement whatever in his hearing, he immediately begins to prove, by argument, that your statement can not possibly be true.
- 5. He says tremenduous when he means tremendous; and talks of a prizenter when he means a precentor.
- 6. He is constantly saying "How very curious!" also "Goodness gracious!"

Whereas the three things making in Smith's favor may be these:

- 1. He has the kindest of hearts.
- 2. He has the clearest of heads.
- 3. He is truth and honor impersonate.

Now, if the account stand thus, the balance is unquestionably in Smith's favor. And it is so with every thing else, as well as with Smith. When you change to a new and better house, it is not all gain. It is gain on the whole; but there may be some respects in which the old house was better than the new. And when you are getting on in life, it is not all going forward. In some respects it may be going back. It is an advance on the whole, when the attorney-general becomes chancellor; yet there were pleasant things about the other way too, which the chancellor misses. It is, to most men, a gain on the whole to leave a beautiful rectory for a bishop's palace; yet the change has its disadvantages too; and some pleafant things are lost.

You will find men who are good classical scholars ready to think it extinguishes a man wholly to show that he is grossly ignorant of Latin and Greek. It is to be granted, no doubt, that as a classical training is an essential part of a liberal education, the lack of it is a symptomatic thing, like a man's dropping his h's. He must be a vulgar man who talks about his Ouse and his Hoaks. And even so, to write about rem quomodo rem, as an eminent divine has done, raises awful suspicions. So it is with macte estate puer. Still, we may build too much on such

things. By a careful study of English models a man may come to have a certain measure of classical taste and sensibility, though he could not construe a chance page of Æschylus or Thucydides, or even an ode of Horace. Yet you will never prevent many scholars from sometimes throwing in such a man's face his lack of Latin and Greek; as though that utterly wiped him out. I can not but confess, indeed, that there is no single fact which goes more fatally to the question, whether a man can claim to be a really educated person, than the manifest want of scholarship; all I say is, that too much may be made of even this. You know that a false quantity in a Latin quotation in a speech in Parliament can never be quite got over. It stamps the unfortunate individual who makes it. He may have many excellent qualities; many things of much more substantial worth than the power of writing alcaics ever so fluently; yet the suspicion of the want of the education of a gentleman will brand him. Yet Paley was a great man, though when he went to Cambridge to take his degree of Doctor of Divinity, in the Concio ad Clerum he preached on that occasion, he pronounced profugus, profugus. A shower of epigrams followed. Many a man, incomparably inferior to Paley on the whole, felt his superiority to Paley in the one matter of scholarship. Here was a joint in the great man's armor, at which it was easy to stick in a pin. Lockhart, too, was a very fair scholar; though you read at Abbotsford, above the great dog's grave, certain lines which he wrote:

"Maida, tu marmoreze recubas sub imagine Maidze, Ad januam Domini. Sit tibi terra levis!"

You will find it difficult, if you possess a fair acquaintance with the literature of your own country, to express some little feeling of contempt for a man whose place in life should be warrant that he is an educated man, yet who is blankly ignorant of the worthy books in even his own language. Yet you may find highly respectable folk in that condition of ignorance medical men in large practice; country attorneys, growing yearly in wealth as their clients are growing poorer; rgymen, very diligent as par s, and pr not unversed in theolo ', u in little else. I have y respectable divine, or no

preacher, who never had heard of the Spectator (I mean, of course, Steele and Addison's Spectator,) at a period very near the close of his life. And certain of his neighbors who willingly laughed at that good man's ignorance were but one degree ahead of him in literary information. They knew the Spectator, but they had never heard of Mr. Ruskin nor of Lord Macaulay. Still, they could do the work which it was their business to do, very reputably. And that is the great thing, after all.

The truth is, that the tendency in a good scholar to despise a man devoid of scholarship, and the tendency in a wellread man to despise one who has read little or nothing besides the newspapers, is just a more dignified development of that impulse which is in all human beings to think A or B very ignorant, if A or B be unacquainted with things which the human beings first named know well. have heard a gardener say, with no small contempt, of a certain eminent scholar: "Ah! he knows nothing; he does not know the difference between an arbutus and a juniper." Possibly you have heard a sailor say of some indefinite person— "He knows nothing; he does not know the foretop from the binnacle." I have heard an architect say of a certain man, to whom he had shown a certain noble church: "Why, the fellow did not know the chancel from the transept." And although the architect, being an educated man, did not add that the fellow know nothing, that was certainly vaguely suggested by what he said. A musician tells you, as something which finally disposes of a fellow-creature, that he does not know the difference between a fugue and a madrigal. I remember somewhat despising a distinguished classical professor, who read out a passage of Milton to be turned into heroic Latin verse. One line M.F.

"Fled and pursued!transverse the resonant fugue:"

which the eminent man made an Alexandrine, by pronouncing fugue in two syllables, as fewgew. In fact, if you find a man decidedly below you in any one thing, if it were only in the knowledge how to pronounce fugue, you feel a strong impulse to despise him on the whole, and to judge that he stands below you altogether.

Probably the most common error in the estimate of human beings, is one already named; it is, to think meanly of a man if you find him plainly not a gentleman. And I have present to my mind now, a case which we have all probably witnessed; namely, a set of empty-headed pupples, of distinguished aspect and languid address, imperfectly able to spell the English language, and incapable of any thing but the emptiest badinage in the respect of conversation; yet expressing their supreme contempt for a truly good man, who may have shown himself ignorant of the usages of society. You remember how Brummel mentioned it as a fact quite sufficient to extinguish a man, that he was "a person who would send his plate twice for soup." The judgment entertained by Brummell, or by any one like Brummell, is really not worth a moment's consideration. I think of the difficulty which good and sensible people feel, in believing the existence of sterling merit along with offensive ignorance and vulgarity. Yet a man whom no one could mistake for a gentleman, may have great ability, great eloquence in his own way, great influence with the people, great weight even with cultivated folk. I am not going to indicate localities or mention names; though I very easily No doubt, it is irritating to meet a member of the House of Commons, and to find him a vulgar vaporer. Yet, with all that, he may be a very fit man to be in Parliament; and he may have considerable authority there, when he sticks to matters he can understand. And if refined and scholarly folk think to set such a one aside, by mentioning that the can not read Thucydides, they will find themselves mistaken.

It is, to many, a very bitter pill to swallow; a very disagreeable thing to make up one's mind to; yet a thing to which the logic of facts compels every wise man to make up his mind: that in these days men whose features, manner, accent, entire way of thinking and speaking, testify to their extreme vulgarity, have yet great influence with large masses of mankind. And it is quite vain for cultivated folk to think to ignore such. Men grossly ignorant of history, of literature, of the classics; men who never brushed their nails; men who don't know when to wear a dress coat and when a frock, may gain great popularity and standing with a great part of the population of Great Bri-

tain. Their vulgarity may form a high recommendation to the people with whom they are popular. It would be easy to point out places where any thing like refinement or cultivation would be a positive hindrance to a man. Let not blocks be cut with razors. Let not coals be carried in gilded chariots. Rougher means will be more serviceable. And if people of great cultivation say: "A set of vulgar fellows; not worth thinking of;" and refuse to see the work such men are doing, and to counteract it where its effects are evil; those cultivated people will some day regret it. I occasionally see a periodical publication, containing the portraits of men who are esteemed eminent by a certain class of human beings. Most of those men are extremely ugly, and all of them extremely vulgar-looking. The natural impulse is to throw the coarse effigies aside, and to judge that such persons can do but little, either for good or ill. But if you inquire, you will find they are doing a great work, and wielding a great influence with a very large section of the population; the work and influence being, in my judgment, of the most mischievous and perilous character.

Then a truth very much to be remembered, is, that the fact of a man's doing something conspicuously and extremely ill, is no proof whatsoever that he is a stupid man. To many people it appears as if it were such a proof, simply because their ideas are so ill-defined. If a clergyman ride on horseback very badly, he had much better not do so in the presence of his humbler parishioners. The esteem in which they hold his sermons will be sensibly diminished, by the recollection of having seen him roll ignominiously out of the saddle, and into the ditch. Still, in severe logic, it must be apparent that if the sermons be good in themselves, the bad horsemanship touches them not at all. It comes merely to this: that if you take a man off his proper ground, he may make a very poor appearance; while on his proper ground, he would make a very good one. A swan is extremely graceful in the water; the same animal is extremely awkward on land. I have thought of a swan, clumsily waddling along on legs that can not support its weight, when I have witnessed a great scholar trying to make a speech on a platform, and speaking

his own element, where he was graceful and at ease; he had come to another, which did not by any means suit him. And while he floundered and stammered through his wretched little speech, I have beheld fluent empty-pates grinning with joy at the badness of his appearance. They had got the great scholar to race with them; they in their own element, and he out of his. They had got him into a duel, giving them the choice of weapons. And having beat him (as logicians say) secundum quid, they plainly thought they had beat him simpliciter. You may have been amused at the artifices by which men, not good at any thing but very fluent speaking, try to induce people infinitely superior to them in every respect save that one, to make fools of themselves by miserable attempts at that one thing they could not do. The fluent speakers thought, in fact, to tempt the swan out of the water. The swan, if wise, will decline to come out of the water.

I have beheld a famous anatomist carving a goose. He did it very ill. And the faith of the assembled company in his knowledge of anatomy was manifestly shaken. You may have seen a great and solemn philosopher, seeking to make himself agreeable to a knot of pretty young girls in a drawing-room. The great philosopher failed in his anxious endeavors; while a brainless cornet succeeded to perfection. Yet though the cornet eclipsed the philosopher in this one respect, it would be unjust to say that, on the whole, the cornet was the philosopher's superior. I have beheld a pious and amiable man playing at croquet. He played frightfully ill. He made himself an object of universal derision. And he brought all his good qualities into grave suspicion, in the estimation of the gay young people with whom he played. Yes, let me recur to my great principle; no clergyman should ever hazard his general usefulness, by doing any thing whatsoever signally ill in the presence of his parishioners. If he have not a good horse, and do no ride well, let him not ride at all. And if, living in Scotland, he be a curler; or living in England, join in the sports of his people; though it be not desirable that he should display preëminent skill or agility, he ought to be a good player; above the average.

make a speech on a platform, and speaking | It is an interesting thing, to see how miserably ill. The great scholar had left habitually, in this world, excellence in one

respect is balanced by inferiority in another; how needful it is, if you desire to form a fair judgment, to take men for better for worse. I have oftentimes beheld the ecclesiastics of a certain renowned country, assembled in their great council to legislate on church affairs. And—sitting mute on back benches, never dreaming of opening their lips—pictures of helplessness and sheepishness—I have beheld the best preachers of that renowned country; I am not going to mention their names. Meanwhile—sitting in prominent places, speaking frequently and lengthily, speaking in one or two cases with great pith and eloquence—I have beheld other preachers, whose power of emptying the pews of whatever church they might serve had been established beyond question by repeated trials. Yet, by tacit consent, those dreary orators were admitted as the church's legislators; and, in many cases, not unjustly. There is a grander church, in a larger country, in which the like balance of faculties may be perceived to ex-The greater clergymen of that church are entitled bishops. Now, by the public at large, the bishops are regarded in the broad light of the chief men of the church; that is, the greatest and most distinguished men. Next, the thing as regards which the general public can best judge of a clergyman is his preaching. The general public, therefore, regard the best preachers as the most eminent clergymen. But the qualities which go to make a good bishop are quite different from those which go to make a great preacher. Prudence, administrative tact, kindliness, wide sympathies, are desirable in a bishop. None of these things can be brought to the simple test of the goodness of a man's sermon. Indeed, the fiery qualities which go to make a great preacher, do positively unfit a man for being a bishop. From all this comes an unhappy antagonism between the general way of thinking as to who should be bishops, and the way in which the people who select bishops think. And the general public is often scandalized by hearing that this man and the other, whom they never heard of, or whom they know to be a very dull preacher, is made a bishop; while this or that man who charms and edifies them by his admirable sermons is passed over. For the tendency is ineveterate with ill-cultivated folk, to think that if a man be very good at anything, he must be very good at everything.

And with uneducated folk, the disposition is almost ineradicable, to conclude that if you are very ignorant on some subject they know, you know nothing; and that if you do very ill something as to which they can judge, you can do nothing at all well. Pitt said of Lord Nelson, that the great admiral was the greatest fool be ever knew, when on shore. A less wise man than Pitt, judging Nelson a very great fool on shore, would have hurried to the conclusion that Nelson was a fool everywhere and altogether. And Nelson himself showed his wisdow, when informed of what Pitt had said. "Quite true," said Nelson; "but I should soon prove Pitt a fool if I had him on board a ship." It may, indeed, be esteemed as certain that Pitt's strong common sense would not have failed him even at sea; but when he was rolling about in deadly seasickness, and testifying twenty times in an hour his ignorance of nautical affairs, it may be esteemed as equally certain that the sailors would have regarded him as a fool.

I have heard vulgar, self-sufficient people in a country parish, relate with great delight instances of absence of mind and of lack of ordinary sense, on the part of a good old clergyman of great theological learning, who was for many years the incumbent of that parish. A thoughtful person would be interested in remarking instances in which an able and learned man found himself little better than a baby. But it was not for the psychological interest that those people related their wretched little bits of ill-set gossip. It was for the purpose of conveying, by innuendo, that there was no good about that simple old man at all; that he was, in fact, a fool simpliciter. But if you, learned reader, had taken that old man on his own ground, you would have discovered that he was anything but a fool. "What's the use of all your learning," his vulgar wife was wont to say to him, " if you don't know how to ride on horseback, and how turnips should be sown after wheat?"

You may remember an interesting instance, in the Life of George Stephenson, of two great men supplementing each the other's defects. George Stephenson was arguing a scientific point with a fluent talker who knew very little about the matter, but though Stephenson's knowledge of the subject was great, and his opinions sound, he was thoroughly reduced

to silence. He had no command of language or argument; he had a good case, but he did not know how to conduct it. But all this nappened at a country-house, where Sir William Follett was likewise staying. Follett saw that Stephenson was right; and he was impatient of the triumph of the fluent talker. Follett, of course, had magnificent powers of argument; but he had no knowledge whatever of the matter under discussion. But, privately getting hold of Stephenson to coach him up in the facts of the case. Next day, the great advocate led the conversation once more to the disputed question; and now Stephenson's knowledge and Follett's logic combined, smashed the fluent talker of yesterday to atoms.

Themistocles, every one knows, could not fiddle; but he could make a little city a big one. Yet the people who distinctly saw he could not fiddle were many, while those who discerned his competence in the other direction were few. So, it is not unlikely that many people despised him for his bad fiddling, failing to remark that it was not his vocation to fiddle. Goldsmith wrote The Vicar of Wakefield and The Good-natured Man; yet he felt indignant at the admiration bestowed by a company of his acquaintances upon the agility of a monkey; and, starting up in anger and impatience, exclaimed, "I could do all that myself." I have heard of a very great logician and divine, who was dissatisfied that a trained gymnast should excel him in feats of strength, and who insited on doing the gymnast's feats himself; and, strange to say, he actually did them. Wise men would not have thought the less of him though he had failed; but it is certain that many average people thought the more of him because he succeeded.

There are single acts which may justly be held as symptomatic of a man's whole nature; for, though done in a short time, they are the manifestation of ways of thinking and feeling which have lasted through a long time. To have written two or three malignant anonymous letters may be regarded as branding a man finally. To have only once tried to stab a man in the back may justly raise some suspicion of a man's candor and honesty ever after. Yet know, my reader, that if A poisons only one fellow-creature, the laws of our country esteem that single deed as so symptomatic of A's whole character that they found upon it the general conclusion

that A is not a safe member of society; and so, with all but universal approval, they hang A. Still the doing of one or two very malicious and dishonorable actions may not indicate that a man is wholly dishonorable and malicious. 4 These may be no more than an outburst of the bad which is in every man—cleared off thus, as electricity is taken out of the atmosphere by a good thunder-storm. I am not sure what I ought, in fairness, to think of a certain individual, describing himself as a clergyman of the Church of England, who has formed an unfavorable opinion of the compositions of the present writer; and who, every now and then, sends me an anonymous letter. It is, indeed, a curious question, how a human being can deliberately sit down and spend a good deal of time in writing eight rather close pages of anonymous matter of an unfriendly, not to say abusive, character, and then send it off to a man who is a total stranger. What are we to think of this individual? we to think favorably of him as a clergyman, and as a gentleman? He has sent me a good many letters; and I shall give you some extracts from the last. For the sake of argument, let it be said that my name is Jones. I am a clergyman of the Established Church in a certain country. But my correspondent plainly thinks it a strong point to call me a Dissenter, which he does several times in each of his letters. Of course, he knows that I am not a Dissenter; but this mode of address seems to please him. I gave you the passages from his last letter verbatim, only substituting Jones for another name, of no interest to anybody:

"Rev. Jones (Dissenting Preacher:)

"I have read your Sermons from curiosity. They exhibit your invincible conceit, like all your other works. Your notion as to the resurrection of the old body is utterly exploded, except amongst such divines as Dr. Cumming, (who is not eminent, as you assert,) and similar riff-raff.

"There is now-a-days no Sabbath. The Scotch, who talk of a 'Sabbath,' are foods and ignorant fanatics. I am glad to see that you, Jones, were well castigated by a London paper for lending your name to a hateful crusade of certain fanatics in Edinburgh, (including the odious Guthrie,) against opening the parks to the people on Sunday. I intend to visit Edinburgh or Glasgow some Sunday, and to walk about, as a clergyman, between the services, with some little ostentation, in order to show my contempt of the local custom. Let any low Scotch Presbyterian lay hands on me at his

peril! Ah! Jones, you evidently dare not say

your soul is your own in Scotland!

"Neither Caird nor Cumming are men of first-rate ability. Cumming is a mere dunce, not even literate. How can you talk of understanding the works of Mr. Maurice? Of course not; you are too low-minded and narrow-souled. But do not dare to disparage such exalted merit. Say you are a fool and blind, and we may excuse you.

"You are clearly unable to appreciate excellence of any kind. Your assertion that the doctrines of the Church, our Church, are Calvinistic, is a false one. Calvanism is now confined to illiterate tinkers, Dissenters, Puritans,

and low Scotch Presbyterians.

"Your constant use of the phrase, 'My friends,' in your sermons, is bad and affected. We are not your 'friends;' and you care nothing for your hearers, except to gain their applause!

"I remain, Sir Jones,
"With no very great respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"P. A.

"(P.S.) Poor A. K. H. B.! Why not A. S. S.?"

Now, my reader, how shall we estimate the man that wrote this? he be a gentleman? Can he be a clergyman? I have received from him a good many letters of the same kind, which I have destroyed, or I might have culled from them still more remarkable nowers of rhetoric. In a recent letter he drew a very unfavorable comparison between the present writer and the author of Friends in Council. In that unfavorable comparison I heartily concur; but it may be satisfactory to Mr. P. A. to know that, immediately after receiving his letter, I was conversing with the author of Friends in Council; and that I read his letter to my revered friend. And I do not think Mr. P. A. would have been gratified if he had heard the opinion which the author of Friends in Council expressed of P. A. upon the strength of that one letter. Let us do P. A. justice. For a long time, he sent his anonymous letters unpaid, and each of them cost me twopence. For some time past he has paid his postages. Now, this is an improvement. The next step in advance which remains for P. A. is to cease wholly from writing anonymous letters.

Now to conclude:

There is great difficulty in estimating human beings—that is, in placing them (in the racing sense) in your own mind.

And the difficulty comes of this, that you have to take a conjunct view of a man's deservings and ill-deservings; the man's merit is the resultant of all his qualities, good and bad. In a race the comparison is brought to a single point of speed; or, more accurately speaking, to the test, which horse shall, on a given day, pass the winning-post first. Every one understands the issue; and the prize goes on just the one consideration. Great confusion and difficulty would arise if other issues were brought in; as, for instance, if a man were permitted to say to the owner of the winner, "You have passed the post first, but then my horse has the longest tail; and, upon the strength of that fact, I claim the cup." Yet, in placing human beings (mentally) for the race of life, the case is just so. You are making up your mind—" Is this man eminent or obscure? is he deserving or not? is he good or bad?" But there is no one issue to which you can rightly bring his merits. He may exhibit extraordinary skill and ability in doing some one thing; but a host of little disturbing circumstances may come to perplex your judg-Mr. Green was a good scholar and a clever fellow, yet I have heard Mr. Brown say: "Green! ah, he's a beast! Do you know, he told me he always studies without shoes and stockings!" And then there is a difficulty in saying what importance ought to be attached to those disturbing causes, as well as whether they exist or not. One man thinks a long tail a great beauty, another attaches no consequence to a long tail. One man concludes that Mr. Green is a beast because he studies without shoes or stockings; another holds that as an indifferent circumstance, not affecting his estimate of Green. I fear we can come to no more satisfactory conclusion than this—that of Green and of each human being, there are likely to be just as many different estimates as there are people who will take the trouble of forming an estimate of them at all.

You will remark, I have been speaking of estimates, honestly formed and honestly expressed. No doubt we often hear, and often read, estimates of men, which estimates have plainly been disturbed by other forces. No wise man will attach much weight to the estimate of a successful man, which is expressed by a not very magnanimous man whom he has beaten.

If A. sends an article to a magazine, and has it rejected, he is not a competent judge of the merit of the articles which appear in that number in which he wished his to be. You would not ask for a fair estimate of Miss Y's singing from a young lady who tries to sing as well, and fails. You would not expect a very reliable estimate of a young barrister, getting into great practice, of poor Mr. Briefless, mortified at his own ill-success. You would not look for a very flattering estimate of Mr. Melvill or Dr. Caird from a preacher who esteems himself as a great man, but who somehow gets only empty pews and bare walls to hear him preach. Sometimes, in such estimates, there is real envy and malice, as shown by intentional misrepresentation and mere abuse. More frequently, we willingly believe, there is no

intention to estimate unfairly; the bias against the man is strong, but it is not designed. A writer cut off from the staff of a periodical, though really an honest man, has been known to attack another writer retained on that staff. Let me say that, in such a case, a very high-minded man would decline to express publicly any estimate, being aware that he could not help being somewhat biassed.

Let this be a rule:

If we think highly of one who has beaten us, let us say out our estimate warmly and heartily.

If we think ill of one who has beaten us, let us keep our estimate to ourselves. It is probably unjust. And even, if it be a just estimate, few men of experience will think it so.

From the British Quarterly.

CHRISTIANITY.* AND MADAGASCAR ITS

Among the many fields of modern Christian enterprise, the story of no one has presented a more lively image of similar undertakings in primitive times than that of Madagascar. Forty-three years ago Protestant missionaries first established themselves in it, and for eight years revived the episode of Augustine and Ethelbert in our own island, by the patronage they enjoyed from royalty, and the progress it secured. Every thing

*A History of the Island of Madagascar. By S. COPELAND. London. 1822.

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Madagascar: its Martyrs and its Missions. London. 1863.

The Missionary Magazine. For January and February. London. 1863.

seemed to promise the rapid triumph of our religion over barbarism and idolatry, and constant advances kept the attention irresistibly bent toward the distant theater. But, as in the early days of the faith, the prospects of to-day were reversed on the morrow. The landscape, white with sheets of blossom, was suddenly stripped. Change of rulers brought change of policy, and part of the change was the national creed. Indifference before, was followed by hostility to the rising opinions and bigoted devotion to the old idolatry. Despotism required uniformity, and grudged even liberty of thought. The mission had hung on a single will, and virtually ceased when another began to reign. Persecution like that of the stormy days of the Catacombs followed the sunshine. The country was shut against our benevolent effort, and idolatry left for a quarter of a century to do its best and its worst to restore a state of things that had obtained before the mission began. The changing lights of the long storm, the news of mart yrdom

in every form, and of the multiplied sufferings of faithful confessors, the presence amongst us of some who had been hunted almost to death for allegiance to Christ, and the fact that all this had followed a movement which we had excited, forbade our interest for a moment flagging, or our hopes from despairing of the long-deferred future. Now, at last, the accession of a new sovereign, whose policy copies that of our ancient friend, and has by a stroke reversed that of his immediate predecessor, has once more lightened the hearts and rekindled the energies of all, to resume and complete what was so auspiciously begun and so strangely interrupted. But the long interval since the mission was broken up, has necessarily left multitudes imperfectly informed alike respecting the island, and its people, and the prospects before us. To furnish such information can neither be uninteresting nor uninstructive.

On the western edge of the Indian Ocean, where it stretches down toward Southern Africa, and parallel with that continent at the distance of three to four hundred miles, lies the great island. displaces the vast waters from which it rises by a length of about nine, and a breadth of from three to four hundred miles. A huge spine of mountains, reaching from north to south, forms a lofty watershed to east and west, swelling out into tangled confusion near the center, where, amidst treeless hills, five thousand feet above the sea, stands the capital, Antananarivo. Irregular offshoots from the central ridge, running transversely, roughen the land, leaving hardly a landscape without the near or distant prospect of to be Anglo-Saxons, though dashed with hills or mountains. Countless streams different bloods, the Malagasy spring, as water the valleys and plains, but in so broken a surface none are navigable for any distance. Over the island stretch four different forests, belting it in four different parts with a shade that covers both hill and valley. The rankness and splendor of tropical vegetation every where strike the eye. The palm in its many kinds surmounts or mingles with a crowd of baobabs, mangoes, sago-trees, figs, etc., and with the great leaves of the pandanus, and the verdant crest of the traveler's tree, join to crowd and adorn the wooded districts. Add to these still others fill up the interval between with a vigorous undergrowth, sow a vast wilderness of ferns of every hight, bind the whole into a tan- | the whole island was broken into over a

gled mass by countless creepers that trail beneath or wave overhead, and then fling over all a paradise glory of color in leaf and flower, from the earth to the highest branch, and you have a Madagascar forest, in which armies could hide when they have opened a path, and over every part of which constellations of every tint show trees as well as plants in blossom.

What this vast wealth of woods may one day yield is as yet speculation; for apart from the timber which gangs of men, yoked like the slaves in the Nineveh marbles, drag out for building, its chief produce is a triffing amount of gum, bees-wax, and India-rubber. Cattle, indeed, are almost the only export worthy the name from any part of the island. The hills are hardly more used than the woods, the only metal they are made to yield being the iron which crops to the surface in some parts, and has long furnished their tools and weapons.

Lying almost entirely within the Torrid Zone, and yet showing such various elevation, the island necessarily offers a wide range of climate, from the oppressive heat of the lowlands to a mountain chill which makes extra clothing desirable even in August. Like the neighboring continent, hight is equivalent to health. To Europeans, and even to the highlanders of the interior, the shore or the low-lying valleys bring the terrible fever which, under different names, is the scourge of all tropical countries. On the hills, however, health and life are vigorous and prolonged.

Though so near Africa, the population, strangely, are only in a subordinate measure derived from thence. As we are said a people, from the great race of the Malayan Archipelago. They form the western limit of that mighty migration which, from the Malayan Peninsula as a center, has spread itself east and west over twenty degrees, more than half the circumference of the globe. Sanscrit words, and a general identity of language with that of the Malayan races, join with the light skin and straight hair of a large proportion to point out their Asiatic origin. That negroid blood has been largely mixed with them in particular districts, and more or less in the rest, has only tended to make a more vigorous race.

Until within less than a century since,

hundred separate and commonly hostile governments. Clustering into four great sections, there were, under each, the divisions of clans and families common to a rude society. Marching to war, or assembling in peace, under the banners of their separate chiefs, the powerful negroid Sakalavas of the north and west, the feeble Betsileo, or Invincibles, of the south, and the Betanim and others of the east, have within the last fifty years been brought under the common sway of the fair-skinned and commonly straight-haired Hovas of the center, with whom, mainly, Europeans have hitherto come in contact, and among whom, at the capital, under their monarch Radama, Protestant missions began and continued their labor.

Civilization has as yet made but small progress amongst the masses of Madagascar. Like modern Egypt, the island owes its recent advance in the arts of life mainly to the influence and authority of its ruler. In Radama I., a still greater wonder was shown than in Mehemet Ali. Surrounded with barbarism, he had heard of western civilization, and seen some of its forms by chance intercourse with Europeans, and determined that he would no longer be contented with his mud floor and his mats, a degraded people and a restricted territory, but would make himself like a western monarch in his state, his people indefinitely higher than the African Caffres they had hitherto resembled, and that, by introducing European discipline into his army, he would in his own world emulate the great Napoleon, of whom he had heard, and achieve the conquest of all the island. Hereditary dislike of the French, from the memory of their conduct in their attempted settlements long before, and the neighborhood of the Mauritius, threw him into the hands of England. Its justice, humanity, and truth attracted him, and he showed his feelings by the adoption of many of its customs, and by an enthusiastic patronage of its arts and of education. Incidentally he thus became the patron and protector of our mission. Malagasy society shows the traces of such a recent and foreign refinement. Foreign manners and polish mark the Court, but the mass are still semi-barbarous. In the upper circles there is a lunar reflection of London and Paris, in furniture, customs, and dress; but even in them the yelvets, and crinolines, and French bonnets of the ladies, and the gorgeous uniforms and teaching of the missionary-mechanics;

French boots of the men, are mixed with the bare head, and capacious lamba, or cloak, of native costume, and even with the turban and dress of the Arab. Even on the crown itself the chief ornament is a golden crocodile's tooth, in token of the reverence paid to that filthy reptile.

The dress of the people is a striking contrast to this glitter of the Court. The lamba is the general national dress, and marks the position of the wearer as it consits of silk, or cotton, or cloth of the rofia palm. The dress of the women reaches modestly to the feet, but, like the men, they have both feet and head commonly bare. Men at work in the fields retain only a cloth round their loins, and this simple costume, with the addition of crossbelts, is the only uniform of the national army.

The finest, as well as highest situated house in the capital is the wooden palace of the monarch, which, with its double verandah and high pitched roof, surmounted by a gilded eagle, reminds one strongly of a third-class American hotel, or a seigneur's house in Lower Canada. From this regal grandeur the descent is rapid to the one-storied cottage of split bamboo, or of mats stretched between upright canes. In some districts, indeed, the houses are little better than holes in the earth, with branches over them. The floor, sometimes bare, is generally covered with mats, which serve at once for table and bed. A fire in the middle blinds the inmates, but the pendicles of soot from the rafters attest by their length the respectability of the owner. In the country, calves, lambs, and fowls share the dwelling with the family, a mat dividing the respective territories. The villages are built, as often as possible, on the summits of hills, like those of the Amorites long ago (Ewald, Geschichte des V., Israel, I., 315,) for safety in war.

The staple food of the island is, in one part, rice, in another, arrowroot; but this is varied by the richness of tropical gardens, and by such delicacies, at times, as locusts and the chrysalis of the silk-worm. Subterranean granaries, like those of the old American Indians, store their surplus produce, and furnished terrible prisons for their owners in the dismal days of the late queen. The few simple arts and manufactures of forty years since have been greatly improved and extended by the

iron-work, weaving, tanning, cutlery, pottery, and much besides, having been either introduced or greatly developed by their means. Though islanders, like the ancient Hebrews, they do not use the sea. money is choped-up foreign dollars. Roads can not be said to exist, and indeed have hitherto been neglected the better to guard against foreign encroachment. wagons, and not even cattle or horses, are used for draught, or indeed could be. Everything is carried on men's shoulders.

The government of Madagascar has hitherto been an almost Asiatic despotism, and has claimed the same awful attributes of divine descent for its chief. Radama and the late queen in all their public addresses reminded the people of their being thus superhuman, and their officials were careful to show their loyalty by reiterating it on every occasion. As the senator approached Tiberius dazzled with his majesty, the Malagasy salute their sovereign as "the Sun," and even beyond this, in no mere flattery, but in degraded manhood, they give him servile homage as "the visible God." Life and property are alike at his disposal. He claims a huge monopoly of service of every kind, and pays for noue. All skilled labor can be used for the public or for the workman only after the demands of the King have been met, and these amount to the virtual enslaving for life of most of the mechanics, and a large number of the laboring population. Under the late queen, it was thought that the whole population was, one way or other, employed for Government three weeks out of four. How much misery this must have caused we may imagine from the almost parallel case of the Fallahs of the Nile. The grinding tyranny reaches all classes. The poorest are divided into legal hundreds, with task-masters for each, these again are aggregated under higher officers, and thus the whole nation is kept prostrate.

Slavery has always prevailed in Madagascar, and is maintained by war, debt, and crime. What it means is best expressed by the native word for it, which

is the being "lost."

There are judges for every district, but they are not above bribes. The punishments vary from being set to work with a heavy iron collar on the neck, to being starved to death, speared, crucified, scalded to death with the head upside down, or flung over a precipice and left to the for the powers of nature and the contriv-

dogs, which haunt every place of execution. One of the greatest scourges, now, within the last few months, abolished, by the present king, was the ordeal of tangena, or poison-water. Any one accused of any crime might till now be ordered to undergo it. A draught of poison, and four pieces of the skin of a fowl, had to be swallowed, and guilt or innocence was declared as these pieces were retained or vomited, or by the death of the victim. Over a thousand died of it in one year

under the Queen Ranavalona.

Thus oppressed and degraded, it was no wonder the Malagasy presented no favorable picture of faith or morals when the missionaries came among them. They are not a drunken people, but the vice seems to be growing. Until Christianity came, chastity was unknown, and disease from vice nearly universal. Public rejoicings meant universal prostitution, and office was generally used to enforce impurity. That Radama seemed in his youth to be virtuous, was regretted as a symptom of weakness, and rewards were offered to those who could seduce him to sensuality. Lying, flattery, and servility, the vices of slaves, were, Mr. Ellis tells us, the characteristic of all. Kadama constantly spoke of the sloth and apathy of his race. Gentle in their families, the thirst for blood and delight in pain were casily awakened in them as in other barbarous nations. The martyrs were pelted and mocked on their way to death in the days of the queen, and her last years witnessed incredible butcheries willingly made by the people and troops on districts she wished to depopulate. Her own tastes led her to indulge in seeing dances of crowds of idiots; and these, with bullfights, were likewise the amusement of the Court. Marriage is allowed with the nearest relations, even with sisters, and polygamy and divorce are alike universal.

Religion in any tolerable sense the Malagasy have none, apart from the teachings of the mission. The Jesuits have been on the west side of the island more than two hundred years ago, and had compiled a catechism and a vocabulary; but their mission failed, and left no effect on the opinions of the people. It was no offence to cheat or lie, but a mortal sin to run after a wild cat, or shake a spear at a crocodile. They had no proper idea of God, which was their common name alike

ances of man. The lightning and the storm were God, but so were silk, rice, money, and books. It was simply a word for any thing they valued, or which they did not understand. The soul was spoken of, almost in the same breath, as dying with the body and as coming back mysteriously to plague or protect the liv-

ing. Idols were not wanting, but they were fetishes rather than gods. A red rag, or a shapeless block, was honored as having divine powers. Four such were kept at the capital as the guardians of the nation, and each clan, or family, had its own besides. Charms were in universal request. Yet there were no priests and no temples, nor was there any general form of worship. Divination by means of beans or rice ruled every event, public or private, from the building of a house to the beginning of a war. On opening the campaign of 1821, Radama offered a cock and a heifer, and prayed at the tomb of his ancestors before starting. The national idols were carried before the army, and each clan had its own in addition. All wore charms, and divination decided the fords to be crossed, the road to take, the water to be drunk, the spots for encamping, and the plan of the campaign; while every omen was watched as in the armies of Greece or Rome. In the later years of the king's reign this superstition began to fall into disuse; but his successor renewed it in more force than ever, and it continued in the ascendant, with multiplied prayers and offerings, till her death in 1861.

It was among such a people, in such a state, that the missionaries began their benevolent labors in the year 1820. Radama had invited them earlier, but it was not till then that they reached the capital and commenced operations. He patronized their schools, and forced his people to attend them, gave them full liberty to follow their higher aims, and lent them ever assistance, but, as the event proved, rather to get the benefit of their secular than of their spiritual instructions. He had already abolished the slave-trade on condition of receiving arms and ammunition from England to extend his power, and had formed his army on the European model. Under his protection, and through his favor, the path of the mission was peaceful, if not marked by immediate success. His personal char- satisfaction, and had forced him to warn

acter itself aided them by his influence in raising the people. Stern in his justice, though cruel when he deemed it advantageous, strict in his word, and kind as a rule, he led his people like a flock. He abolished petty wars, overran the island, and made the Hovas triumphant; introduced many arts to parts where they had been unknown; adopted and encouraged every thing that promised to make him a great king; extended agriculture, began colonies, and did much besides to raise his people. He aided Christianity indirectly by learning to mock the diviners, ridicule the holy water, slight the holy stone, neglect the sacrifices, and twit the worshipers of the idols; but his last days were his most immoral, and he died of dissipation and vicious excess in the very prime of his life. In the eight years of his reign during which they were on the island, the missionaries laid the foundations of a work destined to revolutionize the whole future of Madagascar. Whether they could have done so much without him is greatly to be doubted; but with his favor they overcame the prejudice of the people, to a large extent, against foreigners and their education and arts; impressed European ideas and religious principles on ten thousand children whom they had had in their schools, and taught them to read and write; introduced so many new arts, and so improved others, that the civilization of the island must date from their arrival; won golden opinions as public benefactors among continually increasing numbers by doing so; set to work the gigantic influence of the printing-press, and sent into circulation innumerable books and tracts, educational and religious; completed and sent abroad the Bible in Malagasy, which did more for the future than will ever be known; and communicated so much religious knowledge to the people at large, directly and indirectly, as left them able to keep alive the sacred fire, clear and strong, among themselves, when their teachers were removed, and made it impossible for even the fiercest persecution to quench the flame.

Radama died in 1828, to the sincere grief both of his subjects and of the friends of missions. How much opposition to the new religion he had repressed was instantly seen when he was gone. Even before he died it had murmured dis-

the missionaries against too great zeal, lest it should provoke a feeling which he could not control. But with his death the hedge round the vineyard stood unguarded, and the wild boar out of the wood speedily broke through to trample it down. A clever coup d'etat placed one of his widows, Ranavalona the Terrible, on the throne. She was not in the succession; but she had the palace and the corpse, and prompt action as the instrument of the reactionists, and the adhesion of the soldiery, put Madagascar at once at her feet. As in savage despotisms generally, death soon put her rivals beyond the power of unseating her, and then, slowly but surely, the backward movement began. The funeral of Radama, performed with scrupulous attention to heathen rites, and her public accession as queen amidst the national idols, with her oath to maintain them, and the derivation of her title from their consecration, filled the friends of the new faith with alarm. But there was a calm before the bursting of the storm. The missionaries were confirmed in their privileges. They could still meet to worship, teach their schools, baptize, marry, and could partake publicly of the Holy Communion. Ere long, however, the first lowering of the sky spoke of what was soon to come. Only a few months had passed when a draft was made on the teachers and youth attending the schools, of no fewer than seven hundred, who were forthwith sent off to perish in a distant campaign in the ranks of the army. They were so much fitter than others, and did not all belong to the queen! Of course parents would no longer send children, and adults would not come. Before 1829 the number had fallen off one half. The hatred of foreigners next showed itself. A new English agent who had just come to the capital was insulted and sent off ignominiously. New missionaries were not allowed to remain beyond a fixed and limited period. All commerce with foreign nations was declared at an end. Madagascar, like Japan, was to be shut up from all the world. Nor did the reaction proceed less rapidly in its other direction of restoring idolatry to its old glory. Extra idols were consecrated and bloody sacrifices profusely offered. A purification of the whole country from the infection of the new faith, by a general administering of the ordeal of treason; they must henceforth be closed. poison water, was commanded, and was The missionaries might meet, but no na-

at once carried out, many hundreds dying or being executed as the result. The queen, bigoted in her heathenism, was fairly in the hands of the idol and native party to do what they liked. Meanwhile the ordeal had failed to stop the new opinions. In 1831 the first native baptisms took place. Every thing showed that a great movement was developing in favor of the mission. The congregations were crowded. The books of the mission. ary press were being zealously circulated and eagerly sought. The native converts themselves had begun to teach others what they now believed. Even slaves turned preachers of the new faith. Churches began to be formed even sixty and a hundred miles from the capital by the labors of native evangelists. The queen could hardly drive out but she heard some meeting singing Christian hymns. It was clear she must either yield or go further. The God of the foreigners had friends even already, in almost every circle, from that round the throne to the family of the meanest of the people. Idolatry and loyalty, to the narrow mind of the queen, were synonymous. Was she not consecrated, made divine, like themselves, by the idols of the capi-Was not the wisdom of her twelve ancestors transmitted by them to her person? Were not the twelve mountains and the sun and the moon her guardians, and the vouchers of her indefeasible title to reign as the visible living god of Madagascar, the one awful will and power in the land? And did not the Christians slight the idols and refuse to pray to the tombs either of their ancestors or hers, or to the twelve sacred mountains, or to the sun and moon? and did they not pray to Jehovah-Jesus, who must be the king of the land from which the missionaries came? and would they not likely, if they adopted the religion of the foreigners and gave thair loyalty to Jehovah, bring him in to reign over Madagascar instead of herself, and bring in the customs of the foreigners instead of hers, and so take away her kingdom? She would go on! They would have their heads off soon if they did not stop. Slaves preach, forsooth; the world would be turned upside down! No slave must henceforth dare to learn to read. The chapel and private meetings were the mainsprings of the new

tives, on pain of the queen's wrath. All the permissions Radama had given must be revoked; let them be so. Still, there were signs that Christianity, driven from the sight, had enshrined itself in the heart of the people. A kabary, or great assembly of all the people, was called. It was the queen's pleasure that all who had attended Christian meetings, or sung hymns to Christ, or had felt favorably to him should come and confess it openly, and trust to the royal elemency. Meanwhile, and henceforth for ever, the name of Jehovah was never to be spoken; no one was even to think of it, or of what he had learned about it. All Christian books were at once to be delivered up and destroyed. The missionaries might teach the mechanical arts; but their schools must be closed, and nothing said by them in any way about religion. By 1835 all this had been reached, and it was clear that the mission must for the present, at least, be given up. The missionaries, therefore, finally left, and the queen had the island all to herself. But all her edicts had failed to uproot the opinions she hated, and persecution in every shape was now, at last, let loose. Those who confessed got off with fines or confiscation, but for the "obstinate" nothing was too bad. The land was scoured by the soldiery for those who fled rather than yield themselves into the queen's hands. They were driven from human habitations into the depths of swamps or of the forests, among crocodiles or serpents, and many died of the exposure and starvation of such a position. Many who were caught were sold into irredeemable slavery. Many others were banished to distant parts of the island; but they took their religion with them. Some were speared, some suffocated in subterrancan rice-pits, some crucified, some burned alive, some scalded to death, and many flung over the precipice at the capital and left to the dogs. This dreadful state of things continued, with more or less intensity, from 1835 to the death of the queen in 1861, a quarter of a century. For all that time it was, as under the emperors, a capital crime to be a Christian.

But the longest and darkest night has a morning, and that morning came to Madagascar when Ranavalona died. Not for the oppression of Christianity alone, but for a grinding and desolating tyranny in

when she was gone. As far as she could she had undone the progress made in the later years of Radama; she had kept the executioner busy in every district for whatever her spies chose to denounce as a crime; she had massacred the whole adult population in some regions of the south; she had shut out trade; she had ground down the people by the most oppressive demands on their time and property; and the tangena had, under her orders, from first to last, slain many thousands. The misery of the survivors was beyond the painting by words. At last came the long-looked-for deliverance. The new sovereign, Radama II., her illegitimate son by a paramour whom she murdered soon after, is of the progressive party of Radama I., and his accession has reversed every feature of the queen's govcrnment. He was no sooner on the throne than he proclaimed himself the friend of the English, invited the missionaries back, abolished all restrictions on foreign intercourse or commerce, established schools, and enacted universal toleration. The banished Christians were forthwith recalled, and a general jail delivery made of prisoners for opinion.

No wonder the London Missionary Society, which had established the mission at first, lost no time in recommencing it. Mr. Ellis, who had been already in Madagascar in the last years of the queen, was instantly sent out to prepare the way, and six missionaries speedily followed. Nothing could be more hearty than the welcome received, and the prospect is so encouraging that four more laborers are to be forthwith sent into the fields thus whiten-

ing to the harvest.

Whether the shadows of the past, or others, may not return, is known only to him with whom the present and future are one. Meanwhile the prospect is very encouraging. The King has long shown himself a sincere Protestant and a true friend to the Christians, and he has made himself the personal friend of the missionaries who have just gone out. Example and prestige so exalted must have their effect. The handful of corn on the top of the mountains spreads rapidly down the slopes.

The new policy of universal toleration is a great security for the permanence of future progress. Even in Radama's time permission was required for every separate every direction, it was a day of rejoicing | step, and it might be revoked in a moment.

Now all may do what they like to promote their opinions without the control of the State. At the coronation the Protestants found themselves ranged in the same square with the keepers of idols on one hand and the sisters of mercy on the other. When the truth is free we can leave the rest.

The memory of the past, alike by its brightness and gloom, is a further pledge of success. The days of the former mission, with their advancement in ways so various, must shine all the brighter for the terrible interval when heathenism had its last opportunity, and the martyr fires and agonies of these dreary years must have had their effect in awakening sympathy

for the unjustly oppressed.

Nor is it possible that, after having reached such a point as it did before the missionaries left, and having survived so much, the religious awakening of the nation should now, of all times, be stopped. The two hundred converts of 1835 have now swelled to more than ten thousand, and news constantly come that in distant parts there are others beside. The ten thousand may soon prove to be doubled. The eight years of the mission, and the twenty-five in which the Christians were left to themselves, have kindled a light which must surely spread.

At the same time there are dangers against which we have need to guard. Infidelity has its agents at Antananarivo as well as elsewhere, and from the Court it may spread to the people. Nor is the Church of Rome asleep. Its priests have entered the fold, if possible to lead off the sheep. One security in their case is to be found in the national prejudice against them from the recollections of the Jesuit missionaries of former days, who sought, in alliance with the French, to spread their faith by violent means, and to that horror of idols natural to those who have suffered so much in their name, which leads them to shrink from a system whose images so much resemble the objects of their dread. A priest lately told the Bishop of Mauritius that one might as well attempt to cut a rock with a razor as to make Romanists of the Malagasy. Yet how necessary will it be to watch! What prosperity may do to corrupt the faith that has stood adversity remains to be seen. The sun overcomes a resistance which the storm only increased. The ancient bishops were wont in the days of their triumph to sigh |

for the purity of the Church in the Catacombs. We are full of hope, but it is sober and given to prayer.

The disclosures of the present state of the native mind strikingly show to what we must mainly look in the future. It is to native agency in training a new generation-agency guided during many long years purely by God and his printed word —that Madagascar owes its having a pure and wide-spread Christianity to-day. With Europeans to guide and instruct at some central points, the weight of the work must be left to the natives themselves. It is not by systematic teaching alone that the island can ever be conquered for Christ. The multiform influences of daily life must be left to do much. Just as Justin Martyr was won by the word of a passing stranger, or the Cæcilius of Minutius Felix by a chance remark of his friend Octavius at his saluting the idol Serapis, men will be won in cases innumerable by incidental words or acts of quiet every day native life. He who sent abroad Cretes and Arabians, and all the languages of Pentecost, to tell in their own countries of the sermon of Pcter, has given us in doing so the key to our action in our own missionary work.

That the faith of the native Christians should have endured so much with so little to aid it, and come out of all pure and scriptural as at first, is too striking a fact to be passed unnoticed. In these days, when faith in "a book" is denounced alike by the Romanist and the Infidel, by Cardinal Wiseman and Bishop Colenso, when the one would have us look to the Church and the other to the well-nigh obliterated tables of the breast, it is surely not without force that we see in the Bible itself with no learning to interpret and no hereditary creed to direct—a vital power so sufficient as to keep even the lonely and simple Malagasy in a living and uncor-

rupted faith.

Much has been done, but far more lies before us. The population numbers from four to five millions; and what are the few thousands we have gained amongst so many! Spread over a territory as long as from Berwick to Marseilles, and as broad as from the coast of Norfolk to Land's End, they are only the leaven hid in three measures of meal. How long will it be before all is leavened? The missionaries in their former residence confined themselves mainly to the capital, and there seems to have been no opportunity for even a passing journey through the island at large. The very maps are a blank except round the coast and in the central province, and hardly any thing is known of any tribes but the Hovas. If we would lay the crown of Madagascar at the feet of our Lord, we must work long and faithfully. We have a grand beginning, but it is nothing more. Will Paganism linger in parts for generations? or will it, with God's help, give place in our own to the truth of the Cross? It seems to be left to man to decide. Let us not be wanting under this new responsibility.

Note.—Since writing the above we have been startled to hear of a threatened movement from within the National Church, which proposes to send a bishop* and staff of clergy to Antananarivo, in which, amidst a population of, at

most, forty thousand, there will shortly be eleven English missionaries, beside a number of native pastors and catechists. What the motive can be thus to obtrude on a field so fully occupied is hard to imagine, unless it be that which sent High Church missionaries amongst the Nestorians to undo the work of the American missionaries, on the ground that they were schismatics and could not be recognized. The scorching denunciation of their conduct in that case by Mr. Layard in his published volumes, will surely be no less deserved in this if it be carried out. The Bishop of Mauritius, speaking from the spot, had already given his testimony to the mission, and agreed to a friendly division of the great field of the island with its members, without intruding on their immediate sphere. No wonder Lord Shaftesbury at a recent great meeting indignantly denounced the violation of such an agreement, or intrusion in such a case. We trust that his Grace of Canterbury, when he has learned the true spirit of the proposed aggression, will withdraw even the appearance of his sanction.

The volume entitled Madagascar: its Mission and its Martyrs, published by the London Missionary Society; and Madagascar: its Social and Religious Progress, published by Mrs. Ellis, are books not great in bulk, but great in interest and worth. We commend them earnestly to the attention of our readers.

From Weldon's Register.

THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE.*

RUFIN PIETROWSKI is a Polish patriot who was compelled to fly his country after the revolution of 1831. He gives, in the work before us, an interesting account of a secret visit which he paid to Poland in 1843, and of his detection, transportation to Siberia, and ultimate escape.

Having taken refuge in Paris in 1831, Pietrowski resided there in safety for ten years. He was then induced by patriotic motives to undertake a secret mission to Poland, for the purpose of secret observa-

• The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. RUFIN PIETROWSEI. Fo lowed by A Nurrative of Recent Events in Poland. Translated from the French. London: Longman & Co.

tion. Whilst preparing for his journey he was taken ill, and became an inmate of the hospital of La Pitié. Here he made the acquaintance of an American, who undertook to provide him with a passport, which was the only thing requisite to complete his preparations. This was obtained from the British Embassy, and was made out ostensibly for an English subject, in the name of Joseph Catharo, a native of Malta. Thus provided, Pietrowski left Paris, January 9th, 1843. Passing through Strasburg, Stuttgard, Munich, Salzburg, and Vienna, he reached Pesth, where he remained a month. Here he changed his passport for one of more recent visé for His destination was the town of

^{*}This seems to be the same bigoted spirit of obtrusive interference which led the High Church Party to interfere with the missions of the American Board in the Hawaiian Islands, and establish an Episcopal See among the Islanders, where the American missionaries had been laboring successfully for nearly forty years. See vol 57, Nov. 1862, page 420.—Editor of The Eclectic.

date, Kaminice, in Podolia, which place he! reached in safety, March 22d, 1843, having traveled through Galicia on foot, in consequence of the one hundred and fifty france with which he started from Paris being exhausted. When he passed the Russian barriers, the sentinel was absent from his post, and on his arriving at the Custom House without the usual attendance, the Custom House officer became furious at this neglect of the soldier, and had the unlucky wretch instantly bastinadoed. The heart of Pietrowski sank within him at this incident, so characteristic of Russia; and he grieved at the poor fellow's sufferings, of which he had been the innocent cause.

His first acquaintance in Kaminiec was a Russian officer. The flippancy with which this man spoke of the beauty of the women of Warsaw sounded painfully on the sensitive ears of the disguised Pole. Pietrowski, however, concealed his feelings, and labored patiently to establish a character for himself as a teacher of languages. Having made declarations of his profession, as a teacher, at the Prefecture, he readily obtained from the police permission to remain in the town; and he also gained authority to the same effect from the Military Governor and the Director of the Lyceum. Yet the greatest caution was still necessary, in order to ward off suspicion of his true nationality. In seeking for families in which to give lessons, he preferred those of the Russian officials, and he obtained an engagement in the family of Colonel Abaza, one of the most influential of the public functionaries. He did not altogether refuse to attend Polish families, but he carefully avoided those in which there were young people. He soon acquired a footing in the town as M. Catharo, people insisting upon regarding him as a Frenchman. Thus, after twelve years of absence, Pietrowski found himself in his native country, yet not daring to speak his own language; and, indeed, he as little dare speak Russian. In the latter language, though already perfectly conversant with it, he even affected to receive instruction from one of his own pupils. This concealment exposed him to much that was very painful. Sometimes he had to suppress his patriotic sympathies while made the involuntary confidant of those who thought that the inoffensive Frenchman was deaf to their Polish whispers. At other times he chafed under scornful him. Not the least specious of the pleas

comments on Polish affairs which he heard in the houses of Russian officials. again, he heard Polish relatives rebuke each other for referring, in the presence of a "Frenchman," to personal sorrows or

patriotic hopes.

Only a few of Pietrowski's fellow-countrymen became acquainted with his real character and the nature of his mission. None of these betrayed him, but some of the most pliant were used after his arrest as witnessess against him. By the beginning of December, he became aware that he was watched. Gradually, the police surveillance drew closer round him, and he felt himself socially in the position of one of those prisoners of the Inquisition, the sides of whose cells were slowly but steadily drawn together for their inevitable destruction. It is true that, within a month of his scizure, he might have escaped from Kaminicc; but he forbore to take that step for a reason which does him a great credit. He knew well the Russian method of dealing with those who are suspected of any connection with patriotic emissaries; how every one is seized who is known or supposed to have held any communication with them. He thought that by submitting to his own arrest he might thereby lessen the number of those who would be arrested on suspicion of having been in communication with him, and probably shorten the detention of those with whom he had really communicated. His decision we give in his own words:

"I resolved, therefore, patiently to abide the fatal hour; and I spent the days of freedom which yet remained to me in concerting with my accomplices the plan of conduct which I ought to follow. The last interview which I had with one of them was in a church, on the eve of my arrest. We agreed as much as possible upon all points, and then embraced one another with an emotion which may easily be understood. Remaining to the last, when alone in the church I prayed with fervor that God would give me strength to come through the trials which might await me."

On the last morning of 1843 Pietrowski was aroused from sleep by the Director of Police, with whom was Major Polontkovskoi, who represented the Governor-General of the district, Prince Bibikov. He had been so long prepared for this catastrophe that he felt no difficulty in using all the means of evasion still left to

which he urged on the officials was his assumed character as a British subject, and the danger to which they would therefore expose themselves by keeping him under arrest. Fear of this had for a long time checked the action of the police, M. Catharo having kept up his assumed nationality with great address. He resisted, through several examinations, all attempts to make him speak Russian or Polish, and asserted his determination to appeal to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg. But, unluckily for him, one or two of those who had been arrested with him confessed that he had spoken to them in Polish; and thus his position that he was a British subject was rendered untenable. His sole consideration now became how to lighten, as far as possible, the doom of those who had been arrested on his account. On his next examination, he suddenly broke out in the Polish tongue with the confession of his true nationality, stated that he had only longed to breathe his native air, that he had merely confided his secret to a few of his fellow-countrymen, and that he had had no further business with them.

Although morally certain before of the identity of their prisoner, the directness of this confession startled both Major Polontkovski and the Governor of Kaminiec, while it also relieved them from the dread of that suspicion as to their zeal which is continually held over the heads of Russian officials. As for Pietrowski himself, though fully conscious of the misery to which his confession irrevocably doomed him, he experienced such a feeling of relief and freedom in the use of his native tongue that he seemed to revel with uncontrollable delight in the exercise of it.

On the evening of the day following that on which his confession had been made, Pietrowski started from Kaminiec, en route for Kiow, in a roomy open carriage, with Major Polonkovskoi by his side, and two soldiers with loaded muskets opposite. As they passed through the silent streets, the prisoner noticed the lights in the upper windows of many houses, where he had reason to believe that bitter anguish was being endured on behalf of many with whom he had been associated. In the silence of the night, which was only broken by the tinkling of the bells affixed to the carriage, his heart sank within him. The Major was courtcous to him, and at daybreak began to driver, and he, in his turn, found consola-

converse about France, evincing the intelligent curiosity of an administrator, and that ubiquitous knowledge which is so characteristic of the heads of the Russian police.

During the next stage, Pietrowski was placed in a carriage by himself, and had his head injured by one of the violent jolts of the kibitka, as it was driven onward with furious speed. The excruciating pain which this caused him had 'exhausted his strength by the time the fortress of Braclaw was reached; but here he was allowed to rest for some hours. Waking at midnight, he heard the sound of chains through the walls of his cell; and, while forming conjectures as to whether the prisoners were criminals or political offenders, he presently caught the familiar words and melody of a Polish hymn:

"In a cradle sleeping, the Babe Divine."

Then followed another common Polish hymn:

"Thus to the shepherds did the angels say."

It was Christmas, (old style) and he now heard these hymns, which had been the delight of his happy childhood, "chanted by captives, and accompanied by the rattling of their chains."

Shortly after leaving Braçlaw, Pietrowski and his escort were met by an officer of the armed police, a German, who, with two soldiers, took the charge of Pietrowski from the Major. The misery of his condition now became greater than ever. He was taken to a roadside guardhouse, and there handcuffed and fettered. The ankle-rings were so tight as to cause him severe pain, and the rusty condition of the fetters prevented him from walking. The journey was then resumed, and, late in the night, the sledge, while being driven at a furious rate, was overturned, and the fettered and handcuffed prisoner was dragged through the snow and mud until he became insensible. Upon regaining consciousness, he found himself replaced in the sledge. The officer, being relieved by the recovery of his prisoner, gave vent to his amiable feelings by belaboring the two soldiers with his fists, although it was his own impatience which had caused the accident. The soldiers relieved their minds by passing on the blows they had received to the ging on the horses.

The next day they arrived at the forttress of Kiow. Pietrowski had to be carried in in the arms of several soldiers, and, after a preliminary examination, was taken to a cell, where, although in great pain from his manacles, he slept, such was his exhausted condition, for twenty-five hours. After this, he was visited in his cell by a general officer, who, by his being short of one arm, he knew to be Prince Bibikov, the Governor-General of Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. Prince examined him in French, intimating that all his antecedents were known, and endeavoring to obtain from him the names of those with whom he had been intimate. In the course of the conversation, the Prince expressed his wonder that the Russians and the Poles should hate each other, seeing that they were all Sclaves. Having a common origin, and being alike in language and manner, he thought they ought to be united in sentiment. Pietrowski disowned any ill-will to the Russians, but said the Poles aspired to be free. The Prince had probably spoken in this way in order to induce Pietrowski to give information which the police might turn to account. However, the Prince sent a farrier to relieve the prisoner of his chains. This done, bruised as his ankles were, he paced his cell the whole of the day, in exquisite enjoyment of his bodily freedom.

After some weeks passed in this cell, Pietrowski was suddenly aroused in the night, and conducted before a Commission of Inquiry, the President of which was a member of the Imperial Cabinet and a Privy Councillor—even this distinguished functionary belonging also to the secret police. A few days after, the President offered him the use of books from his library, to relieve the tedium of his confinement, and Pietrowski asked for a Bible. This seemed to strike the President as a very strange book to ask for; indeed, he did not happen to possess a copy; but he obtained and forwarded one as soon as he could. After receiving this book, Pietrowski says: "I no longer felt that I was alone."

Pietrowski feels it needful almost to apologize for recording kind treatment as having been received from men whose names are associated in the history of so many Polish families with unutterable sor- I these must be less than that of a third

tion in the infliction of an unmerciful flog- rows. Such, however, was his own experience of them; though, even during his imprisonment at Kiow, he had sufficient evidence of the brutal character of the Russian system. For instance, on one occasion, one of the sentinels was observed speaking to him as he took his exercise in the corridor, and the poor wretch was forthwith led off to receive sixty blows with rods. •

One peculiar source of suffering to the prisoner here was the constant watch kept on him through the door. Such was the torture occasioned him by the sentry's relentless gaze that he used to long for night to come to shroud him from it. One day, whilst irritated by the pitiless stare, his cell was entered by an aide-decamp, who ordered him to strip. This was for the purpose of a minute examination, which he afterward learned was the invariable preliminary to the deportation of exiles to Siberia. Some days after this he was again taken before the Commission of Inquiry, when he heard a "sentence, long and minutely drawn up, ending with the 'pain of death,' commuted by Prince. Bibikov for that of penal servitude in Siberia for the term of his natural life." The sentence condemned him to take the journey to Siberia in fetters, and declared him to be henceforth deprived of all the privileges otherwise attaching to his noble birth. He had to sign the sentence in the following terms: "Rufin Pietrowski heard this sentence on the twenty-ninth of July, O.S., 1844." He was then at once, without returning to his cell, marched off to have put on his former travelingclothes, and "the same rusty bars" which had inflicted such suffering upon him in his journey hither. Being delivered into the charge of two gendarmes, he found a kibitka waiting for him. "The doors of the fortress closed behind the kibitka, and before me opened the way to Siberia."

This method of traveling, instead of being chained with a gang to endure the journey on foot, was permitted to Pietrowski as the only privilege accorded to him on the score of his aristocratic birth. He says that the principle upon which this was done is one which his "own convictions disallowed," but that it saved him from such sufferings as made his own seem trivial. He gives hideous descriptions of the knout and pletc, though he thinks that the actual suffering caused by

method of torture, called "running the gauntlet."* This last was the punishment inflicted upon the Abbé Sierocinski, when he and a thousand of his fellowconspirators were condemned for having planned a rising in Siberia in 1837. The Abbé and five others were sentenced to "receive seven thousand lashes, without mercy." Each man was stripped, and then had his hands tied to the end of a soldier's musket, the point of the bayonet being close to his breast, so that he could He was then led slowly not shrink. down through a battalion of soldiers, drawn up in two ranks, with plenty of room allowed for each man to deliver a blow with his full strength, without impediment. The Abbé was reserved to the last. All the others have perished, long before their full number of lashes had been received. He set off, chanting, with the spirit of a martyr, the "Miserere mei, Deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam," etc. When he had once passed through the ranks, receiving one thousand blows, he sank bleeding upon the snow. He was then placed upon a tumbril, to be dragged through the ranks a second time, after which his groans were still audible. Before he had received the fourth thou sand lashes he expired, but the "without mercy" of the sentence compelled the completion of the full tale of the seven thousand on his mangled corpse.

Criminals, and political prisoners as well, are most of them taken to Siberia on foot, in gangs, and their sufferings on the journey are frightful. They are all fettered together with chains and long rods, which are not removed, even for eating and sleeping, during the whole three years which the journey usually occupies. The officer in charge has unlimited power, and can inflict any punishment he thinks fit. Every week, one gang enters Tobolsk as another leaves. Pietrowski estimates the annual number thus transported as little short of ten thousand.

Pietrowski met with frequent instances of touching kindness from the country people on his journey, both money and refreshments being offered to him. The former he declined or gave to his guards. The kibitka in which he traveled was driven rapidly night and day, so as to confuse all his impressions of the route. In

twenty days he found himself in the center of Western Siberia.

Late in the night of August 20th, 1844, they stopped before a fortress. "Who goes there?" called the sentinel; the postilion replied, "An unhappy one." They were then admitted into the Castle of Omsk. Here he met with a young officer under arrest, who excited his attention by unrolling before him a map of Siberia. This he studied with such avidity that the young man read his thoughts, and at once earnestly dissuaded him from any thought of attempting to escape, adding that death by suicide would probably be the least miserable termination of any such design.

The next day Pietrowski was brought before Prince Gortchakov, with whom rested the decision as to which circle of the Siberian inferno he should be sent to. He decided to send him to Ekaterinski-Zabod, where are situated the Government distilleries established by the Empress Catherine. On his arrival at this place, he was recognized by two fellowcountrymen, who were condemned to exile for life and were employed as clerks. These men seized an opportunity to embrace their compatriot, and urged him to patient submission as the only means by which his lot could be alleviated, or immunity from corporal punishment secured. By the influence of these friends his feet were released from the chains which had hitherto been kept upon them. He was soon summoned by the overseer of convicts—a felon of distinction, as was evidenced by the brand vor (thief) stamped on his cheek and forehead. Pietrowski's self-respect was painfully shocked at this evidence of his forlorn condition. my God!" he writes, "Thou alone didst hear the cry of my soul when for the first time I was ordered about by an abject being like this." A shovel and broom were placed in his hand, and he was set to labor in company with a murderer.

On his return to his quarters in the evening, he was joined by his two countrymen, who, under an escort, were allowed to visit him. They again adjured him to hide all signs of temper, as the only chance for an improvement in his lot. Such was his first day, and so followed many more, during which he was literally a hewer of wood and drawer of water, in the bitter cold of a Siberian winter. He carefully avoided any dispute with his overseers; but from a motive really the

^{*} Skeois-stroi, literally "through the ranks."

reverse of that implied by his passive exterior—"for I had made a vow that I would not submit to corporal punishment, and that I would resist it, whether at the price of my own life or at that of others."

The convicts employed in the distillery in which Pietrowski worked received a minimum salary of three francs per month, and ninety pounds of corn, which could be bartered in the village for other food. Pietrowski, within a year was advanced to a clerkship, which improved his resources to the extent of ten francs per month. He then had leave to live out of the barracks, and lodged with his two countrymen in a sort of shanty, built by the aid of the scanty savings of his friend Siésieki. In the office, Pietrowski greedily conversed with the merchants who came thither, many of them from a great distance; and by this means he gained the most complete knowledge of the country, in preparation for his flight, which he had intended from the first. He became intimate with the manager of the distillery, a young Russian, whose political views he gives as illustrative of those held by the great majority of the nation. This officer had unqualified faith in the good intentions of the Czar, and attributed all national evils to the intervention of the nobility, who, as he believed, intercept the effects of the Emperor's benignant sway. In the neighborhood lived several Poles, who were simply "deported," and not under convict discipline. These, on holidays, by special permission, were allowed to visit the distillery, and thus had opportunities of showing sympathy to their compatriots. Another opportunity of exceeding enjoyment was afforded by the annual visit of a Polish priest, one of four who undertake to traverse the vast region of Siberia, to minister to the soldiers and convicts who profess the faith of the Romish Church.

There are, of course, very great difference of condition among Siberian exiles. The vague terms "deportation" and "penal labor" convey little idea of the degrees of suffering and degradation included within the compass of Russian transportation. Although Pietrowski was himself subjected to nothing worse than we have described above, he gathered many particulars concerning those who were less fortunate than he was. There are the mines of Nertchinsk, where, laboring with heavily fettered feet, the wretched convict | resolved not to ask for "help, protection,

only desires that some accident shall put an end to his existence. At Orenbourg, the exiles, amongst whom are many political prisoners, work in disciplined gangs, and the "rod and bastinado are their daily bread." There is yet a lower deep within this abyss of misery, and that is the fortress of Akatonia, to which the worst criminals, and any convicts who endeavor to escape, are condemned. Of this place Pietrowski can give no description, for no one ever returns from it. "Throughout Siberia, the very name is pronounced with an indescribable terror."

Although the miseries of Pictrowski's lot were now somewhat mitigated, yet the resolve to escape which he had formed at the moment of signing his sentence was still unshaken. This resolution was quickened into action by a decree of the Emperor Nicholas, passed late in the year 1845, the intention of which was to render the penal discipline more severe. One of its provisions forbade the residence of exiles in the villages, and thus required Pietrowski to go back to the barracks, to live once more amongst the vilest malefactors. This he could not endure. had already made two attempts to escape by the river Irticher in a boat, but these had failed; happily, however, without being discovered. He now studiously considered all the routes that could be attempted, including even those through Kamschatka, and through Bokhara to British India. He decided on the shortest—that over the Oural chain to Archangle, on the coast of the White Sea. his ingenuity was called into requisition to provide for his outfit. He intended to assume the dress and style of "a man of Siberia," one of the chief portions of which was a skeepskin wig with the curls inside. His great difficulty was a passport; this, however, by the assistance of a coiner of false money, he was able to fabricate, including even the seal of his Imperial Majesty.

Pietrowski was fully conscious of the fearful perils of his enterprise, but there was one resolve he had taken, which contributed to brace his spirit with requisito firmness. This was that he would not speak of his design to a single person. Frequently and bitter had been his reflections on the sad fate of some of his friends at Kaminiec; so, now, his object being solely his own personal escape, he nobly or advice," until he should be clear of the Czar's dominions. He says: "God vouch-safed to me the strength to persevere in this resolution to the end. It seemed to me to be the only honest and justifiable course; and it has, perhaps, been on account of this vow, made from the very starting-point, that he extended over me his protecting arm."

On the 8th of February, 1846, he set out from Ekaterinski-Zavod. His Siberian dress must have been an effectual disguise,

as it nearly doubled his bulk:

"I had on three shirts, the colored one being after the Russian fashin, pulled over the trousers. I had a waistcoat and trousers of thick cloth, and over all a little burnous of sheepskin, well tallowed, which hung down to my knees, while great boots, with tops strongly tanned, completed my costume. A girdle of red, white, and black worsted was tied round my waist, and over my wig I had one of those red velvet caps which, edged with fur, are worn on holiday times by Siberian peasants of any affluence, and by commercial travelers."

He was, besides, wrapped in a wide pelisse, tied with a red cloth round his throat. Having crossed, by moonlight, the frozen Irtiche, he pushed forward until overtaken by a peasant with a sledge. In this he got a lift, but they became lost in a snow-storm in the forest, and the agony of fear which the fugitive endured may be supposed. At daybreak they found the road again, and set off at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. At the next village, Pietrowski took post-horses, in the character of a clerk to a merchant who had gone to the fair at Terbite. As he was about paying for these horses, he had several of his paper roubles stolen, and, worse even than this, his precious passport, which had been fabricated with such care. For a moment he was almost in despair, but the very impossibility of return again urged him forward. As he went on, the sense of peril was well nigh effaced in the excitement of the picturesque crowd of peasants, sledges, and horses which thronged the route to Ter-

Pietrowski found himself, on the third day after his flight began, two hundred and forty miles from Ekaterinski-Zavod, with the prospect before him of having to perform the rest of his journey on foot, and perhaps to stop from time to time to labor for his daily bread. Moreover, the winter of 1846 was an unusually severe

one, and he often found it difficult, after leaving Terbite, to keep to the tracks along the snow-covered road. His frozen bread he ate as he walked along, or while resting in some hiding-place in the forest. His heavy dress impeded his walking, and at night he was weary enough to enjoy even an "Ostiak" couch. This was formed by scooping out the snow round the trunk of a tree, and burying himself in the hole. The first time he tried this he made the mistake of wrapping himself in his pelisse, with the fur next his body, the consequence of which was that so much heat was generated as to melt the snow at his feet, and expose them to the cold wind, whereby they were nearly frozen. Sometimes he suffered dreadfully from the icy wind drifting the snow till he became bewildered and lost the track, whence he was often in danger of perishing by cold and hunger. On one occasion he sought refuge in a cottage, at the door of which a young woman asked him from whence he came, and "whether the Lord God was leading" him. He represented himself as an artisan on his way to the Government iron-works; but the possession of four shirts was deemed inconsistent with such a status, and brought on him suspicions, from which it required all his tact to escape. This incident convinced him that he must shun human habitations for nightly shelter, and content himself with a lodging in the forest. When he failed to find the necessary facilities for making an Ostiak bed, he used to lie down on the snow, and let the swiftly-falling flakes hide him from the cold. This wretched life made him "feel that, not very far from my side, there lay in wait for me those two hideous spectres-Cold and Ominous attacks of sudden Famine." sleepiness sometimes required the exercise of all his strength to struggle against them. After spending many weeks without once resting in a human habitation, he was hailed, on one occasion, as he passed a solitary hut, and freely offered a night's lodging. The inmates of the hut were serfs, obliged to work in the government factories. Yet, though their lot was hard and miserable, they firmly refused to take the money which Pietrowski pressed upon them. Shortly after this incident his bread became exhausted, and he endured the pangs of the fiercest hunger. Being utterly exhausted, he yielded at last to the drowsiness that oppressed him, and in a

few minutes would have slept the sleep of death, had he not been aroused by a trapper, who found him prostrate on the snow at the foot of a tree Some brandy which the trapper gave him made him start with pain, but some bread and fish that were also given him he "devoured with a sort of frenzy." On being led into the sight of an *izbouchka*, or small inn, such was his uncontrollable desire for refreshment that he should have rushed into it had he known that the gendarmes were there to arrest him. He fainted on entering the house, and, after some refreshment, slept for twenty-four hours. The landlord's sympathy was excited towards him, and especially so when Pictrowski told him that he was on a pilgrimage to the Holy Isle in the White Sea. He reached Véliki-Oustiong in the early part of April, having led, during two months, a life of unmitigated hardship and misery.

At this stage in his journey, Pietrowski assumed a third change of character that of a pilgrim, a bohomolets—literally, a "worshiper of God." There are four shrines in the Russian empire to which pilgrimages are made, namely, Kiow, Moscow, Véliki-Novgorod, and Solovetsk, in the White Sea. Towards this last Pietrowski now set his face, if not with as much devotion, with at least as much fidelity and determination as any amongst the heterogeneous crowd to whom he joined himself for safety, and in all whose noisy performances and ludicrous gesticutions he was compelled to take part. He had the privilege of kissing the hands of the popes, or priests, but dreaded being asked for the creed, of which he was utterly ignorant. To avoid such a requisition, he practiced his poklony with zealous energy. This great attainment of Russian orthodoxy consists in touching the ground with the forehead, without bending the knees, a hundred times.

After a month spent in these "interminable devotions," he bargained, as did some other of the pilgrims, to work his passage in a barge down the Dvina to Archangel. This was on the 10th of May, 1846. As an instance of Russian superstition, he mentions that every morning, after all the prayers were said and the poklony gone through, every person on board threw a small copper coin into the river, to pro-

pitiate it.

Pietrowski had spent a fortnight on the Dvina, when, early one summer's morn-

ing, the gladdening sight of Archangel drew a shout of delight from the whole company on board, and from no one more joyous than from our poor fugitive. But his physical devotions were not yet at an end. He had to endure the inodorous abomination of the Sclovetski dvorets, a sort of caravanserai where pilgrims of all ages and sexes were crowded together awaiting their passage to the Holy Isle. Pietrowski did not go himself to the Holy Isle, but he gives a very interesting account of it, gathered from the other pilgrims. He mentions, among other things, certain mysterious tales relative to an Imperial prison which stands beside the convent there. No one knows who are its inmates, but it is whispered that, some years ago, there was seen there an old man with white hair, whose eyes were blind with weeping, and that this prisoner was no less a personage than the Grand Duke Constantine, the brother of the Emperor Nicholas.

Archangel, which had so long been the cynosure of Pietrowski's weary and perilous journey, now became to him the sickening scene of disappointment. The sleepless vigilance of the Russian military police baffled all his endeavors to obtain communication with any of the ships in the harbor. On every deck a sentinel walked night and day. So he was compelled again to choose another route, and to continue his journey on foot. On one side lay the choice of the Swedish frontier, to reach which he must again have encountered hardship and exposure; on the other, that of the coast of the Baltic towards Russia, which would expose him most to danger of detection. His decision was guided by a natural desire to shun those sufferings to which his late dreadful journey had exposed him, and to encounter rather those from which he had been so fortunate hitherto as to escape.

Pietrowski therefore bent his steps westward, toward Oniga, still on the shores of the White Sca. The level rays of the midnight sun, and the stillness by which alone the night was distinguished from the day, caused him to feel as if he wandered in a dream. This summer stillness was on one occasion suddenly broken by a violent tempest, when the sea became covered with foam, and a "spectacle at once mournful and admirably grand" was presented to his view, which made him recognize the fitness of the name of "White Sea." He was now traveling through a lonely and barren region, the inhabitants of which showed him kindly hospitality. Some of these poor people belonged to the sect of staroviertsi, or "old believers." These people think the Czar and all the ecclesiastics of Russia to be under a perilous delusion; and Pietrowski's orthodox manner of making the sign of the cross betrayed his error to these poor nonconformists. One venerable man of the sect, finding Pietrowski not indisposed to sympathize with the persecuted faith, took him into his confidence. Having carefully closed the door of his hut and "exacted an oath of secrecy," he mysteriously drew forth a copper casting, of rough Byzantine workmanship, which "represented our Lord as giving the benediction with the two forefingers of the right hand extended," and on this appears to rest the creed upon which these simple people base their hatred against the national form of faith.

Pietrowski's 'next experience in his character of bohomolets was that of bargaining to work his passage on board a river-boat from Vytiegra to St. Petersburg. Thus, to his own astonishment, he found himself running under the very shadow of the Imperial authority. His fellow-passengers were many of them countrywomen, going to St. Petersburg as domestic servants. These women exhibited a good deal of levity, to which our bohomolets opposed advice befitting his calling; while he also protected from the younger women an old peasant woman, who was going to visit a daughter established as a laundress in the great city. This was a fortunate occurrence for Pietrowski, as it was the means of his obtaining a lodging at the house of the laundress on arriving at the capital, which he reached on July 9th, 1846, a day distinguished in St. Petersburg by rejoicings in honor of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor, to the Prince of Wurtemberg. Our bohomolets wandered about the docks the next day, and eagerly read the placards on the walls and on the vessels. Amongst these he found an announcement on a steamboat of its proposed departure on the following morning for Riga. He had to conceal the transport, which the very thought of this excited within him, and set cunningly to work to obtain a passage without the necessity of presenting himself before the

police to obtain a passport. He succeeded, and reached Oniga in safety. On leaving Riga, before passing through Courland and Samogitia, where the Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths prevail, he had to alter his saintly disguise to that of a stchetinnik, a class of Russian peasants who buy up hogs' bristles for the merchants of Riga. He had still with him the summer suit and changes of linen which he had brought from Siberia, and these he now put on. In the Polish province of Samogitia he had to submit to abusive remarks on himself as a Muscovite dog. But he manfully bore all, and now prepared himself for the final perilous rush which he had determined to make across the frontiers into Prussia. joining a Russian soldier, whom he saw bathing, and getting into conversation with him, he found that it would be safer for him to risk crossing the three boundary ditches in the daytime instead of waiting for night. That very day, therefore, armed with his poignard, and prepared for the worst, he crept through the corn to the edge of the first ditch. Then, watching for the sentries to turn their backs, he dashed through the brushwood which lined the ridges, and jumped the first ditch. As he jumped the second ditch, he was perceived, and the balls from the muskets of the sentries whizzed past him. Breathless and bewildered with terror, he rushed through the thick ditch, and then scrambled into a small wood within the Prussian territory. There he lay for many hours. On recovering his confidence, he set to work at once to alter his disguise. His orthodox beard had to be cut off, so he shaved himself, with painful difficulty, lying on his side, with a razor which he had bought at a Jew's stall at Polonga.

Now he became a French cotton-spinner, returning from Russia. He passed through Memel, Tilsit, and Königsberg, and on July 27th, at the latter place, he saw a vessel bound for Elbing, and promised himself that next day he would go on board, and leave all danger behind him. This fancied security, together with the weariness caused by many days of hard walking, brought him into trouble, which was nearly fatal. He fell asleep as he sat on a heap of stones near the town, and was roused up in the dark by being rudely shaken by a night-constable. Although utterly confused, he felt for his

dagger; but, as he says, "I luckily could not find it." The feeling which came over him on thus finding that he was actually under arrest was one of overwhelming shame and chagrin, rather than of terror. To have escaped from a convicts' barrack, and endured the incredible sufferings of his Siberian journey; to have escaped the very fire of the Russian sentries; and, after all this, to fall into the hands of a Prussian watchman, was almost too humiliating to be borne. Pietrowski demanded to be sent to France, and gave addresses in accordance with his assumed character. During the month that elapsed whilst the police made inquiries, the darkness of the early days of his exile again fell upon him. Of course, the addresses proved to be false, and he was at once regarded as a malefactor. This seems to have wounded his self-respect deeply, and, weary of simulation, he begged for a private interview with one of the higher officials, and a sworn French interpreter. To these gentlemen he divulged his true character, and gave some account of the extraordinary adventures through which he had passed. When they had recovered from the astonishment which his narrative produced, they exclaimed: "But, miserable man! we must give you up; the convention is decisive! Oh, my God! why did you come here?" Pietrowski replied that he had wished by his evasions to save them trouble. The interpreter, M. Fleury, then advised him to write to Count Eulenberg, whom he described as a frank and generous man. The result of Pietrowski's application was a polite reply from the Count, which, however, only vaguely bade him to be patient. Meanwhile, the news had spread in the town, and some anti-Russian sympathy became excited. In consequence of this feeling, he was waited on in prison by a merchant, who offered to become bail for him.

On September 1st, Pietrowski was sum-

moned before the police again, and told that he was free, and M. Kamke, the merchant, took him home "in triumph," and bestowed on him domestic cares which he speaks of with deep gratitude. But peril still hovered over his path. From Berlin counter orders had come, saying that he must be given up; but the officials intimated that there was still time for him to escape, and they added that they "hoped God would protect his steps." His kind friends in Königsberg furnished him with letters to different persons in the German towns he had to pass through, and he mentions with gratitude the help afforded him at Leipsig by Robert Blum, the printer, who was afterward shot at Vienna by Prince Windischgratz. He adds: "Thanks to Help which never failed me, I speedily traversed the whole of Germany, and on September 22d, 1846, I found myself again in Paris, in the city I had left four years before."

Scarcely more than a year passed before the revolution of 1848 summoned him once more to the scene of danger, to be again met by the disappointment of his

patriotic hopes.

It is only due to mention that the last words of Pietrowski's narrative express the deepest sympathy for those friends who were torn from Kaminiec at the same time as himself; but he is unable to give any particulars as to their fate. "Some have already succumbed under their sorrows; others still groan in Siberia—in the Caucasus—or in the penal companies at Ourenbourg. May God have mercy on the living and on the dead!"

We have given, we fear, but a faint idea of the exceeding interest of this book, and our limits will not suffer us to dwell at all upon the supplementary chapters; we therefore exhort all who can obtain access to it to read the work themselves.

W. M. Wood.

From the North British Review.

DOMESTIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.*

From the extension of commerce, the operation of free trade, and the millions of bushels of grain which are annually poured into our ports from all the corn-growing countries of the world, we are now happily safe from those terrible famines which afflicted our forefathers. These dearths came periodically, with something approaching to regularity in their intervals, and were almost invariably followed by a pestilence. The following notices, scattered over the two first volumes of the Annals, will show their periodicity. In 1563 there was a dearth, and the wheat rose to six pounds, and the oats to two pounds ten shillings per boll. In 1568 there was again a dearth, followed by a pestilence which, in Edinburgh alone, cut off twenty-five hundred people, probably a tenth of the whole population. The year 1574 was wet and cold, and consequently there was dearth and pestilence. In 1577 there is said to have been the severest famine within the remembrance of any one then living. Meal rose to six shillings the peck, ale to ten pence the pint. It was attended by a "great sickness." In 1586 there was dearth again, and "great death of people from hunger." In October and November, 1595, wheat and malt rose to ten pounds the boll, and in the following spring prices rose higher still. In 1598 the wheat was blasted, the oatmeal rose to six shillings the peck, and there was "ane great deid amang the people." In 1600 there was both famine and plague. In 1612 there was a severe drought, the harvest was miserably bad, and wheat rose to ten pounds the boll. In 1616, in 1622, and in 1623, there were famine and famine prices. Owing to very tempestuous weather in 1633, the corn in Orkney and Caithness had not filled in the ear; a boll of oats, in some cases, not giving a peck of meal. In the following spring a third of the land lay fallow for want of seed to sow it with; and as the summer

approached, the scarcity ripened into a desolating famine. "Multitudes die in the open fields, and there is none to bury them," said the Bishops in a supplication to the Privy Council, "but where the minister goeth forth with his man to bury them where they are found. The ground yields them no corn, and the sea affords no fishes to them, as it was wont to do. The picture of death is seen in the faces of many. Some devour the sea-ware, some eat dogs, some steal fowls. Of nine in a family, seven at once died, the husband and wife expiring at one time. Many were reduced to that extremity that they were forced to steal, and thereafter are executed, and some have desperately run into the sea and drowned themselves." A truly pitiable picture! In 1635 there were dearth and disease. In 1639 there were frosts and snows in seed-time, and bad weather in harvest-time, and consequently a scanty crop. The years 1642 and 1643 were stormy and ungenial, and consequently meal and malt rose to nine pounds and ten pounds the boll. The pest came in 1644. In 1649 there was a cold dry spring, and the dearth was so great that wheat rose to seventeen pounds the boll, and oats to twelve pounds. In 1650 and 1651 the famine increased rather than abated. In 1655 there was continuous frost from February till the middle of April, and long continued rains in harvest, and consequently a dearth. Thus, within a century, we have notices of twenty famines, being one every five years.

The prices given above are in Scotch money, which is only one-twelfth of the value of sterling money; but at the time of the Reformation, and for a considerable period afterward, Scotch money had as great a purchasing power as sterling money has now. In other words, the one pound Scotch then was of as great value as the one pound sterling is now. We learn from the Books of Assignations and Assumptions, that the average price of grain at that period was about twenty

merks per chalder, or sixteen shillings and eight pence per boll, Scots money. How fearful to the poor must have been the change when it rose to fifty, sixty, and even eighty shillings! when we know that in our own day a rise from twenty shillings to thirty shillings inflicts terrible privations upon the working classes. The value of money gradually fell, as is evident from the famine prices gradually increasing; but we know that, while oats were sold in 1649 at twelve pounds the boll, and wheat at seventeen pounds, and in 1650 still dearer, in 1653 and 1654 the same grains were sold at four pounds and three pounds four shillings respectively, equal to six shillings and eight pence and five shillings and four pence of sterling money. The price, therefore, had quadrupled under the pressure of scarcity. It is amusing, and yet instructive, to read the complaints of the Privy Council, in these periods of scarcity, against dealers hoarding up the grain, and their imperative orders to all to have their crops immediately thrashed and sold at certain regulated prices. Had it been possible to have carried out these orders, the famine might have been mitigated for a time, but it would be only to return with tenfold violence. The exportation of grain was punished by the censures of the Church, as well as by fines and imprisonment on the part of the magistrate. In short, free trade was unknown, and sumptuary laws vainly struggled against the operation of the great law of supply and demand.

Some of the notices which we have regarding the ancient scarcity of beef in Scotland are very curious. Thus, when James was about to revisit—" from a salmon-like instinct "—his native country in 1616, proclamation was made that "beasts should be fed in every place, that there might be abundance of flesh when the King came to the country;" and some of the burghs which the monarch was to visit appear to have had great difficulty in making suitable preparation, and getting a few nolt fattened for the occasion. The magistrates represented that there was no butcher in their town, and that the fodder which they had carefully collected might be consumed before the beef had become prime; and they knew the King was fond of eating and drinking of the best since he had gone to the bountiful South. Before we laugh at the difficulty of providing a stalled ox, fit even for a king, we logarithms appears to have had not only

must remember that in those days turnip husbandry was unknown, and that the farmer slew his "mart" at Martinmas, after it came from the summer's grass, and left the rest of his cattle to struggle through the winter as they best could. Those which survived were scarcely fit for food in spring, and accordingly Acts of Parliament forbade the slaughter of cattle during Lent, when they had reached their utmost leanness; policy thus perpetuating an abstinence from flesh which had begun in superstition. Knox, on one occasion, complains that Queen Mary had indulged in so much banqueting as to have caused a scarcity of wild fowls; but we must attribute this to the spleen of the Reformer, who could never bring himself to love his Roman Catholic Queen.

It is pleasant, amid the bigotry and barbarism of the seventeenth century, to light upon a name illustrious for science. In 1614, Napier, of Merchiston, published his work on Logarithms—the first great contribution to the science of numbers furnished by Scotland, if we except the somewhat fabulous achievements of Joannes Sacrobosco. It instantly attracted the attention of Henry Briggs, lecturer on mathematics at Oxford, and perhaps the best English mathematician of his day, who published an English translation of it, and visited Napier at Merchiston in the following year. The principles unfolded by the baron of Merchiston are universally allowed to have paved the way to many of our greatest astronomical discoveries, and to some of the marvelous feats performed by figures. But Napier, though a pioneer of science, was not exempt from the superstitions of his time. On one occasion we find him entering into a contract with Logan, of Restalrig, to make search in his tower of Fast Castle for a pot of money which was said to be there hid. He was by "all craft and ingyne" to endeavor to find the hoard, by which is probably meant that he was to use the divining rod, the magic numbers, and other methods in vogue with the magi of the time, which, as Mr. Chambers well observes "throws a curious light on the state of philosophy even in the minds of the ab'est philosophers of that age, the time when Tycho kept an idiot on account of his gift of prophecy, and Kepler perplexed himself with the "Harmonius Mundi."—Vol. i., p. 257. The inventor of

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the genius, but the fire and spirit, which has distinguished so many of his illustrious successors. It is strongly suspected he did not find the gold, and accordingly quarreled with Logan; and he carried the quarrel so high, that in letting a piece of ground shortly afterwards, he made it a condition that it should not be sublet to any one who bore the odious name. few years afterwards we find him engaged in a hot dispute with the Napiers of Edinbellie about the tiends of Merchiston, and threatening to assemble his armed vassals, so that the Privy Council had to interfere, and soothe the irate baron. Long before his invention of logarithms, he had shown his bellicose genius by the invention of different means of destroying an enemy. "One was a mirror like that of Archimedes, which should collect the beams of the sun, and reflect them concentredly in one mathematical point for the purpose of burning the enemy's ships. Another was a similar mirror to reflect artificial fire. third was a kind of shot for artillery, not to pass lineally through an enemy's host, destroying only those that stand in its way, but which should 'range abroad within the whole appointed place, and not departing furth of the same till it had executed its whole strength, by destroying those that be within the bounds of the said place.' The fourth and last was a closed and fortified carriage to bring harquebussiers into the midst of an enemy." —(Vol. i., p. 272.) The third invention, it was calculated, could destroy 20,000 Turks without the hazard of a single ceed to trace the first beginnings of our doubly interesting to a generation which er progress been made than in the means has made such progress in the discovery of locomotion. In the sixteenth century, of formidable weapons of war, though it Scotland had no roads fit for wheeled carhas not yet found any gun that will shoot riages. The roads which stretched bein the manner described by the laird of tween the great towns were in some parts Merchiston. He thought it right to let no better than quagmires, and in others so his contrivances die with him, as "for the rough that neither vehicle nor passenger ruin and overthrow of man there were too could have survived the jolting of a jourmany devices already framed;" but he ney over them. Even in 1630, we find left behind him a race of heroes more the first four miles of the great road from destructive than any of them to the ene- Edinburgh to London—which should be mies of his country.

The following notices are curiously illustrative of the state of medical science exactly two hundred years ago (1662) and of the ingenious methods resorted to, to make physic palatable to the people:

"Jon Ponthus, a German, styling himself professor of physic, was in Scotland for the third time, having previously paid professional to on the obelisk at Fort William, which

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visits in 1633 and 1643. His proceedings afford a lively illustration of the state of medical science in our island, and of the views of the public mind regarding what is necessary to a good physician. Erecting a stage on the High Street of Edinburgh, he had one person to play the fool, and another to dance on a rope, in order to attract and amuse his audience. Then he commenced selling his drugs, which cost eighteen pence per packet, and Nicoll allows that they 'proved very good and real.' Upon a great rope, fixed from side to side of the street, a man 'descended upon his breast, his hands loose and stretched out like the wings of a fowl, to the admiration of many.' Most curious of all, the 'chirurgeons of the country, and also the apothecaries, finding their drugs and recipes good and cheap, came to Edinburgh from all parts of the kingdom and bought them,' for the purpose of selling them again at a profit. 'Their plays and dancings upon the rope continued the space of many days, whose agility and nimbleness was admirable to the beholders, ane of these dancers having danced seven score times at a time without intermission, lifting himself and vaulting six quarter heigh above his ain head, and lighting directly upon the tow, as punctually as gif he had been dancing upon the plain stanes.'—Nicoll. The quack subsequently exhibited in like manner at Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Cupar, and St. Andrews." —(Vol. ii., pp. 295–6.)

We have notices of other German and Italian physicians visiting Scotland about the same period, and attracting the crowd by similar feats of dexterity. Happily rope-dancing and physicking are separated in our day.

But we now gladly turn our back upon these vestiges of past barbarism, and pro-These speculations will appear present civilization. In nothing has greatgood, if any in the country was so—described as being in so wretched a state, that travelers were in danger of their lives from their coach overturning, their horses falling, or their carts breaking down. In truth, all the roads in Scotland at this period, and for a century afterwards, must have been like those referred

records the road-making triumphs of General Wade:

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,

You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

Besides these highways, there were many bridle-paths intersecting the country, affording guidance at least to pack-horses he must get into the saddle, or trust to the strength of his limbs. We have cases, upon horseback with extraordinary ra-The moment Queen Elizabeth Thursday, the 24th of March, 1603, a young courtier sprang into his saddle, and on Saturday night he was in Holyrood House, kneeling before James, and saluting him as King of England, France, and Ireland—probably the most rapid journey from London to Edinburgh before the two capitals were joined by a railway.

Coaches came into our country from France with Queen Mary. There was no such vehicle awaiting her arrival at Leith, and she made her entry into her capital; riding on a palfrey. Lord Seaton, who about in them, to the great admiration of of the wind. appear to have succeeded; for sixty-six | found at regular stages; and the post-boys

years afterward, we find a new project on foot, to start a coach with six horses, to convey six passengers between the two cities, twice a week in summer, and once in winter. This undertaking also failed; and it was not till 1758 that a regular conveyance was established between the eastern and western capitals, occupying twelve hours on the road. Thirty years afterward, by means of lighter coaches, better and foot passengers, but not even design- horses, and improved roads, the time was ed for the rudest vehicle. When a per- greatly reduced. In 1799 it was accomson, therefore, wished to make a journey, plished in six hours; and before the railway was opened in 1842, spanking steeds wheeled the citizens along over splendid however, in which journeys were made | roads from city to city in four hours and a half. Up to the time of the Revolution the progress of improvement had been breathed her last, on the morning of very slow; but, after that great event, it went on with an ever increasing pace. traveler to Scotland in 1688 declares that the roads were so bad, that stage-coaches could not pass along them; and that hence even the gentry, both men and women, were compelled to make their journeys on The great lords, he adds, horseback. sometimes traveled in a coach and six; but in that case they had, besides their other attendants, a lusty running footman on each side of the coach, to keep it up at the rough parts of the road. During the following century, effort after effort was accompanied her from France, is said to made to improve the roads and start pubhave introduced the first carriage into lic conveyances; and though the under-Scotland. The Regent Morton had the takings failed at first, they ultimately sucsecond. They were not used in England ceeded; and now we can scamper along earlier; but soon the nobility in both highways as smooth as a bowling-green, countries began to regard them as a ne- or pass from one part of the country to the cessary part of their state, and to drive to ther in our railway trains with the speed

all beholders. So early as 1610, an effort The post is now one of the great instiwas made to establish a public convey- tutions of the country; and it is very inance between Edinburgh and Leith. A | teresting to trace it back to its beginning native of Pomerania undertook to provide | —rising like a little rill among the mounhorses, coaches, and wagons, and a mo- tains, and gradually swelling till it benopoly of the road was secured to him; comes a mighty river, bearing on its bobut the project appears to have failed, and | som the secrets, the sorrows, and the was abandoned. Forty years later, there | wants of the whole community. During was a stage-coach on the road between the sixteenth century and the first half of Edinburgh and London. It went once in the seventeenth, there was no regular systhe three weeks; fresh horses were pro- tem of postage in Scotland. Some of the vided at convenient stages; the journey large towns, however, kept an officer calloccupied seven or eight days, and the fare ed the common-post, who was employed was £4, 10s. In 1667, an enterprising in carrying the messages of the magistrates merchant started a coach between Edin- and burgesses. When a message was to burgh and Glasgow, being encouraged to be sent to a distance, a special messenger do so by a liberal subsidy from both the must needs be employed. On the great municipalities; but the enterprise does not roads, however, post-horses were to be were frequently employed to forward letters. In 1635 a regular letter-post was established for the first time between London and Edinburgh. The letters were carried on horseback once or twice a week, and dropped, as addressed, at the different towns on the way. There is a tradition that, on one occasion, only one letter arrived at the northern metropolis. In 1649 a postal communication was opened up between Edinburgh and Portpatrick, and from thence letters were dispatched to Ireland. About twenty years afterwards a regular postal communication was opened up to Aberdeen and Inverness; and gradually the system was extended, till it embraced all the considerable towns in the country. On some of the main roads the letter-bags were carried on horses; but on the great majority, and even where the distances were long, foot-runners were employed. Disasters were continually occurring. On one occasion the London post was robbed by footpads when within a mile of Edinburgh; on another occasion the post-boy and his bags were lost together in the Tyne; on a third, the carriers, who were to exchange their bags when they met about half-way, made some mistake, and the London letters came back again after being absent for a week. These incidents appear passing strange to this generation, accustomed to the dispatch, the speed, and the perfect regularity with which hundreds of thousands of letters are daily dispersed over the whole kingdom.

The growth of trade in Scotland is almost as curious as that of the post-office. At the epoch of the Reformation, the manufactures were few and rude, and confined to the barest necessaries of life. A miserable commerce, chiefly with the Netherlands, was carried on—the principal exports being hides and wool. Even a century afterward — in 1658 — when Cromwell was dominant in Scotland, the whole custom duties of Leith amounted to only £2335; of Aberdeen to £573; of Glasgow to £554. In 1862 the customs levied at Glasgow alone amounted to nearly a million of money. It was not till after the Revolution, when the religious dissensions of the country were quieted, and additional security given to property, that the mercantile spirit exhibited signs of growing strength. But immediately after this truly memorable event we have symptoms of improvement. Before the out on loan, discounted bills, bought su-

seventeenth century closed we have manufactories for linen and woolen goods, for cutlery, for glass, for sugar, established upon a scale which the country had never previously witnessed. The eighteenth century opened upon the great Darien expedition—the first and most disastrous enterprise of the kind which Scotland has The union with England experienced. worked a great change, cutting off old channels of commerce, but opening up others infinitely better. The Scotchman could no longer have his bottle of Bordeaux and his glass of brandy untaxed, except through the dexterity of the smuggler; but ships left the Clyde laden with the produce of Scottish looms, to return from Barbadoes and Virginia freighted with sugar and tobacco—the first elements in the commercial greatness of Glasgow. The progress of prosperity is clearly marked by the growth of the revenue. Previous to the Union, the customs of Scotland were farmed for £30,000 per annum, and the excise for £35,000; a century later, the excise alone amounted to nearly two millions. Since that period the progress of trade and commerce has been greater still; and now the long lines of noble ships which crowd the wharfs of Leith, Dundee, Greenock, and the Broomielaw, discharging the produce of every quarter of the globe, and the incessant whir of a machinery which supplies millions of the human family with clothing, are a marvelous contrast to the few sloops which two centuries ago traded with Flanders, and the thrifty housewife's spinningwheel, which spun lint according to the needs of the household.

Banks followed in the wake of trade. A few years after the Bank of England had been designed by a Scotchman, the Bank of Scotland was organized by an Englishman. In Edinburgh it flourished from the first; but branch-offices, which it attempted to establish at Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee, and Aberdeen, utterly failed, and in these towns, for a considerable time afterward, the banking business remained in the hands of prosperous shopkeepers. The same individual sold sugar, tobacco, and woolen goods, and dealt in bills of exchange. The merchant in the Grassmarket, who had a reputation among his fellow-citizens of being a man of substance, at his counter in the back shop, took in money at interest, gave it gar-house notes, and otherwise transacted the small banking business of the community, as is the case in many parts of Europe at the present day. In 1727 the Royal Bank came into existence, when as yet England had only one bank, and people predicted nothing but disaster from the rivalry of the two. But their prophecies proved false, and slowly the joint-stock banking system was extended to every

large town in the kingdom.

The immense mass of materials furnished us by Mr. Chambers tempts us to go on; but we must have done. We have purposely refrained from saying any thing regarding the religious history of Scotland, as that, unfortunately, is as much as ever a bone of contention. We can not, however, refrain from remarking that Mr. Chambers has betrayed a worse than want of sympathy with the Presbyterian Church of his country. Every act of intolerance and bigotry of which it has been guilty is carefully chronicled, while there is an almost entire silence regarding the cruel sufferings it has endured, and the heroic virtues it has developed. It is true there is much in the presbytery of the seventeenth century which appears unamiable, harsh, and domineering to the man of the nineteenth century; but it inherited these in a great measure from its Roman mother —it had them in common with the other churches of the period—and its very fanaticism was almost rendered necessary by the persecutions to which it was exposed. Toleration is a growth of very modern date, and let us thankfully acknowledge that we owe it in a large measure to the Independents and Quakers.

A continuous and almost unchecked progress may be traced during the whole two centuries embraced by the Annals. At first it was very slow, for the tyranny of the Crown and the struggles of the people stood in its way; but after the union of the kingdoms it became more rapid and decisive. When the Annals begin, we have the mail-clad baron, dwelling in his keep, leading his band of marauding and murdering vassals to devastate some neighbor's lands, drawing his sword and stabbing his enemy in the streets of the capital, and perhaps in the presence of his king, hanging his gillies according to his own good pleasure; when they end, we see the last great rebellion put down, the chieftains deprived of their heritable ju-

to be felt in every part of the kingdom. When they begin, the people were in profound ignorance, few could read, fewer could write; for the Reformation, notwithstanding the great impulse which it gave to thought, at first destroyed the means of education rather than increased them, and the greed of the barons hindered the noble plan of the Reformers, to attach a school to every church; when they close, we find a school in every parish, and boys already coming from these, the sons of peasants, but destined to make their country respected for intelligence, energy, and enterprise in every quarter of the world. When they begin, there were few manufactures, little commerce, profound poverty; when they end, the seeds were already sown of the gigantic trade and abounding prosperity of the present day.

But though an impetus had been given, the motion was still slow. There has been more progress during the last fifty years than there had been for six centuries before. All the great improvements of social and domestic life are quite modern. The present generation has seen our cities illuminated with gas—our rivers and oceans plowed by steamships—our whole land intersected by railroads. It has beheld the wonders of the telegraph and photography. It has seen the comforts, the conveniences, and the luxuries of life multiplied ten-fold. Is this progress to go on with still increasing speed, or must there be a limit to it? Will some future century, from its higher pinnacle of perfection, wonder at our vaunts of civilization, as we wonder at the boastful way in which the classic Buchanan speaks of the refinement of his age? Or must all modern, like all ancient civilization, have a period of progress, of culmination, and decline?

After all, gas and steam, telegrams and photograms, though they may affect the civilization, do not form the life-blood of a people. A people may be great, good, and happy without them. There were undoubtedly noble-minded men and women before there were railroads; there were wisdom, and worth, and piety, warm hearts and merry firesides, so long as three hundred years ago. It were a pity we should think that all goodness was born with us, and forget those rare virtues which distinguished even a ruder race. risdictions, and the might of the law made | At the same time, the people of Scotland

while foolish boasting on their part may people plays so conspicuous a part.

may justly congratulate themselves that, not be convenient, and only fit to call with the growth of their material prosper- | forth sharp rebukes, they may well feel ity, there has been a corresponding ad- proud of their past history and their prevancement in religion and morals; and sent condition. It is seldom so small a

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER'S TREASURE.

FROM THE DANISH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

"How long will it probably be before he brings the doctor?" asked the stranger, after a considerable silence.

"He will be here soon. There is a man who lives down at Vædersö, to whom we have sometimes been of service, he will lend Ebbe his gig, and if the doctor be at home they may be here be-

fore nightfall."

"I hardly think I shall hold out so long; the wound in my chest burns like a glowing coal, Jorgen, and my breath is failing me. Lord help me! Must I lie down and die now—now that I am just close upon the realization of all my wishes? For eleven long years I have been speculating on coming to this coast. I wanted to set up my rest here. I have plenty of means—plenty of means, and could live like a king; but first came that accursed shipwreck, and then, after I was so fortunate as to reach the land, to be obliged to creep into a dog-hole like this! There is no luck with the money—it is mixed up with blood and injustice!"

"What money?" asked Jorgen, in

amazement.

"What, the devil! why that of which I am speaking, to be sure. But I will do some good with it. Do you need an hospital here, among these sand-hills? If so, I shall have one built, so large that a man-

of-war might tack about in it. I will build a tower, too, with a lighthouse at the top of it, to warn my comrades not to approach too near the coast. And I will go to church every Sunday, and listen to the preacher, who tells us that we are never too old to repent."

"How will you find the means to build these places?" asked Jorgen, simply. "Bricks and timber are so expensive up

hereabouts."

"But do you not hear that I know where a large treasure is buried, that it belongs to me—me alone, and that I have only to dig it up in order to make use of it? I believe I am able to pay for anything I please."

Jorgen shook his head incredulously. "He is delirious, and does not know what he is saying," he thought. "I wish Ebbe would come with the doctor." Then,

turning to the invalid, he said:

"So you have been on this coast be-

fore, mate?"

"Yes, lad, that I have. Eleven years ago I landed down yonder, near Hjerting, pretty much the same way as I did here this morning. I am only afraid I shan't come off so well here as I did there."

The sick man was interrupted by the opening of the cottage door, and the en-

trance of the smith, who said:

"I have come to tell you that Ebbe might have spared himself the journey to the town, for the doctor drove a little while ago into Aabjerg. I went up there, and he has promised to call here as soon as he leaves the Krigsraad's."

"Coming at last!" exclaimed the sufferer. "Then I shall soon be well again. Tell him, from me, that he will be the cause of a great calamity if he does not come soon."

"That I will," replied the smith, shrugging his shoulders, and glancing toward Jorgen. "Do me a favor, Jorgen, my boy. Just put my pills out of sight, and say nothing about my having been here."

Shortly after a carriage was heard making its way through the sandy road, and the physician entered the hut. He only needed a quick glance at his patient to perceive how hopeless was his condition.

"Poor man!" he exclaimed, as he prepared to bleed him, "you have been sadly

hurt."

"Oh! not so badly, after all," replied the mate. "Last year, about this time, the whole of the upper part of my arm was torn to pieces by the chain of the anchor—that was worse. You will be able to cure me. It is very strange that I feel such difficulty in speaking; my voice seems to be so husky, too! How long do you think it will be till I get on my legs again?"

"Why, it is hardly possible to name a

time."

"The doctors here are good for nothing. In England they charge higher, but they know their business better."

"Have you taken anything since you

came ashore?"

"Nothing whatsoever. I have only wet my lips with three or four small glasses of grog; but it is very odd, I don't feel the inclination for any more."

After the doctor had done all that he possibly could to alleviate the sufferings of the poor stranger, he was turning to go, but the sick man grasped his hand, endeavored to raise himself in his bed, and ex-

claimed with impetuosity:

"You won't leave me, doctor? Are you angry at what I said about physicians? Pray think nothing of that; it is a habit I have got of amusing myself by teazing people. You must stay with me to night—all night. Do you hear, sir? You need not be afraid that you will be giving your time for nothing."

"I have not asked, and I do not expect any fee," said the doctor; "but I have

other patients who require my help as well as you. I shall see you again early to-morrow morning. God be with you till we meet again, mate!"

He left the room, and Jorgen followed

him out.

"And will you really be so kind as to return early to-morrow morning, Herr Doctor?"

"Yes, my friend, I shall most certainly come; but, to say the truth, I fear that my visit will be of no use, for to-morrow your guest will no longer need my assistance."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that he will be dead before tomorrow, and that no human skill can save him. If you should find an opportunity, you had better prepare him for this.

Good night."

The physician drove away; Jorgen returned to the invalid. He found him sitting on the side of the bed, the light of the lamp falling full upon his face, which, during the last hour, had become of a pale bluish hue. He was pressing his hand on his chest, as if to lessen the pain, while with at thick and trembling voice he whispered:

"Hark ye Jorgen! Yonder, in the breast-pocket of my pea-jacket there is a small leather purse with nine Prussian thalers in it. Will you earn one of

them?"

"I don't understand you, mate," said Jorgen, much surprised.

"What did the doctor say of the outside

of the door there?"

Jorgen considered for a moment or two what he should answer. "Oh!" he came out with at length, "he said—"

- "In the devil's name, let me have no evasive answer," cried the mate, raising his voice. "I will know what he said, word for word; and if I give you a Prussian thaler to speak the truth, I think you are pretty well paid to open your mouth. So, out with it!"
- "Do you wish to know the whole truth?" said Jorgen, seizing his hand.

" Certainly."

"All that he said?"

"Ah! it was nothing very cheering, I perceive," remarked the sufferer, in a low tone, and with trembling lips. "But speak out, my lad—speak out! Whatever that withered old stick could say, I can bear to hear."

"Well, then," stammered Jorgen, in

considerable agitation, "he said—he said

—that you had not long to live."

"Did he, indeed? Well, well, one must put up with that. A few years of comfort and pleasure are probably worth a long life of care and want."

"Ah! God help you, and send you better thoughts, mate; you can not look for-

ward to years."

"May I not? How long can I count upon, Jorgen? Speak, my son. Why do you hang your head so? I have seen death too often close under my eyes to be afraid of it. When did he hint that I might be called away?"

"He said that you would die to-night, and that no human skill could save you."

There was a deep and prolonged silence in the room after these words had been uttered.

"To-night!" at length exclaimed the mate, in thick and trembling accents. am to die to-night!" And as he repeated this dreadful sentence he burst into tears, and into loud convulsive sobs.

Jorgen was much affected; he wrung the sick man's hand, but did not venture to speak for fear of betraying his emotion. At length he said, in a subdued and sad voice:

"Take comfort, mate! If you will allow me, I will read a hymn to you."

"A hymn!" exclaimed the stranger,

starting, Ah! well—read it!"

The young fisherman took a hymn-book from a shelf, and began to read in a low and trembling voice:

"Teach me, like autumn leaves, to fade With joy, oh! yellow forest glade! A brighter spring is nigh. The summer of eternity Reigns where, an ever-verdant tree, My roots shall never die.

"Teach me—oh! wandering bird! like thee To wing my way, undaunted, free, To distant unknown lands; When here, 'tis winter, storm and ice, Yonder, an endless paradise, Open, before me stands!"

The dying man had apparently been listening to the hymn with earnest attention, even devotion, while his clasped hands lay on the coverlet; suddenly he turned toward the light, and exclaimed:

"Hark ye, Jorgen! If you will swear to me not to reveal what I am now going to tell you I will confide a secret to you."

ed at this sudden interruption of the hymn, laid the book aside.

"Come closer to my bed—my voice is growing weaker, and pay particular attention to what I say:

"Eleven years ago I went as a sailor in a Neustader merchantman; we came from England, where we had sold a cargo of dye-woods, silk, and spices from Canton, and on which the firm, in whose employment I was, had made a considerable sum of money. Well, we were driven ashore near Hjerting, and forced to try and save ourselves in boats. It happened then like last night—the long boat was overcrowded; it capsized and sank! The captain had brought up his papers and a little box from the cabin, and was standing ready to go in the second boat, when an enormous wave washed him overboard. There were then but two men left; one was myself, the other was the cook. We took the box, which contained all the cash for which the cargo had sold, got into the boat, and reached the land in safety. This was at night, pitch dark, and in a pouring rain. Our first care was to bury the box —after that—

"Go on, mate. I am listening to you, and I have promised secrecy; you may

depend upon me."

"Well, then," continued the man, apparently with a strong effort, overcoming his repugnance to say more, and in a lower and more unsteady tone of voice, "after that something happened—which I have regretted and repented deeply—something which I can never forget; after that I killed the cook, that I might be the sole possessor of the contents of the case."

"You murdered him!" whispered Jor-

gen. "God forgive you!"

"I did! But it was not such a sin after all. He was a bad, malicious fellow; he cooked shockingly, and was always making mischief between us and the mates. The next morning I was sent to my native home, and I left the case, well knowing that it was safe enough where it was deposited. Time passed on, and I went to sea again. First I went to Brazil, and then I went to the South Sea for the whale fishery, and so on, until full eleven years had elapsed before I had a chance of returning to the place where my treasure was. At length, luck favored me, and I had determined to begin a new life, and to enjoy my money—and now I "Certainly," replied Jorgen, who, shock- am lying here in the agonies of death!

But no, no—it is a fabrication of the cursed doctor's! I will not die! I once lay ill for fourteen months in the hospital at Boston, and became quite well again. Remember, you have sworn never to disclose a syllable of what I have told you. May God punish you if you betray me! Come closer to my bed. How cold it is this evening! Below the walls of Oxby church, at the corner facing the north, lies the buried case, among three hard stones. If I should not recover, you can dig up the box, and keep what you find. Have you understood me?"

"Yes, I have, perfectly well; but it is not worth talking more about, mate. shall not meddle with your money—there could be no luck with it. Will you listen if I read another hymn to you?"

"Yes, read a psalm, Jorgen; it is long

since I have heard of our Lord."

Jorgen began to read slowly, and with much feeling; he was often stopped by his own agitation, and at these times he heard the dying man's breathing becoming thicker, and a rattling occasionally in his throat. He also heard now and then a sigh and a low murmur, which he supposed to be the invalid repeating what he had read. Suddenly, the mate laid his hand upon his arm, and exclaimed.

"I am counting about how much money there may be in that case, my lad. You will find much more than you can possibly make use of. When I was last at home, my brother lived at Amrom; you must send him fifty guineas. I know that they won't be particularly well spent, for he has taken to the bottle, poor creature! But that can not be helped, it is his only gratification now."

Jorgen nodded his head, and began to

read aloud again.

"Oh! put away that book," said the mate; "what is the use of your sitting there, and reading that I shall go to heaven, and that I am tired of being in this world, when it is not true? I will live, and live merrily with all my money."

A long and uncomfortable silence prevailed for some time in the room, which was only broken by the monotonous and uniform ticking of an old clock that hung against the wall. The moonbeams were streaming in brightly at the window, the storm had ceased, and the sky was clear and cloudless.

" If it should go hard with me, see that you have a large three-masted ship made, said Jorgen, almost out of patience. "He

with full rigging. It must be painted black and green, with a red water-line, and my name, in large gold letters, must be put on the stern. I make a present of this to Vædersö church, and it shall hang there from the roof."

One hour later, and the stranger was dead !

Whilst this scene was taking place in Jorgen's hut, Ebbe was on his way back from Ringkjobing, deeply buried in reflecting on the unusual gains the last day

or two had brought him.

"It is too bad that I am obliged to share all this money with Jorgen," he said to himself; "this stupid partnership won't do. I will see about getting rid of it, and carrying on the business on my own account. The foreign mate shall help me to manage this; he must have money, for he has several times alluded to it; he is too ill to leave our house for some time to come, and before he is able to go I shall have made something out of him. Besides, he owes me some recompense, for I helped to bring him off from the wreck."

Thus far had he proceeded in his cogitations, when the conveyance stopped at the door of his cottage. The light was extinguished in the room; Jorgen was lying, fast asleep, upon a mattress stuffed with sea-weed, on the floor. He awoke as Ebbe opened the door.

"I have had bad luck," said Ebbe, in a whisper, "and have gone my errand for nothing. The doctor had driven out of town an hour before my arrival."

"I know that very well," replied Jor-

"He has been here."

"How is the sick man?" asked Ebbe, striking a light.

"He is dead!" said Jorgen.

"Dead!" cried Ebbe, in a tone that sufficently evinced how many hopes and expectations that one word had overthrown. "Dead! Good Lord! Poor man! Did he pay you the three marks I laid out for him in rum?"

"No!"

"Then it was a disgraceful imposition on his part, setting forth to me that he was able to repay us tenfold for all our trouble. Did you look to see how much money he had with him? I am quite convinced that he possessed nothing, and that he only wanted to make fools of us."

"Now, be done with all this, Ebbe,"

did not intend to deceive you; and he was in the right when he said that he had the means of repaying us tenfold for what we did for him."

"Really!" exclaimed Ebbe, with a smile, and a glance strangely expressive of covetousness. "Then he had a good deal

of money?"

"No; but he knew where to find a good deal of money. He had been ship-wrecked once before on this coast, and then he buried a box, which, according to his representation, contains much more than we two could ever dream of possessing. He described to me the place where it is concealed!"

"To you!" exclaimed Ebbe. "Indeed! Did he not say that you and I were to divide the treasure between us?"

"No!"

Ebbe seemed lost in thought; he remained silent for some minutes, when his countenance underwent an unpleasant

change.

"Then, it is you who have become rich—you alone; and I have helped to bring this about. Well, well, it was to be so. What quantity of money is hidden away in the box?"

"Oh! how should I know? Judging by what he said, there may be several thousand dollars. But do not let us talk any more about it now. The cocks are crowing, it will soon be morning, and I am so sleepy. Come, lie down near me, and put out the light."

"Several thousand dollars!" continued Ebbe. "Good Lord! And all this money is yours! If I had not gone to fetch a doctor for him, he would surely have said that we were to divide it. Are you quite certain that he absolutely said nothing

about that, Jorgen?"

" No, he did not; but that is no reason

why we should not divide it."

"Oh, of course! You would be a fool if you did that. Dear me! Several thousand dollars! You will be able to buy a new boat, with an English compass in it. Oh yes! you will be able to buy a house for yourself, and, moreover, to put some of the money out at good interest. It is enough to make one mad. Will you spare me five dollars for a watch, eh Jorgen? Jorgen! Are you asleep? Good Heavens! he can sleep! Several thousands!—and I have got nothing!"

Ebbe burst into a passionate fit of tears. The morning, which was then dawning,

found him awake, and ruminating on his disappointment, on the bed by the side of

Jorgen.

The next day the body of the mate, Fourness, was removed to the hospital at Vædersö, to be buried from thence in the village churchyard. Jorgen and Ebbe pursued their accustomed occupations. The hull of the foreign vessel was carried out to sea at night, and apparently knocked to pieces by the waves, for many portions of the wreck were cast ashore along the adjacent coast.

Ebbe did not leave Jorgen's side that day; all his thoughts were devoted to the mysterious casket, and to the painful reflection that Jorgen alone was aware of the spot where it was concealed, consequently was master of its valuable contents. He had no inclination to work, but was continually recurring to the one vexations fancy, which represented Jorgen surrounded with wealth and all the prosperity which he had so often wished for himself.

Thus passed the week. It had been settled between the two friends that on Saturday they would set off to Oxby church, so early that they might reach the place that evening, before it began to get dark. Ebbe had two or three days beforehand arranged every thing for this journey, secretly and eagerly. Jorgen could not help observing the striking change which in a few days had come over him. He saw how his energies were quite paralyzed beneath the dreamy state into which he had fallen. Ebbe had become silent and irritable; he avoided his comrade's society, and sought solitude, where it was not necessary for him to conceal his feelings.

When he was alone, his mind always dwelt upon the hidden treasure, and picture after picture arose from the depths of his imagination of wealth, prosperity, and triumph over those who now looked down upon him. At other times he was tormented by a bitter, gnawing doubt if the mate had spoken the truth, and there existed any treasure at all. Then, again, he would make himself miserable about the portion of it that he might obtain. He would sometimes fancy himself set aside by Jorgen; then he would work himself up to believe that it was no free will offer to share with him, but a right which belonged to himself; and to this oft-recurring thought succeeded, little by

little, another, dark and dreadful, which, here to rest yourself, I will go at once and nourished by envy and covetousness, assumed by degrees a more distinct and decided form.

When Saturday arrived, Ebbe rose in the gray of the morning, and was ready for the journey long before Jorgen; his whole bearing betrayed a degree of feverish impatience, an eagerness and impetuosity which he had never evinced before. Jorgen carried a saddle-bag with provisions, Ebbe a spade, and furnished with these necessaries, they left their hut, and passed through the village even before the peasants had left their beds.

to Oxby traverses a long and wide tract of boggy land, which, at that time was over grown with a sort of close rough grass and a layer of moss, that in summer concealed many a cavity and break in the ground, and which was the resort of frogs and of various moor fowls, that took wing in large flocks when any one approached

their places of shelter.

The two fishermen trudged on with unwearying patience towards their goal, which already they could perceive far in the distance. It was late in the day; the sun had sunk behind the line of sand-hills which hid the German Ocean, and a deep stillness reigned around. The church stood in a naked, sandy plain, surrounded by a stone wall that was partially sunk in the sand. One side of the edifice was, at that moment, illuminated by a bright reflection from the red evening sky. Swallows were flying about under its roof. As far as the eye could reach, there was no sign or appearance of the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

"At last we have reached our destination!" exclaimed Ebbe, as, tired and gasping for breath, he threw himself down on a heap of gravel at a little distance from the wall of the churchyard.

"Yes, at last," replied Jorgen, with a smile; "and it will soon be seen if we have not had our trouble for nothing."

"Oh! don't say so, Jorgen," cried Ebbe. "How could such an idea enter your head? You have surely not forgotten the place where we were to dig?"

"Oh no!" replied Jorgen. "The direction was not so difficult to remember. It was toward the north, he said, and

try and find the place."

"No!" said Ebbe, rising quickly from his recumbent position. "I will go with Why should I stay behind, and not

help you to look for it?"

Jorgen then led the way, proceeding along the wall of the churchyard, while Ebbe followed him with the spade over his shoulder; but it was some time before they found the place indicated. The grass grew so high near the churchyard wall, that, in the increasing dusk of the evening, it would have been impossible to have discovered the stones described until close The road from Aale parsonage down | upon them. In the time, too, which had elapsed since the treasure was buried, the stones might have sunk into the ground, or become hidden by moss. At length, however, Jörgen found the spot. The three stones lay exactly in the position the mate had described; a young elder-tree had shot up straight branches just before them.

"It must be here," said Ebbe; "you have good luck with you in every thing. Let us begin to dig at once. But, hush! be still! I'll be sworn I heard a horse panting on the other side of the churchyard wall. We will wait a little before we begin."

"Let us rather go round, and see if any one is there," said Jorgen, about to go.

"No, by no means; stay with me, I don't fancy being alone in such a place as this. They say the Evil One goes riding about at night on a white horse. Have you never heard that?"

"Yes; but what have we to do with him? We are here on a lawful errand, and have no reason to be afraid of anything."

So saying, Jorgen walked on by the churchyard wall until he came to the next corner. "There is nothing to be seen," he said, when he returned. "Let us commence the digging. Lend me the spade."

"No; let us dig by turns, and I will go to work first," replied Ebbe, as he took off his jacket, and put the spade into the

ground.

The uppermost layer of earth among the stones was hard and stiff, and, moreover, the roots of the elder-tree formed a sort of tough piece of network among the stones, so that it was among three stones which had fallen not possible to proceed otherwise than there from the wall. If you will remain | slowly with the work. Ebbe groaned;

his impatience was increased by the strong spirit of covetousness which had taken possession of him. Jorgen sat down quietly on a stone near him. In the deep stillness which reigned around the spot, the bats might be heard flapping their wings as they fluttered about the walls and so hurriedly, that it was not possible of the church, and in the distance a hol- for Jorgen to avoid the blow or to defend low, rushing sound, which came from the himself. He uttered a low cry, stretched German Ocean, away behind the sandhills. Ebbe continued to dig, and had made a tolerably deep hole, when he suddenly stopped, pushed the spade well into the ground, and bowed his head down as if he were listening to something.

"Do you think you have come to any

thing?" asked Jorgen.

"No, it is only a stone which lies in the way; but I am tired now."

"Then let me take my turn of digging,"

said Jörgen.

"Let us rather rest a little while, and take a mouthful of our provisions and a drop from our flask. What have you done with the wallet?"

"I left it at the gravel-pit yonder, where we rested first."

"Then let us go there, Jorgen. After; we have had something to eat, we shall set to work again. It will be long before it is daylight; we have time enough."

Jorgen made no opposition to this arrangement; he was accustomed to give way to Ebbe's wishes, and he went back to where they they had left their provender.

Ebbe cast a longing look back at the hole; then took the spade under his arm,

and followed Jorgen.

churchyard the path lay near the edge of and perceived in the twilight a tall figure a pit, from which the peasants dug up in a flowing mantle, which stopped at a gravel for the repairs that were annually little distance from the place where he was made in the high road. The pit was tol-istanding. In the extreme terror which erably deep, and sloped from the brink, seized him, it seemed to him that this along which the two fishermen directed figure gradually grew taller and larger, their steps until they came to a kind of gap, or narrow defile, from whence the threatening aspect; it seemed to approach gravel was carted away.

When Ebbe reached this place, he took up the flask, drank off its contents, and let it drop quietly into the grass. Jorgen, in the mean time, had sat down, and began Ebbe remained standing, and to eat.

leaned upon the spade.

"Why don't you sit down?" asked Jorgen.

"Because the grass is wet."

"You will find it on the grass."

Jorgen stooped down to look for it, and at that moment Ebbe lifted the spade, and exerting all his strength, struck Jorgen with it on his head.

The attack was made so unexpectedly out his arms, and sank backward to the ground. Ebbe bent over him, and listened. The blow must have been a very severe one, for he did not hear the faintest breath-

ing from Jorgen.

"You have got this because you tried to cheat me, and packed me off to the town, that you alone might benefit by the stranger's treasure." And, as if his bitter feelings were increased by this remembrance, he added, triumphantly: "You asserted that it was to you alone the stranger had bequeathed his money. You would only have given me a small portion of it; I shall take it all now. And you did not know that I have already got it. I heard the ground reverberate under the spade—I heard the sound of the gold—it is mine—all—all mine!"

As he said this, he took up his comrade's body in his arms, and flung it over

the edge into the pit.

"And now to go back to the churchyard!" he exclaimed. "I must have the money up, and be off before the dawn of day."

He threw the spade across his shoulders, and took up the wallet, and turned

to leave the place.

At that moment he fancied that he At a little distance from the walls of heard footsteps near; he looked round, and that it gazed at him with a dark and nearer. It was no longer a phantom of the imagination; he heard the heavy steps ringing on the ground—he beheld a hand stretched out toward him—and then fell, in accusing accents on his ear, the dreadful word "Murderer!"

Ebbe uttered a loud cry, he dropped the spade, sprang to one side, and fled in a direction quite opposite to that where he had so recently sought for the "Where is the flask? I don't see it." | unlucky treasure. He constantly thought that his unknown pursuer was still following him, that he was gaining upon him, and even that he felt his breath close behind him; but he dared not turn his head, he only continued to run swiftly, and without stopping, until at length he stumbled, and fell into one of the many hollows that were to be met with in that neighborhood. There he lay for several hours exhausted and insensible, unwitting of the storm from the German Ocean that was raging among the sand-hills near its shores. When at last he recovered to consciousness, the morning sun was shining on the sand-hills, and he heard the bells of Oxby church ringing for the early service.

Eight days later, the inhabitants of Vædersö were thronging round a carriage which was passing through the little town. The front seat was occupied by a tall man, under whose overcoat was to be seen the stiff, embroidered collar of a uniform. His self-important air, also the condescending nod with which he acknowledged the respectful obeisances of the peasantry, betokened a person of no small consequence. Nor was there any mistake in this, for he was the judge of the district, who was proceeding on official duty to the sand-hills.

In the back seat of the carriage sat two men, one of whom was the smith of the village, the other a pale, emaciated, shrunken figure, in whose features it would have been difficult to have recognized Ebbe, so great was the change that the last eight

days had wrought in him.

The smith's plump, round face evinced, on the contrary, a great degree of self-complacency; he smiled to every one he knew, and stretched out by turns his hand or his head from the carriage, either for a friendly salutation, or to explain the reason of his appearance in the carriage on that particular occasion.

The carriage passed through the village, and did not stop until it reached the cottage which Jorgen and Ebbe had occupied conjointly. Here the judge got out, and, after saying a few words to the smith he entered the house

smith, he entered the house.

"Now, Ebbe," said the smith, "you must get out too; you are at home here. We shall have a legal examination, as his honor has just very properly declared."

Ebbe made no reply; he seemed to have fallen into a state of speechless apathy. He descended from the carriage, and fol-

lowed the smith into the first of the two rooms into which the hut was divided.

On entering the cottage, they found the judge, and two fishermen who had been summoned as witnesses, already seated near the table. Ebbe cast a rapid and reconnoiting look around him; he perceived that every thing was in its usual place; it was not the room that had changed in these eight days.

"Place yourself at the end of the table," said the judge. "Listen to what will be said, and answer minutely and truthfully the questions we shall put to you. Speak first, smith. Let us hear what you have

to say."

Not to fatigue the reader with the smith's long-winded story, we shall as briefly as possible relate the substance of his communication.

However important it was to Ebbe to maintain inviolable secrecy relative to the mate's hidden treasure, he had let fall some words which had been caught up by the smith, and which, giving rise to some conjectures and suspicions, caused the clear-sighted man to watch narrowly the movements of the two young fishermen. On the same day that Jorgen and Ebbe had left their home at such an early hour, the smith had borrowed a horse from one of his neighbors, and set out in pursuit of them, although he took all possible pains to avoid being seen by them. Jorgen had previously given out that he was going to take a holiday to visit his aunt at Oxby.

When the smith had followed the two wayfarers as far as Aale church, and assured himself that they were really going to the place mentioned, he quitted the footpath, which, leading through the open heath, would have made him run the risk of being observed, and rode another way until he reached the cross road near Oxby church, and the shades of evening began to fall. The fishermen had evidently taken a considerable time to cross the wide heath. The smith had waited long, and had ridden around the church before he saw Ebbe and Jorgen looking for the spot with the three stones.

It was his horse that Ebbe had heard neigh, but, as we have seen, he had not sufficiently followed up the circumstance. In consequence of this neglect on his part, the smith became acquainted with all that was going on; for when it grew darker he ventured nearer, got over the wall, and crept on his hands and kness close to the place where Ebbe was digging. Arrived there, he could hear every word that was spoken while the work proceeded. When they left the wall of the churchyard, he followed them at some distance along the path that led to the gravel-pits, and he had seen Jorgen fall. Ebbe had not recognized the voice of the smith in that which called after him, nor had he observed that Harfiz was carrying Jorgen in his arms to the nearest dwelling.

"Thus it all happened," said the plaintiff, in the corrupt language in which he spoke. "Ebbe can not deny a word that I have said. I know all that passed; I saw and heard all. I took up the spade with which he had struck Jorgen, and, to wind up, your honor has only to make inquiry here to be convinced of the truth of what I assert. Here you behold the man who can corroborate my statement."

As he said these words he drew aside a curtain that had concealed an alcove, and Jorgen, with his head bound up, pale and suffering, was seen raising himself with difficulty on one arm, and gazing at those assembled in the hut. This last action of the smith, so sudden and unexpected, caused a great sensation and much surprise among those present.

Ebbe, who up to this moment had stood silent and immovable, with his hands folded and his eyes cast down, raised his head quickly, and when his glance fell on Jorgen, he stretched out his arms toward him, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"O my God! Jorgen—dear Jorgen!"
"Yes, there you see a competent witness. I have cured him—I may safely declare—and now he will confirm what I have said."

"Well, what have you to say to what the smith has just been telling us?"

"I say that he is quite mistaken," replied Jorgen. "Ebbe had no wish to kill me; he had no evil intention against me; I absolve him of any thing of the kind."

Every one was taken by surprise, and exclamations of astonishment followed these words, which were uttered in a mild, quiet, but at the same time decisive tone. Ebbe's eyes sparkled. The smith jumped up.

"Jorgen," he cried, "are you out of your mind? You can not be in your right senses if you speak in this way. Did he not attempt to murder you? Did I not see and hear it all myself? Did I not never more live and labor together. That

take you up in my strong arms, when he cast you down into the gravel-pit?"

"You did, indeed, behave most kindly and humanely to me," replied Jorgen, with a grateful smile. "Without your help, I should most probably have been dead now; but, I repeat that it was not Ebbe who threw me into the pit. I fell in, sir, and in my fall I hurt myself with the spade. I have now told all I have to tell—I entirely acquit my old comrade, and I must beg you to withdraw the accusation against him.

After having thus spoken, Jorgen laid himself down in his bed, closed his eyes, and seemed to take no further notice of what was going on around him. Neither did he seem to notice Ebbe, who stole softly towards his bed, seized his hand, and carried it to his lips.

The smith was very angry, and repeated and maintained his version of the affair, with gesticulations, oaths, and asseverations, in his strange lingo. He could not understand why Jorgen exercised such generous forbearance; the judge, on the contrary, comprehended it all; he called Ebbe into the other room, and had a long communication with him; after which he broke up the meeting, dismissed the witnesses, and left the cottage himself. Jorgen and Ebbe were the only persons who remained in it.

Some time elapsed, during which both remained perfectly silent. At length Jorgen raised himself in his bed, and asked:

"Are they gone?"

"Yes."

"Every one of them?"

"Yes, we are alone."

"Sit down by my bed, Ebbe; I have something to say to you."

Ebbe obeyed. At that moment his whole appearance evinced the utmost humility; he did not dare to raise his eyes before Jorgen, who contemplated him calmly, but with a penetrating look.

"What I said a little while ago," began Jorgen, "was to save you, and because I could not live under the idea that I had another man's misfortune on my conscience. You are now free—acquitted—and no one can do any thing to you. With God's blessing, I may also become well again, and recover my strength so as to be able to work as formerly; but you must yourself perceive, Ebbe, that we two can never more live and labor together. That

Saturday night has rendered it necessary | ground, plowed, sowed, planted; in short, for us to separate forever. I can never banish it from my memory. You shed tears now, indeed, and are deeply afflicted. I also have shed many tears when I reflected that it was you, my only companion and comrade, that had the heart to deal with me as you did. In heaven's name, then, let each of us go his own way. The world is surely large enough for us took, from the period that he relinquished both. When I am stronger, and able to his partnership with Ebbe. work, I will pay you for the part you own in this cottage, and in the boat; for I smith," said the peasants to Harfiz, often hardly think you will like to remain longer when they came to his smithy. here. In fact, I think it would be better for you to seek some other place to settle | smith would reply, with a cheerful nod, thing against you. You can not fail to you, and you may believe what I say, that perceive that the smith does not believe it was my medicine which has made him the declaration I made to the judge. He what he is. He has been quite another shall receive the share that belongs to you of what we have hitherto held in partnership, and we must separate."

"Then you have found the treasure?"

asked Ebbe, hurriedly.

"No," said Jorgen, gravely. " But the smith has promised to let me marry his daughter, and he will advance me the have had wings for Jorgen, had crawled money to pay you."

all."

Jorgen; "but you would repent that; where the mate had said his treasure was I have proposed stand. And you had pensive one certainly, for at that period a better go, Ebbc, before the smith returns. large quantity of waste land could be Besides, I am weak and weary, and must Almighty bestow on you kinder feelings | toward those among whom you may henceforth seek to win your bread, than you have shown to me. Shake hands with me, Ebbe, and then go."

Jorgen sank back on his bed, and Ebbe

left the cottage.

The following five years brought about a striking difference between the fates of the two fishermen. Jorgen had married the smith's daughter. He gave up fishing, sold his boat, and established himself in the little town of Vædersö. There he

he labored with all the indefatigable activity, energy, and diligence, for which the inhabitants of the west country are so celebrated. At the end of two years he sold his house to buy a larger one on a thriving farm; field after field was added, and all prospered with him. seemed to smile on every thing he under-

"You have got an excellent son-in-law,

"He gets on very well," the learned yourself, where people could not say any indicative of content. "But let me tell will tell the story his way in the town | sort of man since I cured him, and restoryonder, and that won't be in your favor. | ed him, I may say, to life, after Ebbe had As I have said, when I am better you killed him. He will be a greater man still."

The prophecy was fulfilled as time pass. ed on; for every year that went over his head brought some addition to Jorgen's prosperity. He was a happy man in his own family, and in all his transactions he

was clever, prudent, and far-seeing.

The same space of time that seemed to on slowly, unprofitably, and wearily for "I do not care about the money," re- Ebbe. A portion of the sum he had replied Ebbe; "you are welcome to keep it | ceived for his share of the cottage and the boat was appropriated to the purchase of "Oh! yes—so you say now," answered the little plot of ground near Oxby church, offer to-morrow. No, let the arrangement, buried. The acquisition was not an ex-You know that he is very passionate, and | bought for about two dollars; so that you might get into a quarrel with him. | after Ebbe had become the proprietor of the place, he had sufficient money left to get some sleep. Farewell, and may the build a house for himself on a corner of the ground he had bought.

> Then commenced a course of labor which, in exertion, perseverance, and endurance, was far beyond any thing Jorgen ever attempted, and yet was productive of no good results. The three stones were taken up and thrown aside, in order not to obstruct the work; then the elder-tree was removed; and after every obstacle had disappeared, Ebbe dug down, and down, until he came to the stratum of iron-hard, solid rock, which is to be found in that part of the country.

His labors were carried on by night, betook himself to husbandry; he tilled the | and with the utmost secrecy, not to attract attention. During the day he rested, and either spent the hours lounging by the sea-side, or he slept. But, whether waking or sleeping, he was haunted by the thoughts of the hidden treasure, and of the wealth he would acquire, and the consequence he would attain, when he discovered and enjoyed it. It was shocking to see that pale and meager creature, when the moon shone upon the scene of his labors, working away eagerly, bending over the spade, and listening anxiously when every fresh heap of earth was cast up; by turns cheating himself with hopes of success, then groaning at his disappointment, yet still persevering in the search for a prize which continued to evade his grasp.

In winter the ground was frozen, and as Ebbe was obliged to cease his digging, he left his hut, and went to Hjerting, where he hired himself out among the peasantry as a day laborer. His history soon oozed out, and his very shy, reserved manners prevented him from making acquaintances, while his fellow-laborers jeered him. "There goes the gold-digger!" the children would cry after him when he showed himself in the streets. These scoffers, who beheld him now in so humble a position, by-and-by, when he had found the treasure, should witness his triumph. "Wait a little!" he thought; "success" will come at last, and the day can not be very far distant!"

When spring succeeded to winter, Ebbe left the service he had taken, and returned to his hut, where he recommenced his labors with as much assiduity as before, The small and with the same result. space in which his operations were carried on soon resembled a deep pit, wherein

gravel and sand, stone and clay, were gathered together in large heaps. But the treasure was nowhere visible.

When, at length, the ground had been entirely turned up, every inch examined, and he could dig no lower down, Ebbe fell into the deepest despair; his last hope had vanished, and with it all the strength and energy which hope alone had sustaincd. He was found one day sitting on the outside of the door of his hut, gazing on vacancy straight before him, lost in a reverie from which nothing seemed to have the power of rousing him.

At this very time a report was spread in the neighborhood that Jorgen and his father-in law had found the shipwrecked mariner's treasure—for this appeared the casiest mode of accounting for the increasing prosperity of the heretofore young fisherman. Ebbe heard this rumor; he believed it, and this belief added greatly to the bitterness of his disappointment,

and was as poison to his mind.

Three years afterward, a wan, wasted, spectral-looking figure might be seen wandering about in the vicinity of Hjerting: it was the unfortunate Ebbe, who had become deranged. The harmless lunatic was received into the poor-house at Hjerting, but spent most of his days in a remote and secluded valley, away among the sand-hills. There he might be heard singing and talking to himself, whilst he occupied himself diligently in digging deep holes in the sand. One winter evening he did not return, as usual, to the poor-house. The next morning he was found, frozen to death, in a grave—it might be called—which he had dug in the sand the day before.

AND HIS FAMILY. GEORGE WASHINGTON

number presents a domestic scene. It is General George Washington and his family. It can scarcely be uninteresting to any one to gaze upon the engraved face of so great and good a man as Washington, called, par excellence, the father of forgotten. A brief sketch is all that will his country, a title of greatness which be needful in explanation of the print.

THE embellishment at the head of this outshines and surpasses the dignities of kings and emperors. The name and character of Washington will be held in lasting veneration when the names of many of earth's titled monarchs, who once wore crowns, have faded and been

George Washington was born in Westmoreland in the State of Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. His father was affluent, but George received merely the ordinary education of the young American colonist of the day, which was always meager, unless when the ambitious parents sent a son to the home country. He had, however, but scanty literary or artistic tastes, and studied only the accomplishments which aided his practical views. Though it has been questioned if he knew any language but English, it is understood that he studied French after the responsibilities of command had fallen on him, for the purpose of holding communication with the auxiliaries sent from France to join the army of independence. On the other hand his practical acquirements were precociously developed. When but sixteen years old he was employed in surveying the vast wilderness assigned to his connection, Lord Fairfax, in the district of the Alleghany mountains. He pursued the profession of a surveyor, which in a country full of estates, utterly unknown in character and extent to their owners, was a lucrative one; and he is said to have thus obtained an unconscious training for his subsequent warlike operations, by acquiring a minute acquaintance with some parts of the country, and a knowledge of the general characteristics of the whole. Before he was twenty years old he received an important command, as adjutant-general in one of the military districts into which Virginia was divided to resist the Indians, and his genius entitled him to more important command in the American war with France in 1754. In a mission across the frontiers to ascertain the objects of the French, he discovered by his extraordinary sagacity the views of aggrandizement which led ultimately to the destruction of French power in America. He distinguished himself in the war which then broke out, and as all this occurred before he was twenty-three years old, his history decidedly supports the theory that the faculty of the military commander is generally developed early in life. It is believed, indeed, that many of the early calamities of that war might have been obviated if veteran British commanders had paid more respect to the sagacity of young Virginian. In 1759 he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow. She brought considerable property to add to casion, if he could not with certainty

Washington's large estates, and for some years his hands were as full of business, in the management of private property and attendance on the provincial legislature, as they ever afterward were when he was at the head of the Union. It was one of his peculiarities that he carried out small matters with the same articulate organization as large. He slurred over nothing, and his household books, of which facsimiles have been extensively circulated, would have stamped him as a pedantic trifler, had they not exemplified the same rigid adherence to system and accuracy of detail with which he subsequently organized the government of a great nation. He took an unnoticeable but active part in his own province, in the preparations for the assertion of independence. He was appointed one of the delegates from Virginia to the first general Congress in 1774, and had the command of the independent companies of the State. Still, his position had never been brilliant or even conspicuous, and it is perhaps the most remarkable instance of that common senso which characterized the Revolution, that the supreme command of the army of independence should have fallen into his hands. He became commander-in-chief on the fifteenth of June, 1775. To give his history from that period until, after completing the task assigned to him, he resigned his command at the close of the year 1783, would be to give a history of the American war of independence. It may be only generally remarked of his career, that it was almost to the conclusion a struggle not only against the British force, but the turbulence and factiousness of those who were influential in the new States and their army. It can not be said that the brilliancy of his achievements gave him his great influence, for he was often beaten, and it was by taking advantage of what his troops learned in hardships and defeats, that he was at last able to accomplish the sagacious and deeply-planned movement by which Cornwallis was surprised and found it necessary to surrender. He was inaugurated as the first president of the United States, on the thirtieth of April, 1789. How he presided at the organization of a new empire, and regulated the enthusiasts, or self-seekers, who struggled for their peculiar objects, is, like his military career, matter of history. On more than one oc-

tle of king, but it was his great merit ! that he sought only as much power and | without a stain. greatness as enabled him to do his duty,

have achieved life-long despotic power, | and no more. He retired from public he might have acquired the flattering ti- | life in 1796, and died on the fourteenth of December, 1799, leaving a reputation

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

ESSAYS ON THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS AND THE English Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Brown-Pages 233. New-York: Published by James Miller, 522 Broadway. 1863.

This beautiful little volume, added to Mrs. Browning's previous books of verse, completes the publication of her works, and make five in uniform style with this book.

The simple announcement of this new volume from the gifted pen of the much-lamented authoress, will be enough to invite many of her admirers to procure this also, and add it to their choice collections. On these rich pages the reader will find gems of beautiful thought, clothed in affluent language, upon which the cultivated mind loves to dwell. This finished volume is suggestive of a feeling of regret that one who has done so much to enrich English literature has ended her useful labors and laid aside her pen forever.

CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.—With the approach of summer and summer heats, the inquiry arises in the minds of not a few, where shall we go, and where shall we sojourn to find the most of personal comfort and the most affluent attractions to fill up the cup of our enjoyments? Different tastes and inclinations choose different localities and sources of pleasure and personal gratification. But among them all, there is but one Saratoga, and no other watering-place on either side of the Atlantic combines so many elements of healthful recreation, rest, personal comfort, social enjoyment, as Saratoga. And in that famed watering-place there is no House or Hall, on a large scale, for the accommodation of visitors, which surpasses Congress Hall. Its gentlemanly and attentive proprietors, its spacious and handsome parlors, its extensive dining-hall and luxuriously-furnished tables, its numerous and wellfurnished sleeping-rooms, its attentive and faithful servants, its shady walks, its colossal piazza promenade with tall, over-hanging trees, and numerous other attractions of comfort, and not least is the refined society of well-informed persons, which add so much to the charm of social life. We only add Hall and that from long acquaintance with Co the gentlemen who conduct it, we h this find old establishment to all a pleasant place of sciourn du

Dr. Grant.—We have received from this veteran vine-grower, at different times, vines and plants for growing. All that he has sent us possess unusual vitality and give promise of abundant fruitfulness. Dr. Grant has adopted a new and ingenious mode of preparing vines for growth and transmitting them them to a distance safely and without injury or risk to their vitality. We commend the following statement to attention:

"Grape-vines, native and foreign, of unequalled quality, at extremely low prices, for garden and vineyard, and reception of plants in perfect order guaranteed in all cases.

"My Club List is worthy the attention of all who wish to procure vines of remarkable quality, at little cost, for yard or garden.

"Descriptive Catalogues, Club Lists, and Wholesale Catalogues sent for one-cent stamp. These contain full directions for planting

"Illustrated catalogues sent for 3 three-ct. stamps. It is a full treatise on the vine, explaining all that puchasers and planters desire to know for management of vines, in garden or vineyard, by a profusion of the best engravings ever made for the purpose, and showing how, from a trellis with our best native vines, more worth of fruit and more enjoyment may be obtained than from a cold vinery of equal extent, and at a very small part of the cost, and how to obtain the same results in city yards.

"The great superiority of my vines over all others has been extensively shown by actual performance in every State of the whole Union during the past six years; and I claim as great superiority for my packing as for vines. The cost of transportation to small clubs will not exceed five per cent, and to large clubs not two per cent. Cost so little that all can have them.

"Note.—For immediate bearing, I have specially prepared vines such as no other can furnish.

"C. W. GRANT. "Iona, near Peckskill, Westchester, Co., N. Y."

THE manufacture of paper from wood is not a new idea. In the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, there is a conv of a work on experiments in making r fr r materials than rags, which was iu ue av in 1772, on more than sixty vade from as many ent mate-

one

350

the rest, the adve tell of all we have

THE DEPTH OF SPACE.—In 1837, Prof. Bessel, of Germany commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars, a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used, in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called a Heliometer, (sun measurer.) After three years hard labor, he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials, and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to sixty-one sygin. But who can comprehend this immense distance? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us! Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; one year, then—8760 hours—gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multipled by ten gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Prof. Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. All astronomers confirm the correctness of Prof. Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way, are so remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars or rather nebulæ, five hundred times more remote! Now make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, add the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it; it is too vast even for comprehension. David says, Psalm 103: 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom (or government) ruleth over all."

IMAGINATION.—A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the Governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pairs of imprisonment, also, like prison of the soul?

military race, and yet it is an undoubted fact that the quantity of food usually consumed by the greatest part of them does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates, soaked in melted butter, serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of course flour or a little ball of rice.

A set of ornaments of pink coral has just been completed, after five years' labor, for the Empress Eugenie. One of the stones came from the head of Madame de Pompadour's cane, and all are of great value. To such trivialities does this Imperial female give her time and the people's money.

THE Viceroy of Egypt, on the occasion of his visit to the Sultan, a few days ago, presented the latter with 25,000 Minié rifles, and renewed for himself the promise of Said Pacha with reference to the mailed frigate, ordered in England shortly before his death. On his part, the Sultan has presented his Highness with a magnificent diamond, said to be of 411 carats' weight, and which was formerly worn in a ring by the late Sultan Mahmoud.

A LETTER from Stuttgardt, of the 11th says: "M. de Gunther, tutor to the Heir Presumptive to the Throne, and Chaplain to the Court, has left to-day for Paris, on an invitation from the Evangelical Alliance of London. He will be met in the French capital by the other members of a deputation, composed of Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Prussians, who will proceed to Madrid, to make representations to that Court in favor of the Spanish Protestants who have been condemned to the galleys for distributing Bibles."

THE Sultan has paid two visits to the International Exhibition, now open at Constantinople. Arms of every kind and size, from rifled cannon to swordbayonets and revolvers — military saddles, tools, jewelry, silks, untanned skins, woolen fabrics, unginned cotton, carpets, "fine arts," gold and silver plate—and a thousand other varieties of raw and manufactured produce meet the eye. It has been finally settled, that on Wednesdays and Saturdays the building shall be open exclusively to Turkish ladies.

We know a good-natured batchelor so generous that, poor fellow, he would give even his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it.

ELEVATING SENTIMENT.—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principle, with the just fear of God, and of our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A VCTY erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world—many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size those of servitude, are more in conception than in and number of inhabitants. But such is not the reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but a | case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in world. It contains the vast number of one million of dwel-THE Bedouins, says Ritson, are a most alert and I lings and five millions of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japan serls in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

> ROYAL PRESENCE OF MIND.—A letter from the Hague of the 27th ult., gives some details of a fire which took place in the ball-room when their Majesties were present. At midnight, just as the company were about to sit down to supper, the flame of a wax-light communicated to the hangings with which the room was ornamented, and in a moment the walls and ceilings were in a flame. The Queen, with great presence of mind, raised her voice and recommended every one to be calm and silent, and, thanks to that salutary advice, every one left the place without any accident occurring. The King and the princes remained on the spot until the fire was got under. The whole of the furniture of three rooms was destroyed.

STRANGE WARNING.—I was running a night express-train, and a train of ten cars-eight passenger and two baggage-cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed of which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger and I resolved to stop; I shut off, and blew the whitele for brakes, accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way, without saying any thing to any body what was the matter. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it never had been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track. This switch led to a stone quarry, from which stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there in case stone should be needed at any time; but it was always kept locked, and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was, wide open; and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning, call it what you will -- I should have run into it, and, at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid.

This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came.—Life of an Engineer.

THE PROPOSED ARCH OF TRIUMPH, PARIS.—The proposed Arc de Napoleon III. is to be erected near the "Barrière du Trone," and will be of enormous size and cost. According to descriptions which have appeared, it will be raised over a fountain of colossal proportions, and will be built in the classic style. Over one side of the arch will be a figure of "War, triumphant and victorious;" and over the other its antitype, "Peace, grateful and laborious." The whole will

be on a much larger scale than the triumphal arch at the end of the Champs Elysées. It will be flanked with twelve columns of the Composite order in colored marble, and bearing twelve bronze warriors, each holding a shield. These warriors are intended to represent the twelve marshals of the empire, as well as the different corps d'armée. They are also to signify that the army eternally guard "France," who is seated on the summit of the building. She is attended by "Glory," and flanked by four "Fames." On the capital of each of the twelve pillars is the following inscription:

TO THE EMPEROR MAPOLEON III.

TO THE ARMIES OF THE CRIMEA, OF ITALY, OF CHIMA, COCHIN-CHIMA, AND ALGERIA.

1852—1862.

The central monument which is beneath the arch is raised above three great basins that surmount each other, and each of which is smaller than the one immediately beneath it. They have in the center a group of sea-horses and lions' heads, from which issue jets d'eau. On the top is another "Glory" holding a crown for the "victorious French soldiers."

FLOATING LEAVES.

I WANDERED where the river
Mirror'd back the azure light,
With not a wave or quiver
To tell how swift its flight;
But while the tide seemed glowing,
Unmoved beneath the sky;
To tell how fast its flowing,
Were gold leaves floating by.

I said—How like the passing
Of that river life may seem;
As all unmoving, glassing,
The azure in its stream:
Our hearts no flight divining,
'Till on those waters lie
The leaves of Memory shining—
The gold leaves floating by.
FREDERICK ENOCH.

"TRADE'S UNFEELING TRAIN."—The Pasha of Egypt is said to contemplate the establishment of a line of steamers suited for Nile navigation, and, in winter, "fitted up with every convenience for European travelers." These vessels may start from Cairo, go up the river on a voyage which Stout is but in the middle; they will go past Girgeh, past Thebes, Karnac, Luxor, Erment, Medineh Abou, Esneh, Edfou, to Assouan, and there, almost under the tropic, land their cargoes and passengers. A railway from this point to Berber, as proposed, will out-do, in strangeness, the "line" from Smyrna to Ephesus, opened last year, and offer return-tickets to above the Fifth-Cataract, where the Nile must be fairly cold with mountain water, where it becomes Nile by the union of the Takatz with the Bahr el Abiad, where the trade of Birmingham, Manchester, London, and Paris, may meet that of "utmost Axume," Gondar, Sennaar, Mokha, and the lands under the very Equator itself.—Athenœum.

Another Subject for Discussion.—If a man who makes a deposition is a depositor, does it necessarily follow that a man who makes an allegation is an alligator?

Copyright in Music.—A Konigsberg letter in the Cologue Gazette says: "A lawsuit of some interest on the subject of a copyright in a piece of music has just been heard before the tribunal of this city. The march composed by Meyerbeer for the coronation festival was taken down from ear by a lady, who then arranged it for the piano and had it lithographed. A music seller at Berlin, named Schlesinger, who had purchased the copyright of the march from M. Meyerbeer, prosecuted for piracy the lady, the lithographer, and the music-sellers who had sold copies of the pianoforte arrangement. The tribunal would not, however, admit that taking down a work on a simple hearing constituted an infringement on a publisher's rights, and gave a verdict in favor of the defendants."

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey, instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirits by evaporation. A strong solution of isingglass, made in the same manner, is a very excellent coment for leather.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.— The Circussians having learned that the Grand Duke Michael had arrived at Fort Abbé, (near Anapa,) situate on the frontier, and that he intended to repair to Fort Chebiz, pursued him with cavalry. They came up with him, and a battle took place. It was only with great difficulty and the greatest danger that the Grand Duke succeeded in throwing himself into the fort. In this battle the Russians lost many officers and soldiers. A quantity of arms. horses, and baggage has fallen into the hands of the Circassians. The Grand Duke and his troops are now at Chebiz. The Circassians are concentrating their forces at a little distance from this place.— Courrier d'Orient, April 11th.

Female Libers.—Whoever has observed carefully will have noticed a tendency among young men of the day, in speaking of female character, to decry it in general terms. To many of these wholesale libelers virtue in the female character is a fable. This volatile and base judgment is more a result of gross habit than conviction. If every young man, when he take the name of woman lightly on his tongue, or feels the evil propensity to slander in his heart, would reflect that he has a mother, and perhaps sisters, he would pause. If the apologies for men who slander the sex to whom they owe life and all its decencies, were intelligent and sincere in their habit of slander, they would merit every being's contempt,

HALL, SARATOGA. CONGRESS

HATIIORN & McMICHAEL.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, May, 1863.

THE Proprietors and Conductors of this immense and favorite establishment announce to the traveling public that its doors and saloons will be opened for the reception of company on the first of June, and remain open until the first of October.

There is so much of personal comfort, pleasure, and health to sojourners at a summer watering-place depending on the direction and management of a great Hotel like Congress Hall, that the Proprietors deem it due to the public and just to themselves to give ample information of what they have done by lavish expenditure for the reception and accommodation of their old friends and new visitors who may seek a sojourn at Saratoga the present summer. They beg to enumerate some of the comforts, advantages, and attractions of Congress Hall, which be daily spread with viands of ample variety and invite visitors to Saratoga to seek a home in its spacious and commodious apartments and saloons.

1. Congress Hall is a long-established and favorite resort of visitors to this valley of fountains and mineral springs. Here numerous friends—of high culture and intelligence—meet and sojourn together in social intercourse, much like the members of a large family.

2. The Proprietors feel confident in saying Congress Hall ranks first among watering-place hotels in the world.

3. There is but one Saratoga in the world. And Congress Hall is located directly adjacent to the famous Congress Spring, in a fine old shady grove, cool and delightful.

4. The accommodations of Congress Hall have boarded at livery.

been much increased. Large and expensive improvements in the building, in furniture, and in decorations have been made. The parlors are spacious and the dining-saloons ample and convenient. Prompt, faithful, and attentive servants will be in constant attendance, and no neglect of duty or inattention to the comfort of visitors will be allowed by the Proprietors.

5. Congress Hall is provided with an immense promenade piazza, 251 feet long by 20 wide, sheltered from the rain and shaded from the sun by lofty columns, trees, and luxuriant shrubbery. It has in the rear 1000 feet of piazzas. It has two spacious parlors, newly furnished and decorated, 70 feet by 32, and 80 by 32. It was 296 sleeping-rooms, besides private parlors.

6. The tables of Congress Hall, 600 feet long, will abundance, and served by attentive waiters.

7. The Proprietors are determined to spare no pains and efforts to render Congress Hall a home of pleasant resort and comfort unsurpassed by any hotel in the country. They only add, that among the aggregate arrivals of Forty Thousand at all the hotels, Congress Hall carried off the palm in numbers. We say this only in the spirit of friendly competition. We shall cordially greet the arrival of our old friends, and we hope to receive many new ones, with our best efforts to please and satisfy all who favor us with their company.

We have erected spacious barns and stables, and carriages and horses can be promptly furnished to order for rides, or horses and carriages of visitors

A . .





moment when this religion, rich as it is in fascinations, and so well fitted as it is to human nature in the Latin races, is approaching its crisis, whether for its renotion or for its disappearance. The error which is likely to be fallen into on the Protestant side is that of mistaking the jeopardy or the overthrow of the Paparchy in Italy for a sign of the decay or disappearance of Romanism. The very contrary of this many well be imagined. Only let a Hildebrand at this moment walk forth from Rome barefoot and cowled as a Dominican, and he would be hailed as master of the spirits of a third of the human family!

It is needful that we keep clearly in view what it is we intend by the word empire, when we affirm, concerning certain empires, that they are now undergoing a process of disintegration. And why is it that four only should be named, when in fact the name is ordinarily applied to six or eight existing bodies, and is not yet conventionally applied to one of the four which we have actually so designated? These are states the chiefs of which have come to be called emperors; nevertheless we do not bring such states into our account just now. know nothing, in these pages, of the Turkish Empire; for it has long ceased to be a potency; it subsists to stop the way only of Russia, southward. Nor do we speak of the Austrian Empire; for it is a political problem more than it is a power. Nor do we reckon the Brazilian empire, although we know it in our markets; for we have little political consciousness of any such existence in the southern hemisphere. But Russia is an empire, as we shall show, although neither Austria nor Prussia is an empire. China is an empire, but not In-Britain is an empire in a sense to which France can not at this time pretend; and could not, even if it had become the more powerful state of the two. The States, lately United, of the North-American continent were, and are now struggling to become, an empire, in a sense which, if it were realized, would imperil the liberties* of the world, and which must obstruct the progress of civilization every where.

Understood in the sense which we are now assigning to the term, an empire is a state extended beyond the limits of what might seem to be the natural limits of a government. By conquest, or by colonization, or by any other means, lawful or lawless, the central power has stretched its arms, east and west, north and south, through many degrees of latitude and lon-Such an empire will therefore include differences of climate so great as to imply very dissimilar conditions of human life, and dissimilar national habitudes. These diversities of climate, moreover, must include diversities of produce—exchangeable among the constituents of the Such diversities may be of a empire. kind which will become either the grounds of commercial intercourse, and therefore bonds of coherence, or else the sources of commercial rivalries, and the occasions of fiscal anomalies, and the incentives of smuggling and piracy. An empire of this sort—geographically extended beyond any natural limits—must often be contending with the problem of how to bind together races that refuse to amalgamate, and which perhaps regard each other with hatred —centuries old. Such an empire has need of interpreters at its center; and its chief officers may be barbarians one to another. Such an empire is mighty so long as it is thought to be so; but it ceases to be mighty at the moment when the breath of opinion fails to pronounce it to be omnipotent. It lives in peril hourly upon the prestige of its reputation. An empire, in this sense, can have no period of stable equilibrium, for at every moment it must be either in growth or in decay. Accretion or dissolution are its only conditions. It is not so with a people, or a nation, which passes at a slow pace through the wonted stages of infancy, youth, maturity (and perhaps decrepitude.) A nation has a consciousness of itself, and it has a memory of its gone-by times; which consciousness is to it strength, and it may give it a green old age. The vital forces of an extended empire are likely to be in inverse proportion to the strength and vitality of its several constituents. So it is that the central administration is liable to be driven toward the dangerous extremes of incertitude, laxity, rigor, and variable tyranny, in its treatment of the nations that are under its sway; and it is always open to the

temptation to spend its strength in ambi-

^{*} We think this writer needs to revise his knowledge of American history. Certainly, he is grandly mistaken, if there is any truth in facts.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

tious inroads upon its neighbors, as the likeliest means of diverting the dangers that are threatening itself from within.

The four empires which we have now named, accord with these definitions in different degrees. Not one of them entirely with all of them; yet each of them answers to the description in its principal articles. This will appear in taking a glance at each in its turn. Each, at this very moment, is reaching a crisis in its fate; and the issue of this crisis must deeply affect the welfare of other nations. But are we now regarding these impending changes in a merely political and secular light; or is it chiefly in a religious light? Mainly in the first; and, as a consequence, or inferentially, in the second. We may take account of the operation of natural causes in bringing about revolutions; and then we may read in these revolutions a Divine intention, which again and again, in the lifetime of the human family, has shown a fixed purpose, and which comes in at the moment to forbid the realization of some scheme of boundless ambition. But a providential purpose, the very contrary of this, which stops the way against the enterprises of lawless ambition, may seem to be the intention of a course of events in some other quarteras, for instance, in the case of China, where what is needed is an opening of the road of national improvement and advancement, by the breaking up of a vast obstructive polity. A superannuated empire does not better suit the present needs of the great polity of nations, than does an over-ambitious empire. The word that is spoken out from on high among all people at this time is this: You must neither obstruct the highway of the world; nor may you drive other men from off it. So it is that the police, in a crowded city, has two lines of duty to keep its eye upon namely, first, to give those a jog who are lounging upon busy thoroughfares; and then to restrain those whose selfish energy might overpass due bounds. Each year, at this time, as it passes, is setting the nations forward a step or two on a path of improvement; and while it does so, it imparts a new emphasis to this world-wide regulation, which forbids at once obstructions and encroachments.— The time is gone by when a three hundred millions of the human race might be

another five thousand years of stagnant sensuous enjoyment. One might wish to think it could be so, but in the times that are coming it can not be.

The many nations—the Chinese included—that fill the space between the valleys of the Nile and the Irrawadi, must henceforth yield themselves to the mightier influences of the Western nations. They must either submit to be governed, or they must listen to the terms granted to them; or they must in some manner (may we borrow the word) ask for, and use, a Ticket of Leave, signed somewhere in Europe. How is it that it should be so? Let us forget for a moment this our Western world, with its arrogance and its noisy energies. Imagine that the Eastern races are now the sole inhabiters of earth. We ask, then, with amazement, what has become of the human family? Are these peoples, indeed, the only survivors of the once mighty nations that constituted the empires of the ancient world? Where are those giants of pride and power that led hosts counted by millions? Where are the kings, and their subject, that left their colossal monuments upon the banks of the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and the Oxus, and the Indus, and the Ganges? Where are the bright stars of those ages —the rulers, the wise men, the poets? Where are the splendors of the ancient Eastern heavens? Is this decay—is this decreptitude—is this feeble and sepulchral aspect of things, or this gew-gaw semblance of royal state—is this the realization of what the human family long ago promised to be, and to do? Lucifer, son of the morning! how, then, art thou fallen! Old things have, indeed, passed away; for the human family has, in these last ages, taken a new start, and is now occupying the earth on new and more strenuous principles. Therefore it is that the residuary peoples of the East must give way, and quietly yield themselves to whatever is involved in those movements that spring out of another order.

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The time is gone by when a three hundred millions of the human race might be allowed quietly to take a new lease for

within, China is threatened, not perhaps with dismemberment, yet with disintegration, and this of a peculiar kind.

Foremost among the many marvels of China is that conservative instinct which has availed to hedge in these vast regions through long periods. The marvel, indeed, is this—that a condition which is felt to be indispensable to the maintenance of a national existence—in itself so fragile, should have endured the many shocks and have met the many chances of age after age, even until now. It might have been that a people a few millions strong, advantaged in some peculiar manner by its natural defences, might have done this; yet the people of Palestine have found their only possible means of conservation to consist, not in concentration, but in dispersion. The national seclusion of China has been effectually maintained in behalf of a third or a quarter of the human family, and it has been carried out around a border of eight or ten thousand miles! This could not have been done by the mere vigilance of a central government; but it has been rendered possible by those qualities of the race which find no other exemplification on all the earth. These qualities, physical mainly as they are, and thence become moral and mental also, have, we might say, been congested in the social organization and the political structure of the empire. The paternal doctrine (not the same as the patriarchal of the Western Asiatic races) may be thought of in one way as if it were the *firmest*, as it is the *simplest*, of all social principles. But it may also be thought of as more precarious than any other. In truth, this Paternal Belief, if it be taken as the law, and as the religion, and as the feeling, too, of a great people, might admit of an argument for it, and against it, with a curious interchange of probable reasons. Herein it resembles other instances of what are spoken of as cases of "Unstable Equilibrium"—they are the surest of any, so long as no finger touches them, but the most evanescent of any the moment when they are disturbed. One might think a government thoroughly paternal would be a safe structure, if it were attempted within the most narrow limits, but quite impracticable if stretched over vast spaces; and yet the very contrary might be argued on probable grounds; for, in proportion to the vastness of its grasp, will be the imagined en- in its estimate of earthly good. Shall we

ergy and force of a principle which, in fact, can have no force at all beyond that which is factitious. The Paternal Polity might be potent within a region bounded by skirting ranges in our prospect; or if not so, then it may be potent because hundreds of millions of men bow to and respect it. Nevertheless, the perpetuity of a government like that of China can not be conceived of otherwise than as it is guarded against the intrusion of any foreign element. There must be an undisturbed entireness where there is so high a rate of simplicity. Small admixtures—in quantity—may put in jeopardy the coherence of the mass. And are we, indeed, sure that we wish it to be put in jeopardy in China? Yes, doubtless, we must wish this, if only at such a price benefits of a higher order are to be purchased, or are to find any way of entrance there. It must not be supposed that, when those higher benefits are taken into the account, we, or any believers in civilization and in the immortality of man, could desire to rebuild the broken wall of China, and to carry it around its coasts. China must now give way, for the mighty shakings of this troubled planet forbid the longer continuance of the China of past ages. Ought we to grieve although it be so? We are forbidden to grieve on this behalf; for the world must now move forwards—the nations can no longer stand still, even if they would do so. But yet, if they might stand still, and if a choice were to be made among the several Asiatic modes of national existence, then we say at once —Let it be national life, according to the Chinese idea of what is good for man. Better accept an easy-tempered, unimaginative, secular now, then embrace the horrific unseen, and the future of those Eastern races, whose frontal line is more perpendicular, and whose cerebal mass towers higher. Better live among a people who represent themselves, as the people of China do, lounging in sunny gardens, than with nations whose painting and sculpture is murky, filthy, and demoniacal. Although we may not believe that China is now, or that it has ever been, as bright and as gay as it looks on its vases, and its screens, and tea-cups, nevertheless it must be true of a people whose decorative art always takes to this style of cheerful summer's-day enjoyment, that the gentle amenities of common life stand foremost

vex in thinking of a people—so many as! they are—to whom so much of daily good has been given, age after age? Higher destinies have, indeed, been worked out among the Western nations, but not anywhere has a larger sum of the every-day weal of human existence been granted from above.

If at this time the Imperial structure of China were in peril in one manner only that is to say, in consequence of the rebellion which still ravages its provinces—or if it were in peril only as a consequence of foreign intrusion, many years might yet clapse before any great and obvious change would thence ensue. The rebellion may die out; or it may exhaust itself; or it may be crushed; or, more probably, it may itself become absorbed at the center of government, marking itself only by the substitution of some names and forms for other names and forms. But an extensive rebellion, if it maintains itself along with foreign intrusion (not invasion) brings every thing into three-fold or five-fold peril. In truth, if a civil war be a visible danger, which may be averted, a foreign intrusion is a solvent, against which a system like that of China can scarcely protect itself. How shall a mass of elements so inert resist the penetrative force of elements that are pungent, acrid, fiery, and, we might say, are galvanic in their operation. European nations have, in their turn, made conquests in India; but they will not, in like manner, conquer China; they may, however, transmute it, and disintegration will thence silently ensue. If we be asked, why should it do so, or how this should take place, and yet no military subjugation be attempted, our answer must be of this sort: This great people reposes upon its conceit of itself. Its serene opinion of itself, is to it, its center of gravity. There would be a mistake in thinking of this Chinese national self-esteem as if it were only a frivolous personal vanity, belonging to three hundred millions of individual men. A man's individual conceit carries with it always much of the ridiculous; but the Chinaman's opinion of the universal Chinaman has about it something almost of the sublime. Vanity may be magnified into the vast—like a flea shown upon a hydro-gas screen of twenty feet diameter—until you take it for a living megatherium. The people's opinion of itself has the force of a physico-moral in-

no mortifying comparisons are driven in upon the popular consciousness. Hitherto, or until the occurrence of recent events (say 1860) nothing attaching to the intercourse of the Chinese people with the "Western Barbarians" had availed seriously to damage the national delusion concerning itself; the international intercourse had only skirted this vast inclosure; and, moreover, there was always much in these commercial transactions that might well be interpreted in a sense flattering to the celestial pretensions. At Canton, barbarian traders were seen to be virtually bowing the knee to the brother of the sun.

But the time of the end at length came on; and a first lesson—the A B C of the various learning which Europe has in store for China—was delivered in thunder and lightning at the gate of Pekin. France and England joined hands in knocking this loud knock at the imperial door; and it does not seem likely that the startling noise will soon be forgotten. It can not be forgotten; for other lessons in quick succession are in course of following the first. The important circumstance attending this instance, was the delivery of the thunder-clap so close upon the imperial auditory nerve. The very persons most nearly concerned in the lesson could not fail to hear it. And when these heard it, all China heard it in echo. In what manner, then, will this rude assault upon the ancient vanity of this people take effect? We venture to predict, that it will take effect in a mode the very contrary of that which might at first seem probable. The Chinaman's national conceit, which shows itself to be quite impenetrable to any ordinary abrasions, is the very quality we should wish to find in those whether individuals or nations—that may best be wrought upon for purposes of extensive improvement. If once the glossy, glittering surface of conceit gives way, and is fairly shattered, then does the substance underneath vield itself to the molding hand. It is China, it is not India, that will take the lessons which Europe will be ready to teach it. This process of impartation, not only of military science, but also of the applicate sciences and of mechanical appliances, and generally in the elements of civilization, must have its time; but it is certain to go on. The early lessons have already been listened All, therefore, is safe, so long as to, and now there can be no stepping

back into obsolete Asiatic illusions. We do not propose to risk any conjecture on the momentous subject of those advancements of a far higher kind which in the end may follow. In truth, such advancements, such Christianizings, when they come in, must arrive on another path, and must take their course under influences of

altogether another order.

What we are intending just now, is to point out the natural tendency, as we think, of recent disturbing causes to bring about, sooner or later, some organic changes in the imperial administration. This brings us upon what may seem a contradiction; for while we speak of the impenetration of European science and of European forms of public business, we are supposing that these hopeful indications might entail the disintegration of the political structure. This is a result which, in fact, the fixed habits of the race might very long delay, if it were not that the civil war—the rebellion—is tending to accelerate it. We have already spoken of China personified as the "sick man," and have pronounced him to be dangerously out of health; in fact, that process which is welcomed by surgeons as "curative inflammation," does not ensue when extensive injuries have endangered the national life. The vast body of China is so far wanting in national nervous consciousness—the national pulse is so tremulous and so languid, that limbs might be severed, and the "man" barely know what it was that had happened to him. China is deficient in that of which the ancient republics of Greece in one manner, and of Rome in another, and the Italian States in another, were over full. China might rub on well enough, as heretofore, if it were let alone; but not if brought into active comparison with the energies, the individual vigor, the individual sense of duty, and the loftier motives which are the characteristics of European public life. Whether it be the official persons of France, or those of England, or even those of Russia or of America, whom the official persons of the Chinese Government will come to know, and are now coming to know, it will be apparent to them that China, in all its vastness, is quite wanting in certain qualities for which they have no well understood designation, but for which they will instinctively feel there is an indispensable necessity. Already this vague consciousness of a want, which the national | malady of a diseased subject; the powers

fund is not likely to furnish, is leading their official persons to look for it elsewhere. Mi ilitary instruction will be had from Russia, maritime instruction from America; what sort of instruction from France, must be determined greatly by the continuance, or the interruption of amity between France and England. But from England, whence hitherto China has not received the instruction which it could best give, China may probably come to receive some sort of consciousness of what most of all it lacks, and which it is the least likely to find any where else, either at home or in other countries—namely, that firm sense of public duty which gives coherence to to our own political life.

It must not be imagined that we are reckoning upon any such probability as this, that England, in future, will be sending first-class statesmen to Pekin. This need not be supposed, nor will it be so, in fact; but whereas, hitherto, China has seen at Canton few but tea-dealers and commercial men—very worthy gentlemen often—and such also at Shanghai and elsewhere on her coasts, she is likely in future to see England's men of wholly another class, not only at Pekin, but, to and fro, as travelers in all the land. Take now the average man in the naval or military service of England, or in the consular service; he is probably a gentleman born; and if so, the astute Chinaman, with his quick perceptions, will come to know that there is a something in such a man which is new to him, and which he fails to comprehend. Between the two men there is the vast interval resulting from that patriotic consciousness on the one side, of which, on the other side, scarcely a trace is discoverable. Nevertheless, it is the want of this quality, whatever we may call it, which renders the administrative forces of the Chinese Empire inefficient for its purposes. Otherwise, why should not the rebellion have been crushed long ago! Evidence is wanting which might prove it to be an intelligible quarrel, or a violent remedy for some ancient grievance. The aspect of the Taeping rebellion is that of devastative ruin; it is a plague which empties populous and fertile provinces; it is an unmixed mischief and misery. If only there were life at the heart and life in the limbs of the empire, it might clear itself of these disorders. The rebellion is the

of life which should throw it out of the system are wanting; so it lingers in the constitution, and breaks out anew here and there.

We do not forget that a very different opinion of the merits of the Taeping rebellion has been professed, and is still maintained, in England and abroad. The facts stated by Colonel W. II. Sykes, and by those residents in China to whose evidence he appeals, wear an aspect highly favorable to the leaders of this now extensive revolt. To adjudge between the parties in this case is far from being our purpose; nor, in truth, could we think ourselves qualified to attempt such a task. Statements in the most peremptory style are even now advanced on both sides; and it could only be after a hearing of all parties, and on the testimony of some whose evidence does not find a place in Parliamentary "Blue-books," that a competent opinion could be arrived at. The actual testimony which bears upon the question betrays the influence of trading interests, as well as of prejudices.* Among these, the powerful opium trade is conspicuous. Military prejudices also come in. Civil service and official prejudices say their say. Nor must it be denied, that the impressions and the feelings of missionaries get an undue hearing with the religious public. In reference to the purport of this article, all that need be said is this, that if statements disparaging to the Taeping chiefs are admitted, then we shall have before us a miserable confusion; for on the part of the rebels so called, there is lawlessness and violence, in no way redeemed by better qualities; and, on the part of the Tartar Government, there is a corresponding inefficiency and helplessness. On this supposition, the breaking up of the empire, or a political dissolution, seems inevitable. But if, on the contrary, there is mind and purpose among the Taeping chiefs, and if, as is affirmed, the rebellion has actually possessed itself of nearly a fourth part of China, including the most productive districts and many millions of the population, then it would follow as an almost inevitable consequence, that the empire will, in the course of events, be rent in twain, or perhaps split into many

fragments. In that case, European interference would not be slow to act in its customary mode; and so it would be, that the gigantic carcase would be torn in the scuffle between Russia, England, France, America, and perhaps others. Henceforward, in any case, the affairs of China must be managed, not on obsolete Oriental principles, but on the intelligible ground of European politics. Ancient fictions in government must give place to realities,

commercial and political.

Even now, there are what might appear unimportant items of civilization let in upon the upper classes at Pekin, and elsewhere, which will surprisingly take effect upon this shrewd and highly imitative people. We would not risk conjectures upon this speculative ground, and therefore refrain. There is, however, one element of European progress which is sure, in its time, to reach Pekin. If others do not attempt it, Russia will carry it thither; and so Europe will be seen to be coming in upon China—railway foremost. We might challenge capitalists to make sure of their shares in the future "St. Petersburgh, Moscow, and Pekin Great North-East-When this destined line runs weekly, what will have become of the Celestial Empire? It will not have been conquered in a military sense, nor yet dismembered or parcelled out among European disputants; but it will have passed away among other gigantic things of re-"How so?" the traveler mote times. may ask; for he will still find, as before, a dense population, in costume as heretofore, in its modes of industry the same as ever, in speech, and in etiquette, and in its decorations the same; but China, in its administrative order, and in its military array, and in its business doings, and in those adjustments—partly political, partly mercantile — which connect it with other countries, China will have submitted to extensive modifications. The Celestial Empire will have been puffed from off its seat by the railway engine.

Come wherever it comes, the railway Not only does it is fatal to illusions. carry every where recent information, and effect an interchange of minds and the breaking up of prejudices, and the riddance of incommodious local usages, but it brings with it, in its own style of irresistible force, commercial influence; shareholders' votes come in—merchants' proposals come in. The railway takes effect

^{*} We refer bere to the pamphlet by Col. W. H. Sykes. F.R.S., M.P., entitled. The Taeping Rebellion in China; its Origin, Progress, and Present Condition. In a series of letters addressed to the Aberdeen Fice Press and the London Daily News.

in transferring power from old centers of power to the Stock Exchange and the Bourse. Shall not this be seen when Russia, with her own line across Siberia to the banks of the Amoor, shall be bidding for the carrying of Manchester goods, Birmingham wares, and Sheffield cutlery, to Pekin, and to the banks of the Yellow River. China, joining hands with Europe, through Russia, will become a business-doing country on a far greater scale than heretofore; and when this revolution has had place, whether or not a political revolution may supervene, it will be no longer possible to administer the affairs of the empire on the dreamy basis of the paternal doctrine. At present, the Father of the State is wont to impute blame to himself—sinful man as he is when calamities afflict his children in any province. He will be too wise to practice any such Oriental candor when these his children shall have come, in European style, to impute blame to the paternal government, or to its agents, whenever they think themselves aggrieved, and shall say, "You must learn to manage our interests in a better manner."

As to that effective disintegration which European interference involves, it is already in operation, and it is likely to advance at an accelerated pace. While we write, it is announced (or affirmed) that Russia has made a territorial bargain with the Pekin Government, on undertaking to put down the Taeping rebellion. the same time France engages to drill and discipline Chinese recruits or conscripts. England is furnishing to order officers for the navy, as well as accomplished accountants and heads of mercantile establishments. To the Chinaman it will be left to use the hoe, to steer junks, to arrange matters of etiquette, and to fill subordinate positions. In a word, China will be China still; but the representatives of European civilization will be always at its elbow, doing, advising, directing all those matters, whether of the central civil government, or of military command, or of direction in commerce, in the management of which madarins, higher and lower, are now coming to feel that the barbarians can do the work better than themselves. The disintegration of China—we do not include the supposition of actual dismemberment by the Taepings or by foreign aggression—is in its course to be

stance of the manifold energies of Western civilization. Heretofore these strenuous foreign forces have wrought upon the extremities of China only, and as from without. They are now working upon it, not merely from within, but as from their new place of lodgment, at its very center.

Against the risks of either dismemberment or disintegration, both of which now threaten her, Russia is putting forth her utmost strength, and all her skill; and she may be able to hold her own yet for a long while to come, by the brute force of her armies. Russia may at length break the strength of the Caucasian tribes on the one hand, while, on the other hand, Poland in vain renews its struggle for national existence. Eastward, as we have already said, the Siberian wilds afford what has already proved itself to be an unobtsructed pathway, first, to a spacious and very promising territory, which gives her the command of the Eastern Ocean; and, next, to China and its markets. Thus it is that Russia, although beaten off from the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, and forbidden to indulge the golden dream of Constantinople, is circumventing Western Europe, while stretching out a long arm to China, and to the far East, through China. It may be seen that this way round is, in fact, to Russia, the nearest way from the Baltic to the remotest East. It might seem, then, that there can be little room for entertaining a question concerning the probable disintegration of Russia. Nor would any such course of events, a few years ago, have been thought of as on any ground likely to occur. But ought this probability to be rejected at this moment? It must not be affirmed that the elements of social and political disorder were not existing, or were not in movement beneath the surface, at the moment of the death of the Emperor Nicholas; nevertheless, these disturbing forces were not then in action; and if his successor had inherited, with the iron rod of office, the iron will and the ruthless hand of that autocrat, the threatening danger, both from within and without, might have been warded off for years to come. A double peril has now ensued, from the granting of imperfect political existence to the less numerous classes, and of release to millions of effected by the absorption into its sub- | bondsmen; and also, from the denial of national existence to a people long griev-

ously wronged.

During the same lapse of time, which may be reckoned roundly at three hundred and sixty or three hundred and seventy years, courses of events have had place in Russia and England tending in precisely contrary directions; or if the year 1688 were assumed on our side, and a year later on the other side of Russia (the year in which Peter became autocrat) that point of time would mark the culmination of both those movements in events that have been determinative of what was to follow, and that were characteristic also of what had been long in preparation on both sides. Here, on our side of the European commonwealth, there had been in process of growth the middle-class force, and with it the gradual development of civil, political, and religious liberty. What England is now, as a free country, dates itself back to the times of the first of the Tudors for its commencement. In Russia, from about the same date, those good things which we most highly value, and which then were in a condition of probable expansion and endurance in Russia, have been slowly disappearing, or going into decay or desuetude. At the moment of the Czar Peter's accession, and just when our English liberties had come to be fixed upon a rock, the entire fabric of Russian political liberty went down, to rise no more; unless now, peradventure, it may be coming up to-day. But shall it be so? or otherwise to frame a question are those things—we do not mean the semblance, but the reality of them—which we here so highly value—are they of a nature that can be bestowed, in lump, by imperial benevolence? During these three centuries and more, the people of England have not merely fought for, and struggled to obtain, the good things of our political and social existence, but, in so struggling to get them, we have come into a condition to know distinctly what they are—to enjoy them—and to improve them; the long conflict has been itself our schooling

in the art and mystery of political existence. If we had not so striven, not only should we not have obtained, but we should not have been qualified to enjoy and to use these inestimable benefits. What we thus possess and enjoy at this time, could not, in the nature of things, have been poured out of the lap of a benign autocrat, for our benefit and comfort.

We need not call in question the benevolence or the good intentions of Alexander II., at least his intentions toward his subjects. The questionable Slavonian points are the nature of the bestowment, and the preparedness of the recipients. To return for a moment to our comparison of instances; the slow acquisition of political life among ourselves has served to consolidate in an admirable manner the constitutional structure. Every expansion of the constitutional mass has given it so much the more solidity, and has served to fix the equilibrium of the whole. But can it be affirmed that the benign autocrat, who is now reversing the acts of the stern autocrat of 1689, is setting Russia upon a basis of granite? Is it not rather upon the flanks of an Etna? Peter, mighty and rude, and practical in his mode of thinking, labored to bring in upon his Russia the benefits of the material civilization of Western Europe; but he had no wish whatever to import, along with these solid advantages, the soul, and the mind, and heart of Western Europe certainly not the free heart of England. The present autocrat, fully possessed as he is of those things which his sturdy predecessor so much coveted, and in great measure obtained, for his people, desires to import, and to grant to them, an extemporized political existence. This gracious bestowment might indeed realize itself in Russia, if a season of the most perfect repose were to be lengthened out through the years of a reign which ought to be so long, that a preparation demanding centuries might perhaps be compressed within the limits of a life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the London Quarterly.

G R E E C E A N D THE GREEKS.

On the morning of the 6th of February, 1833, King Otho, then a youth of seventeen, landed at Nauplia from the English frigate which had conveyed him to the shores of his new kingdom. A fleet of twenty-five ships of war and forty-eight transports, at anchor in the bay, attested how important was the occasion in the view of the great powers of Europe. Every thing conspired to give brilliancy to the scene. The sun was warm, and the air balmy with the breath of spring; while a light breeze wafted freshness from the sea, where boats, filled with people in holiday attire, were gliding amidst the gaily decorated frigates of the allied squadrons. The landscape was beautiful; and it recalled memories of a glorious past. Three thousand five hundred Bavarian soldiers had landed before the king, and were in position to receive him as he stepped on shore. The numerous mounted officers, the prancing horses and splendid plumes, the music of the bands, and the decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new comers, produced a powerful impression upon the minds of the Greeks, accustomed to the sight of a wasted and poverty-stricken country. Anarchy and order shook hands. Greeks and Albanians, mountaineers and islanders, soldiers, sailors, and peasants, welcomed the young monarch as their deliverer from a state of society more intolerable even than Turkish tyranny. It is true that the residence provided for royalty was none of the best. The king's German attendants had a house allotted to them which could not afford shelter from the rain or from the north wind. Not half-a-dozen oxen, scarcely a hen or an egg, were to be found in the whole of Greece. Every thing had come to the worst. Even the members of the government and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starv-

the poetic glories of the Greece of Homer, and the historic greatness of the Greece of Thucydides, might be pardoned if they then indulged a hope that a third Greece was emerging into life, a new Christian kingdom incorporated in the international system of Europe, which would unite the developments of modern progress with the

splendors of ancient renown.

The anticipations then formed might have been fulfilled, notwithstanding the limited capacity of the young king, if only he had been surrounded by advisers capable of forgetting themselves, and of directing with wisdom and energy the affairs of the new state. But every thing went wrong from the first; and after twenty-nine years of splendid misery, the king and queen have been driven, with the unanimous consent of all classes of Greeks, from the throne and court of Athens. It may be urged in behalf of Otho, that since his accession the population of the kingdom has more than doubled; that Athens, which was then a collection of a few miserable huts, is now an increasing city of fifty thousand inhabitants; that a university and schools, and recently a steampacket company, have been established; and that Greece has been gradually becoming of increased consequence in the estimation of civilized states. But these facts are altogether insufficient to turn the tide of European opinion. The Greek kingdom has not answered the expectations which had been reasonably formed with regard to it. How far this may have been the fault of the king, how far it is the fault of the people, or how far it may be ascribed to the force of circumstances, are questions which can be answered only by referring to the past history and present condition of the country.

It is only within the last half century that the modern Greek has attracted the attention of civilized Europe. Fifty years ago he was as little known to Englishmen as the Montenegrin or the Circassian is ing population. Enthusiasts, who recalled now. For four hundred years, a combi-

nation of prudence and courage, of toleration and cruelty, had enabled two or three millions of Mussulmans to retain three times their number of Christians in subjection; and no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. The sultan would have considered himself as much entitled to suggest measures for the government of the Mohammedans in India, as the king of England to advise any changes in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks; and the testimony of the few travelers who had visited their country was singularly discordant. The character of the Greek race was in the mean time silently and steadily undergoing a process of change. The corruption and servility which had retained it in a degraded condition from the time of its conquest by the Romans, had been expiated by ages of suffering under the Ottoman yoke. The want of laws, of a judicial constitution, and fixed forms of legal procedure, rendered the Turkish administration of justice arbitrary, occasioned flagrant acts of wrong, and retained society in a state of barbarism; whereas, among the Greeks, individual virtue had been developed, and individual improvement accelerated and extended, so as to lead to an increase of moral energy, a desire for action, and a longing for national and political existence. The progress of education was also a herald of liberty. Several individuals endowed schools, and sought to raise their countrymen from the degradation into which they had sunk.

These improvements, it is true, were only upon a very limited scale; but they were sufficient to render the Ottoman misrule more and more insupportable. At the same time, the progress of events in other parts of the world afforded the Greeks opportunities of acquiring knowledge and experience. English liberty and American independence had struck chords that vibrated wherever civilized men dwelt. The chief impetus, however, ! was given by the events of the French Revolution. We do not believe, with M. Thiers, that it was the crowing of the | who compelled the poor people to main-Gallic cock which first discovered to Eu- | tain them at free quarters in idleness and rope the dawn of liberty; it did succeed, luxury; just as truly heroes, in fact, as the

kind on Paris, and in stimulating to the uttermost political ideas. It became every where the fashion for the discontented subjects of established governments to imitate the French. The Greeks were excited more openly to urge their nationality as a reason for throwing off the Ottoman yoke, when they found similar doctrines supported by large armies and glorious victories in other lands. The influence of the clubs of Paris was peculiarly calculated to produce a powerful impression on the minds of the Greeks; for it seemed to prove that great results might be effected by small assemblies, and that words, in which Greece has always been rich, might be made to do the work of They began to form literary swords. clubs and secret societies. The Philomuse Society was founded at Athens in 1812; and the Hetairia was founded at Odessa in 1814. The latter was established ex pressly to accelerate and direct a revolution in Greece, and to teach the Greeks to expect immediate assistance from Russia for the overthrow of Turkey. It was composed of bankrupt merchants, intriguing adventurers, and fanatical churchmen; it extended its organization throughout Greece, to Constantinople, and the Russian ports of the Black Sea; it alarmed, year by year, the Turkish administration. But neither the Hetairia, nor any other of the secret societies, ever effected much toward the establishment of Greek independence. They were hotbeds of internal intrigue, and sources of serious calamity to the nation.

Still less was the national cause indebted to the Klephts, or brigand chiefs, whom some writers have elevated into heroes. A life of independence, even when stained with crime, has always been found to throw a spell over the minds of oppressed nations; and we can not wonder that the hatred to the Turk, which these robberbands ostentatiously professed, should secure for them not only tolerance but popularity during the early struggles of the Greek nation. But the patriot brigands of Greece are a mere creation of poetry, or of the opera. The Klephts were ignonoble thieves, infamously sordid, whose cowardice would not allow them to attack unless they were three or four to one, and however, in fixing the attention of man-garotters in the streets of London, or as

the bandits who are at this moment flourishing under the protection of Pio Nouo.

We shall not attempt the impracticable task of relating, within the norrow limits of a passing article, the tedious history of that twelve years' struggle which ended in the recognized independence of Greece under a constitutional monarchy, but must content ourselves with referring our readers to the carefully-prepared volumes of Dr. Finlay. The author possesses the advantages of a long residence in the country, a perfect familiarity with its language, and a personal share in the events which he undertakes to describe. He was a volunteer in the staff of General Gordon, and was in intercourse with the most noted English Philhellenists of that day. His History of Greece under Foreign Domination has secured for him in this country an unquestioned position in the department of literature to which he has devoted himself; and the gratitude of the Greeks has been evinced by the title which they they have conferred upon him, of "Knight Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer." To say that Dr. Finlay has produced a highly interesting book would be to ascribe to him a miracle. No amount of literary skill could make the Greek Revolution attractive. In the whole long struggle the nation did not produce a single man of eminence. Dr. Finlay is aware of this disadvantage; and his language, written before the recent outbreak in the United States, suggests a parallel which can scarce. ly pass unnoticed:

"From some circumstance which hardly admits of explanation, and which we must therefore reverentially refer to the will of God, the Greek Revolution produced no man of real greatness, no statesman of unblemished honor, no general of commanding talent. Fortunately, the people derived from the framework of their existing usages the means of continuing their desperate struggle for independence, in spite of the incapacity and dishonesty of the civil and military leaders who directed the central government. The true glory of the Greek Revolution lies in the indomitable energy and unwearied perseverance of the mass of the people. But perseverance, unfortunately, like most popular virtues, supplies historians only with commonplace details, while readers expect the annals of revolutions to be filled with pathetic incidents, surprising events, and heroic exploits."—Vol. L, p. 288.

Of great events there is almost as trying a scarcity as of great men. The siege of ance, rivalling the siege of Plates, as our historian remarks, in the energy and constancy of the besieged; the siege of Athens has its points of professional interest; the battle of Navarino effected the destruction of the Turkish navy; but politically it was stigmatized by George IV., in his speech at the opening of Parliament as " an untoward event."

It was in the spring of 1821 that the first insurrectional movements took place. Three Turkish couriers were waylaid and murdered by the Greeks. The next day eight tax-collectors were murdered, and a day or two afterwards a band of three hundred Greek volunteers attacked and defeated a marching party of sixty Turkish soldiers. These trifling events were the torch that kindled the flame of war; and so intense was the passion with which the Greeks threw themselves into the work, that in three months they had rendered themselves masters of the whole of Greece south of Thermopyles and Actium, with the exception of the fortresses, and these were all blockaded. Had there been any man equal to the occasion, they would probably have succeeded in expelling the Turks from Greece before the end of the year; for the fortresses were inadequately supplied both with ammunition and provisions. It proved far otherwise. The nation, moved by a sudden and unanimous impulse, rushed to the contest with wonderful impetuosity. But selfishness, jealousy, and discord soon revealed themselves; soores of merchant vessels were hastily extemporized into a navy, but there was no commander—the sailors and officers were more intent upon enriching themselves than upon defending their country-and the fleet, instead of being ruled by authority, was managed on the principle of universal suffrage. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, the Greek cause rose in importance. At first it was merely a struggle of the Porte-so Turkey represented—with a few rebellious rayahs; but before the close of 1822 the independence of Greece was boldly asserted, and the war became a contest of an oppressed people against a powerful monarch. The strength of the one cause lay in the hearts of the people; the strength of the other lay in the energy of the sovereign.

Sultan Mahmond II., the last of the royal race of Othman, had been thirteen years upon the throne at the time of the Missolonghi was a glorious piece of resist | outbreak of the Greek Rebellion. At that time the Ottoman empire appeared to be upon the verge of dissolution. The spasms of the "sick man" were already even more death-like than when Nicholas of Russia, thirty years afterwards, suggested the partition of his estate. The tyranny of the empire had awakened universal discontent, and its weakness incited to open rebellion. Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, were virtually independent. Ali Pasha of Albania had established a successful revolt, and was treated as an independent sovereign both by France and England. Even the Arabs and Egyptians showed a disposition to shake off the sultan's authority. At Constantinople, the janissaries were not more loyal than the chieftains of the distant provinces, and the *Ulema* had converted the administration of justice into an organization for the sale of injustice. Universal discontent rendered the Mussul mans quite as rebellious as the Christians. Statesmen pointed to this uneasiness and anarchy as a proof that the downfall of the empire was inevitable, while omens and prophecies were citen by the people to prove that the House of Othman was doomed to a speedy end. To this frail and shattered fabric the revolt of the Greek provinces was another terrific blow; nor could the Turkish empire have been saved from destruction, had it not been for the matchless strength and invincible energy of a single hand.

The calm and melancholy look of Mahmoud gave no adequate indication of that fearless energy, undaunted courage, and inexorable will, which, braving the perils that had proved fatal to so many of his race, could subdue them all—could stamp, by his single hand, a different impress upon the institutions of a vast empire—and could, for a generation at the least, arrest its apparently inevitable fall. Ferocity was not natural to Mahmoud; but he had recourse to unflinching rigor upon principle, and death was for many years the lightest penalty he inflicted. Few travelers entered his court of the serai without seeing a head or a pile of ears and noses exposed in the niches of the gate. Dead bodies hanging from shop-fronts, or stretched across the pathway of a narrow street, were sights of daily occurrence, and proved that the sultan was indifferent to human suffering and regardless of human life. When the Revolution broke out in his Greek provinces,

by sheer cruelty; and was so far successful that he turned the tide of the Greeks' early successes, and would have reduced them to subjection, had they not received assistance from the Christian powers. This war was one of extermination on both sides. The Greeks rivalled the Turks in cruelty, and exceeded them in perfidy. They murdered in cold blood the Mussulmans inhabiting Greece—men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to the sword, even after they had surrendered themselves on receiving the most solemn pledges of safety—no promises could bind these Greeks, no motives of humanity soften them—prisoners were taken on board ship, and tortured with inconceivable refinements of barbarity— Turkish mothers, wounded with musketballs and saber-cuts, rushing into the sea to escape, were deliberately shot, and their infants dashed against the rocks, till the dead bodies washed ashore, or piled upon the beach, threatened to cause a pestilence. Dr. Finlay himself passed a spot where lay the bleaching bones of two thousand Turks, of both sexes and all ages, who had been decoyed by the Greeks into a ravine, and every one of them murdered; and with all his attachment to the Greek cause, he is constrained to acknowledge that the lapse of thirty centuries has not made the Greek race better, but "a good deal worse," than in the half-savage times of the Iliad. At the same time we fully admit the force of his exculpatory suggestion that "the fury of slaves who rend their bonds, and the fanaticism of religious hatred, have in all ages hurried men to the perpetration of execrable cruelties."

In three months after the commencement of the Revolution, a committee of oligarchs was appointed; in seven months the people, dissatisfied, demanded that a national assembly should be called. Orthodoxy was as potent an influence as patriotism. The Greek peasants served without pay, on the understanding that the money which could be raised or borrowed was to be expended in a regular fleet and in procuring artillery. Various actions of more or less importance, by land or sea, inclined the balance of fortune more and more to the side of the Greeks; and, like the Confederates in America, they were singularly successful in capturing their enemy's ammunition and stores, he endeavored to paralyze its movements thus securing for themselves a great adof the Greek republic. The effect of of repression which the Sultan began to adopt, was to interest the feelings of all liberal men, and all sincere Christians, in favor of the independence of Greece, as the only means of establishing peace in the Levant. On the other hand, the power of Turkey was brought to bear more decisively in the struggle, and a long and tedious history of conflicts commenced which was not brought to a decisive close till the Turkish navy was destroyed by the Allied Fleet in 1827, in the bay of Navarino. During these years, under the new Government, Greece itself was in a state of anarchy. The leaders, both military and political, were selfish, little-minded, and avaricious; and it was not by the men of position and power that the libertion of their country was effected. The Greek Revolution, says our historian justly,

"was emphatically the work of the people. The leaders generally proved unfit for the position they occupied; but the people never wavered in the contest. From the day they took up arms they made the victory of the orthodox Church and the establishment of their national independence the great objects of their existence. A careful study of the Revolution has established the fact, that the perseverance and self-devotion of the peasantry really brought the contest to a successful termination. When the Klephts shrank back, and the armatoli were defeated, the peasantry prolonged their resistance, and renewed the struggle after every defeat with indomitable obstinacy."-Vol. i., pp. 178-195.

The issue, however, would have been against them had not other nations come to the rescue. When the independence of Greece was asserted, and a temporary government appointed in 1821, the conflict with Turkey, so far from being ended, had scarcely commenced. So far from being able to maintain their independence, the Greeks, six years later, were utterly exhausted, and the interference of the Eu ropean powers alone prevented the extermination of the population, or their submission to the Sultan.

vantage. In January, 1822—less than a Greek Church. But the Russian autocrat year from the first outbreak—a constitu- saw clearly enough that Mahmoud's tion was promulgated, and Alexander Mav- hands were heavy upon his Greek subrocordatos, a man totally unequal to the jects, not because they were Christians, position, was elected the first President but because they were rebels; and to a democratic revolution he was as hostile as these successes, and of the cruel measures the Sultan himself. Nor could any interference be attempted on the ground of cruelties endured; for it was notorious that the palm of humanity must be conceded to the Turkish rather than to the Greek commanders. When at length, in 1824, the Emperor Alexander proposed terms of reconciliation, they were to the effect that Greece should be divided into three governments, thus destroying its political importance, and that it should be retained in subjection to Turkey in such a manner as always to stand in need of Russian protection. The Greeks saw with astonishment that the Czar, whom they had trusted in as a firm friend, was coolly aiming a death-blow at their national independence; and, virtually abandoned by the orthodox Emperor, they turned for support to England.

In England their cause had already become popular. The British people, accustomed to think and act for themselves, soon learned to separate the crimes which had stained the outbreak from the cause which consecrated the struggle. Toward the end of 1824, the Greek Government sent a communication to Mr. George Canning, then Foreign Secretary, adjuring England to frustrate the schemes of Russia and to defend the independence of Greece. To this Mr. Canning replied, that as Turkey would at present be satisfied with nothing short of unconditional surrender, and as Greece would demand nothing short of absolute independence, in the opinion of the British Government mediation was at that moment impossible; but that, should a favorable juncture occur, the Government would not be indisposed to offer its services. The mere circumstance of the British minister replying to the Greek note was a recognition of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence.

The English people went far beyond the Government. The Lord Mayor of London subscribed a large sum to support the Greeks. Lord Byron and the Earl of Harrington openly joined them. Cochrane (afterward Earl of Dundonald) undertook the direction of their naval To Russia the natural right appertain- operations, and a large sum was raised ed of protecting the adherents of the wherewith to build a fleet for him at Co-

penhagen; the ships were about half completed when the war was over. William Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett floated pleasantly for a while on the stream of public enthusiasm. English bankers and capitalists supplied the Greeks with money, and were foolish enough to intrust the spending of it to Greek officials. The result was, that Greek loans passed into a proverb. Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent to ascertain what had become of the money, and ascertained that the Greek patriots were not clever at keeping accounts, nor over-scrupulous about appropriating the money to the particular object for which it had been subscribed. The acknowledgment of General Gordon, himself an ardent Philhellenist, who fought bravely in their cause, that the Greek executives were no better than public robbers, has been pretty well borne out by the fact that the subscribers to the first Greek loan have never to this day received either a shilling of interest or a syllable of gratitude. The Greeks appeared to think that they laid the English under an obligation in permitting them to fight for the land of Demosthenes and Plato, and in conceding to them the further privilege of paying the expenses.

Notwithstanding all the assistance rendered by Sir Richard Church and others on shore, and by Lord Cochrane at sea, so vigorous and able were the operations of the Sultan's forces, that Greek prospects grew worse and worse, until in August, 1825, an act was signed by a vast majority of the deputies, clergy, and military and naval officers, placing Greece under the protection of the British Government. The provinces of Epirus and Thessaly had been brought thoroughly under the Sultan. Early in 1826 Sir Stratford Canning was sent to Constantinople, charged with the delicate mission of inducing the Sultan to abandon the war; and the Duke of Wellington was sent to St. Petersburgh to obtain an acknowledgment from the Czar of the right of the Greeks to secure Matters dragged their independence. slowly along, and Greece was being utterly wasted; at length a convention was signed, which opened the way for formal mediation on the part of England and Russia in the beginning of 1827. This mediation was rejected by the Sultan. France now joined the two mediating powers, and an armed intervention was proposed.

with the Dey of Algiers, which ended in the conquest of that Turkish dependency. The fleets of the three powers united, and on the twentieth of October, 1827, found the Turkish fleet, amounting to eightytwo sail of all sizes, at anchor in the bay of Navarino. The allied fleet consisted of eleven English, seven French, and eight Russians; but their proportion of line-ofbattle ships was to the Turkish as three to one. The Turkish fleet was completely destroyed, and the efforts of Turkey against Greece were virtually brought to a close. The Porte has never recovered its navy since; and England and France, in the Crimean struggle have been made to pay dearly for the victory at Navarino. After this action at sea, the French troops undertook to expel the Turkish forces who still occupied the Morea, and thus France gained the honor of completing the work which England had begun.

To eject a hated ruler is often difficult; it is sometimes more difficult still to supply his place. The five years which intervened between the expulsion of the Turks from Greece and the arrival of King Otho were years of misrule and misery. John Capodistrias, an able man, of some political experience, but censured as too Russian in his views, was elected President of the Greek State; and a little later, after a reduction of the frontier artfully contrived by Russia, and foolishly acquiesced in by England, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg accepted the offered sovereignty of the diminished kingdom. There was an outbreak of national enthusiasm similar, though not equal, to that which has just occurred in favor of Prince Alfred; but three months after his acceptance of the crown Prince Leopold resigned it. He had not counted the cost, and the machinations of Capodistrias were a terror to Capodistrias resumed the presidency, but was assassinated shortly afterward; and thenceforth for two years the state of Greece may be summed up in one word—anarchy. At length the Sultan, in July, 1832, was prevailed upon formally to recognize Greece as an independent sovereignty, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, about half a million sterling. The allied powers guaranteed a loan of sixty millions of francs to furnish supplies to the government of the new King, and pay the Turkish indemnity. They invited Prince Otho, of Bavaria, to France had just been engaging in a dispute | become King of Greece, and secured for

among the sovereigns of Europe. Thus elected King Otho was hailed by the Greek nation, and landed, as we have seen, amidst the general acclamations of

the Greek monarch an official admission his new subjects, little dreaming, probably, that it would afterward be his fate to be expelled from his throne without a voice being raised for his recall.

From the Book of Days.

ENGLAND. EARTHQUAKES IN

THE last earthquake of any considerable violence in England occurred on the 8th of February 1750. Such commotions are not so infrequent in our island as many suppose; but it must be admitted that they are generally innocuous or nearly so. Even in that notoriously mobile district about Comrie in Perthshire where during the winter of 1839-40 they had a hundred and forty earthquakes, being at the rate of about a shock a day at an average—they seldom do much harm. Still, seeing that movements capable of throwing down buildings do at rare intervals take place, it might be well to avoid the raising of public structures, as church towers and obelisks, beyond a moderate elevation. Perhaps it will yet be found that the Victoria Tower at Westminister is liable to some danger from this cause.

According to Mrs. Somerville (Physical Geography, ed. 1858) there have been two hundred and fifty-five earthquakes put on record in England, most of them slight and only felt in certain districts. The notices of such events given by our chronicles are generally meager, little to purpose, of no scientific value, and more calculated to raise curiosity than to gratify it. Still, they are better than nothing.

In 1101 all England was terrified "with a horrid spectacle, for all the buildings were lifted up and then again settled as before."* In 1133 many houses were overthrown, and flames issued from rifts in the earth, which defied all attempts to quench them. On the Monday in the week before Easter in 1185, "chanced a

sore earthquake through all the parts of this land, such a one as the like had not been heard of in England, since the beginning of the world; for stones that lay couched fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great Church of Lincoln rent from the top downwards." (Holinshed.) The next earthquake of any moment, occurred on St. Valentine's Eve, in 1247, and did considerable damage in the metropolis; this was preceded by a curious phenomenon—for three months prior to the shock, the sea ceased to ebb and flow on the English coast, or the flow at least was not perceptible; the earthquake was followed by a season of such foul weather that the spring was a second winter. On the 12th of September, 1275, St. Michael's Church, Glastonbury, was destroyed by an earthquake. John Harding, in his metrical chronicle for 1361, recoras

"On St. Mary's Day The great wind and earthquake marvelous, That greatly gan the people all affraye, So dreadful was it then, and perilous."

Twenty years afterwards another was experienced, of which Fabyan, while omitting all particulars, says, "The like thereof was never seen in England before that day nor since;" but the very next year (1382) Harding writes:

"The earthquake was, that time I saw. That castles, walls, towers, and steeples syll, Houses, and trees, and crags from the hill."

This happened on the 21st of May, and was followed three days afterwards by a "watershake," when the ships in the har

^{*} William of Malmesbury.

great violence.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 17th of February, 1571, the earth near Kinaston, Herefordshire, began to open; "and a hill, called Marclay Hill, with a rock under it, made at first a mighty bellowing noise, which was heard afar off, and then lifted up itself a great hight and began to travel, carrying along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheepfolds and flocks of sheep abiding thereon at the same time. In the place from whence it removed, it left a gaping distance forty feet wide, and eighty ells long—the whole field was almost twenty acres. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew-tree growing in the churchyard from the west to the east; with the like violence it thrust before it highways, houses, and trees, made tilled ground pasture, and again turned pasture into tillage." ton's General History of Earthquakes.) Three years later, in the same month, York, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Hereford, and some less important towns, felt the shock of an earthquake, which so alarmed the good people of Norton, who were at evening prayer, that they fled from the chapel, fearing the dead were about to rise from their graves; but this was nothing to the excitement created in London by a similar event which took place on the evening of Easter Wednesday, (April 6th,) 1580. The great clock bell at Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were pened with most unseasonable weather, set jangling; the people rushed out of the theaters in consternation, and the "beyond what was ever known in any gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their other country; and on the eighth of Febsupper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon-time. earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings were injured; and at Dover a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it part of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders, with their whole family, every evening before going to bed. About | far as earthquakes go toward lowering the

bors were driven against each other with pilers of chronologies, Lyme Regis was nearly destroyed by an earthquake; but the historian of Dorsetshire makes no allusion to such an event. On the eighth of September, 1692, the merchants were driven from 'Change, and the people from their houses, by a shock, and the streets of London were thronged with a panicstricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home Evelyn, writing from Sayes Court to Bishop Tenison, says: "As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks, but at Mins, it is said, it has made some demolitions. I happened to be at my brother's, at Wotton, in Surrey, when the shaking was, and at dinner with much company; yet none of us at table were sensible of any motion. But the maid who was then making my bed, and another servant in a garret above her, felt it plainly; and so did my wife's laundrymaid here at Deptford, and generally, wherever they were above in the upper floors, they felt the trembling most sensibly. In London, and particularly in Dover-street, they were greatly affrighted." Although the earthquake did little damage, it sufficed to set afloat sundry speculations as to the approaching end of the world, and frightened the authorities into ordering a strict enforcement of the laws against swearing, drunkenness, and debauchery.

> The year 1750 is, however, the year par excellence of English earthquakes. It the heat being, according to Walpole, ruary a pretty smart shock was experienced, followed, exactly a month afterward, by a second and severer one, when the bells of the church clocks struck against the chiming-hammers, dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water. The lord of Strawberry Hill, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, draws a lively picture of the effect created by the event, and we can not do better than borrow his narration:

"'Portents and prodigies are grown so fre-That they have lost their name.'

" My text is not literally true; but as a century after, according to the com-price of wonderful commodities, to be

sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimnies, and much earthernware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say that, if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London; they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord, one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was in the Ridotto, at which, being the following morning, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning after carthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe, if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppetshow against judgment!' The excitement grew intense; following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake.' A crazy Lifeguardsman predicted a third and more fatal earthquake at the end of four weeks | vember, 1852.

after the second, and a frantic terror prevailed among all classes as the time drew near. On the evening preceding the fifth of April, the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles, spite of an advertisement in the papers threatening the publication of an extact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' 'Earthquake gowns'-warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with women. Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles;" and Walpole asks his correspondent: "What will you think of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?" However, the soldier proved a false prophet, and expiated his folly in the madhouse. On the eighteenth of March, in this year, an earthquake was felt at Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. In April, Cheshire, Flintshire, and Yorkshire were startled in like manner; this was followed by an earthquake in Dorsetshire in May, by another in Somersetshire in July, and in Lincolnshire in August, the catalogue being completed on the thirtieth of September by an earthquake extending through the counties of Suffolk, Leicester, and Northampton.

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, in 1755, agitated the waters of the three kingdoms, and even affected the fish-pond of Peerless Pool, in the Cityroad, London; but produced no damage. Since then several shocks have been experienced here from time to time, but unattended with any circumstances calling for notice; the last one recorded being a slight earthquake felt in the north-western counties of England on the ninth of November, 1852.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON SUPERSTITION.

Superstition has often been defined as the offspring of ignorance; and no doubt, in the earlier history of the human race, there is a very close and intimate connection between them. Where there is much ignorance, there will always be much superstition, because many of the phenomena in the material world remain inexplicable, and superstition is neither more nor less than the introduction of the supernatural element to explain that which can not be solved by the known laws of nature. It differs from ignorance, inasmuch as ignorance merely ascribes known effects to wrong causes, with which they may have no connection, direct or indirect; while superstition attributes them to supernatural causes, and creates imaginary beings to explain them. It is not superstition to believe that the sun rises and sets, or to hold, with the Hindoos, that this world of ours rests on the back of an immense tortoise; such a belief may be evidence of great ignorance, and, in the latter case, a proof of the wickedness of the logical faculty, but it is not to be confounded with superstition. The sun seems to rise and set, and to those ignorant of the laws of the physical world it is far more credible that the sun should move than that the earth should revolve around it; and the fanciful idea of the tortoise is merely an attempt at the solution of a felt difficulty by the creation of one still greater. It is a proof of the ignorance, but not of the superstition of those who hold it, for a tortoise is an actual creature, and not a supernatural creation; and granted that the tortoise is sufficiently large, and has found that which Archimedes could not find, there would be no difficulty in admitting that the thing was possible, provided always that we were still ignorant of the Copernican system.

When man, in obedience to the Divine command, began to multiply and to replenish the earth, he must have found himself at first very much in the same condition as Robinson Crusoe on his desert lar superstitions, traced from their first

island. He must have been at a loss to know whether he was the only inhabitant of the earth, or whether it was peopled by other beings, distinct from the animal creation, and closely resembling himself. He must daily have witnessed phenomena which produced as powerful an impression upon his imagination as the sight of the footprints on the sand did on that of the solitary islander. The rustling of the leaves of the forest gave birth to the woodnymph; the wreath of mist on the mountain, rising aloft in a spiral form, was the spirit of the air; the white vapor rising from the stream was the breath of the river god. Unable to explain what he daily saw, man created imaginary beings to satisfy that thirst of knowledge which is inherent to us all, and cared nothing how much he multipled them, so long as he could find in them an explanation of what was otherwise inexplicable.

The superstitions of all countries, however diversified they may appear, can be traced to one common origin; and a work of deep interest might be written on this subject. In the earlier ages of the world, no distinction can be drawn between religion and superstition; the mythology of the ancients, in fact, is nothing more than the popular superstitions classified and arranged into a system. Many of these popular superstitions were not rooted out by the introduction of Christianity; they were too deeply imbedded in the human mind to be displaced without a struggle; in many cases they were embodied with existing forms of religion, and stamped their impress upon them. They were transmitted from age to age; they were borne, as it were, on the wings of the wind to the most distant lands; they were incorporated with the popular belief of nations who had nothing else in common; they gave rise to the romances of the middle ages, and are the source of those charming tales which form the delight of our infancy. The history of popuorigin to the present day, would prove to his habitual melancholy. He would that they are closely connected together, and that the inventive powers of man are far more limited than might at first sight

be imagined.

We have neither the time, the talent, nor the learning for such a task; but we shall endeavor to throw out a few hints which may prove useful to those inclined to follow out such an undertaking. While superstition is generally the result of ignorance, it is also sometimes the offspring of a false system of philosophy. The works of all the great writers of the middle ages are more or less tinctured with superstition; so that in reading them we are surprised that so much learning should be accompanied with so much folly. Let any one read a few pages of Marsilio Ficino's Teologia Platonica, and he will at once perceive the truth of this remark; yet Ficino was recognized by all his contemporaries as one of the greatest writers of the fifteenth century. His superstition was the necessary result of his system of philosophy. In attempting to reconcile Plato with Aristotle, he had to endow all created things—stars, water, plants, trees, stones, etc.,—with a third essence, or individual souls. These souls are the vital principle of the universe; it is through them that water produces living things, the earth blossoms, the stars move, the whole system of nature is preserved. This belief was not a mere abstract theory; it had an immediate and powerful influence on the affairs of every-day life, and the language in which this influence was expressed is still used at the present day. We often remark to a hilarious friend, "You seem to be in good spirits to-day," without knowing that we are alluding to the spirits with which Ficino peopled the universe. The idea has died out, but the language in which it was expressed survives. Ficino would have told our hilarious friend that his hilarity was owing to the planet Mars summoning into vigor the martial or good spirits in his soul. Again, he would have told our friend Croaker, who is persuaded that there will be a universal smash in 1867, and is very melancholy in consequence, that his low spirits were produced by Saturn, who has always a very depressing influence. He would have advised him to put on his fingers rings mounted with different stones; the spirits of these stones would resist the influence of Saturn, and act as an antidote | pectorate by constantly spitting and blow-

have told him that he changed his rings from day to day according to the state of his mind, and initiated him into all the occult virtues of the agate and the topaz. He would have comforted him by taking the horoscope of the world, and proving to him that it would survive the fatal 1867. In this way Landino took the horoscope of religion, and foretold that it would undergo an important change on the 25th of November, 1484, in consequence of the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. It is rather a singular coıncidence that Luther was born on the 25th of November, 1483 or 1484. Such a happy guess would have made the fortune of Zadkiel at the present day.

Nor did Ficino stand alone in these fanciful ideas; they were common to all the great men who lived at that period known as the Renaissance. Cardan, the mathematician, tells us in his life that his genius appeared in the shape of a fly buzzing in his ear; a volume of predictions was inspired by a wasp that entered his study; one of these referred to his own death, and he took care to verify it by abstaining from food. Macchiavelli, as a writer, might be supposed to have risen superior to the superstitious feelings of his age, and yet he tells us (Discorsi, lib. i. cap. lvi.) "that the air is full of spirits, which from a feeling of compassion to mortals warn them by sinister auguries of the evils which are impending over them." Guicciardini, the historian, who lived at a still later period, candidly expresses his belief that there are spirits of the air which converse familiarly with men; "for," says he, "I have had such experience of them, as appears to me to place the matter beyond all doubt." These strange ideas were the direct result of the Neoplatonic philosophy, the influence of which is perceptible in many expressions still employed, long after the system itself has been exploded.

The belief is still prevalent among the Irish peasantry that sneezing is caused by some one of these aërial spirits attempting to effect an entrance into the body, which can only be prevented by pronouncing a blessing on the person thus affected. This superstition is not indigenous to Ireland; the Messalians in the fourth century believed themselves to be full of demons, which they strove to ex-

belief is to be found among the lower! classes in Scotland, who imagine that these spirits take an ungenerous advantage of them while asleep, and cause them to awaken in a state of terror. We must all remember the fearful dreams to which childhood is subject; we have woke up at night in a state of unspeakable and undefinable terror, and have been told "to sain ourselves"—that is, to make the sign of the cross, which is supposed to put these inidnight visitors to flight. The early reformers in Scotland strove to root out all the weeds of Romanism from the popular mind; but impressions printed on the imagination are not easily destroyed. Many of the rites and festivals of the Romish Church are still partly observed by those who have an utter abhorrence of "the harlotry of Papistry." The rowantree has always been possessed of something of a mythical character; in certain parts of the country small crosses formed of the branches are still placed over the doors and windows on the 2d of May, the eve of the invention of the Holy Cross, as a protection against evil spirits, warlocks, and witches. This is often done by those who have no faith in the existence of such beings, from respect for an old and time-hallowed custom. We have assisted in the erection of those bonfires with which the whole country is illuminated on Hallow-even; this custom is clearly of Romish origin, though the peasantry believe it to be in commemoration of a massacre of the Danes similar to that which occurred in England. The reader | degree as fornicators are after trial and is referred to Burns for a description of | conviction." The latter part of the senthe different superstitious rites which are tence amounted to this, that all future visobserved on the same occasion. Many iters to the well would have to take their still pull their "castics," and have their fortunes told from broken eggs, who regard these observances merely as a means of amusing the young people. In our younger days, Christmas (old style) was observed for three days; an ample supply of food for man and beast was laid up in store; all labor ceased, and the inhabitants of the district spent the time in feasting and social enjoyment. It was usual to give the horses and cattle an addition- | healing power, like that of the pool of al feed—a custom which will remind some | Bethesda, is supposed to be more effectual of our readers of Burns' Address to his Auld Gray Mare Maggie. At the wakes it is still customary to place a plateful of salt and a burning candle on the body of | forming their ablutions, dropped votive the deceased; the salt is supposed to sym- offerings of small pieces of silver into the

ing their noses. Something of the same | bolize the immortality of the soul, while the candle, which is allowed to burn out, represents the shortness of human

Many of the wells or springs bearing the names of Romish saints are still regarded with a superstitious feeling, against which Presbyterianism has waged war with little success. This war has been carried on for more than two centuries, but deeply-rooted superstitions die hard. The well of St. Fethac, in the Bay of Nigg, near Aberdeen, is still visited by the sick, who have implicit faith in its healing properties; and so early as 1630, we find the following entry (which we give in modern English) in the minutes of the kirk-session in Aberdeen. 28th of November: "This said day, Margaret Davidson, spouse to Andrew Adam, was adjudged in a fine of five pounds (Scots?) to be paid to the collector for directing the nurse, with her child, to St. Fiacke's well, and washing the child therein, for recovery of her health, and the said Margaret and her nurse were ordained to acknowledge their offence before the session, and do penance for leaving an offering in the well." Nor was the kirk-session satisfied with this deliverance against poor Margaret; as a warning to others, it was at the same time ordained "by the whole session, in one voice, that whatsoever inhabitant within this burgh be found going to St. Fiacke's well in a superstitious manner, for seeking health to themselves or children, shall be censured in penalty and repentance in such a seats in the kirk on the "cuttie stool," or stool of repentance, in presence of the whole congregation—a species of punishment which we are happy to say has now been done away with. The custom of visiting these sacred wells has become more rare; but those of St. Devenick and St. John, on the banks of the Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, are still supposed by some to retain their healing qualities. Their on one particular day. Till within a recent period, the peasantry used to visit them on the 1st of May, and, after per-

These offerings were intended, of course, to propitiate the saints who presided over these wells and gave efficacy to Whether they actually actheir waters. cepted them or not we can not undertake to say; all that we can vouch for is that

they soon disappeared.

The belief in witchcraft has prevailed, more or less, in all countries; in none more so than in Scotland. So early as the thirteenth century we read of Sir Michael Scott; his name is almost as familiar to the peasantry as that of Thomas the Rhymer, whose poetical predictions are still fondly remembered. His renown was so great that Dante has honored him with a place in his *Inferno* as one "who truly knew the art of magical frauds;" and any great work supposed to be beyond the power of man is still ascribed in the south of Scotland to "auld Michael," or the devil. On one occasion he is reported to have been sent as ambassador to the King of France, to remonstrate with him on account of certain acts of piracy of which his subjects had been guilty. In point of economy the Scottish monarch could not have had a better representative; he was such a diplomatist as would have rejoiced Mr. Gladstone's heart at the present day. He required no costly retinue or princely allowance; the devil, in the shape of a black horse, bore him rapidly through the air. On reaching Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, and presented himself before the King, who was not disposed at first to give much heed to the words of such an unceremonious diplomatist. At auld Michael's request, however, he suspended his decision till he had seen his horse stamp thrice. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells a-ringing; the second brought down three towers of the royal palace. The King's curiosity was satisfied without witnessing the effects of the third stamp; the ambassador was treated with the highest consideration, and all the grievances complained of were at once redressed. Another anecdote of Michael may be inserted, because it tends to prove the antiquity of a superstition which has not yet altogether died out, and is common to other countries besides Scotland. Artists are ever fond of measuring their own powers with those of their rivals. It was some such feeling as this which led Michael to visit a weird sister known as the Witch of Falsehope.

When complimented on her powers, she modestly denied all knowledge of the black art. In the course of conversation, Michael incautiously laid his wand upon the table, on observing which the witch darted upon it, seized it, and struck him. In a moment he was transformed into a hare, and on issuing from the house was pursued by his own hounds, and pressed so hard that he could only escape by taking refuge in his own "jaw-hole," the name given to the outlet in ancient Scottish houses into which dirty water was "jawed," or pour-We must refer the reader to Scott for an account of Michael's revenge on the witch who had played him such a scurvy trick, while we bring under his notice another anecdote, which proves that this kind of superstition was common France as well as Scotland. We have all heard of the wehr-wolf and the loup-garou, the names given in Germany and France to those hags who transformed themselves into wolves in order to gratify their taste for human flesh. Michelet (La Sorcière) would have us to believe that in the middle ages the ladies of noble lords, tired of the ennui of their feudal state, and anxious to see a little life, sent for the witches among their serfs, and commanded them, under pain of immediate death, to transform them into wolves, that they might roam the forests at night in search of adventures. This metamorphosis of themselves into "minions of the moon" was not without its attendant dangers, and we should advise any lady who at the present day may be tired of the dreary conventionalities of fashionable life, to have recourse to some safer expedient than the wife of a certain lord of Auvergne, who came to grief by resigning her own lovely form for that of a loup-garou. Boquet relates that one night a sportsman, in crossing the mountains of Auvergne, came upon a she-wolf, fired at her, and missed her; the shot, however, carried off one of her paws, which he picked up and placed in his game-bag. He did not think of pursuing the wolf, which limped away, and was lost in the darkness of the forest. After this adventure he proceeded to the house of a neighboring gentleman, where he intended to spend the night. master of the house, after bidding him welcome, expressed a hope that he had had good sport. In reply to th tion, he w ed to produce the he had pic

his worst fears were confirmed on finding | that she was wounded. It was in vain that she tried to conceal her arm; on exguise of a wolf, and had escaped, leaving her hand, or rather her paw, to him as a trophy. There was no convenient court of divorce in those days to take cognizance of such a crime; but the husband thought it prudent to get quit of a lady of such eccentric tastes, and denounced her to the authorities, who consigned her! to the stake.

Nor was the wolf or the hare the only animal into which the sorcerers and witches transformed themselves, or were transformed by others. In common parlance, at the present day, it is almost as opprobrious to call a woman an old cat as to call her an old witch; in fact, the terms are nearly synonymous, and they may have arisen from the vulgar belief that witches had a certain predilection for the forms of the feline race. Sprenger in his Malleus, or hammer for crushing witchcraft, relates that one day three ladies of Strasburgh complained to him that on the same day, and at the same hour, they had all received invisible blows. Sprenger, who had as keen a scent for detecting the presence of witchcraft as any other monkish inquisitor of the fifteenth century, at once pricked up his ears, and inquired if they suspected any one. They could only account for it by supposing that a certain suspicious-looking man had bewitched them, and the suspicious - looking man stood a very bad chance of being burned. When brought before Sprenger, however, he swore by all the saints of the calendar that he knew nothing of these ladies, whom he had never seen before. The grave inquisitor shook his head, eyed him with attention, and thought what a beautiful blaze he would make. It was in vain that he swore, and wept, and appealed to heaven and earth; Sprenger was not to be cheated out of his victim; the man who could inflict invisible blows on three respectable ladies did not deserve to live; reach her; but next time he would try

was his surprise, on opening his game- and a little torture might have the effect bag, to find, in place of it, a human hand, of bringing him to confess. The thought with a ring upon one of the fingers, which i of the rack quickened the man's inventive the host at once recognized to be that of powers, or recalled to his memory a cirhis wife. He rushed to her chamber, and cumstance he had previously forgotten. "I remember now," he said, "that at this very hour I did beat" (here Sprenger rubbed his hands with glee; the suspiciamining it, he found that the hand was ous-looking man was going to unbosom gone. It was, in truth, her hand which himself) "no Christian man or woman, the sportsman had picked up; and when but three cats, which rushed at me in a taxed with her guilt, she confessed that fury, and began to scratch and bite my she had attacked the hunter under the legs." The case being altered, this altered the case; Sprenger saw through the matter at once; a man was not to be burned because he was ugly, nor were three witches to be saved because they were pretty; three, after all, would make a better blaze than one; the legs of Christians were not to be scratched with impunity, and the devil and his followers would find that he, (Sprenger,) with his Malleus, was a little too much for them. Thus the suspicious-looking man got off; the fair sufferers from invisible blows were burned; and Sprenger's Malleus became the text-book of all witch-hunters in those witch - hunting days. Sprenger would have delighted the heart of James I., who had a keen nose to discern witch-craft or tobacco-smoke, and inveighed against the one as "the deevil's airt," and the other as "the deevil's reek."

We remember in our boyish days a poor old creature who lived in a solitary cottage near the confluence of two streams in our native parish. She had been married, and her husband was an uncannie sort of body, who would lie watching whole nights on the banks of the river in the hope of getting a chance shot at an otter. At length he died, and she was left poor and childless. She continued to occupy her solitary hut, and strange reports began to be circulated regarding her. Lights were seen burning in her single window, and strange noises were heard around her house at unseasonable hours; a large hare was seen at times cropping the cabbage-leaves in her small patch of garden-ground. The neighboring farmer had seen the same hare among his cattle; immediately after one of them died, and the cows ceased to give the usual quantity of milk. He had watched this hare, and seen her disappear near old Eppie's house. No doubt it was old Eppie herself. If so, no ordinary shot could

her with a silver six-pence, the virtue of which the devil himself can not resist; for was it not with a silver sixpence that Ringan Gilhaize shot that emissary of the devil, Claverhouse, at the battle of Killiecrankie, after the bullets had glanced aside from his body like rain-drops, and the contents of Ringan's cartouch pouch were all but exhausted? Did not the silver sixpence bring him down from his black horse and establish William of Orange on the throne of England? And if Bloody Clavers was not proof against the silver sixpence, what effect might it not be expected to produce upon old Eppic when she next assumed the form of a The experiment was at least worth trying; it was an experimentum in vili corpore; none would lament her loss, and he himself would be hailed as a public benefactor. So the farmer took down his old gun, known as Queen Anne, because it dated from the reign of that queen, rammed down a double charge of powder, and placed a new silver sixpence Thus prepared, he on the top of it. watched, and waited, and bided his time. At length his patience was rewarded. One morning he saw the hare issuing from the place where his cows were kept. No doubt she had been casting her cantrips over them, and robbing him of his milk. With trembling hands he raised old Queen Anne to his shoulder, took as steady an aim as he could and fired. Queen Anne, not having been discharged for many years, gave a roar which made mountain and glen ring again, and, to borrow his own expressive language, "gaed me sic a deevil o' a kick wi' her doup end that I gaed clean heels o'er head." He soon recovered himself, however, and rushing to the spot occupied by the hare when he fired, found there one or two drops of blood. Throwing aside Queen Anne, he hurried with all his might through the glen, in the hope that he might reach old Eppie's hut before she had time to assume her usual form. He found the door shut, but one vigorous kick broke it open, and there he found the old hag wrapping a piece of rag round one of her fingers, which was bleeding. "Ha! ha! ye auld wutch," he cried, exultingly, "I gaed ye skoudrom. I am thinking ye'll no' care for shaking hands wi' Queen Anne again in a hurry."

"It is easy to see, guidman, that you hae been at the bottle this morning," was

Eppie's rejoinder; "and we a' ken that when wine's in wut's out."

"What's the matter wi' your finger, Eppie?"

"Oh! I hae just peeled the skin aff wi'

the sneck of the door."

"Ah! dinna ye meddle wi' the sneck of the door again, Eppie, or wi' my kye, or I'll maybe gar ye claw whaur it is no bit-

ing."

With these words Eppie and the farmer parted, and for a time nothing remarkable occurred. Old Queen Anne was not to be trifled with. At length, however, new cantrips began to be thrown over his cattle. A valuable bull-calf, the descendant of illustrious sires, died, and his best foal, which he would not have sold for fifty pounds, was found, one morning, floating in the deepest pool of the river opposite Eppie's hut. There could be no doubt that she had bewitched the foal into the stream by black art, and drowned it from pure spite. The farmer took down Queen Anne again from the ledge in the kitchen where she had been quietly reposing since her last appearance in public, and found to his sorrow that her voice would never more be heard on mountain or glen. overcharge had burst her. No silver sixpence could again be propelled from her mouth. This Scottish Hodge scratched his head, and made semblance to think. A bright idea occurred to him. He would borrow a few of my lord's fiercest dogs from the keeper, and hound old Eppie to death if she ever appeared again about his premises. He at once proceeded to act on this idea. The dogs were obtained, and for several successive mornings he watched from earliest dawn in the hope that the well-known figure might reappear. last, as before, the hare was seen issuing from the same place, and with many a shout and cry he encouraged the dogs to go at her. The dogs, nothing loth, soon gave tongue, and a most exciting chase ensued. The hare made direct for Eppie's hut, closely pursued by the hounds, and followed at a distance by the farmer. When close to the hut the hare disappeared, and on hurrying up he found the dogs wild with excitement and rage, howling around the entrance of a drain which passed under the house, and striving in vain to force their way into it. He peeped into the drain, but no traces of the hare were to be seen. It was clear that there was some exit under the hut. Eppie had already reached a place of safety. Perhaps she might not yet have regained her normal appearance; he might still catch her in a state of transition. He hurried to the door, which he opened without difficulty. The cold ashes on the hearth showed that the fire had long ceased to burn. Nothing of Eppie was to be seen in the dim light of the single window. At length a feeble groan attracted him to the box-bed—so called because it is a compromise between a box and a bed. He opened the folding doors, and there was Eppie panting and almost speechless, with large drops of perspiration trickling down her face. He reproached her with her conduct, and swore that the next time she should not escape so easily; but Eppie gave no heed to his words, and seemed unconscious of all that was passing around her. In the course of the day the village doctor happened to call, and on learning the events of the morning, lost no time in visiting the hut, where he found Eppie in the last stage of weakness. She told him that for three days she had been suffering from what she called sweating sickness. Unable to rise from her bed, she had tasted neither meat nor drink. No one had visited her. Hope had almost fled when the doctor called. She was removed at once to the house of a kind Samaritan of her own sex, who did not share in Hodge's superstitious fears, and under her care she recovered. Soon after this she left her solitary hut, and removed to another part of the country; but Hodge still believed himself subject to her baneful influence. One misfortune succeeded another till he lost all, and was obliged to leave his farm. My lord, who, partly from pride, and partly from kindness of heart, never liked to lose an old tenant, offered to let him have it at a reduced rent.

"My lord," said he, thinking of the witch, "I do not think that I could hold it if you gave it to me for nothing."

"You must be a fool," said my lord, haughty and indignant, "or you would know that I do not hold it for nothing myself."

And Hodge was a fool, a downright, impracticable, unmanageable blockhead. Every one but himself saw that it was not old Eppie, but his own folly and mismanagement that brought him to ruin.

In the new locality to which Eppie relical tournament. The mass of the parishmoved lived an elderly man of the name ioners were delighted with his lordship's of Peter Baxter. Peter was one of a class liberality, and disposed to listen to the

seldom or ever to be met with out of Scotland. He was a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a face about a foot and a half long, clothed with an expression of superior wisdom, which impressed every beholder. He was a sort of Scottish Bunsby; all his neighbors swore by him; and yet it was difficult to say how he had acquired this reputation, as the only talent he seemed to possess was und grand talent pour le silence, as Madame de Stäel once said of a similar Solon. He seldom spoke, and when he opened his mouth, which, in point of capaciousness, resembled an alligator's, his language was about as unintelligible as the renowned Bunsby's. His words had something of a Delphic character; to be prized, it was not necessary that they should be understood. Like the responses of the oracles of old, or the tenets of certain ancient schools of philosophy, they were supposed to possess a certain mysterious, esoteric sense, which could only be discovered after much cogitation; but which, when once discovered, never failed to impress every one with the unfathomable wisdom of the speaker. Peter's ungainly figure was a phantom of terror to all the poor probationers who " wagged their pows" in the pulpit of the parish church. One young licentiate had broken down altogether beneath the steady stare of that long, cadaverous face, and all dreaded his criticism more than that of the Presbytery. For Peter had as keen a nose for heresy as good old Sprenger had for witchcraft; and the Malleus of his criticism was ever ready to crush it. He was profoundly versed in the peculiarities of Arminianism, Calvinism, Erastianism, and all the other isms of which the Scottish peasantry have learned to talk so glibly since 1843. If Peter was silent (for he never praised,) the young man might pass muster; but if Peter shook his head and spoke of Arminius and the five points, it was all over with him; he never wagged his pow in our pulpit again. Never did Peter come out so strongly as under the trying circumstances connected with the election of a new minister after the death of the Rev. Mr. McWhey, the previous incumbent. The patron was an old lord of eccentric habits, who, when asked for a leet, gave them one of twenty, and expected no small amusement from this clerical tournament. The mass of the parishioners were delighted with his lordship's

twenty probationers in succession; but a few, perceiving that much inconvenience was likely to arise from such an extensive leet, summoned a meeting to consider what was to be done. Various opinions were emitted. The people generally were opposed to any curtailment of their Christian liberty, or, in other words, to any reduction of the leet, and much confusion ensued. From the midst of the sea of angry faces Peter's gaunt form emerged like a lofty rock. The audience was at once subdued to silence. For a moment all was still. Peter opened his mouth, but no sound issued from his lips. He had to dive far down into the recesses of his inner being before he could find his voice. At length the voice was found, and the oracular deliverance came forth, slow and "There are three persons in the solemn. Trinity," said Peter, "and therefore I hold there should be three candidotts." The logic of this solemn deliverance was irresistible, and it was unanimously agreed that the leet should be reduced to three. The connection between the premises and the inference of this syllogism may not be more evident to the reader than that between the Goodwin sands and Tenterden steeple; but while Peter's logic might be at fault, his conclusion was sound, and the people proceeded to act on it by choosing the best of the three candidates, which is more than can always be said of popular elections in the north.

Now Peter was a sort of esprit fort in his way. He never condescended to reason, but he laughed to scorn the superstitious feelings of his less-enlightened neighbors. No one ventured, in his presence, to speak of witches, hobgoblins, bogles, fairies, kelpies, ghosts, or dead lights. He had no more faith in the existence of these supernatural beings than Mrs. Gamp's friend had in that of Mrs. Harris. It so happened, however, that there were certain young fellows in the parish who doubted whether Peter was quite so much of an esprit fort as he affected to be; so they resolved to put his skepticism to the test of a somewhat severe ordeal. Having ascertained that he would have to pass one night close to old Eppie's cottage, they got hold of a calf-skin, and stuffed it with straw. To this they attached a rope of considerable length, and when they had completed their preparations, they placed the calf-skin in the center of the road by

rope in their hands concealed themselves behind a wall. The moon was out, but her light only appeared at times through the rifts in the dark clouds. At length the storm burst forth:

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last, The rattling show'rs rose on the blast; The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd; That night a child might understand The de'il had business on his hand."

The young fellows were drenched to the skin, and nothing but their intense desire to know the result could have induced them to remain. At length their patience was rewarded. Peter's form was seen to approach, stooping and struggling against the wind and the rain. They waited with bated breath till his foot had almost touched the calf's skin. By a sudden jerk of the rope they made it leap into the air, and fall down a few yards before him. He drew himself up to his full hight, and stood for a minute or two considering the situation. What passed through his mind no one knows, for his lips were sealed for ever as to all that happened that night; but after a pause he advanced till he was close to the dark object in the road before him. Again it leaped into the air, and fell down at the same distance as before. It took Peter longer time to decide than at first; but whatever his fears may have been, they did not prevent him from marching up to the cause of his terror, which again described the same saltatory movement. On this, Peter, like Bob Acres, felt his courage oozing out at his elbows; but there was dignity even in his discomfiture. His was no sudden rout, no hurried retreat; he turned slowly round, and without looking over his shoulder, walked back the way he came. The young fellows kept their secret, and Peter kept his; but it was observed from that time that a great change had come over him, which was evident in his bearing towards Eppie, whom he had hitherto treated with a sort of superior indifference, and in the eagerness with which he listened to all the ghost stories with which his neighbors beguiled the tedium of the long winter evenings. Instead of treating these stories as old wives' fables unworthy of the notice of a man of his superior discernment, he showed the keenest relish for them, inquired into their minutest details, and which Peter had to pass, and, holding the showed a special predilection for the society of those who were favored by the appearance of these supernatural visitors. Of course there were not wanting those who, on observing this tendency, were ready to fool him to the top of his bent. Ghost stories were invented for his special delectation, and from being the most skeptical, Peter became the most credulous of all our parishioners. This credulity was also apparent in his bearing toward Eppie, who, he evidently supposed, had some connection with the events of that fearful night. He never passed her cottage after dusk, and he would often make a circuit of half a mile to avoid meeting her on the road. It so happened, however, one day that, on turning a corner near his own house, he met her face to face. Thrown off his guard by this sudden apparition, he held up his hands in terror, and exclaimed, "The Lord preserv's! here is the witch."

"Call you me a witch, honest man?" said

Eppie, indignantly.

"Walk on, woman," said Peter with returning dignity, "and do not insult me

on my own territories."

Peter's territory extended to about three; acres. If they had been three thousand, he could not have spoken of them with an air of greater consequence. Peter's gaunt figure is no longer seen at kirk or market. Eppie also has gone the way of all living. A short time before her death a neighbor candidly remarked to her, "Eppie, people say that you are a witch."

Ah, guidman, people say many false and foolish things," was her very sensible

reply.

And thus poor Eppie died in the odor of witchcraft. If the poor, inoffensive creature had lived in the days of "gentle King Jamie," she would unquestionably have been burned. We have reason to thank God that we live in more merciful times. Poor plain looking, lonely old women have special ground for gratitude.

There is another supernatural being which has stood its ground manfully against that tide of advancing civilization | which has swept away so many of the We allude to the water-kelpie, which is not to be confounded with the river-god, or spirit of the stream, which might be of either sex, and which often mounted be- guilt. hind the belated horseman as the woman in white, and dragged him down in her kelpie never assumed the human form: deadly embrace. The origin of a fine old it often presented itself to the belated Scottish family is connected by tradition traveler close to some stream which he

with the amorous propensities of this water-sprite. A gallant knight, whose lands lay along the border, tired of the ungodly society of moss-troopers, and anxious to make some reparation for the practical disallowance of the distinction between meum and tuum, into which, through some weakness in the logical faculty, he had unfortunately fallen, assembled a few of the bravest and least disreputable of his retainers, kissed his young wife, took a last look at his old castle, and started for the Holy Land, where he remained for several years, and made many a proud Saracen bite the dust. Unfortunately there was no electric telegraph or clairvoyante in those days to inform him of what was passing at home; and the reader is doubtless aware that the penny post was an invention of a later period. His enthusiasm, moreover, evaporated in a war, in which, doubtless, as in many other wars, he received more blows than bannocks, and there were no fat English kine to reward his prowess; so he turned his face to the west, and after many adventures, reached his ancient keep in the north. There he found all that he expected, and something more; for his wife presented him with a boy of an age which proved that he owned some other father. At the present day such an incident would probably have come under the notice of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and we question whether that sagacious judge would have accepted the lady's explanation as satisfactory. It was this: One day, as she was walking along the banks of the Tweed, the stream suddenly overflowed, and this boy was the consequence. The husband, fortunately, was not of a skeptical character. It was right, however, that the boy should bear his father's name, and prudent that all further intercourse with the water-sprite should be carefully avoided. So the boy was baptized by the name of Tweedie, the Scottish diminutive of Tweed, and became the founder of a numerous and powerful family. This tradition tends to prove that if other landmarks of former superstition. in past times superstition punished some women for crimes of which they were innocent, it saved others from the penalties which they had incurred through their

The hobgoblin known as the water-

had to cross, in the shape of a small pony which easily allowed itself to be caught. The traveler, glad to be able to cross the stream without wetting his feet, unsuspiciously mounted the supposed pony, which, with a shout of eldritch laughter, rushed into the deepest pool of the river, before the rider was aware of his danger, or had time to dismount. Next morning the body would be found at the bottom of the pool or some distance down the stream, and as there are no coroners in Scotland, the kelpie escaped without even the imputation of wilful murder. question whether the coroner could have amended the matter; the kelpie could scarcely have been regarded as amenable to human law; and even if he were, the smartest detective from Bow-street would have some difficulty in catching him. And yet the popular instinct of justice has not allowed this wicked sprite to pass altogether unpunished. At a romantic spot on the banks of the Deveron, which flows between the counties of Banff and Aberdeen, stands the Mill of Maggie. There is some good fishing-ground in the neighborhood, from which in former days we have decoyed many a speckled trout and sent it flapping on the greensward. There is also a deep pool at the bend of the river, which in former days the kelpie had selected as his special haunt. miller often saw him in the bright moonlight nights running imaginary races with other kelpies along the banks of the river, kicking his heels in the air, and neighing with pure delight; but he was too cannie ever to venture upon his back; he knew too much of kelpie-nature ever to think of that; but as his goblin neighbor was possessed of enormous strength, the idea occurred to him that it might be well to turn it to some useful purpose in the building his new mill. Some stones were required of a larger size than could be conveyed there by ordinary means; no rock could be too difficult for the kelpie to remove; but how was the kelpie to be won over? Evidently by no ordinary means; he delighted in drowning men; he had no taste for building mills or earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Being a sprite, perhaps he required no bread, and was thus exempt from the usual conditions of labor. Be that as it may, the miller resolved to try what effect the horseman's word would have upon him. Now the horseman's word is | ducted pony could do. That a kelpie!

a great matter in the north—there was a race of Rareys there before the American horsebreaker was ever heard of. The secret charm, the word of power which could tame the wildest horse into subjection, was known to few; but the miller belonged to this privileged class, and made up his mind to try its effect on the kelpie at their next meeting. He concealed a magic halter beneath his coat and took his stand on the other side of the river opposite to his own house, as if he were meditating whether he would cross. In a few minutes a small horse came up to him, pawing the ground, and placed himself before him, inviting him to mount. The miller stooped down and whispered the horseman's word in his ear, slipping at the same time the halter over his head. The creature gave a sort of cry of pain; he knew that he had found his master, and offered no resistance. The miller quietly mounted on his back and rode him across the stream. On reaching home he was careful to secure him with the halter in the vacant place in the stable, and then told his wife with much glee all that he had done. The wife, however, was naturally skeptical; she had no faith in the horseman's word, perhaps because she was free from the spell herself; nor did she give implicit credence to the miller's story even when she saw the small black horse dragging the heaviest stones to form part of the walls of the new mill. Meanwhile the work went swimmingly on; the miller's black pony was the talk of the whole country side; he might have named his own price for it; but he knew better than to part with an animal of a hundred horse-power which it cost him nothing to keep. He had warned his wife never to remove the halter from its neck, or to touch it at all. But where since the days of Bluebeard has there been found a woman who obeyed her husband implicitly in all things? She knew that the gray mare was the better horse; must not she, who ruled her husband, be able to manage this little brute so subject to her husband's will? At all events she would try. The mill was now finished, and the miller had gone out for a day's pleasuring; a better opportunity for essaying her power was not likely to occur again. She slipped out to the stable, and there was the pony, looking as demure and peaceful as any well-conha! ha! she was not such a fool as the miller thought. She would just slip off the halter and lead him to the water by the mane. So the halter was slipped off accordingly; but no sooner was this done than a wonderful change came over the pony; it gave a wild scream of delight, bounded over her head, whisked through the wall, and was off to the river, singing as it went—

"Sore back and sore bones, Driving mile of Maggie's stones;"

or, rather, for it was a Scotch kelpic, and proud of its nationality—

"Sair back and sair banes, Drivin' mule o' Maggie's stanes."

The kelpic, taught by experience, deserted the old pool and was never seen in the neighborhood again. The kelpie was one of those sprites

"That syllable men's names On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses;"

though he seems to have been far more dangerous and impracticable than Caliban.

There is some old doggerel of a similar character associated with the ancient church of Old Deer in Aberdeenshire, the the remains of which are still to be seen. The workmen at first attempted to build it on a small hill in the neighborhood; but their labor was in vain—the spirits during the night destroyed as fast as they built. At length some "airy tongues" were heard chanting these lines, still familiar to every Buchan peasant—

"It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer,
But on the top of Tillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie."

The masons took the hint, and many a corpse is still lying there, though the parish church has been removed to a less elevated site. There are some lines, supposed to have been uttered by Thomas the lthymer, (a great prophet but an execrable poet) which are still remembered in connection with the Brig of Balgownie, a fine old Gothic bridge of one arch, which spans the Don at Old Aberdeen. We are afraid that we can not quote them correctly, but they were something to this effect:

"Brig o' Balgownie! black be thy wa',
Wi' a wife's ac son,
And a mare's ac foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

They are possessed of some interest from their supposed connection with the poet Byron, who spent the early years of his boyhood at Aberdeen, and whose name was to be seen, till a recent period, cut out on one of the desks of the Grammar School. The poet was "a wife's ac son," and as he could not be certain that the animal he rode might not be "a mare's ae foal," he was careful never to pass the bridge on horseback. There are also several superstitions traditionally associated with the old rained castle which belonged to his mother's family. It is related that during the civil wars in Scotland, the old castle was besieged, and the laird, anxious to save the family treasures, had them conveyed by a subterrancous passage to the river, and thrown into the Hagberry Pot -a deep pool at no great distance from the old keep. It appears that, from reasons unknown to us, he was never able to recover them, and they are supposed to be still there. A good many years ago a venturous rustic, who could swim, dived into the dark pool, in the hope of finding the treasure. After some minutes he reappeared on the surface, with his face and hair covered with mud, and his strength so much exhausted, that at first he was unable to speak. If we are to believe his report, his adventures at the bottom of the pool were as wonderful as those of Don Quixote in the cave of Montésinos. He found Old Nick—the familiar name by which he devil is known to the Scottish peasantry—seated on an old iron gate which had once belonged to the castle. He seemed to be aware of the object of his visit, and after some preliminary remarks, pointed to several bags full of gold lying at his feet, and told his visitor to help himself, which John was nothing loth to do; but no sooner had he touched the money than it burned his fingers to the bone, and he was dismissed with the parting admonition to be sure to put his gloves on the next time he called upon a gentleman. John's fingers were certainly much injured; but his less credulous neighbors ascribed this to their having been brought into contact with the broken glass at the bottom of the pool. This superstitious belief that hidden treasures are watched over by evil spirits is to be found in the East

as well as the West. lieve that immense treasures were concealed by Solomon beneath the foundations of the city of Palmyra, and in the subterranean passages beneath Jerusalem, and committed to the care of Jins, or evil spirits, which still watch over them. When they see European travelers searching among the ruins, they believe them to be in quest of these treasure, and claim a share in them in the event of their being Victor Hugo relates that the French peasantry believe from time immemorial that the devil is in the habit of concealing his treasures, in the forest of Montformeil, near Paris. He is often to be seen, toward dusk, in the solitary parts of the forest, dressed as a wagoner or woodcutter, but easily recognizable, from the pair of immense horns which adorn his head; he is always engaged in digging a hole. If the spectator marches boldly up to him and addresses him, he perceives that it is nothing but a peasant cutting grass, and that the immense horns are the prongs of a fork on his back, which, owing to the perspective, seem to issue from his head. The spectator returns home, and infallibly dies in the course of a week. If he waits till the devil has finished his work, and then tries to dig up his treasure, the result is pretty much the same. After toiling the whole night in removing the earth and stones, what does he find? Sometimes a crown, a stone, a skeleton, a bleeding corpse, a piece of paper, a powder-flask, a pack of cards, or oftener still nothing at all. The treasure-hunter, wearied with his ill-requited toil, returns home and dies in a month. If the spectator, more influenced by terror than by avarice, closes his eyes when he sees the digger, and rushes home in all haste, his days are lengthened, but he must inevitably die in the course of a year. All these superstitions, common to countries so different in other respects, have doubtless sprung from one common origin.

There are other superstitions connected with Mrs. Byron's early home, at which we can merely glance. It is a trite remark that genius often borders so closely on insanity that it is difficult to distinguish between them; we suspect that the poet derived much of his peculiar mental idiosyncrasy from his mother. There is a tradition that her father became insane and hanged himself on a tree near the castle, where he was found by one of and motionless on the ground; his ear was

The Bedouins be- | his tenants. The farmer was a prudent man, and spoke to the laird's wife before giving the alarm. Anxious to avoid scandal, she hurried to the spot, and with his assistance cut him down, and so arranged the body as to make it appear that he had died of apoplexy. All turned out as she wished; and after the funeral she asked the farmer in what way she could prove her gratitude. Judge of her surprise when he said that he wished for nothing but the rope with which her husband had hanged himself He received the rope and a free lease of his farm for life. His descendants are among the most flourishing of the tenantry on the estate, and their prosperity is of course ascribed to the possession of the rope. The same superstition is prevalent in France. One of Alphonse Carr's most amusing stories is founded upon it: it is the case of an old millionaire, who had acquired his fortune in this way; and at his death bequeathed to a parasite, who had sedulously courted his good graces, not his money, but his rope, the

procuring cause of all his wealth. After Mrs. Byron's marriage the estate did not remain long in her possession; the tradition is that her husband, "Mad Jack Byron," squandered it all away in six weeks. He kept open house to all; assembled rich and poor in the old keep, and

made them dance day and night for six weeks to the music of the parish bagpiper, who happened to be one of his own tenants. Such was the tension on the poor piper's fingers during this time, that he lost the use of those of his right hand forever, and remained to his dying hour a monument of the mad extravagance of the young Englishman, who had soon to quit the castle forever. The estate passed into the hands of the "auld lord," who had, no doubt, been chuckling like a merry old spider at the web he was drawing round the young people, and calculated from the first what would be the result of this merry-making. But there is a Nemesis in popular belief as well as in ancient mythology; a worse evil befel him than the tenants of the barony quitting their former home. His son, a gallant young nobleman, remarkable for his strength and generosity, who was as much liked as he himself was hated, was thrown from his horse as he was exercising it on the green

before the castle, under the admiring eye

of his lady. His handsome figure lay still

the voice of love; he had fallen on his head His death and his neck was broken. caused a profound sensation throughout the country; a headless horseman was seen twenty miles from the spot at the very moment of his death; the report of the accident reached the most distant parts with supernatural swiftness; and even at the present day the belated peasant who has occasion to pass that way at night can see the specter-rider exercising his horse, and the specter lady looking admiringly over the castle wall

Among the fishermen it is esteemed as unlucky to rescue a drowning man, as it is thought lucky to cut down one who has hanged himself. We suspect, however, that this superstition was merely a cloak for leaving the drowning man to his fate, that there might be no dispute about his property, which they invariably ap-Dead men tell no tales; propriated. and of course it was unlucky to save a man who might be guilty of the ingratitude of reclaiming his own. superstitions, exploded elsewhere, are still to be found lingering among the fisherfolk, and rendering them averse to all the benefits of modern science. At a very recent period there was as strong a prejudice against the use of the barometer as there was many years ago against the use of winnowing machines, which one worthy minister characterized as "devil's machines," and Mause Headrigg indignantly denounced as "a new-fangled machine for dighting the corn frac the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently whatever dispensations of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling hills." A certain minister in the north was less patient than honest Mause under a somewhat powerful dispensation of wind and rain, which threatened to destroy the crops of his parishioners. It was toward the close of harvest; the weather was unpropitious, and serious fears were entertained that all would be lost. In the course of his second prayer, one rainy Sunday, he had just completed the wellknown petition "for such weather as may enable us to gather in the fruits of the earth that there may be abundance for

closed forever to the cry of sorrow and | den blast of wind and rain, which made the windows of the old church rattle in their frames. Luther would have asscribed this phenomenon to the devil; the poor minister saw in it an unfavorable answer to his prayer, and impatiently exclaimed, "Weel, weel! blaw awa'; muckle guid may it do you, spoiling a' the puir bodies corn."

The stalwart fishwives, while marching in single file from their villages to dispose of the contents of their loaded creels in the country districts, have a decided objection to being numbered. This superstitious feeling may have originated from the knowledge of the disasters brought upon Israel through David having numbered the people; be that as it may, we ourselves can bear witness to the strength and intensity of the feeling. While proceeding to school we have often met some of the fishwives, and have at once burst forth in the doggrel lines then familiar to every schoolboy in the north:

> "Ane, twa, three, What a lot of fisher-wives I do see !

which never failed to elicit some strong remonstrance, such as—"Haud yer lang tongue, ye deevil's buckie!" It is not unusual, even at the present day, to see a horse-shoe nailed on the doors of their houses; it has been placed there to protect them against witchcraft. Other superstitions may be regarded as comparatively harmless; but this belief in witchcraft is often productive of crime. We do not allude to the crimes to which it gave rise in the Middle Ages, but to its effects at the present day. It was only the other day that a farmer in the neighborhood of Villedieu, in France, having lost some of his relatives by death, consulted a wise man, who informed him that they had been bewitched by a person whom he mentioned by name, and who, he said, was at that moment casting his spells over him. Driven to despair, he resolved to cut off his tormentor by poison; but, after several unsuccessful attempts, he was detected, and brought to trial, when the jury, on hearing these facts, gave the usual French verdict of guilty under extenuating circumstances.

Of a less serious character were the effects produced by superstition on certain ignorant but well-disposed people in our native parish. In all cases requiring the man and beast," when there came a sud- assistance of the black art, they had re-

course to a supposed warlock and witch, who lived in a fishing-village at the distance of some twenty miles. They were brother and sister, and bore the names of We de-George and Eppie Foreman. scribe them merely from report, but we have always understood that George was club-footed, and Eppie ugly as Hecate. Their fame was not confined to their native village, where they were in the habit of selling winds to the seafaring people, like Norna of the Fitful Head. The owner of a boat never thought of venturing to sea without consulting them; their house was also a common rendezvous for all who had lost their property or their George and Eppie produced hearts. their magic mirror, the wonders of which were almost equal to Aunt Margaret's. The lover beheld there the charmer who had overthrown his mental peace; the peasant the thief who had despoiled him of his lawful goods. We remember one wretched old miser, who was reduced to despair by having one of his bee-hives carried off. On rising in the morning, and finding that it was gone, he started off at once to have an interview with the Foremans. When he had crossed their hands with silver, they wished him to peep into the magic mirror, where he beheld the face of one of his neighbors, a respectable farmer, whom he believed ever afterward to have been the thief. Of course he spoke of his suspicions to others, and some were silly enough to believe that they were well founded, and avoided the society of the supposed thief. Another innocent person was subjected to suspicion through the Foremans having exhibed her face in the mirror to a woman who had come to consult them in reference to some property which had been stolen. Where superstition is harmless it may be allowed to die a natural death; but such miserable imposters should have been put down by the strong arm of the law. It was somewhat remarkable that Eppie's upper lip was garnished with an ample moustache, thus verifying part of the ancient saying:

> "A hairy man is a happy man, But a hairy wife is a witch."

Ladies with the smallest soupcon of a beard on their upper lips had better bear this in mind. But perhaps, after all, a slight moustache on the feminine lip is no

more a proof of witchcraft than a flowing

beard is a proof of happiness. It is somewhat singular that Virgil has long had the reputation in Scotland of being the mightiest of sorcerers. This idea has probably originated from an imferfect knowledge of that part of the *Eneid* in which he describes the hero's descent to the infernal regions. A smattering of Latin (thanks to the parochial schools) has not been uncommon among the peasantry from the days of Roderick Random's friend Strap till the present The cotter who can get his son into the Latin class for a year or two, though it should lead to nothing further, is a sort of notable in his way. men in the north have sometimes been surprised by hearing their guides or gillies using Latin words; their knowledge of the language is very limited, however, and perhaps they are all the more vain of exhibiting it on that account. But to return to Virgil. The belief in the poet's powers as a sorcerer seems to have been very general in the Middle Ages; and Scott, in one of his works, alludes to a rare old romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he did in his lyfetime by wychecrafte and nygramancye, through the helpe of the devyls of hell." Nor was this miraculous power confined to the poet alone; his works were supposed to contain the secret spell which could evoke the spirits of evil, and make them subservient of the human will. This belief was held by an old miller, who flourished in our native parish some half century ago. He was in the service of an extensive farmer, who had attended one of the universities in his youth, and still retained a taste for the clasical authors. John, the miller, a strange old pedantic fellow, who was fond of letting every one know that he had been in the Latin, and had only been debarred by the poverty of his parents from being an ornament to the National Zion, was very much put out on one occasion through some thieves having broken into the mill, and carried off part of the meal. John could have borne the loss philosophically enough, as the meal belonged to his master; but he could not bear the idea of allowing the mystery to remain unsolved; and as he could not unravel it by ordinary means he came to regard it as one of those exceptional cases in which he

was justified in having recourse to the black

He was resolved, however, to have no accomplice in his dealings with the powers of darkness; his hand alone should draw aside the mysterious vail; he alone should meet the forms of evil face to face. Under the influence of such thoughts he presented himself one evening before his master, who inquired his business. John, with a sheepish air, said that he was anxious to brush himself up in the classics a bit, and requested the loan of his master's Virgil for that evening. The farmer, amused at his vanity and affectation, but suspecting nothing worse, gave him the volume, and for the moment thought nothing more of the matter. He had occasion to be out that evening, and on returning home at a late hour was surprised to see a light in the mill. Remembering his former loss, and suspecting a second attempt at robbery, he crept stealthily up to the mill, and peeped through the window. There, in the center of a magic circle, drawn with chalk upon the floor, stood John the miller, holding Virgil aloft with both hands, and reading the sixth book of the Eneid with such an accent and utter disregard of quantity, as would have made an Oxford tutor shudder. His face wore an expression of dread expectation; but perhaps the devil did not understand John's northern accent and execrable reading; at all events he refused to ap pear. The farmer contrived to enter the mill without being seen, stepped up behind John and pinioned his arms. Believing evil one, he roared for mercy, and could into its mysteries, he exacted a promise ter was his only assailant. The latter threatened at first to hand him over to the school-room on a particular day. The would not have hesitated to apply to him the penalties thereanent provided; but, moved by John's abject entreaties and solemn promises to have nothing more to do with Virgil or the devil, he consented to overlook the matter.

Almost as formidable as Virgil, in the popular belief, was a certain laird, who belonged to a neighboring county. He had spent the greater part of his life in Italy, | nal for starting in a race; it was fortunate and had only returned to Scotland on the for them that they had formed no such death of the relative who had left him the paction as the students of the black art, or estate. Half a century ago the Scottish | they might not have got off so easily. The lairds as a class were far from being the laird was rather admired than otherwise most refined beings in existence; they for his advoitness in cheating the devil; knew of few pleasures save those of the still he was looked upon as being uncantable and the chase. With such men the nie, and avoided as much as possible.

new laird had nothing in common; he avoided their society and spent most of his time in a laboratory which he had fitted up to enable him to pursue the study of his favorite science. There at night the windows were illuminated with lights, which shone with supernatural splendor, and dazzled the eyes of those even who beheld them from a distance; at times, also, reports were heard which shook the old mansion-house to its very foundations. No wonder, then, that he came to be regarded as a sorcerer; was not Italy the land where the black art was openly taught, and had he not spent the greater part of his life in Italy? What was the meaning of those dazzling lights; of those unearthly reports? Why did he not take his liquor like a man and follow the hounds as his fathers had done? Was it not clear that he was a warlock, and that the singular animal with the shaven body and the erect mane, which followed him about like a dog, was his familiar spirit? It was clear as noon to those men of Gotham; so they began to watch him. It was observed that while the slanting rays of the sun or moon lengthened out the shadows of all surrounding objects, he was ever shadow-The shadow of the horse he rode was visible, but it was the shadow of a horse without a rider. The explanation of this singular phenomenon was simple and easy—he had cheated the devil, and given him his shadow instead of himself. It was well known that before the master himself to be in the direful grasp of the of the black art would initiate his pupils with difficulty be persuaded that his mas- | from them that he should be allowed to seize the one who was the last to leave the tender mercies of the kirk session, who pupil on this occasion had proved him-elf worthy of such a master. Through some inadvertency the laird was the last, and the claws of the arch-fiend were closing upon him, when he had the presence of mind to exclaim, "Deil tak the hindmost!" and Satan, mistaking the shadow for the substance, had to remain content with the former. We have often heard the laird's exclamation used by schoolboys as the sig-

The familiar spirit which accompanied him in the shape of a French poodle was watched with almost as much interest as his master; he had been seen pirouetting round the room on his hind legs to the sound of the violin, and holding up a stick, like a soldier presenting arms. Of course the thing was clear; no Christian dog could ever be expected to do that. But the most dangerous gift conferred on the laird by his study of the black art was the power of reesting or arresting all those who were obnoxious to him wherever he happened to meet them, and of detaining them there spell-bound till he was pleased to release them. There are, or there recently were old men alive who would have sworn in any court of justice that they themselves had thus been arrested; we ourselves have conversed with one of them. Perhaps the reader will detect in John's own narrative the key to solve the mystery, without the admission of any supernatural element. His story stripped of all extraneous matter, was simply this: John was driving his horse and cart along the road, when he saw the laird's carriage approaching at a rapid pace. In the excitement of the moment he took the wrong side of the road, and thus brought his cart into collision with the carriage. He was so overpowered with terror at this untoward accident that he remained helpless and speechless in his cart; while the laird and his coachman were trying to extricate the wheel of the carriage, which they at length succeeded in doing. Indignant at Johu's stupidity and apparent indifference, the laird produced from his pocket a small knife, and stuck the blade of it into the ground. "Now, my man," he said, "you are reested; you must remain here till I return." "Well, John, what did you do then?" "Oh! I just bade still for twa hours till the laird came back; syne he took out the knife and let me gang." "But did you never try to move?" "Na, na," said John, with a sagacious shake of his head; "I kent better than that; gin I had moved a foot I mith ha' been standin' there yet, like Lot's wife." It is worthy of remark that the laird enjoyed the reputation of being a necromancer, and was thus regarded with a feeling of dread bordering on admiration, as one who had gained the mastery over the evil one, and rendered him subject to his will; while such poor creatures as Eppie were looked upon with a mixture of hatred and con- | find out their fate in the usual way. Oc-

tempt, as having sold themselves to Satan, and thus become the instruments of his will.

It is a characteristic of evil spirits in the north that they can not cross a running stream. However close upon their victim, or anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, as soon as he has crossed flowing water he is safe. Burns has turned this popular belief to good account in his admirable tale of Tam o' Shanter, in which he thus addresses the hero's mare, when hard pressed by the witches:

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the keystane of the brig; There at them thou thy tail may toss, A running stream they darena cross."

The same belief was at one time prevalent in Ireland; the wizards were in the habit of disposing of pigs formed out of clods or stones, which resumed their nor mal condition on reaching a running stream. We hope the wizards no longer possess this power, the exercise of which must have considerably affected the price of Irish pigs. We have only met with one old man in the north, who had any experience in the matter. He used to relate, that returning home one night through a desolate part of the country, he was startled by seeing a small black dog start up in the narrow path before him. At first he thought little about it, but gradually a feeling of terror stole over him—he was on haunted ground, and this could be nothing but an evil spirit in disguise. He altered his course and walked rapidly in the direction of a small rivulet, the spiritdog still preceding him. On reaching the brook it stopped short while he crossed. On turning round he saw it gradually melt away into thin air and disappear; he hurried home as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him, and was careful never to visit the same spot again at night.

In the Middle Ages, when so many of our Scottish youth fought and fell on the battle-fields of France and Germany, it was de rigueur that they should announce their fate to their mothers and sweethearts by appearing before them at the moment the soul quitted the body. At the present day, when correct lists of the slain and wounded are published, and the intelligence flashed from end to end of the earth on the electric wires, the ghosts take it more coolly, and allow their friends to

casionally, however, a ghost of enthusiastic temperament or strongly conservative tendencies, adheres to the good old way, and persists in appearing before his friends as soon as he has entered on his new state of being; though what good may be effected by such visits except nearly frightening them to death, we are at a loss to perceive. It was only the other day that a lady, the daughter of a Highland laird, received one of these ghostly visits in a hotel at Boulogne, where she was temporarily residing. A gentleman, a near relative of hers, who held an important appointment in the East, was dangerously ill; her thoughts were naturally much occupied with the subject of his illness, and she was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next mail. One day, while sitting alone in her room in broad daylight, she happened to raise her eyes from her work, and there, standing out from the wall, was the figure of her sick relative. apparition looked at her for a moment mournfully and then faded away. was a lady of strong nerves, so she neither screamed nor fainted, but took out her note book and watch, and wrote down the exact hour at which this happened. Some time after she received letters announcing the death of her relative, and, of course, the moment of his death corresponded exactly with the time when she beheld his apparition. The lady, however, was simple enough to overlook the fact, that time varies considerably in the two hemispheres, but the interval was not too long even for a ghost to cross some ten thousand miles of sea and land.

Many superstitious expressions are still used, though the ideas which they embodied have long been exploded. It is not unusual to say to a quiet man who shows unwonted hilarity, "You must be fey," in alluding to the old belief that such hilarity often precedes sudden death. The farmer's wife, when her supply of milk or of butter falls short of her expectations, still says, "The cows or the cream must be bewitched;" but she does not believe it—she merely uses the language which expresses a past belief, now happily gone forever. We have heard a phrasing old woman say to a handsome youth: "Ah! laddie! the glamour o' your bonnie black een will gar some puir lassie greet yet." The speaker did not even know that the word glamour referred to the magic power of so altering the appear-

ance of objects as to make them appear to the spectator quite different from what they really were. The lines of the old ballad, which tells how a lovely countess cloped with Johnnie Fa, the King of the Gipsies, are doubtless familiar to our readers:

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face, They cast the glamour o'er her."

When a thing has been lost sight of in a room, and can not be found, nothing is more common than the remark, "The good people must have taken it;" yet no one now believes in the existence of fairies. A sudden shiver often elicits the remark, "Some one must be trampling on my grave;" every one knows that there is not and can not be any connection between these two events—it is merely the language of the past retained through habit. True, genuine, downright superstition is only to be found lingering in our nurseries; and so long as it is of an innocent character, long may it be before it cease to linger there. Next to the consolations of religion, the greatest pleasure enjoyable on earth is derived from works of imagination, especially the books of our childhood. It would be as unreasonable to banish flowers from our gardens as to banish from our nurseries those fascinating fairy tales which have been the charm of our infancy. Heaven knows the period of disenchantment comes soon enough to us all; leave it to come at its own good time, do not force it on prematurely. A child that has never read a fairy tale would be like a flower that has never received a drop of dew or a blink of sunshine—a child to be pitied and to be wept over. We like to detect in young people a slight soupcon of the superstitions of the nursery. It was only the other day that a dear little lady of our acquaintance told us that even in her twelfth year she imagined that a pretty bantam cock, which ran about the house, was an enchanted prince. Nay, she was candid enough to confess to us that she once decked her hair and adorned her person before appearing in presence of the bantam, in the hope that he would fall in love with her and make her his wife when he resumed his princely form. Oh! the charming simplicity of childhood! How rare and how refreshing thou art in the wilderness of this world! Even now, when time is beginning to silver over our

hair, and to tell us that we can not live forever, we long for the happy dreams and the sweet illusions of our childhood; though far from blind to the advantages of the age we live in, we have no sympathy with that spirit of innovation which cries aloud, in streets and openings of the way:

"All your ancient customs, And long-descended usages, I'll change. Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move, Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do, For all old practice will I turn and change, And call it reformation—marry will I."

With such reformation we have no sympathy; far more congenial to our habits of thought and feeling are the natural though vain regrets of another and far superior order of intellect.

"But lost to me, forever lost those joys, Which reason scatters, and which time destroys.

No more the midnight fairy train I view, All in the merry moonlight tippling dew. Even the last lingering fiction of the brain, The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again.',

P.C.B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CORNEWALL LEWIS. SIR G E O R G E

IN MEMORIAM.

THERE is a grim but striking metaphor; representing human life as the scene of a stately dance upon a flooring beset with many hidden pitfalls. The dance proceeds, while every now and then one of the dancers is precipitated into the shades below. For the most part, the sad but stately pageant continues uninterrupted. Sometimes, however, a loss occurs, so great and so sudden, that the pageant stops its movements for a moment, to contemplate the misfortune which has taken place in the quick vanishing of one of the principal actors from the scene.

Such was the loss of Sir George Lewis —a loss which threw gloom over the highest political and literary circles, and a shadow even over all England; for some notion of the high merits of this quiet, grave-looking, wise man was beginning to be entertained very widely by all classes of his fellow-countrymen.

As this magazine has sometimes been honored by contributions from this learned man, it will not be unbecoming in us to give a short account of his character. Alas! the deep regret that so often occurs in such cases, comes upon us now; would that we had known him better, and noted | contact with the man whom, for the most

his high qualities more carefully, now that he has departed from us! Then, perhaps, we might write a character of him that should less inadequately portray his rare and noble nature.

He was a good man and a wise man in the largest sense of the words. His intimate friends declare that he had no vices; and, what is far more extraordinary, it would be difficult to name a single foible in him. For instance, he was entirely devoid of vanity; and, being one who excelled in so many ways, he yet seemed to be thoroughly indifferent to the possession of that varied excellence. With all his claims to distinction, his demeanor was so quiet, homely, and simple, that it disarmed the natural dislike in mankind to so much virtue and ability in a fellow-man.

Many panegyrics of Sir George Lewis have already been written and spoken, and none more warm and hearty than that delivered by the leader of the opposition in his place in the House of Commons. But there was one considerable mistake in that panegyric, which so discerning a person as Mr. Disraeli would never have made if he had been brought into closer part, he justly as well as generously praised.

Mr. Disracli spoke of Sir George Lewis' organizing faculty. Now the truth is that Sir George did not possess this faculty in any remarkable degree. Other merits he did possess of the highest order, of a far higher order even than the faculty of organization. That, however, was not a strong point with him. But, indeed, this faculty is seldom appreciated with accuracy, because men have not noticed carefully the remarkable instances in which it has been exhibited. Putting aside the living persons who excel in organizing, we would refer to man well-known in official circles —the late Under-Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Drummond. There, indeed, was a man who could organize a new department; make an old department work as it had never worked before; collect, arrange, divide, and convey masses of information in forms which at once rendered all the information available.

This faculty of organizing is so rare, and so peculiar, that we are a little jealous of having it attributed in any case where it did not exist.

Neither, to confess the truth, was Sir George Lewis exceedingly distinguished amongst his fellow-men for aptitude in business. No man obtains the position of a cabinet minister, and of a cabinet minister so universally respected, without being more than an average man of business; but Sir George was not very far above this average.

Where he did excel, and in this excellence he was not to be surpassed, as we believe, by any man of his time, was in the wisdom and the justice which he displayed when dealing with the highest questions of principle. Moreover, he was one of the most outspeaking, fearless, candid, honorable men that ever lived. He never indulged even in the more pardonable kinds of cant. The opinions of other men never weighed down his judgment. He never thought with the many, merely because they were the many. In our opinion, such qualities are at the present moment perfectly invaluable. The danger of our time is always lest the foremost men should be too fearful of criticism, too subservient to the clamor of the day, what ever that may be, and, in fact, that they should become the slaves of public opinion —not of public opinion in its final form,

day. Our danger is, not that there should be a deficiency of persons who can read, and write, and understand anything; but that there should be too few who really can think for themselves, and have the courage to express their thoughts. In arts, in letters, and in politics, there is always the fear lest we should be approaching a Byzantine period—a period in which there is a great mass of general cultivation, a vast superabundance of criticism and comment, and very little that is original attempted, or accomplished. Now Sir G. Lewis neither feared "gods, nor men, nor newspapers;" and, in his quiet, simp e way, was ready to affront all popularity rather than deviate from the opinions which, after long thought, he had carefully formed for himself.

He could have been a martyr for those opinions. It may bring a smile upon the faces of those who knew him well, to think of that quiet, homely man, with the stoop and indolent movement of a student, being a martyr. His martyrdom might not have been altogether voluntary, but would have been caused by the persistency of his nature, and by his great love of truth. When coërced by authority, he would have gone on uttering, in lower tones, "But it does move, though;" and it would have been very difficult indeed to have compelled his signature to any thing he did not believe in.

Moreover, he was ready to take upon himself any responsibility when he had once thought much upon a subject, and made up his mind upon it. Such qualities place him in a much higher order than that of mere men of business; though such men, in their way, are by no means to be despised.

In that part of business, however, which consists in dealing with other men, Sir George Lewis must be admitted to have been admirable. He was thoroughly frank in his intercourse with them; he had that highest courtesy which does not think at all about being courtcous; and his respect for thought, and his love of facts made him an attentive listener to any argument or information that you could bring before him. He did not think about the person who brought it, but looked at once to the substance of what was addressed to him. We believe there does not live the man, unless he is some person remarkable for conceit, whom but of that opinion hastily formed day by it was a public duty to discourage, who

can say, "Sir George Lewis was, in the least degree, unkind, unjust, or supercilious to me."

He was marked out for a very prominent person in public affairs, and was a man to rely upon in any great crisis. He never appeared to be conscious of the greatness that was in him, his being one of those thoroughly British characters—untheatrical, undemonstrative, making no pretence to grandeur, but often acting greatly—which the people of this country del ght in when they come to know them well. It is a credit both to the leaders of his party, and to the House of Commons generally, to have appreciated this man, who did nothing to court appreciation, so soon and so fully as they did.

As regards his literary talents and labors, they were vast, various and profound. We suppose that he was the most learned man who ever became a cabinet minister. Sir. W. Temple, Bolingbroke, Somers, Fox, Grenville, Wellesley, Melbourne, Lansdowne (we forbear to give the names of many distinguished living men,) were, after all, but scholars amongst statesmen; whereas Sir George Lewis was a scholar amongst scholars; and his labors were duly respected by the foremost men in scholarship of his day. His mind was not a subtle one, but it had as much acumen as that possessed by any man of our time; and the same fearlessness which he showed in politics, was also manifested in literature. It was in vain that the most learned antiquarians endeavored to impose any doctr ne upon him. He would look into the matter for himself, bring his great amount of varied learning to bear upon it, and it he came to an opposte conclusion to that generally received, he maintained his opinion with good-humored tenacity against all comers.

To complete the account of Sir George upon the inner of Lew's's character, we may say of him that gloom that will never be was not impulsive, not enthusiastic, not together lightened.

posed that he was a co'd friend, or an indifferent spectator of human affars. On the contrary, he was a warm hearted, though not a demonstrative man. His interest in human knowledge and affairs was very wide; and whatever he did care for, he cared for deeply. His intellectual powers were not of a cramped of confined nature. He was a considerable statesman, and an eminent man of letters; and if he had remained in the profession which he was bred up in, he would have proved an unrivalled judge.

Sir G. Lewis had far more sense of humor than was generally attributed to him; and we think that one of his later sayings was as deep and wity a thing he bas been said for some time. "Life would be very tolerable," he exclaimed, "but for ots pleasures." Seldem have the defects that often beset modern socie'y—its pompous inanity, tediousness, its formality without grace, its crowded duliness, and its want of geniality—been incicated in fewer words than in that saying of Sir George Lewis. In this biting but truthful maxim there is, in reference to society, an outspoken lonesty akin to that which he always manifested in politics and in literature.

Sir George Lewis had a singularly happy temperament. It was very equable and very cheerful. Even in the midst of the most serious business, any thing that could enliven it was always very welcome to him. And, like all men who really love what is facetious, he could put up with pleasantry and enjoy it, even if it were not of a first-rate or novel kind.

It is almost needless to add of such a man that he was extremely loved in the inner circle of his friends and relations. The public will long lament his loss; but upon the inner circle it has thrown a gloom that will never in their lives be altogether lightened.

From the London Eclectic.

G II O S T L Y B U S I N E S S.*

Mr. Howitt himself, as the translator of Eunemoser's History of Magic, gives to his readers the opportunity of knowing how largely he is indebted to the German writers for the production of the volumes before us. Modesty has never been an especial attribute of William Howit; it is his way to treat with a marked discourtesy those from whom he differs; this is the great sin of his present work. With a great deal of information, derived from all sources of knowledge and history, embodying therefore much interesting statement and observation, and conveyed with Mr. Howitt's usual rapid and rather emotional than thoughtful force, there is a good deal of assumption, some narrowness, and frequently ignorance; we are bound also to say that the volumes are, upon the subjects to which they refer, a compendium of facts. Many, perhaps, well demur to the use of the term, fact; but it must go. There really are multitudes of things which we have to receive, and for the solution of which we have not yet discovered the law. The reading of the work of Ennemoser would perhaps supersede the necessity of referring to that of Mr. Howitt. Ennemoser's insight is far deeper; he writes less as a partisan; he abuses nobody; and without the latter quality, a work of Mr. Howitt's would scarcely be complete. With these qualifications, we may commend his books to those readers who are desirous of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the literature of spiritualism. We do not believe that it is quite so easy as Mr. Howitt seems to imagine, to spell the way to knowledge upon these matters; but we do not think that the statements are so numerous, the reported facts so increasing and abounding, that they act very unphilosophically who simply sneer

and deny; and we only regret that upon such a subject Mr. Howitt has not brought to bear a greater degree of spiritual calm. His volumes will create interest, but they are not likely to allay opposition or to secure conviction.

And we must say that we are glad to see any steady stand made for supernatural facts. More and more the classes of the thoughtful seem to be dividing themselves into those who see nature and nothing more, and those who see nature as inclosed and enveloped in the supernatural. Bishop Butler expressed something like this in his well-known saying: "There are two courses of nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary;" but efforts are being made now by noble men, who seem, however, to have little to command our admiration except their piercing insight into natural causation, to dispense with the supernatural altogether in the economy of the universe and human life. To such persons it seems absolutely necessary to ignore certain undoubted facts; they deal with the brick and mortar side of life. Man's terrestrial habitation seems to grow without hands; it never occurs to them to inquire much into the consciousness which presides over the use of their own. A milion phenomena are constantly transpiring within and around them utterly inexplicable, and belonging as much to the order of the unusual and extraordinary; but they excite no interest in comparison with circumstances far inferior in interest and importance. Isaac Taylor has said in reference to the extraordinary instances of ghostly visitation, (and no one will suspect him of great propensity to credulity,) "Once in a century, or not so often, on a summer's evening, a stray Arabian locust—a genuine son of the desert—has alighted in Hyde Park. This is out of the course of nature; it is a very difficult thing to account for, but it is actual, it is believable, it is not supernatural." Why may we not believe that while spirits—we take a large thing for

[&]quot;Incidents in my Life. By D. D. Home. Long-man & Co.

The History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith. By WM. HOWITT. Two vols. Longman & Co.

granted, our reader's perceive—are kept | upon their good behavior, and have no power to infringe upon the solid world, there are nevertheless chances and mischances which, in the cycles of times, throw some, like an Arabian locust, upon our shores, giving them the opportunity of disporting themselves, to our annoyance, amongst us for a season? All this, however, takes it for granted that there is a spiritual, say a *super*-natural, kingdom and world. This theory would not satisfy Mr. Howitt and his confrères; but we are not very particularly desirous to satisfy that race; for if the supernatural world be demonstrated in the senses of the vision and the understanding, and if it were clearly possible at will to enter it and to obtain answers from it, we should still feel and maintain that God and Providence had so fixed the limitations of our visible diurnal sphere that beyond them it would be implety to seek to pass excepting in the way of faith and prayer. But we think there is a great deal to be said for the locust, whatever the reader may feel, however the lip may curl, and the sense steel itself against the matter. The literature of the supernatural includes not only a large collection of books not exactly to be treated with contempt, but a number of names also standing a long way above contempt, and very high in the homage of enlightened minds. The testimony to the supernatural is certainly universal in latitude, and nation, and age, and tempera-"The spiritual power," says William Howitt, "is the lex magna of the universe." Certainly, in some way, it is so; and nature, sufficiently inexplicable in herself, becomes a millionfold more inexplicable without the law beneath and above nature. Even Comte admits that we know nothing of the sources or causes of nature's laws. He deems their origination so inscrutable that it is a waste of time to inquire into them, and regards the idea of a deity as a mere abstraction, tending to comfort ignoramuses until liberated into the light of science. And what comfort then? Mean time it will be perceived that this is the mere assumption of an atheistic mind, choosing to knock away in imagination the prop from beneath the universe, not from any idea that another law of causation has been discovered, but simply because atheistic intelligence does not choose to recognize

of old: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God?" But on all sides those who choose to deny the existence of the kingdom of spirits, and that it presses irresistibly upon the frontier of human nature, have much to account for. Surely Mr. Howitt's volumes furnish a marvelous chapter in the history of the human mind. Are all seers imposters? Are they all knaves? all liars? all idiots? Very summary this; but even then hardly satisfactory. Collusion, illusion, delusion! But what is the human mind, this haunted chamber, that can be imposed on thus? Supposing this kingdom of spirit to have no objective existence, their subjective is scarcely less a marvel—all ideal, idealogical dreams giving birth to vast drifts of ghosts flocking solemn and sable shores. The thing in the conception is scarcely less marvelous than the thing in existence. Here, while what our writer calls "largewigged science" shakes its bushy, disbelieving horse-hair, what are we to think of Swedenborg, who constructs a vast science of ghosts, and goes in and out amongst them at pleasure? Do so ungracious a thing as call him lear, or describe the unhappy condition of blood bringing him into such scenery and circumstance; the mystery is no more solved. What are we to think of the miracles at the tomb of the Abbé de Paris? Their imposture is not nearly so satisfactorily proved as Bishop Douglas determined; and as Jesuitism, in its vehement anti-Jansenism proclaimed, If we can not believe Count Montégrow, whom then shall we believe? by what rule accept any history, or any biography? Hundreds proclaimed their cure in the face of a large city and the observation of a not unintelligentage. It is easy to disbelieve. What are we to think of Madame Hauffe, better known as the Secress of Prevorst. The instance we suppose is far beyond doubt; but it is abnormal; very certainly. So is toothache very painfully abnormal; but a good many people have it. To the strongnerved and gifted individual who never experienced that pleasant titillation of the nerves, it might seem an altogether incredible thing that a piece of mere bone should posses, the power to drive mind and body almost to madness. It is one of the pleasant peculiarities of this our mortal condition, that we who have not felt a peculiar kind of pain can not conceive the invisible and divine. Was it not said that pain; but it would be rather ungenerous and unjust, in the absence of our own experience, to assail and ridicule the experier ces of others. We have no doubt about the abnormal condition of those supposed to be susceptible to visions, and dreams, and spiritual manifestations; but we do not at all suppose, therefore, that it follows that the whole thing is merely an affair of the blood and the brain. It seems certain—nay, it is eay certain that there agents of various kinds capable to superinduce that abnormal condition of body, giving to it unnatural susceptibi ities. We are constantly using norvine things—do ng this, in a measure—such as tobacco or tea. Those who prefer the higher luxuries and diseases of imagination proceed to the intoxication of opium; while others, again, throw themselves into the ecstacies of hashish or napellus. That which in these cases is superinduced by the intoxicating draught may possibly be the ordinary—may we say the descared ordinary-condition, which some temperaments have upon them as a doom. are no ghost-seers or table-rappers. instincts go as utterly again t the practice as their faith turns to the possibility of many such manifestations. Mean time, those who believe themselves to be brought into contact immediately with the spiritual world can scarcely expect their statement to be received without rigid examination. If spiritual appearances be possible, so al-o is imposture. No coubt apparitions and voices, even to give the largest amount of credence to their possibility, are most happily, very unusual. There are also natures to whom, from their very healthiness, as well as others from their unhealthiness, it may be difficult to believe; and we quite think that such deserve a more candid treatment than they received from William Howitt in the book which furnishes the text for our present thoughts.

Into the supposed various ranks and orders of spiritual existences surrounding man, the allocations of malignant or celestial agencies in his lot or sphere, it would be idle enough to enter, upon this page. The tendency of our remarks points very little further than to a plea for fairness. We have asserted that man believes in nature and the natural. In our day we have obtained an almost unhealthy command over the forces and powers of nature. So much is this the case that we observe and use, and believe in little more than dynamical force. Hence Mr. Home's filled with gas in the shape of a man. Others

book is not likely to receive very fair treatment. The first sentence of an eminent cotemporary reviewer denounces it as an impudent and foolish book. If it be this, it is a millionfold worse than this. But impudent, in the usual sense of that word, it can scarcely be called, and we think at least it may claim a su-pended judgment. We surely may say, Mr. Home looks better in his book than many of his reviewers in their articles. We see no impudence, unless the whole affair be a lie. The style is that of quiet narrative, wonderful enough in what it relates, but who ly and singularly devoid of all pretentiousness of style. And certainly, on all hands, the dilemmas to which he reduces able scientific skeptics are remarkable enough. Crusty Sir David Brewster is present at the moving of the great table, but declares he did not know whether it moved or not! Determined, however, that "spirit was the last thing he would give in to," to quote his own words, he exclaims to the more cautious and apparently philosophical Lord Brougham, who was also present, "Sir, this upsets the philosophy of fifty years!" Amidst these complimentary sayings, one can not but, with Mr. Home, indulge in a laugh at the man of science who does not know whether a table moves or not before his own eyes, and conjectures that what was done was produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home! David Brewster's letter, we venture to think, will produce no skeptics. nothing is more amusing and remarkable than the vast variety of expedients appealed to in order to account for the mysterious noises or manifestations.

"Some instances of the manner in which it is said the phenomena are produced are sufficiently amusing to be repeated. A very popular idea in Paris was that I carried in my pocket a tame monkey trained to assist me. Another is that my legs are so formed as to be capable of elongation, and that my feet are like those of a baboon. Many people suppose that when I go to a strange house, my tables have to be sent first, and that, like Sir David Brewster's 'conjectural' table, they are always copiously draped, and that I take with me wax hands and arms to show at the proper moment. Some suppose that I magnetize or biologize my audience, and that they only imagine they see what they see. Some that I carry with me lazy tongs and a magic lantern, and others have stated that when I am said to rise in the air, it is only a balloon

again will have it that it is done by a magic lantern, whilst some doctors declare that I administer 'a thimbleful of chloroform to each of the sitters.' Sir David Brewster must have had his thimbleful when he could only say that the table 'appeared to rise,' and that 'spirits were the last things he would give in to.' Some have enough spiritual belief to say that I have the devil at command. Others that I raise spirits by forms and incantations. Then we have involuntary muscular motion to account for the phenomena by the learned Professor Faraday. Dr. Carpenter speaks of their being produced by unconscious cerebration, and Mr. Morell, the philosopher, tells us that they are caused by 'the reflex action of the mind.' A common explanation is ventriloquism. Electricity is another, and it is said that I have an electric battery concealed about my person. Then there are the od force and fluid action, and the nervous principle, and collusion, illusion, and delusion. Mechanical contrivances attached to the lower extremities are also suggested by Sir David Brewster, but without specifying their particular nature. But the most scientific and learned explanation, leaving no room for conjectures, was given by an old woman in America, who when asked if she could account for what she had seen, replied: 'Lor, sirs, it's easy enough, he only rubs himself all over with a gold pencil.' The rappings are produced in many ways, each philosopher having his own theory, beginning low down with the snapping of the toe-joints, others getting up to the ancle, whilst some maintain it to be in the knees, or thigh bones. Professor Huxley has his own 'spirit-rapping toe,' with which he amuses his friends. It has even been attributed to a strong beating of my pulse. Some say I rub my boots together, others my thumb nails, and that springs are concealed in the table and about the room. It has been said that I have an electrical quality which I can throw off at the command of my will. A general belief is that I bribe the servants at whatever house I visit, that they may aid me in concealing my machinery. The intelligence displayed in obtaining names, dates, and other circumstances, is previously communicated to me either by my own inquiry from servants, or by visiting the tombstones of the relatives, or even by a body of secret police who are in my pay. Others know that I am clairvoyant, and that I read the thoughts of those present. I am an accomplished juggler according to others, and have always refused to be seen by any others of the craff, although the fact is quite the contrary, and the greatest juggler of France has stated that he could not at all account for what he witnessed by any of the principles of his art."

We are disposed to regard Mr. Home's book—supposing it to be truthful—which, in the main, we really see no reason at all to doubt, in so far as he is concerned—as a philosophical treatise. Its place on the

book shelf is by the side of the Secress of Prevorst. We, perhaps, should scarcely be disposed to assign him the place accorded by Mr. Howitt, who regards him as a very apostle! It is, no doubt, one of the most suspicious circumstances connected with Mr. Home, that he America. He is, howcomes from ever, an Englishman by birth, and appears to be respectable in all his relationships in life. Mr. Howitt believes his mission to be to go forth and do the preliminary work of restoring faith by tbe performance of outward marvels. birth he is connected with the Homes of Scotland. From the earliest period of his life, he informs us, he has been the subject of spiritual visitations, and was very early turned out of doors for his alleged acquaintance with ghosts. In his first year he was a Congregationalist, and when his aunt sent for three ministers to exorcise the devil from him-Congregationali-t, Baptist, and Wesleyan—the Congregationalist alone would not enter into the subject, saying, "He saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or cause." We must regard his volume as to us more curious than pleasant. So far as we have read it, we have not felt any absorbing interest in it; while, at the same time, it does illu-trite, we think, the permeation of natural phenomena by supernatural forces and lawa; illustrating, also, that the author,—which is the really interesting part of the matter—has himself some remarkable and diseased idiosyncracy of body, rendering him, without any necessity of falling upon the idea of collusion, as, if we may so define him, a kind of spiritual battery. He has successfully imposed, if he has impo ed, upon the highest courts of Europe. Tre Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of France, the King of Holland—by all these princes, and by others, he has been entertrined as a guest, and without falling upon the insolence of a charge of deceit, which really would be itself almo t miraculous in an age like this, of the hardest skepticism to spiritual, and the most enslaved belief in natural, laws; may we not charitably suppose that he is thus pointing to the more occult, but not less certain, indications of the life abounding and overflowing behind the vail? And certainly those who so petulantly and persistently deny the truthfulness of Mr. Home, to be

consistent, should deal in the same man- | Watts and Doddridge, with Robert Barner with more eminent men. What are we to say of Luther's constant intercourse with the devil? his perpetual environment by vi-ions and spiritual things—not only himself, but his household? His good wife Catherine had her visions as well as he, though Mr. Howitt strangely misquotes some particulars, and has especially turned his letter to the Chancellor Bruck, in which he recites the vision of the "Rainbow and the Cloud" into a real vision. The scorn and utter contempt with which Mr. Home is treated would rise to mad virulence and veh mence did we hear any one in our day speaking as Luther spoke. The poor, vexed, glorious, spiritual Titan, saw cevils in every thing, and was fighting with them every where. Ludicrous and contemptible indeed it would seem to the nature-lovers and worshipers. "Many devils," said he, " are in woods, waters, and wilderness, in dark poolly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people." He saw devils in the thick black clouds, the hail, the lightnings, and the thunderings. "When these things happen," said he, "the philosophers say it is natural, and ascribe it to the planets; but I see the devil puffing out his cheeks against the light, but the good Lord Christ gave him a blow upon h's inflated cheek, and still combats him vigorously, and will to the end of things." One day when there was a storm abroad, "Hark!" said he, "how the devil is puffing and blowing; it is the devil who does this; the winds are good or bad spirits." Often he seemed to be personally near to the arch enemy, sometimes in noises and sometimes in visions. What shall we make of this? Certainly we may make with human affairs; but, on the contrary, this of it—that if Luther were honest, Mr. Home may be so too. In that age, of course, we know it will be said the saperstitions of the world and of the Church were manifold. But has Protestantism reached a perfect state of health in entirely ignoring all these? Have we not reached another state of disease? and whereas our fathers in those ancient ages beheld every thing as ghostly and weird, have we improved by beholding nothing ghostly or spiritual? Certainly, again, those who think it possible that the locust may sometimes come to Hyde Park, find themselves in good company with Melancthon, with Wishart, with Knox and Lati-

clay and John Wesley, with Whitfield and Dr. Johnson, and Robert Southey, and multitudes besides; with perhaps all the wise and quiet, who—while they desire no immediate manifestations to themselves, avail themselves of all the strength and intelligence nature can give, but feel that behind the vail of nature there i. a mystery of life and not of death—humbly suspend their judgment as to how such things can be; but, with Dr. Watts, believe, that in the midst of much mistake, and perhaps imposition, it is impossible all the stories in Glanville or in Baxter can be altogether unfounded; for the quieter the heart is the shrewder the eye is, and there is a prescience deeper than that which sees into fossils and stones, or even into laws and modes of being; and we regard him as a true benefac or to our race who, by placing existence in the full light of the spiritual world, places it also beneath the range of the highest order of mo ives. It was quite to be expected that an age like ours, rife in transcendentali-m, should produce a faith in higher forms and those acknowledged principles than by cold, lifeless sensationalism. Protestantism, in its reaction against Papal imposture, has traveled a little too far, and has in some minds subtituted simple Sadduceeism; and our feeling and dread is, that in many of our churches, and amongst many of our teachers, that faith and do trine is simply taught which believes and sees no angel, and no spirit, and no resurrection. We are far enough, too, from supposing that spiritual existences are to be constantly seen with the eye of sense, as interpo-ing and meddling we would not have it supposed that it is essential to a sound and healthy faith in Christianity, that they occupy a region altogether distant and unsympathetic with ours, that they have no interest in our affair, or that to us they cease to exist, and therefore we are glad of any thing that meets the subject of the supernatural, and keeps it awake as a faith in the mind and in the Church.

We trust that none of our readers will understand us as indorsing the séances of modern spiritualism, or even as in any special sense becoming the champions of Mr. Home's book. We should scarcely have devoted the space to this article but mer, with Sir Thomas Brown, with Drs. for the very obvious unfairness in every review of the book we have had an opportunity of reading. There are plenty of weak points, too, and especially if it be in this case, as the Saturday Review has asserted with reference to the Archimago of spiritualism, "that ridicule is the test of truth." That is a law that does not invariably hold good. Vaccination and the steam-engine were alike greeted with showers of ridicule; the fencing-off disease by the matter from a cow, and the mov-

ig vast ships through the water without oars or sails, seemed fine subjects for ridicule. There is plenty of scope for ridicule, too, in this ghostly business, and the levitation of Mr. Home; the spectacle of a man swimming about in an unearthly fashion in the middle o' the room, and fair ghostly arms, and wreaths, and music played by invisible fingers, and echoing cracks and raps on the wa'ls and beneath the tables, and messages from dead friends, and handwritting stamped by invisible presences—all this, no doubt, is very funny, and fair game it seems for ridicule. For our own part, we have left off wondering at any thing; nor is there much that really strikes us as more marvelous, with our notions of what the spiritual

world is, in this than in the illusions of a stcreoscope, or the likeness we carry in our pocket painted by the light, or the message we send five hundred miles distant by the fingers of the lightning. Some, perhaps, might say that we have touched so extreme a point in the kingdom of nature, that we have reached the lowest stair of the kingdom of spirit. For ourselves, we are not particularly curious about it; with all the darkness we share in common with our race about the mystery of both worlds, we never regard ourselves as separated far from the sphere of spirit, and while we have no de-ire to lift the curtain till it shall be lifted for us by Go1's cheerful angel of death, we put in a plea against the skeptical view of the nature of man. There may be much in manifestations like those of which we read to provoke a sneer, but even the ludicrous a pects, as they strike us, may be only the sweep and eddy of spiritual forces Many things in embryo look grotesque, which completed and clothed look divine, and we do not hesitate to include ourselves among the number of those who at present prefer waiting to dogmatizing.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

$\mathbf{0}$ N EPISODE.

THE drums of the National Guard were playing in front of the prison of St. Lazare in Paris. A large crowd was waiting at the gates of the gloomy building, in order to see the prisoners led away to trial; and although people during the Reign of Terror had grown so accustomed to executions, that a cartfull of victims for the guillotine scarce attracted attention, on this day an unusual excitement was visible among the mob. The frightful women, the pikemen, the patriots in the Phrygian cap and dirty carmagnole, with sabots on their feet, the children whose youth was being spent in witnessing scenes of blood, all these swayed about | tims might lay hands on him! In this

and shouted confusedly on the 7 Thermidor, Year II., of the French Republic (July 9, 1794.) Before the gates of St. Lazare, whose accursed walls contained as much misery and terror as those of the destroyed Bastille had once done, a cordon of pikemen was drawn up, through which marched the public summoner. A brown carmagnole hung from his shoulders, the red cap covered his bristly hair, a scrubby beard surrounded his chin, he wore red and white striped sailor's trousers, and his feet were thrust into heavy shoes shod with stout nails. He had on a belt studded with short spikes, for the vicbelt were two ready-cocked pistols, for the condemned men might in their desperation avenge themselves on the summoner, the instrument of the unjust judges. In his hand the man held a sheet of paper, on which were written the names of the prisoners to be tried that day, which in July, 1794, meant so much as "You will learn the hour when you will have to lay your head under the guillotine." Behind the summoner walked two pikemen belonging to the section of the Lombards. Passing through a court-yard and a corridor occupied by armed guards, who were gambling, smoking, and drinking, the three men came to a large door. Confused voices could be heard behind it. At last it was opened, and a semi-obscure room of vast dimensions became visible.

A number of forms could be noticed in the gloom. They were the prisoners of the Convention. Every age and either sex, every rank, every grade of fortune, was represented, for the guillotine despised no food—it devoured without any special choice. When the door was opened, a cry of terror burst from several throats, while others could be heard execulating, "Now, it is all over. Good-by," etc. The prisoners flocked up from every corner; and their eyes were fixed on the public summoner and his ill-omened paper. Whose fate is going to be decided now? A startled twitching could be noticed on the faces of some, sullen indifference on The summoner coughed to clear his throat, surveyed the crowd, and then read in a loud voice, "André Chènier, litterateur." A young man of twentytwo stepped out of the throng. " Here!" he shouted in a firm voice. "Behind the bar," the summoner remarked. Chenier walked behind a paling, in which the chosen victims were to stand until the procession set out to hand them over to their judges. "Alexander Boucher, excaptain of the ex-royal navy," the "Here I am," crier continued. sonorous voice replied, which belonged to a man of about thirty-six years of age, who walked behind the railing with a firm step. "Charles de Bart, exofficer of dragoons," was the next sum-"Ha, ha! have you got me at last?" a prisoner said, laughingly, in the crowd, and with the words a remarkably handsome man, whose aristocratic exterior even the filth and horror of a prison could not injure, stepped in front of the

crowd. "Behind the bar," the summoner shouted, in a voice of thunder. "How can you dare to look a patriot in the face?" De Bart hummed a chanson and tripped behind the bar. "Frederick, ex-Baron de Trenck, ci-devant officer."

The tall, thin form of the summoned man now slowly rose from the bench on which he had hitherto been seated. He had regarded the scene carelessly till his name was called, gazing with a melancholy smile at the pretty women and girls and powerful young men, who, mixed up with old men and matrons in the horrible prison, anxiously awaited the summons. A smile of disdain played round his lips when he now and then heard behind him a sob of terror, or a light cry of fear. Baron von Trenck had spent the night of July 6th with his legs stretched out at full length before him, and his hands in his breeches-pockets—Trenck had known worse resting-places. Yes, it was he, the mole of Magdeburg, the adventurer, the darling of the ladies, the brave soldier, the ridiculer of his guards, for whom no wall had proved too thick, no chain too stout, or no moat too deep. His sole desire from youth up had been for unbounded, unbridled liberty. This impulse led him to a dungeon, this contempt of all chains and walls rendered him capable to break through them, and his yearning for air and light endowed him with unexampled perseverance, when he dug his way through the earth with wretched tools, and when he at length found a quiet spot, his untamable nature left him no rest, but led him to France—to the prison of St. Lazare. The youth, the man, had proved that there was nothing that could conquer his strength—and the old man was compelled to bow beneath the crushing hand of destiny. It was a fearful fate! Trenck seems to have been destined by Providence to lead a life of imprisonment until the axe liberated him. What a fearful contrast! The brilliant halls of the palaces of Berlin, Petersburg, and Vienna; a man possessing the tender affection of an exalted noble lady, sought by many other fair ones, glistening in the brilliant uniform of the princely warriors, free after undergoing a thousand dangers, and now —the company of candidates for death, the melancholy hall for a residence, threadbare, stained clothing, and a worm eaten form—in the prison of St. Lazare.

Trenck's adventures, which had become

so popular in Germany, were known in France. In that age, which was as rich in great and noble as in horrible and dishonoring events, men like Trenck met with sympathy in all classes of society. People did not ask whether his life was free from every reproach, or whether he had deserved his punishment; it was sufficient that it had been bearable enough to secure the aged man, whose silvery locks were regarded with respect, a friendly reception in France. But he had opposed Robespierre, and he was consequently, with twenty-nine companions in misery, charged with "attempting to restore the monarchy, and causing the prisoners in St. Lazare to rebel." Robespierre acted with terrific decision. He was no longer satisfied with the number of his victims, but wanted people of reputation among them. Hence he resolved to sacrifice to the guillotine any persons of consideration still left in Paris. Trenck, as we said, enjoyed a great popularity in those parts of the city which he usually visited, and as men of repute were becoming rare in Paris, he must fall.

The crier repeated all the thirty names. He then thrust the list into his breast-pocket, took an enormous pinch of snuff,

A few minutes later the door was opened, and a double row of National Guards could be noticed drawn up in the corridor. The prisoners selected stepped out from behind the bar and between the soldiers, the order to march was given, and the prison-door was again closed on those left behind. They would never see their companions in misfortune again.

Trenck up to this time had not displayed the slightest emotion, but when the crier quitted the hall, when the summoned men took leave of their friends and relatives who remained behind, when tears and sighs again burst forth, and a hundred trembling hands were stretched out to the bar, Trenck nodded to an elegant-looking young man who was leaning against one of the pillars of the hall.

"My dear Count Bayley," he whispered, "take this as a sign of my friendship. It is the last present I received from the Princess Amalie, my benefactress and friend. I have kept it for a long time. Do you keep it as long as a sign of an honorable recollection of me and her."

With these words he handed the Count

a handsome tortoiseshell snuff-box, set in massive gold.

"My dearest Baron," Bayley exclaumed, "why do you wish to part with this valuable article?"

"Take it. I leave it to you. I am a dying man, so honor my last wishes. We shall never meet again, for my head is about to fall."

"But, dear Baron, as I am mixed up in the same affair as yourself, my head is no safer than yours."

"I know it. But I have a foreboding that you will be saved. I, Count, shall die."*

On reaching the attentive crowd in front of the prison, Trenck was recognized before all the rest. Some yelled at him, while others applauded him. "Sing the Ca ira, long Prussian!"—"He is a spy!"—"It must be proved first whether he is no patriot!" Thus the mob shouted confusedly.

On arriving at the court-house, Trenck looked around him. There was the same company as in the street-men, women, and children. In the galleries spectators, and in the front row mothers who gave their babes the breast and looked the while cagerly at the judges. All the repulsive garbs of that time could be noticed, from the plain black coat to the shirt-sleeves of the Sectionist. The clerks wore red caps, red caps flashed throughout the crowd, a red cap was worn by the bust of Marat, which was placed on a console behind the judge's bench, and grinned at the bloodthirsty audience, and a red cap flaunted at the top of the tricolor flag waving over Marat's head. Repulsive smells, hoarse voices, a stifling atmosphere, frightful countenances, all these were combined to render the court a more terrible place than the prison itself. The bell was rung, and a solemn silence set in.

Hermann the Syndic rose and read the charge. Then he turned to the prisoner nearest to him, whose white-haired head rose far above the bayonets of the guard. This head, this face, already devoted to the knife, attracted general attention. Destiny had carved no furrows in it, and

^{*} This prophecy was fulfilled. Bayley was liberated three days later, as Robespierre's influence was already failing. The Count preserved the souff-box sacredly. He, however, removed the gold setting and gave it to his jailers, otherwise they might have seized box and all.

it seemed as if petrified. The corners of the mouth could no longer quiver, the forehead was no longer contracted; the eye and the tongue were alone able to express what this man had endured, and what he now felt.

"Your name, age, and profession?" Hermann asked.

"Baron Frederick Von Trenck; born at Königsberg in the year 1726; formerly an officer in the Prussian and Austrian

service, now a man of letters."

"Accused, you are suspected of carrying on a criminal correspondence with the kings of Europe. One of your letters has been intercepted, and will be read to you by the public accuser. In this letter you express yourself very dubiously about the

events of these latter days."

"The public accuser has been deceived. No letter of mine has passed the German frontier. For many years past I have been no welcome guest in the palaces of kings. If the rulers of Europe wish to learn the condition of France, they will not ask information of me, the friend of the people. See here, citizens, the wounds which imprisonment marked on my limbs; and I am charged with raising these hands against the liberators from prisons? You can not, dare not, believe this."

Trenck turned up his sleeves, and raised his still muscular arms high in the air. The audience rose from their scats, and noticed brown rings on the bones. They were the marks which the handcuffs of the Magdeburg Star Redoubt had left behind them. The sight affected the judges, and Trenck's words, uttered in a sonorous voice aroused a buzz of applause among

the hearers.

"Can you deny that you have been the correspondent of Joseph II?"

"I was so, but am so no longer. Grant me leave to speak, Citizen Procuré, and I will compel my accusers to silence."

At this moment an individual sprang up on the left of the judges' table, whose horrible countenance froze the blood in people's veins. They were features admirably adapted for the executioners of that age, which was so characteristically called the Reign of Terror. The unusually arehed and bushy eyebrows and prominent orbits gave the face a thorough expression of horror. This man, whom the God of Vengeance seemed to have branded for his fearful handiwork, was Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, the peasant's isea of blood.

son of Hervuelle, the bloodhound of the

guillotine.*

"I object," the monster croaked; "the accused must not be allowed to go into useless divergences. Time is precious. Sentence must be passed on fifteen prisoners before four o'clock, and it is now twelve, so we have no time to lose."

"You have no time to lose?" Trenck thundered. "Do you consider the few moments spent in defending a human life

as lost?"

"Speak, accused," said Hermann.

"Citizen Procuré," Tinville howled, "in that case I cannot—"

"Citizen Accuser," Hermann objected, "I have the management of the trial. Accused, I repeat that you can speak."

Trenck now rose and said:

"Citizens! for ten years I pined in fetters. At length liberated, I employed my freedom in the way a philosopher should do, who is deeply conscious of its value. I was a useful citizen. After marrying the daughter of a burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle, I turned my attention to commerce, literature, and military studies. I was the founder of a newspaper, in which I preached the doctrines of a new and pure Christianity. Through respect for a princess to whom I owed my liberty, I gave up the newspaper, but not my principles. From 1774 to 1777 I traveled through France and England. Here I made the acquaintance of the great patriot Franklin. I it was who composed the well-known line about him—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrum que tyrannis."

On returning to Germany, a public office was offered me, but the death of my benefactress, the great Empress Maria Theresa-

"You must not misapply the liberty of speech granted you to glorify tyrants,"

yelled Tinville.

"You can not prevent me from speaking as I ought. It is very strange that a republican official should try to check freedom of speech. When the great empress

"We are here to do justice," Hermann

^{*} Fouquier Tinville was guillotined in 1795, be cause he had assassinated so many Frenchmen. On the road to execution he fainted several times. He shrieked: "The blood is choking me?" He had the fixed idea that he must wade through a

interposed, "but not to hear panegyrics of the enemies of the Republic."

"Say, more correctly, to condemn. But you have granted me leave to speak, and I will take advantage of it. The great Empress Maria Theresa—"

"Gag him if he persists in praising

tyrants," Tinville commanded.

"She was my benefactress," Trenck remarked, "and I am bound to say, even in this place, that she was a great empress. When this great princess died, I proceeded to Hungary and became a farmer. Yes, citizen, the man whom you summon as a culprit to the bar was the friend of Franklin, and guided a plough on the plains of Zwabach. In 1787 I was allowed to revisit my native land. I went to Prussia, but only remained there as long as I required to pay a sacred debt of gratitude. The object of it quitted this world, and I fled from the spot where I had suffered so heavily.

"About this time appeared my Memoirs, which attracted the attention of Europe on me. Brilliant offers were made me, but I declined them. I would not be unfaithful to my sentiments, and defied fresh persecution. My enthusiasm for the storming of the Bastile cost me in Vienna an imprisonment of seventeen days. Citizens, is this conduct which can be repulsive to the patriots of France? Since 1791 I have lived in France, and published pamphlets which have not be n without influence upon the political education of the French people. If I have not visited the popular assemblies, it was because I believed that, as a foreigner, I should not be allowed to speak. Question my comrades in the section of the Lombards to which I long belonged, and they will not refuse me the character of an honest man. I have spoken, and believe I have proved that I have never undertaken anything against the liberty of the French nation."

Trenck resumed his seat with a haughty gesture, and a fresh murmur of applause ran along the ranks. The public accuser rose again:

"I will not," he yelled, "follow the accused in all his windings, for justice must possess the speed of light. I will even drop a portion of the charge, so far as it relates to hostile behavior beyond the French frontier. But let the accused give me some answer to the accusation to which I now pass. Citizens! a conspiracy

has been formed at St. Lazare, designed to restore the Monarchy and overthrow the glorious Republic. Trenck, Chènier, Boucher, De Bart, and others are the ringleaders. Citizens! you are assembled to try one moiety of the conspirators: the other will be brought before you to morrow. The evening of 6 Thermidor was selected for the execution, but the genius of liberty foiled the sanguinary plan, and the chief culprits now stand before you. You must condemn them, for the country is in peril."

"Every slave has the right to burst his fetters," Chènier exclaimed impetuous-

ly.

"We wished to escape punishment, nothing more," Boucher said. "Every man is not suited for a murderer, and the hand which wielded a sword or a pen with horror despises the dagger."

"When I escaped from prison," Trenck remarked, "heavier chains were laid on me, but I was not punished with death. It was reserved for the court of the Republic to surpass all others in barbarity."

"Why do you anticipate the verdict of

the jury?" Hermann asked.

"We know our fate," Boucher said, passionately, "so do not hide the tiger behind the fox's skin. Our death is irrevocable, and we shall only leave this hall to mount the scaffold. Unworthy judges! a Judge is enthroned above you, who will try you also. Woe to you! your blood-sentences will survive you, and your names will be branded on the pillory to the most remote ages."

"I forbid the prisoners speaking, out of

charity for them," said Hermann.

"Whether you deprive us of speech or not," cried Chènier, "we will not defend ourselves. It would be a mockery to do so before such a tribunal. The judges of the Revolution disgrace the name of justice."

"Citizen President," Tinville shouted, "put an end to this nonsense. Request the jury to withdraw to their deliberating-

room."

"Accused Trenck," Hermann now said, "we esteem the character of moderation in your defence. Do you adhere to the statement that you took no part in the conspiracy?"

Trenck could save himself by one word, and leave the hall a free man. All eyes were fixed on him as he leaped up.

"Citizens," he said, "I declare that I

accept the responsibility of the words uttered by my comrades. Their fate shall be mine: I will live or die with them."

Trenck was lost; but the great moment had found him great. All his faults, all his errors, were expiated by this resolution—he was a martyr to his honor. A frightful pause ensued, but at length the jury reëntered the court. All the accused, thirty in number, were sentenced to death on the charge of "having formed a conspiracy in prison in order to overthrow the republic, by the murder of the representatives of the people, and restore the monarchy." The accused listened to the sentence with indifference, for at that day men's feelings were blunted against death and its terrors, and they parted with the words, "We shall probably meet again under the guillotine." The sentence was passed at two P.M., and at four the tumbrils bore the condemned men to the place of execution. The friends had taken a parting embrace, and the air rang with their song. It was the "Chant du Départ" that they sang in chorus.

People sang at that day even when going to meet death; they sang when marching into battle; they sang during the work of blood. Boucher and Chènier were conversing about their visionary hopes, their once sweetly smiling future.

"Why die so young?" Chènier exclaimed; there was something here."

And he smote his forehead.

"André," Boucher replied, "you are leaving your ideas, but I my children and my loving wife. On the other side we shall meet again, so let us die nobly, and not display despondency or weakness in the presence of the hangman."

"I do not tremble," said Chenier; "but I repent that I have not been able to do

the world any service."

The people looked at the passing tumbrils with decided signs of sympathy.

"What would you have—what are you staring at?" Trenck shouted, in a firm voice; "it is only a comedy à la Robespierre."

They reached the foot of the guillotine, and here Trenck displayed all the strength of his mind and his unbending will. He refused to be the first; he saw one head fall after the other, but stood calmly, with his hands crossed on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the sanguinary drama, which was repeated twenty-nine times in his presence. His tall form rose high above all the rest, and his gray hair blew about his energetic countenance. What thoughts were passing through his mind? "Let him remain with me, and I will make something great out of him," Frederick

At this moment Boucher's head fell. He was the last but one.

the Great had said to him, in 1749.

Trenck's turn had arrived. With a firm step he walked up to the scaffold, the boards creaking beneath his heavy tread. On reaching the platform, he calmly surveyed the crowd. "Frenchmen," he shouted, "we die innocent. Our death will be avenged by you—produce liberty by sacrificing the monsters that disgrace it."

He rapidly knelt down. The knife fell like lightning, and the head of the unfortunate adventurer rolled into the executioner's sack. Thirty heads had fallen within fifteen minutes. The mob dispersed, and the cry of "Vive la Nation!" vibrated through the air like the murmur of the heaving ocean.*

THEATRICAL SUBSIDIES IN ITALY.—The Italian Parliament has abolished the national grant to theaters. It amounted to £44,000 a year; but very little of this amount ever reached the stage, the money being squandered in j. hs and pensions. La Scala, for instance, is starved. It was resisted on the sound ground that such a grant cou'd be justified only as an encouragement to art, that Italian art had never flour-

ished except when independent, that it was doubtful whether the ballet was art in any high sense of the word, and that the theater, as a matter of fact, was in a miscrably low condition. The Minister pleaded for one year's delay, but the majority ruthlessly stopped the grant. The matter seems a small one, but few debates have been more creditable to the growing social intelligence of Italy.

^{*} Although we have given a dramatic form to our episode, the facts are literally as we have found them in the documents of the "Droit Public," and other authentic sources.

From the Popular Science Review.

T II E II U M A N S K I N.

BY ISAAC ASHE, M.B., CH. M.

It is a characteristic difference between the works of man and the works of the Creator that the former has to adopt many contrivances, and employ a cumbrous machinery, to bring about a single result, whereas the Creator generally accomplishes several ends by one and the same agent; and in few organs of the body, or in none, perhaps, is this more manifest, than in that one of which we are about to present to our readers a brief sketch.

We little think when we look at the skin of our bodies, apparently so simple, what a wonderfully complex structure it really possesses, or how numerous, how varied and important, are the uses it serves

in our animal economy.

Our readers would, perhaps, be startled to hear that our stomach, our liver, nay, even our brain itself, are less necessary to life than our skin. Yet it is well known that we may do without food, live without calling our stomach into action, for several days; that the liver also may wholly cease to act for several days before death ensues; and it has also been known that several monsters have been born without any brain whatever, which yet have survived for several days, discharging all the functions of organic life-exercising motion, sucking at the breast like other infants, digesting their food, etc. and have continued to do so for a number of days greater than the number of hours it would be possible to survive were the functions of the skin completely stopped. The experiment has actually been made on the lower animals, and the results show that the skin is a most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of aëration of the blood; and that if its functions be arrested, as has been done by varnishing the fur in a rabbit, or gilding the skin in a pig, the unfortunate animal dies in a couple of hours or so, with all the symptoms which would be produced!

by a slow cutting off of the supply of air to the lungs. On one occasion, before this fact was known, the experiment was unfortunately performed on a child, and with a like fatal result. This was on the occasion of the accession of Leo the Tenth to the Papal chair, when he gilded a child all over at Florence to represent the Golden Age; but the unfortunate child died in a few hours very unexpectedly, representing, we suppose, the short duration of the age in question, and causing no little astonishment and speculation among philosophers, and probably no less superstitious feeling in the minds of the vulgar.

From these experiments we can easily infer how important a matter it must be to keep this organ constantly in an efficient state for the discharge of this as well as its other important functions. Indeed, this one organ the Creator has put specially into our charge, while all the other organs of our body are beyond our control. Yet often when we have neglected this charge, and suffer in consequence, we lay the blame upon organs wholly guiltless of our sufferings, such as the liver or stomach, which will work perfectly right without our care or attention if we only give them fair play, and do not, by our neglect of the skin, throw upon them an amount of work twice as great as their proper share.

In insects, the entire respiration is conducted by means of pores in the skin, to which the name of spiracles is given, and of internal tubes called trachæ, and they possess neither lungs nor gills. Hence arises the difficulty of drowning an insect in water; for as the pores are guarded by minute hairs, the water can not enter them; but if a feather dipped in oil be applied to the abdominal portion of an insect's body, as to the yellow part of a wasp, it falls dead immediately; being, in

fact, sufficiented by the oil, which readily enters the pores in spite of the hairs, and so stops the respiration.

Aëration of the blood is not, however, the only function which the skin has to discharge; absorption is another, though not of equal importance. This is carried on by a system of vessels called the lymphatic vessels, which permeate the skin every where over the whole surface of the body. To illustrate this function, we may mention the fact, that persons in | whom disease has closed up the natural entrance to the stomach by the throat have been kept alive for days and weeks by being frequently immersed in a warm milk bath. The late celebrated Duc de Pasquier, who died a short time ago, at the age of ninety, had been kept alive for some weeks before his death by this means. Various salts, also, have been detected in the secretions of persons who have used baths containing those salts in solution, such salts having been taken up by the skin. Persons in distress for want of water at sea have also sometimes relieved their thirst by bathing the body in sea-water, so rapidly is absorption carried on under such circumstances.

Another and a most important function of the skin it discharges as the organ of the special sense of touch, which is only a highly exalted form of general sensation, which also resides specially in the skin. Under certain circumstances the reference | describing the skin to begin with the of sensation to the part of the body cuticle, which is at the surface, and so protouched becomes perverted; as in the ceed from the better known to the less case of a limb which has been removed, known, as in most other matters of knowis referred to the part which has been ated form being best marked at the very lost, it may be, years before.

for the body, adding beauty and preserv- constantly being renewed from below. come actually injurious to it.

beautiful structure of the skin, by which they more and more lose the granular

it is adapted for the discharge of these numerous and important offices. Tho skin is composed, as most of our readers are aware, of two layers; an outer, called the cuticle, or scarf-skin, or sometimes termed the *epidermis*; and an inner, called the cutis, or true skin, or sometimes the deemis. This latter rests upon a very fine interlaced or netted structure, called the areolar tissue, out of which, if we may so express it, the granules and fibers of the skin are formed.

It has been usual to describe a third layer placed between the true skin and the scarf-skin, and called the rete nucosum, or pigment layer; but later researches have shown that there is no such distinct layer, and that the pigment cells, to which the color of the skin in different races is due, are but a different stage in the development of the scarf-skin. This scarf-skin is never of very great thickness in any animal, but the true skin is of very variable thickness, and is that portion of the skin on which depends the thickness of the hide of the pachydermatous animals, a character so remarkable as to give name to the class to which they belong, which includes such animals as the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, horse, pig, ctc. In the whale the cutis attains the thickness of about an inch, which is the greatest known in any animal.

It seems the most natural method in where, when the nerves that supplied the $\frac{1}{4}$ ledge. The cuticle, then, consists of sevremoved part are affected with pain, this | eral layers of laminated scales, the laminsurface, where the scales are constantly The functions of the skin as a covering falling off as a kind of scurf, and are as ing the delicate structures underneath, These scales are formed by the flattening regulating the intensity of sensations ont of granules more less rounded, which from without, and (by a beautiful contribisthe form assumed by the particles of the vance which we shall subsequently refer cuticle in its deeper layers; these granules to) the amount of temperature within, are large at first nucleated cells, and the colora further illustration of the multiplicity of ing matter of the skin resides in the nuends attained by the Creator through one clei, and these granules it was that were and the same agency; and, though last, formerly described as a separate layer under not least, we may mention the function of the name of the rete mucosum. They are excretion, or removing from the body very minute, being about one three-thoumaterials no longer of use to it, and sandth of an inch in diameter at first; which, if retained any longer, would be- being renewed from below as the flattened scales are removed above, they gradually We shall now proceed to describe the approach the surface, and as they do so

form and assume the scaly character, their diameter increasing accordingly to about one six-hundredth of an inch. In many animals, however, they are much larger than this, for the scales of reptiles and fish are indeed only a modified form of these epidermal scales in man; and in some of these creatures, as serpents, the epidermis, instead of being in a constant state of renewal and repair, as in man, is only removed at one particular season, when it comes off en masse, and is called the slough of the reptile. As may be supposed, the body of the animal is very tender after this process, and it goes off and hides itself for a season, until nature has repaired the loss of the old epidermis by a new one. Something similar to the gradual hardening of its new skin which then takes place we see in ourselves in the gradual hardening and thickening of a new nail, if we accidentally lose one, which we may observe to grow in thickness as well as in length. In fact, the nails are nothing more or less than modified cuticle placed in the position we find them in order to give protection and support to the ends of the fingers, and so enable the tips of the fingers, which are the tactile organs in man, duly to appreciate the nature of the bodies with which they come in contact; and it is found that the tactile sensibility of the finger is much impaired by the loss of the nail. In some of the lower animals the nails are further modified into claws, so as to become weapons of defence and offence.

Into the epidermis or cuticle no nerves or blood-vessels penetrate, and it is nourished merely by the transudation of the serum of the blood through the walls of the vessels of the true skin and subcutaneous areolar tissue; and as it has no nerves it is not itself sensitive, but on the contrary, serves to blunt the too exquisite sensation of the true skin. That it has no sensibility of its own may be proved when a small portion of it is detached from the underlying surface of the true skin, as by a blister; and this is the best way of demonstrating the enticle in a living person, as it is extremely difficult to detach any portion of it by mechanical means.

Next we come to the structure of the cutis, or true skin, which is much more highly organized, and consists of two kinds of tissue, namely, white and yellow fibers; the former being denser and more power these pits or depressions are well

resisting, and being therefore present in greater quantity wherever resistance is most needed, as in the palm of the hand and sole of the foot; while the yellow fibers are a highly elastic tissue, owing to their minute fibrillæ being arranged in interlacing curves, and these fibers cross each other repeatedly, and branch so as to form minute lozenge-shaped interstices, which are filled up principally by the white fibers. These yellow fibers, accordingly, as might be anticipated, exist in greater abundance where elasticity is a special requirement, as at flexures of the joints, the lips, etc.

The uppermost surface of the cutis or true skin is strangely uneven and irregular, being elevated into a vast number of minute papillæ, which are about one onehundredth of an in length, and one twohundred and fiftieth of an inch in diame-Minute as these little papillæ are, each possesses a ramification of vascular capillaries and of nerve fibers; the latter, though not traceable to the very surface being in fact the essential agents in the sense of touch, for that is the function of these papille—they are the seat of the tactile power, and accordingly we find them developed in the greatest number and perfection where the tactile power is highest, as along the tips of the fingers and the lips in man, the lips specially in many quadrupeds, as the horse—these organs being the principal seats of the tactile power in them; also along the membranous expansion of the wings in bats, where the sense of touch and appreciation of impact are so delicate that the animal, even though blinded, can fly between suspended threads without touching them. These papillæ are also very well developed on the trunk of the elephant, the snout of the tapir, and at the roots of the hairs of the whiskers in the feline tribe, as well as on the under surface of the prehensile tails of some of the monkey tribe, where the sense of touch is so delicate that they can ascertain by clasping it in their tails whether a nut has a sound kernel or not, and so save themselves a useless trouble and disappointment in cracking it if unsound. These papillæe are quite distinguishable on looking at the hand, for their extremities are received into depressions on the undersurface of the scarf-skin, and when this is stripped off and examined with a low

which correspond with the papillæ beneath, and above with the grooves or furrows which are visible on looking at the palm of the hand and inner surface of the fingers. These furrows are caused by the temperature, this will appear hot to the scarf-skin dipping in between the rows of hand which has been in the cold water papillæ, and all along each furrow at very and cold to the other. Weber has also minute intervals may be seen little cross | shown a very curious fact, namely, that if lines which indicate the separations of both hands are plunged into water of the the individual papillæ, or rather pairs same temperature without previous prepof papillæ, for they are usually araration it will seem warmer to the left ranged in pairs. The number of these hand than to the right. To obtain an acpapillar is immense; a square inch of curate result this experiment ought to be the palm of the hand will contain performed with the eyes blinded, and in more than forty rows, and each row ignorance of the relative temperature of more than sixty pairs, making in all | the water in the two vessels, so as to reabout five thousand individual papillæ in move the influence of reason or imagia single square inch of skin. They are nation. Some other curious phenomena not, however, equally well developed in all parts of the body, being nearly absent on the back, where, however, the cutis is tolerably dense, for there is no relation between its thickness and the development of these papillae; on the tongue, for instance, the cutis is extremely thin, and yet the papillæ there are larger than in any other part of the body, and not that alone, but so thin also is the cuticle here that the individual papillæ are seen, giving that peculiar roughness to the tongue 1 which is found to a certain degree in man, and to a very high degree in some of the lower animals, as the ox and the cat tribe.

Professor E. H. Weber instituted some delicate experiments on the sense of touch with the view of ascertaining its relative delicacy in different parts of the body, the method he adopted being to ascertain at i what distance from each other two points! of contact ceased to be perceived as one For this purpose he slightly blunted a pair of compasses with sealing-wax and then applied them to different parts of the body. He then found that on the pulp or soft part of the tip of the fingers the points were perceived as two when separated only one thirty-sixth part of an inch, while on the middle of the arm and thigh they had to be separated as much as two and a half inches. He also found, as might be expected, that they were more readily perceived as two when placed accross the direction of the branch- counting rapidly a roll of bank-notes, a es of the nerves, than when placed clerk in the Bank of England will be able the branches. heat and cold, which of course appertain | nary individual could distinguish from a

seen, arranged in single or double rows, to the sense of touch, are to a certain degree relative; that is to say, that if we place one hand in warm water and the other in cold, and then plunge both into a vessel containing water at an intermediate regarding the sense of touch have also been found to exist, such as that if two of the fingers be crossed and then a single small object, as a pea, be placed between them, the mind will appreciate it as two objects; or, again, that if two points, as of a pair of compasses, be applied to the skin at a fixed distance, they will feel as if more widely separated when on a very sensitive part than they will elsewhere, or if drawn along the skin from a less to a more sensitive part will seem to separate as they approach the latter; and, again, that a perfectly plane or level surface may be made to appear concave by another person drawing it over the tip of the finger of one whose eyes are covered, and pressing at first strongly, then lightly, and then strongly again, or it may be made to appear convex by reversing this order of pressure; but if the pressure is regulated by the subject of the only, and distinctly recognized as two. experiment himself the delusion vanishes. Indeed, all these experiments ought to be performed on a person whose eyes are blinded, and by a second party.

The extreme delicacy to which the sense of touch may be brought by practice often receives curious illustrations. One of the best known is the ability of the blind to read raised letters; and in one case, when the sense of touch of the pulp of the fingers had been much reduced by injury, the sufferer learned to read by applying her lips to the letters. It is said that in A well- to detect a counterfeit note by the touch known fact is that the sensations of alone, which no examination by an ordigenuine note, even were he aware that it | tion from the scarf skin which runs down was forged.

Such are some of the wonders of the sense of touch,—a sense whose impressions are conveyed to the mind by nerves set apart for that office, these nerves being the posterior roots of the spinal nerves, and the fifth and eighth cranial nerves. The fifth cranial is, indeed, a very singular nerve; for, besides having motor fibers as well as sensitive, it has some of its sensitive fibers so modified, that in the papillæ of the tongue they become the nerves of the special sense of taste; and, indeed, in some of the invertebrate animals, as the crustaceans, this nerve also receives the impressions of the special senses of sight and hearing.

We come now to the function of secretion, and the description of the beautiful and complex apparatus by which that function is carried on. When we look with a simple lens, or even with the naked eye, at the delicate grooves crossing the furrows of the hand above mentioned, we find that a small orifice exists in the center of each of them, sometimes occupying the whole of the groove. This is, in fact, the orifice of a perspiratory duct; and when the hand is warm the perspiration may be observed, even with the naked eye, to issue from it, forming minute shining dots. The glands by which the perspiration is secreted are scated at the under-surface of the true skin, each embedded in a cavity in it; and they consist, like many other glands, of a ravelled tube formed of basement membrane and of epithelial scales, together with true secreting structure; the materials for secretion being furnished by a minute capillary network of blood vessels arising from arterial trunks, which bring the blood to the gland to be purified, and terminating in venous trunks, which carry off the blood when that process has been performed.

These glands are consequently to be regarded as true excretory organs, removing from the blood materials that are no longer wanted, and which, if retained, would be injurious. Their size varies in different situations, being in the palm of the hand from one one-hundredth to one two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, but in the arm-pits, where they are largest, and form a very thick layer, they reach the size of one sixtieth of an inch. Their ducts are composed of basement membrane and epithelium only; the latter being an inflecterated. And for the same reason it is

the walls of the duct. The length of the tube which constitutes both gland and duct is about a quarter of an inch. It is straight while passing through the true skin; but becomes strongly spiral while traversing the scarf-skin, the turns being as close and regular as those of a screw. The diameter of this tube is about one seventeenhundredth of an inch. We can have little idea of the importance of these little ducts to the system from considering any single one of them; but when we come to consider them collectively, we may in some degree estimate their value, and the necessity of maintaining their functions in healthy action. Over thirty-five hundred of these little ducts have been found to exist in a single square inch of the skin of the palm; and, accordingly, taking the length of each at a quarter of an inch, as we mentioned above, we find that their aggregate length amounts to seventy-three feet. On a square inch of the heel the length would be about forty-seven feet. About sixty feet would represent the average length of these ducts for a single square inch of skin for the whole body; and as the number of square inches in a person of ordinary size is about twentyfive hundred, we arrive by computation at the startling result, that the aggregate length of the sudoriferious ducts of the body is about twenty-eight miles.

It was to this glandular system we referred, when we said there was a beautiful contrivance for regulating the internal temperature of the body; for the perspiration so poured out is vaporized principally by the heat of the body; and in thus turning into vapor it renders latent, as all liquids do in undergoing that change, an enormous amount of heat, which is thus being constantly carried away from the body as fast as it is generated by the chemical processes constantly going on within the system. Hence we see the cause of that burning heat of skin which is so marked a symptom of some diseases when the perspiration is completely arrested, causing that peculiar harsh, dry skin, which is so well known to the physician as the concomitant of this burning heat.

It is due to the same cause that the blood never exceeds about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit in temperature, even under violent exercise; for a copious flow of perspiration carries off the heat so gen-

possibly in dry air to bear with impunity a degree of heat much beyond what could be borne in moist air, where the perspiration would not be vaporized as fast as excreted. Water at the temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees is almost unbearable. A vapor bath at the same temperature might be endured for a few minutes; but the distress arising from the suppressed perspiration would soon render it intolerable. But in dry air a heat can be borne with impunity, and almost without discomfort, which will roast eggs and dress beefsteaks. In some experiments performed by Drs. Watson and Carpenter it became desirable to ascertain the hight at which a thermometer stood in an oven, without subjecting it to the cooling consequent on withdrawing it. A girl volunteered to go into the oven and mark the hight of the mercury. The gentlemen hesitated at her proposal; but she assured them she was not in the least afraid of so doing; and she actually went in, and remained there for ten minutes, while the thermometer stood at two hundred and eighty degrees; and another girl remained for five minutes in the oven, with the thermometer at three hundred and twenty-five degrees, or one hundred and thirteen above the point of boiling water. Beefsteaks were cooked in this oven, merely by the temperature of the air, in thirty-three minutes; and when the air was blown on them by a pair of bellows, they were cooked in thirteen minutes. And yet in these experiments the young women suffered scarcely any inconvenience; and the heat of the body, as tried by a thermometer placed under the tongue, was scarcely at all increased. Sir bairs. Charles Blagden remained for some minutes in air of about the same tempera-! ture of hair, as being connected with these ture, and also Dr. Lankester; and Cha | follicles. Hair may be regarded as a kind bert, the French showman, called the of modified cuticle, though it takes its ori-Fire King, was in the habit of entering | gin much deeper than the cuticle, and even an oven heated from four hundred to six deeper than the true skin. The scales of hundred degrees, or within a few degrees the epidermis descend into the hair follicle, of the heat of molten lead. Animals cov- forming its lining, and then, at the bottom ered with hair or feathers, however, die of the follicle, the cells which on the survery soon in temperatures much below face would become cuticular scales are these; apparently because the bair or changed into a layer of imbricated or feathers interfere with the free escape of overlaping scales, which form the cortex moisture from the skin, which is necessary for bark of the hair; while the cells which to keep the blood cool, and prevent inju. I grow from the very bottom of the follicle rious consequences. Hence, also, persons | are modified into elongated fibers, and so who are in the habit of taking Turkish form the inner substance of the hair. baths, which are, in fact, hot air baths, | A very curious and beautiful structure

high temperature as soon as the perspiration begins to flow, which, in a practiced bather, it does immediately.

The amount of liquid which, in a person in health, issues from the pores during the twenty-four hours is not less than an imperial pint, containing about an ounce of solid matter in solution, and besides a large amount of carbonic acid gas; hence we estimate the importance of keeping these ducts in perfect order by means of

frequent bathing.

Another kind of gland is also found in the skin in connection with the bairs, and engaged in their nutrition. These glands are called the sebaceous glands, inasmuch as they furnish an oily or waxy substance to nourish the hairs; this substance is developed in largest quantity inside the car, where it serves to prevent access of dust, insects, etc., to that delicate organ. The ducts of these glands are not spiral, and they open generally into the hair follicles, or pits which the hair grows out of, situated in the subcutaneous areolar tissue.

There are generally several glands connected with each hair; their ducts are frequently inhabited by a very peculiar little parasite, by no means a beautiful object when viewed under the microscope, but found even in the cleanest and healthiest persons, sometimes three or four being in each follicle; yet they are specially found in persons whose skin is torpid in its action, and they multiply in sickness. These glands lubricate the skin, and so maintain its clasticity, and they also serve to eliminate hydrocarbons from the system; they are extremely numerous, as may be inferred from their connection with the

We may here mention briefly the struc-

experience no inconvenience from the is especially developed around the hair

follicles and sebiparous glands, consisting of minute, quite microscopical muscular fibers, not capable of being acted on by the will, but acting involuntarily on the application of certain stimulants, external or mental; cold, fear, anger, etc., will stimulate these fibers to contraction, and hence, owing to their peculiar interlacing around the hair follicles, arises the peculiar bristling so well seen in some animals, particularly the lion and others of the cat tribe, under the influence of these emotions. To this cause also is due what is known as the hair standing on end, the first notice of which we have in the Book of Job— "Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up." The creeping of the flesh under the same emotions is due to the same cause; for, although particularly well developed around the hair follicles, these muscular fibers are not confined to them, but extend every where through the skin, and the appearance assumed by the skin under the influence of cold, and known as the "goose-skin," is due also to their contraction.

Hair is almost universally the covering of the skin in the class of Mammalia, and is found even in the whale, but only in the shape of a few scattered hairs here and there over the body, so that it can be of no use except to carry out the type of the organization of the class. In certain parts of the bodies of some animals hairs sometimes become remarkably developed and strangely modified, as is the case in the hedgehog and porcupine, where they assume over the greater part, but not the whole of the body, the form of spines and quills.

In the class of birds hair is not found, being replaced by feathers, and the apparent hairs on animals of this class, on being examined with a microscope, present the characters of feathers, and not those of hair.

We have thus sketched the principal characters of that beautiful organ, the skin, which, it is hardly necessary to observe, is as completely illustrative of the Creator's skill and wisdom as in every other portion of the animal frame.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE DUCHESS 0 F PORTSMOUTH.*

as "Madame," being the wife of "Monsieur" the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother—was sent over to the English court to cement an alliance threatened by the growing popular feeling in favor of the Prince of Orange, that Princess was accompanied, among other maids of honor, by a young lady of a good old Bréton family, Louise de Keroual, and who, introduced at the French court by M. de Chaulnes, the Governor of the province, had become tenderly attached to Henrietta. To judge from existing portraits more especially the one at Hampton

* La Duchesse de Portsmouth. Par M. CAPE-FIGUE.

WHEN the beloved sister of Charles | Court—Louise de Keroual was fair, her II., Henrietta-known in France simply | fine, open forehead was massed over with an abundance of brown hair, her dark, piercing eye marked her Bréton descent, and although her countenance bespoke firmness of character, she was as gracefully playful as a child. The court was, indeed, always lively around Madame; her beautiful maids of honor had all their gentlemen who wore their colors, and they ended in the race of life by wedding them, or being immured in a convent. Maria Theresa, Infanta-Queen, had introduced these Spanish bigotries into the French court, and there was no appeal from their verdict—the court, marriage, or the clois-

> Louis XIV. had proposed an excursion into Flanders. The court was at Ostend

when Madame embarked for England. She arrived in London expected by few save King Charles II., who received her with every mark of affection. He, indeed, spent every leisure moment with his sister surrounded by her maids of honor, and he was soon so captivated by the youthful charms of Mademoiselle de Keroual, that he asked his sister, as a favor, that she should remain in England as maid of honor to the Queen. The King was at that time about to give away Miss Stewart, to whom he had once been so tenderly attached, in marriage to the Duke of Richmond; the clever Nell Gwyn had, however, still some hold upon his volatile affections, and never relinquished the power of attracting him to her by her gaiety and somewhat boisterous sallies. The new passion aroused in the King's breast by the fair Bréton suited French policy admirably, and, as Saint Evremond wrote to Ninon de l'Enclos, "the silk ribbon that bound the waist of Mademoiselle de Keroual united France to England."

At the epoch when Mademoiselle de Keroual held the scepter of beauty and grace at the court of Charles II., the King was still surrounded by patriotic counselors. Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who opposed the King in his haughty disregard of parliamentary opinion, witnessed with increasing anxiety the sudden elevation of a French lady into power; nor was his anxiety diminished by her being raised to the peerage under the title of the Duchess of Portsmouth.

This ravishing Bréton not only pleased the King by her beauty and gracefulness, but she obtained still more influence over him by the firmness of her character and by her energetic resolves. In close and intimate correspondence with the court of France, she aspired to be the prop and maintenance of the alliance between the two nations and the two kings. In order the more effectually to bring this about, it was necessary to reconstitute the existing ministry, and to get rid of the Chancellor at any risk. Both he and Sir William Temple, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were obnoxious at court, as antagonistic to the absolute prerogative of the ! monarchy. minister. He kissed the gloved hand of | dom of worship for the English Catholics. the Duchess of Portsmouth with the same | One of the first acts of the cabal ministry respectful devotion as he had previously was to proclaim the liberty of belief and

kissed that of Miss Stewart; and he built castles of cards for the new favorite with as much assiduity as he had labored at off epigrams and sonnets in honor of the charming but capricious Nell Gwyn. this gallant personage was attached Sir Thomas Clifford, a stern old Royalist; Lord Ashley, afterward Lord Shaftesbury; the Duke of Lauderdale and Arlington—all men of one idea, only that they had arrived at it by different roads. Some of them had served under Cromwell, and could not understand why absolute power should not suit the brows of legitimate monarchy, just as well as it did a dictator elected by popular suffrages. Others were of old Norman blood, or Scotch exclusives, whose families had always pertinaciously held by the divine right of kings, and the immaculate transmission of an hereditary nobility. Public opinion at once designated the combination as a cabal—a well-chosen epithet, even if, as has been supposed, it was an anagram with the initials of the five ministers, C, Clifford; A, Ashley; B, Buckingham; A, Arlington; and L, Lauderdale.

The policy proposed to itself by the new ministry elected under the auspices of the Duchess of Portsmouth was—first, to cause the royal prerogative to triumph over the detested parliamentary opposition; and, secondly, to cement the alliance of England with Louis XIV. in opposition to Europe coalesced against that ambitious monarch. Thus to believe the Catholic legitimist, M. Capefigue, the Duchess of Portsmouth was at once the head and heart of the new ministry:

"Charles II. was by nature too frivolous, and was too much carried away by the love of distraction and pleasures, to go on with determination toward a given object; all he wanted was, that Parliament should have granted him subsidies, and he would have given up all else upon that condition. But it was not so with the young Duchess of Portsmouth. French by character; of an illustrious and national Bréton descent, she possessed a bold tenacity of character; pious, as all were at the court of Louis XIV., notwithstanding her love for Charles II., she was still The Duke of Buckingham more devoted to the triumph of the reliwas at once looked up to as the courtly gious idea, and she sought to obtain free-

of forms of worship in England; one would be surprised in the present day to hear that so liberal an act should meet with any opposition. Nevertheless, this generous and legal impulse was one of the active causes of the unpopularity of the ministry of the cabal. A royal proclamation declared that Presbyterians, Puritans, and Catholics should freely enjoy the right of attending church and preaching; and this act excited the most energetic opposition! But the ministry did not stop at that, and, in virtue of this bill, the Duke of York, the King's brother, made public profession of that Catholic worship which he had secretly practiced for some five years; it was only a most legitimate act of liberty."

An opposition to liberal measures, which would be so out of place in the present day, was scarcely so at that epoch, when the liberties of the Protestants were so little affirmed as to be constantly in danger; and it was felt, as is indeed scarcely disguised by M. Capefigue himself, that the whole power of the new influence that had risen up, star-like, in the court, would be brought to bear upon Catholic interests. Oliver Goldsmith represents how much the apprehensions of the nation were aroused by the first acts of the ministry, and the public recantation of the Duke of York. Even the clergy lent themselves to the propagation of rumors to the effect that the King was about to reëstablish the Catholic religion under the influence of a Papistic mistress.

It was impossible under the new system of French alliance and open toleration, if not covert diffusion of Catholicism, to obtain subsidies from Parliament, and the Duchess of Portsmouth expressed this fact to Madame de Montespan. "Money was wanted to arm against Holland, but it was not to be obtained in England, and it was necessary to seek a loan on Italy, at Venice or Genoa." Louis XIV. resolved to grant a subsidy to Charles II., in order to facilitate the objects of the alliance, and M. Capefigue is very indignant that the King should have been accused of being pensioned by France, when he only did what Sweden and Prussia did receive the moneys of Cardinal Richelieu in order to carry on the war in Germany.

"It is certain," says Capefigue, "that faith; she has a son, and is resolved that if the counsels of Louis XIV. had been he shall be recognized. She reasons thus

followed as they were transmitted by Madame de Montespan to the Duchess of Portsmouth, an absolute change would have been effected in the English constitution, and the King could have done without the Parliament, as Louis XIV. did without his after the Fronde. But it required to accept such counsels that the ministry of the cabal should have remained perfectly united and resolved, whereas all the ministers who entered into its composition had not the same amount of firmness and resolution; some of them, accustomed to parliamentary struggles, did not dare to affranchize themselves in an absolute manner from Parliament; they would willingly have taken part in an arrangement, or in a mixed negotiation, when there was no real solution save in a haughty and decisive rupture with the Commons, who required to be treated after the fashion of Cromwell."

Luckily, England was saved from this Montespan-Portsmouth coup-d'état by a combination of circumstances, among which, however, the irresolution of ministers no doubt held a first place. Charles II.'s affection for the Duchess had received a new impulse by the birth of a son, whom he created Duke of Richmond and Lennox, with authority to adopt the royal arms of the Stuarts. Louis XIV., to reward the young Bréton for services rendered to France at the time of the coälition, had also created her Duchess of Aubigny, a title always enjoyed by the Stuarts from the times of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel."

Madame de Sévigné wrote as follows to her daughter: "Keroual, already Duchess of Portsmouth, has succeeded in all her hopes. She wished to be a king's mistress, and she is so; she has a son, who has been acknowledged, and to whom two duchies have been granted; she is somewhat selfish, and accumulates moneys, and she makes herself loved and respected by those who are amenable. But she did not calculate upon having as a rival a young actress, who has bewitched the king; she has not the power to withdraw him from her for a moment. The actress is as proud as the Duchess of Portsmouth; she sneers at her, takes the king from her, and boasts of his preference; she is young, handsome, bold, and amusing; she dances, sings, and follows her profession in good faith; she has a son, and is resolved that person of quality, she claims relationship was sent with three thousand English to with every one in France, and whenever the relief of Ostend. any great person dies she puts on mourn-1. Thus it was that the bad political ining! Since she is a person of quality, why | fluence of the Duchess of Portsmouth fell is she also 'cateau'? She ought to die of before the righteous instincts of the Engshame; but as to me, it is my profession; lish people. With the decline of her I do not pretend to anything else; the power came also other great changes. king supports me; I belong to him only! The large brimmed felt hats, with waving now; I have a son by him, I pretend that plumes, of the cavaliers, and their curly he should be recognized, and he shall recog- heads of hair, gave way gradually to closenize him, for he loves me as much as he fitting skull-caps and round and close-cut does his Portsmouth."

the new coalition, inaugurated under such of a somber hue. The rich silk robes of immoral auspices—had in the mean time the ladies of the court, with their head-broken out. Louis XIV, had invaded the dresses of diamonds and pearls, in which Low Countries, and the English fleet, the Duchess of Portsmouth luxuriated, under the Duke of York, was cooperat-, were looked upon with as much abhorrence ing with the French under the Comte by the Presbyterians and Puritans as were d'Estrées. The heart of parliament was, the manners of the courtiers themselves.* however, opposed to the measure, and an Yet has Capefigue a word to say in favor address to the king was passed, declaring of the falling party: that "the preponderance of France in the | "The impulsion toward gallantry, which existing war was a source of anxiety to was imparted by Charles II. to his court, England, and that the Commons was de was not wholly illegitimate; the easy and sirous of peace, so long as Holland would amiable manners of the day almost always accept of reasonable conditions." It was found repose in marriage: all the heroes in vain that Charles dissolved the House, of romance at the court ended in serious the new parliament was even more hostile, alliances. The Duke of Richmond wedto the Anglo-French coalition than the ded Miss Stewart; Lord Rochester, the previous one had been. The ministry fell | daughter of the Earl of Enmere; Lord into disorder in the presence of this for- Littleton, the intimate companion of the midable and systematic opposition. Lord | king, took for wife the charming Miss Clifford was dead, Lord Shaftesbury was Temple; Talbot wedded Miss Boynton; making common cause with parliament, the clever Duke of Hamilton himself marand Buckingham was no longer to be ried Miss Jennings; and the Chevalier de depended upon. stances, and at such a crisis, Charles gave 16 married as he ran,' Miss Hamilton. way, and entered into a special treaty these charming young scapegraces thus with Holland, in utter disregard of the al- entered into serious alliances, after having liance contracted and the engagements trifled for a moment with affections; what entered into with the court of Versailles. But even this did not satisfy the Commons; Louis XIV. was victorious, the Prince of Orange defeated and his strongholds occupied, and they insisted that common cause should be made with the prince, and steps taken to stay the progress of the victorious and ambitious ruler Charles II. once more gave of France. way to the popular feeling; a marriage between the daughter of the Duke of York and the Prince of Orange was negotrated, and subsidies were voted for lending aid to him with armed forces in his dire extremity. War was declared against France, and a marriage, which was destined to lose the throne to the Stuarts, was , stage.

wise: That young lady pretends to be a carried out, while the Duke of Monmouth

terops, while the gay doublets trimmed Hostilities with Holland—the result of with lace were supplanted by tight jackets

Under such circum- Grammont, so frivolous and so oblivious, the austere Puritans denounced as the manners of Babylon, were often nothing more than those simple gallantries export-

^{*} The R storation diffused its refreshing influence around, and England, breathing freely again, joyfu iv resumed her status quo aute bellum, her time hos red title of "Merrie." The national minth, rising from its enforced and troubled sleep, broke out into excesses political and bacharalan. Bel's chimed, bonfires blazed, rumps were reasted, fiddles squeaked, and the conduits ran with wore. The pike gave place to the pen, long faces to short graces, and narrow fanaticism to broad fun. Songs of a superior class, sparkling with causic wit and drollery, brought out in bold relief Jack Presbyter; and Sir Robert Howard made that tipsy roisterer, in the character of Obadiah, cut that very ridiculous figure on the

ed from France, love 'liaisons,' and exchanges of sentiment and of ribbons, such as, at Versailles, united the 'mousquetaires' and the 'light horse' with the maids of honor of the queen; they loved one another tenderly, they fought and shed their blood for their mistresses; but all alike respected their ancestral arms and family traditions, and ended by marrying the beloved young ladies. Thus colors with hearts, and hence the illustrious hymeneal feasts sung by Mademoiselle Scudery."

If the "Merry Monarch" had been left to his free impulses and his innate indifference, he would most probably have never troubled himself with religious controversies. He was, on the contrary, the especial protector and friend of Sir Isaac Newton—one of the champions of free thought. It is not probable that, with his habits and manners, he would ever have attempted to have imposed an unpopular form of worship on the country. It is not so certain, however, what others, who had great influence over him, may have projected. Certain it is that the country took fright at his French and Spanish preferences. ("If," Capefigue says, "he had any preferences for the Catholics, it was simply because they were more refined and less boorish, and that they associated themselves more to French ideas, so dear to his youth,") and the Anglican bishops labored zealously, not only in insuring the triumph of their own Church, but also the proscription of all other forms of worship. Now there were, according to Capefigue's own admission, a number of Jesuits, priests, and monks, (the friars black and white of the penny broadsides) in the suite alike of Henrietta, of the Queen of England, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and it was their recognized duty to spread their form of worship by every means in their power—fair or unfair. The cause, as usual, excused the means. Pilgrimages and processions to Tyburn were at that time in full vogue. The first blow struck by the dominant party at these open practices of Catholic mummeries was the socalled "Test Act" (1674,) which insisted upon at least an annual reception of the Holy Sacrament, and excluded all Catholies from public offices. It was an act of tyranny, for it denied all political life to those who did not belong to the Established Church. A second blow was aimed at the Duke of York, who was declared as a Commons, a liberal monarch, the advocate

Papist to be excluded from the throne, which was reserved by popular feeling to Mary, Princess of Orange.

The despotism of dogmas were repulsive to Charles II., and he allowed these bills to be passed with indifference; seeing which, the fanatics of the day, to draw him more closely within their folds, conjured up jesuitical conspiracies against his life. The object of Titus Oates and his confederates was, it was said, to slay the king, to summons the Duke of York to the throne, and reëstablish the Catholic form of worship. But Charles II., entirely occupied with his regal diversions and intrigues, gave no credit to these real or supposed conspiracies, and he manifested the utmost indifference at them. He consented, however, to question Oates himself, and he felt satisfied from his manner and language that he never could have been the associate of those whom he pretended to be in relation with. The mob were, however, in the highest state of exasperation, and the House of Commons participated in their feelings of indignation. A bill was passed banishing all Papists from London, and especially prohibiting to them any connection with the court. The militia and the train-bands were called out. Titus Oates received a pension, and a Captain Bedloe, who confessed to having been one of those who were engaged to destroy London and Westminster by fire, came in for a similar good fortune.

The proscription of Catholics generally did not satisfy the House. Their invectives were especially directed against the Duchess of Portsmouth. "I would not," exclaimed one of the peers of the realm, "allow a Papist man or woman, nor a Papist dog, nor even a Papist cat, to mew about our king's person." There was no mistaking the allusion, and Charles H., protected the person of his fair French mistress with a sentiment of chivalrous honor. Even the queen was not spared; and Charles had to repudiate the assaults of the Puritans with angry indignation. The most grievous of all the erimes committed in the name of religion was the beheading of the Earl of Stafford, accused of implication in the conspiracies of the Jesuits.

But it was not in these times of strange contrasts, an immoral frivolous court opposed to a somber, austere, and fanatic of religious toleration, set in opposition to a persecuting and tyrannical puritanism, among the persecuted alone that the spirit of conspiracy and rebellion showed itself. There was also an extreme Protestant party, which, grouping around the person of the Duke of Monmouth (whom Capefigue compares to the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII.,) sought the overthrow of the monarchy.

It was under these circumstances, so trying to the crown of England, that Madame de Montespan kept up an active correspondence with the Duchess of Portsmouth, conveying through her the everrecurring advice of the "Grand Monarque" to have recourse to a coup d'état. This advice was actively seconded by the Duchess, who consistently advocated energetic measures to cut down the evil at the root. But Charles II., was always under the influence of one idea, and that was the acquisition of the money necessary for the habitual indulgence of his luxurious habits; and he never had the courage to come into collision with his "faithful" House of Commons, for fear they should in return stop the subsidies. The two ladies having made this state of things clear to one another, they were then explained to Louis XIV., who offered to help Charles out of his embarrassment on that point in a right royal manner, and to pour into his lap whatever of the resources of France might be necessary for him to establish his royal prerogatives on a firm basis.

No two persons could have been better adapted for carrying on this court plot than Madame de Montespan and the Duchess of Portsmouth. Both were alike his states." proud and haughty, and possessed of the same strength of resolution, that is essential to ruling with dignity and authority. Madame de Montespan had made the meek and loving La Vallière know her power; the energetic Bréton, Keroual, made hers equally felt by Charles II. "It is a curious fact," Capefigue says, "and one that ought to be historically noticed, that the most resolute and energetic proceedings generally have their origin with women—their nervous volition drives them to extremes." Certain it is that it was under the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth that the king was at length induced to send the Black Rod to his "faithful House of Commons," to an-

cided upon dissolving the said House, and that it was his royal resolve not to convene it any more, being no longer in need of those subsidies, which he had to purchase in terms that were onerous to the national interests.

Such is the effect of an act of firmness when all minds are unsettled and parties run high, that this resolution not only encountered no opposition, but, on the contrary, was succeeded by a calm. The bishops of the Anglican Church, terrified at the progress made by the Puritans and Presbyterians under Monmouth, found it in their interest to make common cause with Charles II., as their benefices were as much in danger from the triumph of the extreme Protestant party as they would be from that of the Catholics. king, on his side, was befriending the cause of the Church of England, in rebuilding St. Paul's at his own private expense.

The character of Charles II. is said to have undergone a great change at this epoch. The satisfaction felt at having carried out a bold and successful coup d'état, and the influence of the energetic duchess, combined to render him more earnest. At court, in the field, even in the pursuit of pleasure, he was still dominated by the one idea—that of assuming the triumph of the royal prerogative over constitutionalism. The Duchess of Portsmouth wrote, indeed, in anticipation of success, to Madame de Montespan: "That she was in hopes that the King of England would soon obtain the same credit and the same authority as the King of France had so gloriously realized in

Equally energetic, however, were the attempts made by the parties opposed to absolute power to baffle these royal hopes. The Presbyterian and Parliamentary party reckoned among its number, not only the king's natural son Monmouth, but also Lords Russell, Essex, Courtenay, Brandon, and Shaftesbury; and their object was to replace the government of the king by a council of regency under the presidency of the Duke of Monmouth, and the members of which were to be Russell, Essex, Howard, Algernon Sidney, and John Hampden, in correspondence with the Scotch Puritans under the Duke of Argyle. There existed a still more extreme party—out-and-out Republican nounce to them that his majesty had de- - whose reputed chiefs were Colonel

Rumsey, leader of the Roundheads, and his friend Walcot. This party aimed at a "Lord Protector," and were prepared to effect their objects by any means, were it even the assassination of the king. Both parties are, indeed, generally supposed to have been willing enough to profit by the removal of the monarch by an act of violence; and although the chiefs of the Parliamentary party were not prepared to sanction such an act, they became involved in the movement so far that they were made its principal victims. According to Capefigue, the Duchess of Portsmouth was a principal instrument in the condemnation of the Parliamentary leaders, for we are told that she was enabled to place proofs of their complicity in the king's hands! The consequence was that Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney ended their career on the scaffold, and the liberties of the country lay prostrate at the feet of an absolute monarchy.

The triumph, such as it was, was destined to be of brief duration. The king was struck down with illness at the very moment that he was succeeding in his struggle for the royal prerogative. The Duchess of Portsmouth was also in the height of her power and favor. The young Duke of Lennox, her son, was attached to the court of his royal parent, who meditated some great alliance for him, and whose love for him increased with the proximity of death. But the Duchess of Portsmouth, not satisfied with having insured the triumph of absolutism, had her mind full of the project of following that up by the triumph of the Catholic religion. It was with this view that she got Charles II. to recall near his person the Duke of York, who had been excluded from succession by parliament, and who not only represented the royal prerogative, but also the Catholic interest.

When the duke succeeded to the crown, then, at the death of Charles II. (February 6, 1685,) under the title of James II. the position of the Duchess of Portsmouth was, to a certain extent, guaranteed by the part which she had taken in insuring his succession. It was mainly through her instrumentality that the Bill of Exclusion had been revoked. The duchess was, also, still the representative of the French alliance. Madame de Maintenon, who had succeeded to Madame Montespan in the favor of Louis XIV., was far more bigoted than even her predecessor, and heart, but French in talent and character."

she lent all her influence to the Duchess of Portsmouth for the sake of the two principles which she and Madame de Maintenon so ignobly represented—the absolutism of their chosen lords, and the supremacy, at all costs, of the Catholic religion. Luckily, England had no Edict of Nantes to be repealed, and no "booted missionaries," as Louvois designated Madame de Maintenon's dragoons, to overrun the country.

James II. began his reign, however, under very different auspices to what had been anticipated. He affected liberality in religious matters, repealed the "Test Act," and proclaimed toleration. More than this, he assumed the aspect of an outward morality, and publicly repudiated the Duchess of Dorchester, to whom he was supposed to be tenderly attached. He had probably in view the reinstallation of the Catholic religion, but if so, he wished to bring it about by the general movement of mind and by liberty of conscience, not by force or oppression. The position of the Duchess of Portsmouth was not so well defined, with a monarch of this description, as she had expected; and as soon as James had put down the contemporary insurrections of Monmouth and Argyle by force of arms, an excuse was found for sending back the quondam favorite of Charles II., and the political instrument of the Franco-Catholic party, to her own country. There is a tradition that she was sent in company with the Duke of Monmouth himself, who afterwards became the mysterious Iron Mask; but nobody believes in it, as he would have been liberated upon the declaration of peace between Louis XIV. and William and Mary.

The Duchess of Portsmouth found the court of Versailles absorbed in the struggle which at that epoch was attaining a crisis in England, Holland, and in Germany between Protestantism and Catholicism, and which was put down in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Madame de Maintenon had, we have seen, succeeded Madame de Montespan in the correspondence with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and she had learned to place confidence in her as a political instrument, so she was sent back to the court of James II., this time accompanied by the young Duke of Hamilton, who, we are told, was "English in

the latter, as he was at once his religious, blood-horses." his political, and his personal enemy. He Hanovarians! The triumph of the fields weavers. Edict of Nantes.

his court to St. Germain. This exile court | spouse, left him first for Alfieri, and then of Berwick, by Arabella Churchill, sister | "forgetting the great name of the Stuarts to the Duke of Murlborough, the power-in the studio of an artist." doned by all that was Catholic, clever, Capefigue's publication by Charles like habits. The middle classes assumed device of the châtelain of Brittany, "En red faces and prominent abdomens, of is preserved in the family. the Dutch burgomasters, and which |

The two urged James to action against justified Madame de Pompadour's obserthe Protestants, by denouncing the con- vation to Louis XV., "that only two spiracy of the Prince of Orange against classes had retained in England the the Stuarts. Louis XIV. was all the elegance and grace of the Stuarts-the more energetic in opposing the success of high families of the aristocracy, and the

Capefigue tells us that Louis XIV. was thus induced to offer subsidies, an gave up St. Germain to James H., and army, a navy, or any other cooperation, the numerous emigration especially of to the Catholic King of England. But Irish Catholics, that followed in his footthe Duke of Hamilton and the Duchess | steps, because that château reminded him of Portsmouth were too late: at the very of the follies of his youth—reminiscences moment that they were discussing the which were no longer agreeable in the terms of the Anglo French alliance, the time of repentance and penitence under Prince of Orange was landing on the Madame de Maintenon. If, again, Engshores of England, and was at once joined land and Ireland gave to France at that by the army and the whole Protestant epoch its Irish brigade, and its Dillons, party in the country. Yet M. Capefigue Macdonalds, Tollendals, and Macmahons, more than insinuates that the country France gave to England its Protestant was virtually conquered and subdued by Marquis de Ruvigny (Lord Galloway), its his forty-one thousand Dutchmen and French Protestant brigade, and its Spital-

Protestanti-m in this country under The Stuarts kept up to the last the William and Mary was responded to in character given to them by Capefigue, of Germany by the "League of Augsburg," | fanaticism in religion, and inconstancy in and in France by the revocation of the love. The last of the race was the cardinal whom Napoleon dreamt, in According to Capeligue, the "per- 1800, of restoring to the throne of Engfume of talent and grace" which had been | land, and for whom Canova chiselled introduced into England by the Stuarts! the celebrated mausoleum of the Stuarts. disappeared with the exile of James and The Countess of Albany, the Pretender's included the king's natural son, the Duke for the French painter Xavier Fabre,

ful partisan of William and Mary, and The line of the duke of Richmond and the young Duke of Hamilton. The Lennox, Duc d'Aubigny in France, son of Dachess of Portsmouth and her son, the Mademoiselle de Keroual, Duchess of Dake of Lennox, took possession of their Portsmouth, and Charles II., is not duchy of Aubigny. England thus aban- $\frac{1}{4}$ extinct; it was represented at the time of and graceful—Capefigue does not go so Gordon, Duke of Richmond, Earl of far as to say moral—underwent, we are Darnleigh, Duke of Aubigny, who married told, a repulsive change, from all that a daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. was light, amiable, and gentlemanly, to The hero of Orthez is since deceased, but heavy, gloomy, practical, and business-the Dukes of Richmond still carry the the fit, bloated appearance, with great [la rose ja flouris," and the title of Lennox

From Chambers's Journal.

UNRISE H $\mathbf{M} \quad \mathbf{0} \quad \mathbf{0} \quad \mathbf{N}$. 0 NE

It is well known that some new and remarkable facts connected with the physical constitution of the moon have been revealed by the telescope within the last few years; the lunar surface has been measured and mapped by several observers, and its features laid down with as much exactness as if the subject of delineation was some mountainous region of our own planet. The moon's surface presents a wondrous scene of lofty isolated hights, craters of enormous volcanoes, ramparts, and broad plains that look like the beds of former seas, and present a remarkable contrast to the rugged character of the rest of the surface. That what we look upon are really mountains and mountainous ranges is sufficiently evident from the fact, that the shadows they cast have the exact proportion, as to length, which they ought to have from the inclination of the sun's rays to their position on the moon's surface.

The convex outline of the moon as turned towards the sun, is always circular, and nearly smooth; but the opposite border of the enlightened part, instead of being an exact and sharply defined ellipse, is always observed to be extremely rugged, and indented with deep recesses and prominent points. The mountains near the border cast long black shadows, as they have for the most part flat plains within, should evidently do, inasmuch as the sun is rising or setting to those parts of the moon. But as the enlightened edge gradually advances beyond them, or, in other words, as the sun to them gains altitude, their shadows shorten; and at the full moon, when all the light falls in our line of sight, no shadows are seen. By micrometrical measurement of the length of the shadows, the hights of the more conspicuous mountains can be calculated. Before the year 1850, the hights of no fewer than one thousand and ninety-five lunar mountains had been computed, and amongst them occur all degrees of altitude up to nearly twenty-three thousand feet a hight exceeding, by more than a thou- | mations is fifty-five miles in diameter; and

sand feet, that of Chimborazo in the Andes. It is a remarkable circumstance that the range of lunar Apennines, as they have been called, present a long slope on one side, and precipices on the other, as in the Himalaya Mountains. During the increase of the moon, its mountains appear as small points or islands of light beyond the extreme edge of the enlightened part, those points being the summits illuminated by the sunbeams before the intermediate plain; but gradually, as the light advances, they connect themselves with it, and appear as prominences detached from the dark border.

The moon, unlike the earth, has many isolated mountains, that is to say, mountains not connected with a group or chain —the mountain named Tycho, which has the appearance of a sugar-loaf, is an example of this. The uniformity of aspect which the lunar mountains for the most part present is a singular and striking fea-They are wonderfully numerous, especially towards the southern portion of the disc, occupying quite the larger part of the moon's surface, and are, as Sir John Herschel remarks, almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, foreshortened, however, into ellipses toward the limb. The larger of these elevations from which a small steep conical hill rises centrally. They offer, indeed, the very type of the true volcanic character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi or the Puy de Dôme, but with the remarkable peculiarity, that the bottom of the crater is, in many instances, very deeply depressed below the general surface of the moon, the internal depth being often twice or three times the external hight. It has been computed that profound cavities, regarded as craters, occupy two-fifths of the surface of the moon. One of the most remarkable of these forto give some idea of its magnitude, the late Professor Nichol used to say that, could a visitor approach it, he would see rising before him a wall of rock twelve hundred feet high, like the precipices of Schihallion in Perthshire; and on mounting this hight, would look down a declivity or slope thirteen thousand feet, to a ledge or terrace, and below this would see a lower deep of four thousand feet more: a cavity exceeding, therefore, the hight of Mont Blanc, and large enough to hold that mountain besides Chimborazo and Teneriffe. Again, the lunar crater, called Saussure, is ten thousand feet in depth. These astounding calculations are founded on the observation of the sun's light falling on the edge, and illuminating the side of these gigantic depths. The Dead Sea, the greatest known depression of the earth, is thirteen hundred and forty feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Striæ or lines of light, which appear like ridges, radiate from many of these enormous craters, and might be taken for lavacurrents, streaming outwards as they do in all directions, like rays. The ridges that stream from the mountain called Tycho seem to be formed of matter that has greater power of reflecting light than the rock around it; the crater named Copernicus is equally distinguished by these rays. The ridges, in some intances, cross like a wall both valleys and elevations, and traverse the plains as well as the rocky slopes of the lunar mountains; from which fact, and from the great distances they extend, it would seem that they are not such lava-streams as have flowed, for example, from Etna. It has been supposed that a force acting, as it were, centrifugally or explosively, and therefore differently from the force to which we attribute the upheaval of mountain-chains upon the earth, has formed the lunar craters, and overspread the adjacent surface with the ridges or rays in question.

In Professor Phillips' recent contributions to a Report on the Physical Aspect corresponding with the of the Moon, he notices another class of lution round the earth.

phenomena—certain remarkable rills in the mountains mapped as Aristarchus, Archimedes, and Plato. The last exhibits a larger crater; and a bold rock which juts into the interior has been seen during the morning illumination to glow in the sunshine like molten silver, casting a well-defined shadow eastward. The object known as the Stag's-horn Rill, east of the mountain Thebit, appears to be what geologists call a fault or dyke, one side being elevated above the other. Professor Phillips mentions a group of parallel rills about Campanus and Hippalus, and he traces a rill across and through the old crater of the latter mountain. All the rills appear to be rifts or deep fissures resembling crevasses of a glacier; they cast strong shadows from oblique light, and even acquire brightness on one edge of the cavity. Their breadth appears to be only a few hundred feet or yards. The mountain Gassendi is remarkable for rough terraces and ridges within the rings which form the crater. In the interior area there are central elevations of rocky character, which are brought into view by the gradual change in the direction of the incident solar rays as the lunar day advances. In Lord Rosse's magnificent reflecting telescope, the flat bottom of the crater, called Albategnius, is seen to be strewed with blocks not visible in inferior telescopes; while the exterior of another volcanic mountain (Aristillus) is scored all over with deep gullies radiating toward its center.

The phenomena to which we have now briefly adverted are regarded as decisive marks of volcanic force, and the apparent absolute repose of the moon's surface at the present time, affords a remarkable contrast to the violent action of which it must have been the scene in bygone times.

The reader need not be reminded that our knowledge is limited to one hemisphere or face of the moon, in consequence of the period of its rotation upon its axis corresponding with the period of its revolution round the earth.

From the London Quarterly.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

Ir has been objected that Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle is difficult to understand; that it is too involved, too claborate, and wanting in sharp definition. Certainly as regards elaboration such an account of a battle was never before written. The chapter devoted to it consists of three hundred pages, divided into fiftyone sections. As the whole battle from first to last only occupied two hours, and as the serious fighting occupied just thirtyfive minutes, the reader involuntarily asks himself how many score volumes would have been necessary for a history of the Peninsular war on the same scale of completeness. And at the first glance he may perhaps long for the dozen vivid pages in which Napier would have sketched the whole operations. One's patience, too, is fretted by the constant digressions, references of many kinds, condensed biographies, and the like irrelevant matter interjected at all points of the narrative. Why, as the army marches down to battle, are we held by the button, and compelled to listen to the military history of Sir George Brown? Or why, in the very crisis of the attack, when the reserves are hurrying up, and every moment seems long, are we taken out of the field altogether, and made to discuss the fitness, on political grounds, of royal commanders, à propos of the Duke of Cambridge? These interruptions continually occur, not only distracting our attention by their variety, but perplexing all calculations as to time during the progress of the action.

But when these small cavillings are ended, the fact remains that this is the best, because the truest and most life-like, description of a battle that has yet been written. When it is remembered that the Allied front extended over five miles of ground, to which must be added three miles more for the opposing Russian line, and that the operations are recorded of not only each division, but almost of each regiment engaged, it is no wonder that

the narrative is lengthy. Passing slowly along the line, the story of the action begins afresh as each section of the ground is reached, and is conducted down to a certain point and there left, to be taken up again presently. It is this frequent carrying of the story backward, when the reader is expecting continuous progress, that renders it somewhat obscure. When once the clue is found, a second reading will make all clear, and the whole scene will stand mapped out before the eye with beautiful distinctness. We learn, too, how it is that the commander can do no more than give general instructions, the details of which are left to others; we see how much scope remains for the genius (if they have any) of not only the divisonal commanders, but the generals of brigade, and even the colonels of the respective regiments. We learn how the difficulties of the ground break up the force into fragments, each of which has to act for itself; what confusion exists; how every house, or thicket, or wall is the object of attack and defence, and thus the one general engagement is only a series of minor battles raging along the whole line. We learn how a trivial accident may mar or make the fortune of the day, how orportunities are made and lost, the value of moments, of a good eye for country, and other seeming trifles—all which thirgs have often been told before, but have never been clearly shown.

The Russian position on the Alma is not difficult to understand. It faced the north, and its line ran from east to west, defended by the river along its whole length. Like all the rivers of the Crimea, the northern bank of the Alma slopes gently upward, and then gradually loses itself in the surrounding steppe; while the southern bank is steep, rugged, and seamed with ravines. From the edge of the bank southwards the ground is undulating, forming hills more or less steep. The Kourgane hill, on the right of the Russian position, and the principal ground of the English attack, is described as ris-

ing from the river much in the same way as Richmond Hill rises from the Thames, and with about as steep a face. To the left of this is the Sebastopol road, running north and south, and therefore at right angles with the stream. To the left of this, again, is undulating ground, and then the Telegraph Height, which is also a steep ascent. And to the left of this, again, a hill rises some four hundred feet, and is so abrupt both toward the north and toward the west, (one face over-looking the river and the other the sea,) that it was deemed unassailable. The position, therefore, held by Prince Mentschikoff was one of great natural strength—so strong, indeed, that he did not think it necessary to add much to it from the resources of military engineering. From the sea to the eastern slope of the Kourgane hill was a distance of five miles; but the extreme left being deemed safe from all attack, no troops were expended there, and the line was consequently shortened by nearly two miles. The Russian commander thus disposed his forces. His left wing, resting on the undefended hill or cliff, consisted of eight battalions of infantry, and two batteries of artillery, with a reserve in the rear of four battalions, which had opportunely arrived that morning. These troops were available for the defence both of the Telegraph hill and the rolling ground to the right. On the Sebastopol road were posted five battalions of infantry and two batteries of field artillery, with a further reserve force of seven battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery. This road was the only opening through the hills, and is "The Pass" of Mr. Kinglake's narrative. To the right of the Pass rose the Kourgane hill, along the face of which, commanding the bridge and the Sebastopol road, was a formidable earthwork—the Great Redoubt—armed with fourteen heavy guns; and still more to the right another work—the Lesser Redoubt—armed with a battery of fieldguns. In the neighborhood of the Great Redoubt, but on the lower slopes of the hill, was massed the chief strength of the Russian commander—not less than sixteen battalions of infantry, two battalions of sailors from the fleet, and four batteries of field-actillery. On the extreme right was placed the cavalry force, comprising three thousand four hundred lances, with three batteries of horse-artillery; giving a grand

arms, and one hundred and twenty-two guns.

On the previous evening the French commander had sought to concert with Lord Ragian a plan of attack for the following day. They were still several miles from the position, which had not yet been reconnoitered, and, owing to the high ground along the coast, very little could be made out by observation from the fleets. It was known that Prince Mentschikoff was defending the line of the Alma, that the cliff just spoken of on his extreme left was not occupied by troops, that the river was at most points fordable,—and this was all. Some rough plans of the surrounding country had been secured, but none of the Russian position, and not a single spy or deserter had come in. To draw up any definite scheme of operations was, therefore, to work in the dark. Nevertheless Marshal St. Arnaud had formed his plan, and was bent on obtaining Lord Raglan's assent to it. He proposed that the war-steamers, coming close in-shore, should move parallel with the army, that, under cover of their fire, Bosquet with his division and the Turks should advance along the shore, and seize the cliff; and that, as soon as the movement was successful, it should be followed up by a vigorous and continuous attack upon the enemy's left flank and left front. The English troops, somewhat as auxiliaries, were to turn the right flank, and the rout would be complete. In order to fix the project more definitely, a sketch had been prepared, (a fac-simile of which is given in this volume,) showing the flank movement of the French accomplished, and two French divisions advancing to the front attack. Most characteristically these two divisions in the sketch cover about two-thirds of the entire Russian front, and the remaining third is left to the English. St. Arnaud was much excited, in great spirits, and demonstrative as usual. Lord Raglan, as usual very quiet though very cordial, neither offered any definite opposition to the plan, nor yet consented to it. He wished to see the position before deciding, and the interview ended without an agreement.

of sailors from the fleet, and four batteries of field-actillery. On the extreme right was placed the cavalry force, comprising three thousand four hundred lances, with three batteries of horse-artillery; giving a grand total of thirty-seven thousand men of all

examined the Russian position. That | was the first real knowledge of it that they had gained. Even at this distance it was clear that the French, by advancing as they proposed, would be opposed by no more than a third of the enemy's troops, while the English, numerically much weaker, and entirely exposed on their left, would have two-thirds of the Russian force on their hands; in fact, the proportions of the French calculation would be precisely reversed. This afterwards proved to be the case. The Russian force which confronted the French numbered thirteen thousand men and thirty-six guns. Against this the Erench had thirty thousand of their own infantry, seven thousand Turkish infantry, and sixty-eight guns. The force which confronted the English was twenty-four thousand men, and no less than eighty-six Against this the English had twenty-six thousand men and sixty guns. "St. Arnaud was to his adversaries in a proportion not very far short of three to one; Lord Raglan was, so to speak, equal in numbers to his adversaries, and was inferior to them in point of artillery by a difference of twenty-six guns." To this must further be added the strength of the Russian position, fortified only at the English extremity of the line. At this final consultation no change was made in the proposed plan so far as regarded the French share of the operations; but, having now seen the actual ground, and the work cut out for him, Lord Raglan definitely refused any attempt to turn the enemy's right flank. At one o'clock the advance sounded, and the troops marched to their first battle, the English deploying as they came within range. Some idea of the spectacle may be formed from the fact, that the English front alone was two miles in extent.

"So now the whole Allied armies, hiding nothing of their splendor and their strength, descended slowly into the valley; and the ground on the right bank of the river" (down which they were marching) "is so even and so gentle in its slope, and on the left bank so commanding, that every man of the invaders could be seen from the opposite heights.

"The Russian officers had been accustomed all their days to military inspections and vast reviews; but they now saw before them that very thing for the confronting of which their clarmy, it very thing for the confronting of which their lives had been one long rehearsal. They saw a European army coming down in order of battle; an army arrayed in no spirit of mimicry, and officers.

not at all meant to aid their endless study of tactics; but honestly marching against them, with a mind to carry their heights, and take their lives. And gazing with keen and critical eyes upon this array of strangers, whose homes were in lands far away, they looked upon a phenomenon which raised their curiosity and their wonder, and which promised, too, to throw some new light on a notion they had lately been ferming.

"The sight now watched from the . . . "The sight now watched from the cuemy's heights was one which seemed to have some bearing upon the rumor that the English were powerless in a land engagement. The French and the Turks were in the deep, crowded masses which every soldier of the czar had been accustomed to look upon as the formations needed for battle; but, to the astonishment of the Russian officers, the leading divisions of the men in red were massed in no sort of column, and were clearly seen coming on in a slender line—a line only two deep, yet ex-tending far from east to west. They could not believe that with so fine a thread as that the English general was really intending to confront their massive columns. Yet the English troops bad no idea that their formation was so singular as to be strange in the eyes of military Europe. Wars long past had taught them that they were gifted with the power of fighting in this order, and that it was as a matter of course, that, upon coming within range" they had gone at once into line."—Vol. ii., pp. 256 258.

The steadiness of our troops was soon severely tested; for they had to lie passively on the slope, conspicuous marks for the Russian gunners, waiting till the French attack should be sufficiently developed to allow of an advance. Meanwhile Bosquet's column was advancing cautiously along the shore; but, being unopposed, had only the physical difficulties of the higher ground to contend with. We have seen that the Prince Mentschikoff thought the west cliff inaccessible to troops; but the Zouaves climb like cats, and, baving crossed the Alma, and reached the foot of the cliff, they clambered up its steep face with a speed that excited the hearty admiration of the fleet, who were eager spectators of the movement. Half of the column, with the Turks and the artillery, made its way by another and very circuitous path; but only a part

It was afterwards discovered that as the Russian sailors wear a searlet uniform, and are from their clumsiness rather a laughing stock fo the army, it was given out that the English red coats were only sailors—terrible—at sea, but contemprible enough was not only believed by the officers.

of the artillery could be got up the hights. As soon as Bosquet showed himself in force, and appeared to be fairly established in his position, two French divisions were moved upon the Telegraph Height -Bosquet's left—in order to press, by a combined movement, upon the left flank and left front of the Russians, as represented in the plan. After crossing the river, the troops progressed well for some time; but after partially ascending the hill, it was found that in this case also the artillery could not be got up, and it would be necessary to send it back into the valley, and along the road which Bosquet had taken. The Russians held the summit of the hill with eight battalions of troops, and two batteries of field guns; and, in order to escape the fire of the latter, the French, now making the ascent, had to cling to the shelter of the hollows and broken ground. The want of their own guns was severely felt; for, although Bosquet had made good his footing with a portion of his column, yet he had but a small artillery force to oppose the enemy; and if the latter, already assuming a threatening attitude, should move upon him in strength, his position would be most critical. It was, therefore, of the utmost consequence that the two divisions should press forward, and so prevent a movement which would be dangerous, if But, on the other hand, to not fatal. press forward infantry alone to attack both troops and guns was somewhat hazardous, especially as the French are usually dependent on the support of their artillery. Canrobert, who commanded the leading division, decided, therefore, to await the arrival of his guns by the long, circuitous route they had taken; and the rather as his troops were comparatively sheltered by the nature of the ground. The other division, however, under Prince Napoleon, was more exposed, and began to suffer from the enemy's fire. The men were dissatisfied and disheartened at the prospect of mere inaction under fire. Seeing that the attack made no progress, Marshal St. Arnaud moved up further supports, ordering one brigade to follow the march of Bosquet, and another to follow Canrobert. But as this did not help the guns up the heights, which was the only cause of the delay, and crowded more men upon ground already sufficiently occupied, it tended rather to increase the confusion.

Leaving the French, let us note the movements of the English army, two divisions of which we left within range of the Russian guns, and on that account ordered to lie down. Mr. Kinglake says that "they made it their pastime to watch the play of the engines working for their destruction. Among the guns ranged on the opposite heights to take his life, a man would single out his favorite, and make it feminine for the sake of endearment. There was hardly, perhaps, a gun in the Great Redoubt which failed to be called by some corrupt variation of 'Mary' or 'Elizabeth.' It was plain that our infantry could be in a kindly humor whilst lying under fire." Our artillery did not reply, our cavalry did not move, the whole British army lay passive, waiting the issue of the French advance. But it waited in vain; for, as we have seen, the French, unable to get up their artillery, could not advance, and their part of the programme remained unfulfilled. This state of things had lasted an hour and a half, when an aide-de-camp came in hot haste to Lord Raglan to say that if something was not done to support or relieve Bosquet's column, it would be "compromised." Having a manly dislike to euphuisms, Lord Raglan inquired what might be the actual effect upon the brigade if it should be "compromised." The answer then was frank enough, "It will retreat." This was the second request that had been made for the English troops to advance in order to effect a diversion, and so relieve the difficulty incurred by our Allies.

Lord Raglan now decided that the time had come, and gave the order for the advance. The division on the English right was commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans, that on the left was the Light Division, under Sir George Brown. The two divisions in the rear, and acting as supports, were respectively commanded by the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Richard England. General Evans' division soon found its order destroyed; for, scarcely had the advance been sounded, than a village at the foot of the slope, and lying right in its path, burst into flames. This not only destroyed a very desirable shelter, but made it necessary to divide the force, and advance on each side of the flames. The terrible fire of the enemy broke up the line into fragments, each of which got forward as it

could, sometimes sheltering, sometimes advancing, until the river was reached; the fire telling even more severely as the troops crossed the stream, until they made good their footing on the opposite side. The losses during this advance were very heavy, Pennefather's brigade alone losing one-fourth of its strength. And no wonder, seeing that upon it was poured the fire of sixteen guns, and the infantry fire of six battalions.

The Light Division was even more hotly opposed, for the Russians had concentrated their strength upon their right and right center; and thus against this single division there stood the Great Redoubt, the Lesser Redoubt, forty-two artillery guns, and a force of seventeen thousand men. Nevertheless, the ground being less exposed than that which Evans' division had to pass, the advance would have been effected with slight loss, but for a mischance which befell the brigade of Rifles thrown out as skirmishers. Finding the stream difficult to ford at that point, they had gone higher up in order to seek a more convenient spot, and so had wandered away from the division. Instead of detaching other troops to serve as skirmishers, Sir George Brown neglected all such precautions, and hurled his troops headlong at the position. They reached the stream well enough, but found the steep bank on the other side lined with sharpshooters, who not only did great execution among the men who were crossing, but from their position could pour a deadly fire into the masses that had succeeded in crossing the river, and were now clustering under the steep bank, quite unable to return the fire. General Codrington, who commanded the right brigade, was without orders; but, urging his men up the bank, and so to the foot of the Kourganè Hill, resolved on attacking the Redoubt. The force in which our men showed quickly on the bank of the river drove back the Russian riflemen upon their own columns. More and more rapidly the troops came up, hot and angry, eager for the fight, and especially for getting to close quarters. The three regiments under Codrington's orders, swelled to five by the addition of two other regiments in the confusion of crossing, were now more or less fully represented; but the men were so huddled together as to make it impossible to form them in line. The colonels of several of the regiments

attempted it; but there was not room to get the men out. Here and there was something like a line, then a cluster, then a short line, then another cluster; and in this kind of "knotted chain" the men began to march up the Kourganè Hill. To oppose them, two strong columns were put in motion, one threatening the left, and the other the right, of the English line. Our troops on the left were young; they had never yet faced an enemy; they knew they were not in fighting form; they knew, moreover, the disadvantage of their position, standing on the very edge of a river into which they might be driven by the troops now sent down against them; and yet they never faltered for a moment, they were neither terrified nor flustered, but firing steadily into the column soon compelled it to fall back. Thus one of the columns was disposed of; but the other was made of sterner stuff. It came down upon the Seventh Fusileers, under Colonel Yea, forming the extreme right of the division, a deliberate, deadly, hand-to-hand fight ensued, which lasted throughout the battle. But while this double encounter was taking place on the right and left of the division, the center steadily advanced against the Redoubt. And fearful was the slaughter during that short advance. The heavy ship's guns in the earthwork were well served, and the distance down to the river was not more than musket-range. The round-shot tore the English ranks; and grape and canister followed as the assailants got closer. Our men fell fast; they had no artillery to support them; yet on they pressed, silent and self-contained. There was something more resolute in that silence than in any demonstration. Drawing nearer and nearer, preparing for the final rush, a general discharge crashed against them from the guns—and then came a running fire of musketry; and then the foremost of our soldiers reached the breastwork. But looking in they saw fitfully through the smoke teams of horses, and heard the sound of wheels. Then the silence was broken, "By all that is holy, he is limbering up!" "He is carrying off his guns!" "Stole away," "Stole away," "Stole away." The glacis of the Great Redoubt had come to sound more joyous than the covert's side in Eng-

"Then a small, child-like youth ran forward before the throng, carrying a color. This was young Anstruther. He carried

the Queen's color of the Royal Welsh. | passing through the same difficult ground Fresh from the games of English school which had so much troubled their prelife, he ran fast; for, heading all who decessors—the vineyards and inclosures strove to keep up with him, he gained .- and the fire from the hights was tellthe Redoubt, and dug the butt end of the ing upon them severely. It was just at flagstaff into the parapet, and there for a this time that an officer, alarmed at the moment he stood, holding it tight and losses among such valuable troops, suggesttaking breath. Then he was shot dead; ed that the guards should retire a little to but his small hands, still clasping the recover their formation. This was said in flagstaff, drew it down along with him, the hearing of Sir Colin Campbell, who and the crimson silk lay covering the boy; thundered out, "It is better, sir, that with its folds; but only for a moment, every man of Her Majesty's Guards because William Evans, a swift-footed should lie dead upon the field, than that soldier, ran forward, gathered up the flag, they should now turn their backs upon and, raising it proudly, made claim to the the enemy." They continued to push on, Great Redoubt on behalf of the "Royal crossing the river in good order, swarmed Welsh." The colors floating high in the over the bank, and up the hill, making air, and seen by our people far and near, for the Great Redoubt. But the precious kindled in them a raging love for the moments were fast ebbing, had already ground where it stood. Breathless men bebed away, before the supports had made found speech. Codrington, still in the good their footing on the Russian side of front, uncovered his head, waved his cap, the stream. Codrington's men, after for a sign to his people, and then riding taking the work, found themselves threatstraight at one of the embrasures, leapt his ened by the heavy masses of infantry grey Arab into the breastwork. There was standing on the still higher ground above some eager and swift-footed soldiers who them, and ready to be hurled against them sprang the parapet nearly at the same at any moment. A battery, also, had moment; more followed. At the same been brought to bear upon them, pouring instant Norcott's riflemen came running its fire so hotly into the Redoubt as to in from the east, and the swiftest of them 'render it untenable. The men therefore bounded into the work at the right flank. clung to the outer side for shelter, but The enemy's still lingering skirmishers still keeping tenaciously to their position, began to fall back, and descended—some and casting anxious looks backward for of them slowly—into the dip where their, the help which they knew ought to be battalions were massed. Our soldiery on the way. They were but two thoucrowd."—Vol. ii., pp. 332, 333.

time the march of the two advanced di- seeming to grow taller and taller."

were up; and in a minute they flooded in sand against ten thousand, besides artillery. over the parapet, hurraling, jumping The Russians saw their opportunity, and over, again hurrahing, a joyful English made haste to seize it. The great Vladimir column, the finest body of their troops Thus a force numbering about two in the field, advanced silently and without thousand men, had seized in a few minutes firing, for a charge with the bayonet. It the very key of the Russian position, and was partly concealed by the formation of must now prepare to hold it in the face the ground; and our men sheltering themof ten thousand choice troops. Had the selves on the outside of the work, or supports been within reach, all would lying at full length within it, only perceivhave been well. But, for want of skir- ed the column as it came slowly up the mishers to feel the way and keep down side of the hollow, "a whole field of the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and so bayonet-points ranged close as corn, and

visions, it had been necessary to hurry the . Upon continental troops the advance of troops, and get them over the fatal ground 'a solid column has an overwhelming effect, as fast as possible. The consequence was, and they seldom stand to feel its strength; that the advance had been more rapid but it is otherwise with English troops, than was calculated on, and the support- who have no dread of such an unwieldy ing divisions were correspondingly in the formation, but esteem it lightly. And rear. More than one general officer saw the young soldiers who had never before the danger, and sent word to the Duke faced an enemy brought up their rifles to of Cambridge to press forward with the lire into the advancing mass as coolly as Guards and Highlanders. But they were i did their fathers in the great wars of old.

But before a volley could be delivered, a voice checked the men,—"The column is French!—the column is French! Don't fire, men! For God's sake, don't fire!" The order passed rapidly along the line, while a bugler sounded the "cease firing." The opposing column itself now halted, apparently perplexed by the reception it met with and fearing some snare or stratagem. The same bugle now sounded the order to "retire," which was repeated again and again. Then, still doubtful, and naturally unwilling to relinquish that which had cost them so dear, the troops took no heed of the order. A second time the bugle sounded, and a second time it was repeated along the line; but although the troops still hesitated, it was thought by many of the officers that an order twice given could not be a mistake, and must not be disobeyed. The troops therefore fell back, retreating towards the river. A few moments more, and a disaster might have been spared; for already the Guards were coming into sight, and moving up towards the Redoubt. But it was too late. The position which had cost in killed and wounded nearly one hundred officers and eight hundred men had to be abandoned, and the Russians once more held the work.

But a strange lull came at this time upon the battle in this part of the field. Along five miles of ground the communications could not very regularly be kept up, and the Russians had heard nothing from their Commander-in-Chief for some time. But it was known that the French had made good their footing at their end of the position, and seemed likely to succeed in their flanking movement. Precisely at the point where the French, if successful, might be looked for, the Russian commanders on the slope of the Kourganè Hill saw a large group of staffofficers. About their rank there could be no question; and where the staff is, there the army must be. The uniform was French; and, in fact, there could be no doubt as to the true state of the case. This it was that paralyzed their movements; and the sight of the French army in the very center and heart of their position compelled the Russian generals to look to their line of retreat.

But these horsemen were not French, and the French army was not approaching; so that the grounds for alarm were

consisted of Lord Raglan and his staff, who alone and without any troops had penetrated into the very center of the Russian line. After giving the order to advance, Lord Raglan himself rode down to the river, crossed it under a fire of skirmishers, which struck down two of his staff, and, gaining the other side, almost unconsciously pushed on in order to gain some better view of the field of battle. It was an unwise thing to do, and against all military rule—and his own cooler judgment would have condemned himself. Nevertheless, having once yielded to the impulse, he continued to press forward:

"The ground was of such a kind that, with every stride of his charger, a fresh view was opened to him. For months and months he had failed to tear off the vail which hid from him the strength of the army he undertook to assail; and now, suddenly in the midst of a battle he found himself suffered to pass forward between the enemy's center and his left wing. As at Badajoz, in old times, he had galloped alone to the drawbridge and obtained the surrender of St. Christoval; so now, driven on by the same bot blood, he joyously rode without troops into the heart of the enemy's position; and Fortune, still enamoured of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile. For the path he took led winding up, by a way rather steep and rough here and there, but easy enough for saddle-horses; and presently in the front, but some way off toward the left, he saw before him a high commanding knoll, and, strange to say, there seemed to be no Russians near it. Instantly, and before he reached the high ground, he saw the prize, and divined its worth. He was swift to seize it. Without stopping—nay, even, one almost may say, without breaking the stride of his horse, he turned to Airey, who rode close at his side, and ordered him to bring up Adams' brigade with all possible speed. Then, still pressing on and on, the foremost rider of the Allied armies, he gained the summit of the knoll."—Vol. ii., pp. 382-**383**.

The Russian commander, finding the extent of ground too great for him to cover, had been compelled to concentrate his troops somewhat, and so removed a battalion which had stood on the very spot now occupied by the English General. No other troops were near, and thus unmolested, and yet with the Russians not far off on either side of him, he stood in the crisis of the battle on the most commanding part of the whole field. He saw the whole ground on which the English only imaginary. The group of horsemen | attack was about to be made, and, what

was of still greater importance, he saw the whole of the Russian position, so far as regarded the Kourgane Hill, and he saw it "in profile"—the batteries of artillery on the level, the earthwork on the hill, the reserves in the rear—all this, with the details belonging to each, he took in at a glance; and he forecast what really occurred—that the enemy, seeing the head-quarter staff in such a position, would judge that overwhelming forces were at hand. Coolly remarking, "Our presence here will have the best effect," he prepared to stay, and ordered up instantly a couple of guns, which had to be fetched from some distance. Almost immediately now sent another aide-de-camp, who in a stinately stand its ground, and the return way to Lord Raglan, and piteously begged | The men on both sides took leisurely aim. a battalion."

opened fire on the batteries which defend- | an English corporal brought him down beed the Pass, and so held Evans' division fore he delivered his fire. "Thank you, in check, the first few shots proved that my man," said Yea; "if I live through the batteries could not hold their ground. this, you shall be a sergeant to-night." Presently, to the delight of the venture- The fight lasted long. It was one of the some little group, the guns were hastily first regiments engaged; and it fought unlimbered up and dragged off to the rear; ceasingly while success varied on either so that the Pass was now open, and Evans; side of it. It was fighting before Codringat once began to show in advance. The ton on the left led up his men to the astwo pieces were then turned upon the heavy columns of the enemy's reserve, which, lying well within range, suffered heavily at each discharge; and they also in a few minutes had to retire. The two guns were then turned upon the Vladimir column just pressing our men out of the Redoubt; and although the shot fell short, yet the Russian general left in charge supposed from his position that it was otherwise, and sent orders to halt the column, signs of giving in. In vain its officers, by

which stayed that danger from our troops. At the same moment, and for the same reason, another column on a still higher part of the hill was arrested in its march midway; and thus a succession of checks, resulting from the skillful placing of a couple of nine-pounder guns, gave time to our troops to come up, changed the whole face of affairs, and fairly turned the ebbing tide of battle.

Mr. Kinglake's book must be itself studied for a fitting record of the exploits of British troops that day. We do but offer a rough setting for a few of his brilliant pages. But having followed thus far the fortunes of the Light Division, we the attack on the Redoubt began, which may briefly complete its story. It has has already been described. He saw the been noted that Colonel Yea's regiment of broken but stubborn line, which, though Fusileers, immediately after crossing the it was rent at every moment by the ene- river, found itself opposed by a very dismy's shot, yet urged its way up the hill proportionate force. A double column, and seized, and for a few minutes held, the numbering fifteen hundred men, close comwork; and then vainly longing for the pact, in splendid array, was in deadly supports which did not arrive, and cut off | struggle with these seven hundred English by the distance from rendering any aid infantry, hastily and imperfectly formed himself, he saw his troops driven out on the steep bank of the river. Scarcely again and compelled to retreat. It was fifty yards separated them; yet so hot just at this moment that the French, who was the English fire, that the column had all along been sending evil tidings, could never close. But it did most obmost excited and nervous state made his fire gradually thinned the English line. for assistance. "My Lord," said he, "my The colonel, ceaselessly active, forcing out Lord, my Lord, we have before us eight by sheer exertion each cluster and tangle battalions!" To which, notwithstanding of men into something like line, "wedging what had just happened, the quiet but as- | his cob into the thick of the crowd, and by suring reply was, "Well, I can spare you | dint of will tearing it asunder," found himself once covered by a musket or rifle; When the two guns came up and but the Russian was too painstaking, for sault; and when they retreated down the hill it was fighting still. And all the time that Evans' division on the right was waiting on the further side of the river, unable to cross in the face of the Causeway batteries, and after it crossed and entered the Pass, and while the French army on the further right were wavering, the regiment was still fighting. But the Russian column began to show significant

usage, even seizing men by the throat, forced the men into the gaps that were now so visible. In vain Prince Gortschakoff rode up, offering to lead it forward. The great mass swayed and rocked, and then stood firm; then swayed again, then hesitated, and then slowly retired. The Fusileers were in no condition to follow; but the Duke of Cambridge's Division was at hand, and the Guards were ordered up the hill to press the retreat.

Now came the crowning event of the day. Upon the hill, not huddled together, but spread over ample space, were eight battalions of Russian troops, arrayed in four columns, with four battalions in reserve, and three thousand cavalry—in all some fifteen thousand men, most of them untouched as yet by the battle. The guns had been withdrawn.* It was to be a grand fight of infantry. The Grenadiers marched proudly on, one regiment especially, (the Coldstream,) as precise in its formation, as if treading the level sward of a London park. On their left came the three famous Highland regiments, under Sir Colin Campbell: the whole division forming a line of a mile and a half in length, with a depth of only two men. The line, however, was not unbroken; for one regiment of Guards had, at the moment of advancing, met the shock of the retreating mass of the Light Division, and had been so far carried back, and its formation so completely destroyed, that it could take no part in the advance. There was, therefore, a great chasm in the very middle of the brigade of Guards, and against this weak point, and threatening the left flank of the Grenadiers thus exposed, came the great Vladimir column, led by Prince Gortschakoff in person.

"Then, and by as fair a test as war could apply, there was tried the strength of the line formation, the quality of the English officer, the quality of the English soldier. Colonel Hood first halted; and then caused the left subdivision of the left company to wheel—to wheel back in such a way as to form an obtuse angle with the rest of the battalion. In this way, whilst he still faced the column which he had originally undertaken to attack," (the co!umn just defeated by Colonel Yea, and which

word, and gesture, and threat, and rough | had again rallied,) "Colonel Hood showed another front, a small but smooth comely front, to the mass which was coming upon his flank. His maneuver instantly brought the Vladimir to a halt; and to those who—without being near enough to hear the giving and the repeating of the orders—still were able to see Colonel Hood thus changing a part of his front, and stopping a mighty column, by making a bend in his line, it seemed that he was handling his fine slender English blade with a singular grace; with the gentleness and grace of the skilled swordsman, when, smiling all the while, he parries an angry thrust. In the midst of its pride and vast strength of numbers, the Viadimir found itself checked; nay, found itself gravely engaged with half a company of our Guardsmen; and the minds of these two score of islanders were so little inclined to bend under the weight of the column, that they kept their perfect array. Their fire was deadly; for it was poured into a close mass of living men. It was at the work of 'file firing' that the whole battalion now labored."—Vol. ii., pp. 435, 436.

> The novelty of the English formation evidently perplexed the Russian column, and still more perplexing was the quality of English "pluck," while the deadly fire and the confusion caused by their own falling men was as evidently straining its endur-By a further simple movement, Colonel Hood was able to pour in a more decidedly flanking fire. The huge bulk shook as the storm smote it. Then the enemy heard something else that was English; for at this sign of weakness one instantaneous cheer, long and loud, rent the air.

"As though its term of life were measured, as though its structure were touched and sundered by the very cadence of the cheering, the column bulged, heaving, heaving. 'The line will advance on the center! The men may advance firing!' This, or this nearly, was what Hood had said to his grenadiers. Instant sounded the echo of his will. 'The line will advance on the center! Quick march!' Then between the column and the seeing of its fate the cloud which hangs over a modern battlefield was no longer a sufficing vail; for although while the English battalion stood halted, there lay in front of its line that dim mystic region which divides contending soldiery; yet the bear-kins, since now they were murching, grew darker from east to west, grew taller, grew real, broke through. A moment, and the column hung loose; another, and it was lapsing into sheer retreat; yet another, and it had come to be like a throng in confusion. Of the left Kazan troops there was no more question. In an array that was all but found fault with for being too grand and too stately, the English battalion swept on."—Vol. ii., pp. 446, 447.

^{*} The czar's orders were so stringent not to lose a single gun, that the Russian generals seemed more afraid of their master than of the enemy; for they never scrupled to eacrifice their men if they could save their artillery.

But here we must stay, though the advance of the Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell not only was as complete a success, but is quite as graphically told. The skillful generalship of Sir Colin on the left, by which he inflicted fearful losses on the enemy; the advance of Adams' brigade under Lord Raglan on the right, which, again overlapping the enemy on that side, wrought him double sorrow; the retreat which became a flight, and the flight which turned to panic; the unwillingness of the French to follow up the victory, and, indeed, the whole operations of our allies subsequent to St. Arnaud's unfortunate order to the 4th division — these are for Mr. Kinglake himself to relate. quoted freely from his pages; but, brilliant as are these passages, they are no more than samples of the whole. It is a book to be grateful for. It is not merely careful, thoughtful, beautiful; but it is a fine, manly, English book, which has power to stir the pulse, and kindle the eye, and send a thrill of old English pride through the veins—a book which we must admire, though we may differ from it, and that at many points.

Mr. Kinglake evidently considers the war to have been a mistake from first to last, and the invasion of the Crimea to have been a mistake greater still. take a different view of both cases. is some danger of forgetting the restless and mischievous ambition of Russia as she Nothing is more certain than that she was resolved upon the possession of Constantinople, as completing the first grand series of her conquests, and opening to her a new and still grander career in the Mediterranean, and then another southward toward India. The very vastness of these schemes has rendered them incredible to Englishmen, and a reference to them is always made at the risk of being deemed visionary. But the scheme existed, and even now is not hopelessly The demand made upon the abandoned. sultan as to the protectorate of the Greek Christians was the last step toward the actual disruption of his empire, and it was doubtless hoped that his consent might be wrung from him without the necessity for actual war. There is reason to believe that but for the hearty support of England given in the first moment of the demand, this would have been the So far as mere moral support is concerned, Mr. Kinglake has no fault to

find. His complaint comes in where the first material support is given. He believes that the alliance of the four great powers would, if allowed fair play, have sufficed; and the czar, seeing that he must defy all Europe or retire, would have retired. But the Emperor Nicholas was not a man to withdraw from a position which he had once taken up, especially with the Eastern question. Moreover, from his peculiar relations with Austria and Prussia, nothing could have convinced him of the sincerity of these two powers in their opposition to himself; indeed, as it was, the one fact which he seemed unable to comprehend, and on which he dwelt unceasingly, was the "black ingratitude of Austria." If the alliance of the four powers, as it existed at first, had remained untouched, it would have resolved itself, in the calculations of the czar, into an Anglo-French alliance, and one less formidable because less free than that which existed under the new conditions. If he refused to yield in the face of the two active powers, there is no probability that he would have yielded to the mere moral persuasion of a pen-and-ink alliance.

And we may candidly confess that it was not desirable that he should yield. It was time that the barbarous power of the North—a repressing, exhausting, and cruel power—should be humbled, and that the spell of its success, which gave it, through all the regions of the East, the power of a fate, should be broken. campaign of Omar Pasha on the Danube had done something towards such a result; but two or three successful battles, and the relief of a third-rate fortress, were altogether insufficient for the purpose. was needed that Russia, boasting herself the foremost military power in Europe, should be made to retrace her steps, and, instead of waging a war of aggression, should be driven back upon a war of selfdefence, and here should again and again be ignominiously defeated. It was especially needed that the standing menace of the Turkish empire should be destroyed; and, so far from incurring blame, the English government was right in declaring that the great stronghold should fall.

Although there was something adventurous in the invasion of the Crimea, yet we can not be brought to look upon it as a wild scheme, dangerous and uncertain, and a complete violation of the rules of war. It is not for civilians to say how far

steam has revolutionized war as well as commerce; but in this case the expeditionary army, by keeping up its communications with the fleet, had a base of operations quite as secure as many great commanders have employed without misgiving in the continental wars. True, much suffering befell the expedition, but not more than might have been looked for after forty years of peace—not greater on the part of the English than of the French, though the latter endured their losses discreetly, and were gainers by their silence -and certainly not greater than if the ground chosen had been the Principalities or Bessarabia. Moreover, the enterprise has been justified by the result. Sebastopol was something more than a first-class fortress and arsenal. It was a symbol of resistless power; of an advance that never stayed; of a destiny waiting its fulfillment. And its overthrow has buried in its ruins the ascendency of Russia in the East. No other enterprise could have produced such a result. The heavy blows struck elsewhere destroyed so much material of war, and battered down so many acres of fortification, to be replaced stronger and better than before. But at Sebastopol was destroyed what can never be restored | two great nations who waged it.

—a prestige stronger than armies or walled cities. The blow not only broke an uplifted sword, but palsied the arm that held it, and the terrible strength is gone. Not only is the Turkish empire saved, but Greece is restored to independence. Ten years ago the Greek kingdom was little better than a province of Russia, and was intimately connected with her schenes of further conquest; and now the very sound of the Russian name has become odious to the whole nation. Even Persia is less subservient than of old, and has ceased to be the restless agent of intrigue. on the continent of Europe, where Russian influence was so lately paramount, Prussia is, perhaps, the only country where any vestige of the old feeling remains; elsewhere it has been wholly dissipated, and a quiet indifference, almost savoring of contempt, has taken its place. If the success of a war is to be reckoned by the attainment of the objects proposed at the outset, and by the amount of punishment and humiliation inflicted on the foe, then assuredly the war of which the invasion of the Crimea was the chief enterprise, was a success worthy the arms, and the reputation, and the lavish expenditure of the

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PALÆONTOLOGY.

Long before the ages of Boulder-clay, and Drift, when the climate of England was much as it is now, and about the time when the Newer Crag was deposited, the Norfolk shores were skirted with dense forests. From Happisburg to Cromer, and much farther, they are to be seen along the level of a deposit, marked by fossil shells, which indicate the sediment of old contemporary lakes and rivers, of which there is now not a trace. After a series of changes, the Drift period supervened, the forests were thrown down, and a dark brown clay, with boulders as big

lake and forest, as the country sank under the sea. And now, after innumerable ages, this same sea has again eaten away part of its last-formed stratum, till the brown clay stands as a bold cliff, and exposes at its base the old land on which the Searching among the old forest grew. tree-stumps we may find acorns and beech nuts, and here, and by dredging on an extension of the bed out to sea, are gathered large bones, commonly black, and often pyriteous. These are the remains of large mammals, which lived on the old land. There is the hippopotamus buried in the as cottages, was piled sixty feet high, over | mud of the river in which he swam; the

elephant among the trees which were his food; and the rhinoceros, and many others, are there too. Such is the Norfolk Forest bed, specially interesting as the earliest deposit known to contain the Mammoth.

This species, the *Elephas primigenius*, is the most abundant of the English fossil elephants; it has, too, the widest range in space, and the longest duration in time. Authentic specimens are found throughout England, France, Germany, and Italy, as far south as Rome. Thence it ranges across the steppes of Russia, through Siberia to Arctic America, and east and south to Texas. With a distribution so wide, believed to be the result of slow migration, it would be natural to expect a long-continued existence in time.

Its teeth are met with in Central Italy, in a volcanic gravel believed to be nearly, if not quite, as old as the Forest bed. The matrix abounds in crystals of Leucite and other minerals; so that the species certainly inhabited that district when the extinct Latian volcanoes were active.

Although it is certain that as the Glacial period advanced a few ice-clad hills were all that remained above the sea of England, so that its mammals must have died off and migrated; yet no sooner was the country dry land again, with wood, and river, and lake, than the species became as abundant as ever. In the gravels which were then forming, its remains are plentifully preserved, and it not unfrequently occurs in caves. There is here no variation in its character; nor do any of the specimens found in this, or more recent accumulations, indicate those changes which intervening space and time are generally found to have effected. Immutable he lives on, giving no indication of whence he came. The existing elephant of India is the known form most nearly resembling it, but there is nothing to suggest that he went thither, nor is there any evidence to support the supposition that a species which endured endless migrations, and changes of food and climate, for so long a period, was at last so rapidly metamorphosed into the Indian animal that no trace of the process can be found.

When the species occurs in the gravel, the Rhinoceros etruscus, and many of its companions in the old Forest age, have disappeared, and are replaced by Rhinoceros tichorhinus, and many new forms.

yet the mammoth shows no signs of being on the wane.

The next most recent beds in which it is met with are the frozen Siberian gravels, whence traders in fossil ivory have collected its tusks for ages. A skeleton, with much of the skin on the head, is preserved at St. Petersburg, and, according to Von Middendorf, many entire carcases have since been discovered.

Then comes a turbary deposit in the Apennine valley of the Chiana, in Tuscany, where most of its old associates are absent, and it is now accompanied by the more modern animals, Cervus Megaceros, Bison priscus, and Bos primigenius, species characterizing bogs and latest accumulations, and which were probably exterminated by man—the Bos primigenius being certainly slain with stone celts by early Britons.

And finally, Sir C. Lyell, long ago, described a locality in Tennessee, where the Mammoth was discovered, together with Mastodon ohioticus, and existing shells, in a swamp formed in a cavity of the boulder formation.

These are a few facts in the life-history of this animal. Surviving through two distinct periods, Geoffrey St. Hilaire suggested for it the name of Dicyclotherium. Much information on this and other topics has lately been given by Dr. Falconer, in a discursive paper on an American fossil elephant.

Mr. Salter has described many new Phyllopod crustacea from the palæozoic rocks; and with a view to show what bearing these have on the doctrine of transmutation of forms, has given a diagram exhibiting side by side the several genera found in palæozoic strata. Earliest in time comes the *Hymenocaris*, found in Lingula flags. This genus is characterized by a carapace in one piece, bent over the body. In the super-imposed Cambro-Silurian, the order is represented by Peltocaris, a form with the circular shield or carapace in three pieces—that is, two equal valves, with a semi-circular piece inserted between them covering the head. Between this and the previous form there is no relationship whatever. Peltocaris is succeeded in the Upper Silurians by Ceratiocaris, which is also in three pieces, but the valves differ much in shape, and the relation of the wedge-like rostral piece is This rhinoceros in its turn dies out, and different. However, there is that close

affinity that would induce a comparative anatomist to predict the discovery of intermediate genera when the rocks shall be better explored. In the Devonian strata the genus is *Dictyocaris*, a form quite unlike the preceding, with a carapace in one piece, and bent, which seems very nearly to reproduce Hymenocaris of the old Cambrian rocks.

In the Lower Carboniferous, occur Dithyocaris, and the nearly allied genus Argas. Argas is a form very like Ceratiocaris, with the valves separate, but it appears to want the rostrum; Dithyocaris appears to have had a rostrum, but in it the valves were soldered together.

Then in the Trias we find the recent genus Apus, which resembles Dictyocaris, but not very closely. So there are, on the one hand, Hymenocaris, Dictyocaris, and Apus, forming a sort of natural succession, on which Mr. Salter remarks that, "Apus is unquestionably the most highly developed; and it is the latest." And on the other hand, Peltocaris, Ceratiocaris, Argas, and Dithyocaris, forming a sort of harmonic progression, in which the rostrum gets gradually less important, and the carapace more concentrated. We should consequently regard Dithyocaris as probably the most highly organized of this group. And it is worthy of remark that that genus is more nearly related to Apus than is Peltocaris.

The facts are few, but they appear to indicate a method or plan in the succession of life on the earth.

Geology has lately lost in Mr. Lucas Barrett one of its most accomplished students. From his earliest years there had been a great fondness for natural history specimens, and even at an early age a faculty for original observation was active, for at school he discovered a layer in the chalk rich in uni-valves hells, and the specimens there gathered served as a nucleus for a monograph of chalk gasteropods, long afterwards commenced for the Pakeontographical Society. In 1853 he went to Ebersdorf, where he was chiefly occupied with chemistry and botany; and made collections of minerals and plants from the Hartz.

Returning to England after a year, nat- almost create ural history became his sole study; and tory portion.

shortly afterwards an engagement was obtained in that department of the British Museum. Here he worked chiefly at the Crustacea, arranging the Cirrhipedes. When but eighteen he visited Cambridge, and Professor Sedgwick at once secured his services in classifying the fossils of the Woodwardian Museum. It was at this time he went with Mr. M'Andrew through the Northern seas to North Cape, dredging; and some idea of his knowledge and skill may be formed from the dredging papers printed in "Woodward's Mollusca," and from a communication to the "Annals of Natural History," which was translated into the principal European scientific journals. One important object of this voyage was to discover the effect of the Gulf Stream on Northern forms of life, and the result is admirably given in the dredging papers mentioned. He now became F. G. S.; and next year, 1856, still busy with the Northern problem, went alone to Baffin's Bay and West Greenland to discover an Arctic fauna unaffected by the Gulf Stream.

Providentially delayed at Copenhagen, he missed the first trader, which foundered at sea. It was the seal-hunting season when he arrived, and no one, native or European, could be induced to assist him, till the temptation of sugar and coffee procured the help of eight strong Esquimaux women, who, with great courage and skill, rowed him about for two months among the floating ice, in an open boat. During all this time dredging was carried on actively; and not only did he effect his purpose, and discover that lines of distribution of life drawn through the sea would, like the isothermal lines, have to bulge up and be carried far to the north on the European side; but, with a view to determining what relation in that region the life in the sea would bear to that preserved in the deposit it was belying to form, he dredged up the sea bottom. Sketches and observations, too, were made among the Greenland glaciers, and on one of these occasions he nearly lost his life. Returning to Cambridge, the treasures gathered were stored in the Woodwardian Museum, of which he may be said to have almost created and named the natural his-

From the National Review.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK II., EMPEROR OF THE ROMANS.*

THE interest of the life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, arises less from the vast extent of his dominions than from his wonderful strength of character, and the great questions of which he was a living part. If the last act of a tragedy be played out on the peasant's death-bed, what shall be said of the man whose life was a continual struggle before all Europe, and in the issue of which struggle all Europe was concerned? Inheriting from his mother Constance the kingdom of Sicily and South Italy, and as the son of Henry VI. standing first among the candidates for the throne of the German empire, Frederick might seem to owe every thing to good fortune; whereas no ruler started with greater difficulties. An orphan, carelessly brought up by a Pope the natural enemy of the Hohenstaufen, surrounded by turbulent barons, selfish churchmen, jealous citizens, Frederick learnt from hard experience his kingcraft. He had to subdue nobles "who made war upon each other without scruple, built castles without license, seized on the royal domains, and usurped the right of criminal jurisdiction;" next to assert authority over prosperous burghers, more tenacious impediments to one authority; to sumof hard-won civic rights than even grand seigneurs of swords and title-deeds. But the conflict which awaited the young king of the kingdom, and the general advanand emperor, the stone of stumbling to tage of the State;" to subject the barons himself and his house, was of another and to law, and deprive them of the right of graver kind. The question of Frederick's | deciding criminal cases, whereby the lowage was the extent of obedience claimed! by and owed to the see of Rome: how far the authority demanded in the highest Name and with awful sanctions was compatible with the rights of subjects and rulers. The prima dies leti was when Innocent III. approved the election of another Hohenstaufen to the headship of the German empire, and thereby united under

one the government of Germany, a large part of modern France, and nearly all Frederick was only seventeen when thus set on trial. Had he been less gifted with governing capacity, the prize must have slipt from him. When he returned at the age of twenty-six from the survey of his great Northern possessions, he had proved himself more than equal to meet whatever difficulties the Pope, citizens, and nobles might set in his way. His claim to a place among the world's great ones rests on his regulation of Apulia and Sicily in the following eight years. Frederick was true to his Norman His wish and pride was to be "law animate upon earth." In an age of feudalism, when in France alone there were sixty different codes of local customs, it proved an iron strength of will and uncommon foresight to reduce to one digest the best customs of so many races, Italians, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Germans, and Jews; to curtail local privileges, to level distinctions, and thereby rivalries and enmities between cities (the fruitful cause of Italy's misfortunes to this day); to abolish podestàs, consuls, rectors—all mon deputies from forty-seven cities to a conference or parliament, "for the weal est classes of the population had been at their mercy. The spirit of Frederick's measures went to establish a despotism, but legal and enlightened, which should deal out to all men impartial justice. When it is added, that Frederick chose for his counsellors and friends the ablest of the land, irrespective of their birth and standing, men like Peter de Vineis and Thaddens of Suessa; that he delighted in the arts; that Italian poetry first found her voice at his court; that commerce had never before been so flourishing, or material prosperity so great-we can un-

^{*} The History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. From Chronicles and Documents published within the last Ten Years. By T. L. Kington, M.A., of Bailiol College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple. In two volumes. Macmillan & Co.

derstand why Italians, and especially Sicilians, revert to the good old days of the Suabian house, to the wise and beneficent customs of Frederick II., "Cæsar of the Romans, Ever-august, Italicus, Siculus, Hierosolymitanus, Arelatensis, happy, con-

quering, triumphant."

These are the brighter aspects and memories of the life of the last of the great Emperors. There are darker ones. In an age of intolerance we need not be surprised at any honest thorough endeavor to uproot heresy. We understand persecution carried on by Innocent III. and Dominic: the historian who reads human nature aright may even condone But there is no excuse for Frederick's persecutions, more cruel and treacherous than pope's or inquisitor's. Frederick was the worst of persecutors, as Dean Milman has remarked, for he was without bigotry. He trampled on innocent freeminded citizens under cover of the most malignant of the religious passions and superstitions of his time. In truth, with his father's crown he inherited his father's temper. The career of the Hohenstaufens is stained with cruelty and treachery, to which Frederick added a lewdness that even his age, not given to softness or delicacy of feeling, reprobated. Mr. Kington throws no vail over Frederick's life. He does not attempt to hide, or still worse to palliate, the treachery which gave charters to cities only to be recalled at the first opportunity, which promised with an imperial oath pardon to citizens only that a more terrible vengeance might be wreaked upon them. Now that it has become the fashion to excuse crimes against humanity, as proceeding from something like divine inspiration, or to explain them away as necessary acts of state policy, we are glad that Mr. Kington, who has given in this work an earnest of the place he will one day take among historians, following in this, as in the fidelity and research of his narrative, the example of Dean Milman, tells his plain unvarnished tale. If Frederick's wise legislation is the instinct of his Norman birth, his numberless deeds of cruelty and treachery betray the taint of Hohenstaufen blood, and place him on a line for perjury with some monarchs of the nineteenth century.

But Frederick's offenses against truth and mercy were not the causes of his failure. His power was too great for the security of the rest of Christendom, was he was in a manner the representative of

more than one man in any age could be trusted with. The restraining element in society was the papacy, and with this Frederick's position, claims, and conduct rudely clashed. The rest of Christendom acknowledged obedience due to Christ's vicar upon earth; Frederick in spirit and in deed acknowledged none. As "the source of law, he was above law," and therefore exempt. "What! shall the pride of a man of low birth degrade the emperor, who has no superior or equal on earth?" Mr. Kington, in one passage, characterizes the harsh policy of Rome towards Frederick as a policy of selfinterest; elsewhere he shows plainly enough that it was a question of self-preservation. The pope was hedged in on every side by Frederick's superior force. France was not then what it is now; Spain was divided into, and weakened, by its five kingdoms; and, however much the gold of England might flow into papal coffers, the barons of England were distant cold-hearted defenders. The pope had little else but moral force, the belief of Christendom that his cause was right, to rely upon. That, and the few Lombard cities, were more than sufficient.

The great dissension is admirably related with all fullness of detail in Mr. Kington's second volume. Our sympathies may be with the emperor's brave encounter of his difficulties; our reason, calmly judging, will not regret that he gloriously failed. For the time had not come when Europe could dispense with that directing mediating force which the Papacy then was. The worst and most unscrupulous popes were yet witnesses to a Power which did not stand upon or prevail by strength, which, because it was so divine and spiritual, had a claim upon the consciences of men. What Mr. Mill thinks the Hebrew prophets were in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel; what, according to Dr. Wolff's Travels, the dervishes are still in Eastern countries; what the unanimous and enlightened vox populi is now among us—that was the Papacy to mediæval Christendom, the single power before which rulers stood abashed, which could effectually protect the weak, desolate, and oppressed. It was less in the spirit of a Christian apostle than of a Jewish warrior that Innocent IV. fought for supremacy, and excommunicated Frederick at Lyons. Yet, in thus acting,

Christendom, which spoke through him; and according to the then views of Christian duties and obligations, his voice of accusation and lament was just and necessary. "I have five sorrows, which I may liken to the five wounds of Christ. These are, the Tartar inroads, the schismatical spirit of the Greeks, the heresies which have crept in, especially in Lombardy, the seizure of Jerusalem by the Kharizmians, the active enmity of the emperor to the church which he is bound to protect." The events here lamented were felt in their awful magnitude by the men of that time; they are so remote from us that we faintly sympathize with the papal warning. The philosophical historian is more just. He knows that the future welfare of Europe rested not upon the continuance of one uniform overshadowing despotism, but upon the mutually counteracting and sustaining forces of a common Christendom, of which the Papacy was then the necessary head. But he is not on that account disposed to justify that papal government which for centuries has missed its grand ideal, has divided the nations asunder rather than knit them together, has become a legalized oppression, and is now guilty, in the judgment of educated kind."

Europe, of the slow murder of the Roman people.

Mr. Kington sums up the moral of his

story eloquently and truly:

"Rome won the day; and we need not regret it. The papal giants of the thirteenth century, ever ready to march in the van of public opinion, shrinking from uscless crimes, are not likely to be reproduced in our days. Their conduct may perhaps be angrily denounced; the sturdy Protestant will revile their ambition and combativeness; the admirer of the divine right of kings (a few such admirers still linger among us) will mourn over the ruin of the matchless Hohenstaufens; the lover of chivalry will be wail the loss of the Holy Land; the English patriot will turn with disgust from a shameful chapter in his national history; the German patriot will sigh as he thinks of the time when his country was united; the Italian patriot will point with scorn to the lines of kings, almost always degenerating, which have ruled at Naples since the fall of the house of Suabia. But in spite of all these outcries, the impartial inquirer will hesitate before he pronounces that the fall of this house was a blow to the interests of man-

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MANON LOVER. SPIRIT AND HER

BY HERR VANDERHAUSSEN.

"A MONTH or two of this fine summer | weather by the sea, will completely re-Manon's left hand, while her other wandered over the keys of the piano, by which young friend, he checked himself—"and | silent. change of place will, I feel assured, in a Several years before the day in quesshort time, resuscitate the tone of her tion, this beautiful young girl, who was system, and banish this melancholy of an orphan, had been placed in our care, which you tell me;" but which added the by a distant relation, who, dying in the

Doctor gallantly, "I profess, but adds, in my eyes, an additional charm to the sweet store her," said the Doctor, turning to face we all admire." Manon withdrew me, his finger the while on the pulse of her hand from the piano, from which, in apparent unconsciousness, she had been evoking one of the wild extemporary airs they were seated. "Change of air, my which harmonized with and expressed dear sir, and change of" —, he was her passing fancies; and resting it on just about to utter scene, when glancing that of the Doctor, in which her other at the sightless eyes of the beautiful was still gently held, smiled, and was

interim, had bequeathed her a considerable fortune. The loss of her sight had occurred while she was yet an infant, and from causes which baffled the diagnoses of the faculty; but, even though the melancholy deprivation to which I allude took place thus early, she still retained a dim and beautiful recollection of the external world, which, although mingled with fancy, reflected, I have no doubt, the primitive impressions made on the mind of infancy, of which, from the effect of subsequent experience, we can gain so imperfect a conception from observation.

In her instance, however, the first glimpse she had obtained of the earth, the day and night, remained an isolated experience, distinctly separated from the mental phases through which she had subsequently passed, and which, as represented in her conversation, realized the idea of a vague, but bright and wondrous dream of that everlasting Eden childhood. From her earliest years she had been of an imaginative and silent temperament; even more so than is ordinarily the case with those whose life is necessarily internal; and as she grew to womanhood, with a mind richly developed by all the intelligent resources within her reach, this tendency seemed rather to increase than otherwise, until she seemed at length to have attained to a pure, solitary, spiritual existence—to an angelic nature, in which every thought was one of beauty, and every feeling one of love.

Manon was now eighteen, and never did heaven, in its happiest mood, preside over the growth of a figure more graceful, or impress a charm on a young face more indefinably attractive than that which radiated from hers, innocent, bright, and pure, and animated by a perpetual play of fancy and affection. It was a face such as a Greek poet might have conceived of a wood-nymph, seen through the shade of some lonely forest by moonlight; pale, beautiful, and strange, with an expression, so to speak, of remoteness, and as that of a being whose life passed in the solitude of nature, reflected its aspects in their simplicity, their solemnity, their elemental gaiety, rather than those of human life. In her lonely moods and moments, when the permanent aspect of her countenance was best recognized, it was one of dim splendor and ideal adora- she moved.

tion; while her movements, like those of some exquisite statue suddenly animated, seemed, in their manifold expression of innate grace, to realize the idea of one moving ever with a sense of wonder and timid joy through a world whose every aspect presented a new revelation.

From her childhood Manon's chief resources were music and poetry; but for her, solitary fanciful meditation involved a delight still more absorbing. Such artistic and literary studies as she indulged in, she pursued in her own fashion, using her instruments rather as the mediums for the utterance of her feelings and imagination, than, as it seemed, for the pleasure arising from the execution of the many marvels of harmonic art of which she had become mistress.

Poetry, also, she seemed to utilize in a creative spirit, and as a means of awakening original conceptions in her fancy. She had a cluster of special favorites among the poets, and these my daughters were accustomed to read to her at particular seasons—some in summer, some in spring, autumn, and winter —with each of which, either the themes or characters, ideal or descriptive, idylic or dramatic, her fancy conceived a relational sympathy. Thus she would ask her companions to read aloud "Romeo and Juliet" of a summer night, the "Midsummer Dream" of a spring day, "Macbeth" of a winter midnight, and so with the rest.

Never, however, seemed she so happy as when alone, and for a length of time we accorded with her wishes in this respect, until it appeared to us that the strange moods of melancholy musing, in which she indulged, had a deleterious effect on her fading health. Endless were her strange fancies; sometimes she would sit for hours on the sea-shore, at night, apparently wrapped in tranced communion with the voices of the waters; often in an old ivy-grown ruin, near our residence, through whose roofless walls the bright stars glimmered, holding fanciful converse with the murmur of the old trees and shrubs, which guardianed and trellised its wind-worn walls. In a word, nature to her seemed eloquent with unheard voices, and one observing her ways and moods would have said she was conscious of the presence of invisible spirits in the air, in the darkness or light—wherever

The place we selected for our summer residence was a very lonely, but beautiful spot, on the coast of one of the Joy. southern counties of England. The house, which contained many chambers, was a long cottage, with a pretty garden before it, sloping to the cliff; at the back, a stretch of woodland, topped by a line of low, heathy hills; beneath, a long line of sands whose broad dim rim afforded a pleasant promenade. Ivy and trailers covered the roof of the cottage, and formed a deep hood over its many windows, and the garden, which was a wilderness of wild flowers, was encompassed by a thick hedge, with old arbors draped in convolvulus, and intervaled here and there by a few tall poplars. A month, during which the weather continued magnificent, passed agreeably in rambles along the shores, and through the green lanes and woody alleys of the neighborhood, whither we were accustomed to bring our books and instruments, passing almost our whole time in the open air. Despite, however, the invigorating atmosphere of the region, and the cheerful amusements with which we varied our time, no ameliorative change was evidenced in Manon's health, and though the inconstant flashes of her gaiety were more frequent than heretofore, it was painfully apparent that some wasteful fire was eating out her young life.

It almost appeared to us, indeed, as though she was under the power of some malipotent spell, whose mysterious influence, neither the bright influences of nature, nor the resources with which she was surrounded, were able to arrest. Sometimes the strangest fancies possessed her, one of which I may mention. Nothing pleased her more than to be left alone on the sands, especially at evening. At such times she would ask us to indicate the point at which the evening star, then shining with great brilliancy, rose over the sea, beside which, couched on a jutting rock, she would remain for hours, now wrapped in silent reverie, now murmuring to herself, and now, as it appeared to us, listening to some remote voice undulating along the line of light facing the planet, quiet as a statue; frequently apprehensive lest she should take cold in the night-air, we were obliged to bring her away from this charmed solitude, face, whose expression was that of a

would exhibit her most attractive gaiety, as a recompense, as it were, for the pleasing dreams we had permitted her to en-

One evening toward the end of August was rendered memorable to us by the splendor of its lightnings, and a singular occurrence which I shall presently allude to.

It was a dark summer evening, after a day of heavy rain; the thick, dim sky was roofed with disentangling cloud; the dusk air breathed cool with humid odors; drops of rain hung on the foliage of the windows fronting the low sunset whose pale lemon-colored streak spaced level above the sea; drops of rain trickled from every pining branch and shrub in the glooming garden, and as they slowly trickled and fell with faint inconstant patter through the damp air, one fancied they heard in the slow dim sound the weak and parting pulses of the dying day. Presently the clouds cleared from the yellow, sleepy mist, and as its star shone out from time to time, a wave of air moved like a shudder through the dim tree-tops, and passed away through the dreamy darkness.

As the evening advanced, we had collected at the open window, enjoying the grateful change which had taken place after the dull rainy hours of our in-door life during the day, and the refreshing air of the night which breathed around us, tinctured with humid perfumes of the garden, when this great lightning began to play over the sea. Never before had I witnessed the splendid phenomena in such perfection; every moment the flashes seemed to increase in breadth and brilliancy. As night deepened, indeed, the fierce magnificence and persistency of the flames, and the unnatural stillness by which their manifestations were accompanied, created simultaneously in our minds, as we found, a singular fancy—it seemed just as if the earth, warped out of its course, had broken into, and was rolling along the frontier of some mighty Spirit-Sphere of space, and was thus threatened with instant dissolution by the awakened anger of its potent and innumerable ministers.

Manon stood by herself at an open casement, silent and pale as a statue; her head declined, and a deep smile on her whereupon, on her returning home, she young girl listening for the first time to

the utterance of love and passion—an expression which seemed to indicate the self-conscious pride of adoration and the inner delight of newly-awakened and concealed sympathies. So striking was her aspect on this occasion that, although familiar with the lights and shades of her beautiful countenance under the influence of the fancied moods of mind in which she delighted when alone, it frequently withdrew my attention from the supernatural glories of the external scene; and as at times her lips seemed to move in voiceless answerings, and an unaccustomed glow of fond confidence and beauty irradiated her face, one might have imagined that she was engaged in communing with some invisible being in whose presence a new life had broken on her, and whose mysterious nature harmonized with her own.

So novel was the scene on which we gazed, so wild and unearthly was it in its beauty, so incessant had the coruscations become, which every instant illumined and revealed the inmost deeps of the firmament, that an unwonted stillness reigned in the chamber. Presently I heard one of my daughters, who had, meanwhile, approached the window which our strange young friend occupied, exclaim: "How your heart beats, Manon!" "You are frightened at the lightning," the other returned, "and it is your own heart you hear."

Hardly had she uttered these words when my daughter screamed and fainted. In an instant we were by her side, and while her sister administered the usual restoratives, I was about to leave the room for the purpose of procuring some water to bathe her forehead, when it of Manon, and a second, whose tone seemed to me that a curious appearance had become present in the chamber. The lightning at that moment rendered every object almost as visible as at noonday; as I advanced toward the door, I became conscious of a sort of form or Shadow which occupied the intervening space, and which was distinctly apparent against the dim light of one of the windows. As I advanced, it remained motionless, and indeed as visible in its undefined outline, as any of the familiar objects in the room. Agitated by the event which had just occurred, I naturally concluded this appearance to be some spectra of the d: excited mind and senses, and proceeded | p: forward. As I did so, the shadow!

seemed likewise to advance. It may have been the result of some peculiar physical state, but certain it is that, as moving to the door, I passed through it, I became conscious of a strange impression—a sort of electric thrill, which for the instant pervaded the nervous system, and which created a feeling not dissimilar from that of touching a battery; or such, possibly, as one would have experienced who had been suddenly transfixed with lightning. The effect, however, was but instantaneous. When, after some moments, I again returned to the chamber, I found my daughter already recovered, and Manon standing beside her, with one hand gently resting on her head. This little occurrence broke up our evening, and after a little, we each retired to our respective rooms. In our cottage my chamber adjoined Manon's, both of which fronted the sea. Although it was already late, I sat up for some time, having some correspondence which I was anxious to dispatch, and had been thus occupied for, perhaps, nearly an hour, when I became conscious of the sound of voices in the next chamber, whose windows remained open like my own. This appeared to me extraordinary, as I was assured that all the inmates of the cottage had long since retired.

I approached the window; the blue night was still illuminated by bursts of flaine, the air was perfectly tranquil, and the only distinguishable sound from without was that of the bright sea, murmuring in dim undulations along the breast of the sandy beach beneath.

I listened, and after a little, distinctly recognized two voices—one familiar, that seemed to me altogether different from any I had ever heard—an utterance, now musical and wild as that of an Æolian harp, now sweet and gentle as the whisper of the sunset wind. Both spoke in a low tone, but still sufficiently audibly for me to recognize at intervals the following words:

"You say you have known me long?" said Manon, in a tone of fond interrogation.

"Many years."

"And you love me?"

tions of your that a: rit YOUT

"It seems, too, as if I had known you long; yes, sitting by the light of the evening star, I have heard a voice, breathing I know not what, which I now recognize as yours—a voice which seemed to plead silently to my soul, and in whose presence I felt happy."

"Beloved one!"

"But this—nay the present hour in which the bright being long familiar to my fancy glows before my sightless life—this, this, too, may be but a dream?"

"Not so, purest; my soul has been ever near thee, ever drawn by sweet affinities to thine own; and at length, oh, joy! it has been accorded me to render my presence conscious, to breathe upon thy brow, to hold thy hand in mine, and utter the love long felt, but never

fully recognized till now."

Hardly crediting my senses, and indeed, half impressed with the conviction that the words to which I had just listened were the result of some unaccountable state of the imagination, arising from the exciting scenes and occurrences of the past evening, I hurried from my chamber to that of Manon, and gently opening the door, entered.

She stood at the open casement, looking toward the irradiated sea, one hand gently waving, as it were, an adieu to some invisible figure departing. She was still attired in her white evening robe, girdled with a cincture of Arabian corail to which an amulet she prized was attached—one soft loosened tress streaming in the air

upon her neck.

"Manon!" I exclaimed; the surprise occasioned by her appearance harmonizing mysteriously with the singular conversation I thought I had just heard. She started, turned slowly, and as the lightning still illuminated the chamber in inconstant flashes, I could perceive that her face shone with an expression beautiful and strange, which I had never before noticed; a sigh, low as the summer wind escaped her, and a blush suffused her cheek, as she came forward, glowing with a deep and silent smile.

"To whom have you been speaking?"

I inquired somewhat brusquely.

"Doubtless to my own fancies, as usual," she replied, with a manner in which coquetry mingled with a certain air of melancholy and uncertainity.

"Assuredly I heard two voices."

Elevating her brow with an assumed and the turrets of old churches glim-

expression of playful incredulity, she re-

plied:

"Is it not you, dear friend, who are now dreaming?" and then, pressing my hand, she added gaily: "Truly, I believe, the lightning to-night has unhinged all our imaginations; but see, it has now ceased, and it is time to sleep."

I left her, impressed with a certain strangeness in her air and manner which I could not comprehend, and regained my own room. Curious to say, the lightning had ceased suddenly, and the vault of the sky, blue and cloudless, hung over the sea,

illuminated only by the stars.

I may add that the impressions made on my mind by the events of the evening in question affected me even in sleep, which was several times disturbed by a sort of apparition, as it seemed, of a fierce and luminous countenance, noble and beautiful as the Apollo, and formed, as it were, of intense light, which at intervals passed before my vision. At such times awakening, and glancing toward the casement, it seemed as if the lightning were still playing, though in departing splendors, through the void.

As the decline in Manon's health was not accompanied by any depression of spirits, her physician, who appeared confident in her ultimate restoration, suggested a Continental tour at the commencement of the ensuing summer. Acting on this advice, we left England at the close of spring, and after a short stay in some of the Rhine towns arrived at Lausanne, in the neighborhood of which city we remained until autumn, taking up our residence in a small but picturesquely situated house, about a league distant, on the borders of the lake.

During the summer weather nothing could surpass the beauty of the situation we had selected, or the panorama with which we were surrounded; the rich rural pictures of the neighboring country, with its uplands covered with farms and vineyards, fading away into the village-dotted plain, with its noble cincture of mountains to the north; the vast water spacing away to the east, where its intense azure seemed to mingle indistinguishably with the blue of the sky; the sunny shores of La Melliere opposite, with the vinedraped steeps; hillocks covered with woods, through which white villages and the turrets of old churches glim-

mered; and beyond, dominating the horizon, the stupendous snowy peaks and icy ravines of the Jura range, now black with tempest, now shining in the splendid light of dawn and sunset; the breadths of shadow floating over the remote mountains in varying luster and gloom; the obscure glimmer of the plains, with their fields, woods, and villages rising into view and momentarily disappearing as the coursing sunbeam and shadow rolled over them, now rendering the most distant object clear and near, now flooding the foreground with indistinguishable gloom. In a word, the matchless region, uniting every rural charm, and girdled by a snowy horizon of supernatural beauty, presented a series of scenes which offered a constant source of novel impressions —impressions of mingled glory, tranquillity, and awe. Many weeks were passed in making excursions to the memorable sites around us, Ferney, Chillon, etc. Our days were passed chiefly on the lake, our evenings in the quaint old hall of the little chateau; and we often sat late into the night, reading or chatting over the local legends and traditions we had gathered of the celebrities whose lives and works have given an intellectual interest to the towns and shores of this lovely region.

Little change was perceptible in Manon—the variety of scenes and the impressions conveyed to her, seemed agreeably to occupy her mind and awaken new fancies; but still she seemed to be slowly fading; and presently, as autumn advanced, we were already begun our preparations to recommence our journey homeward.

Shortly before we set out for home, an event occurred, memorable in itself, and still more so by a singular impression in connection with Manon which rose out of it. One evening, she, my daughters, and myself, had extended our sail upon the lake to a greater distance than heretofore without the assistance of boatmen. It was a gorgeous evening at the close of autumn; and charmed with the exquisite tranquility of the air and water, and surrounding landscapes bathed in the glory of a superb sunset, we had become unconscious of our remoteness from the shore, and of the advance of night. Presently the darkness of the distance warned us of the approach of one of those storms which visit this mountainous region with tropi-

tumult of black tempest-cloud rolling over the far-off snowy summits, leaving only the highest peaks visible above the vaporous deluge; then at times the sound of distant thunder undulating on the still bright air; then, as the twilight rapidly deepened, the distant lightnings became visible, mingling with and extinguishing the sinking sunset. At length the wind, whose somber murmurings we had heard along the woods upon the shore, approached us in long dark drifts across the waters; lastly, the waves rose around us with a suddenness and fury which surprised and, indeed, appalled us, unaccustomed as we had hitherto been to the phenomena of storm in this mountainous district.

So swift was the approach of the wind, that I had some difficulty in getting down the sail before it was shattered; and this effected, I seized the oars, and began to pull vigorously in the direction of the shore, which had already disappeared in the tumult of cloud rolling from the land; this, however, was but slow work, the storm being against us, and the waves having become dangerously high. At intervals the lightning broke around in splendid sheets, followed by gloom so intense as to render every object at a few feet distance indistinguishable. My daughters, terrified at the dangerous position in which we so suddenly found ourselves, were huddled together, drenched with spray, at the stern of the boat; while Manon, who, as usual, sat by herself at the prow, seemed the only one among us whom the terrors of the tempest failed to affect. An hour passed during which, though exerting my utmost strength at the oars, the boat made little, if any, way toward the shore, whose lights were still unrecognizable, when suddenly a billow broke over the gunwale, and, as it seemed, half filled the boat, which we already believed to be sinking. Through the darkness I could hear my daughters praying, and as the wind and thunder roared around us, we momentarily believed our last hour was at hand.

tranquility of the air and water, and surrounding landscapes bathed in the glory of a superb sunset, we had become unconscious of our remoteness from the shore, and of the advance of night. Presently the darkness of the distance warned us of the approach of one of those storms which visit this mountainous region with tropical suddenness. At first we observed a

tone of her voice, and a strange feeling like the impression of a mysterious presence, from looking round for an instant. Could I be mistaken? A figure rested beside her—a dark figure of a man, as it seemed, whose face, turned toward her as in conversation, I could not perceive. My surprise was so great that I could not at the moment give it utterance. The necessity of watching the boat caused me to resume my position; and as my mind was completely engrossed, and my efforts concentrated to save the lives of its occupants, I naturally, after a little, concluded that the appearance I conceived I had seen was the effect of imagination. Though the noise of the storm and the lashing of the waves were incessant, nevertheless, as I continued to pull toward the shore, I could not help fancying from time to time I heard voices in the direction of the prow, but so low that, although listening with an indefinable feeling of incertitude and curiosity, I failed to recognize any distinct meaning in their utterances. As may be conceived, however, the effect produced by the fancy of a mysterious figure in the boat, sustained by the sense of voices in my neighborhood, added not a little to the wildness and strangeness of the scene, the storm, the darkness and peril.

Presently the wind lulled, and though the waves continued high, I managed after an hour's exertion to bring the boat safely to shore. During our short remaining stay at Lausanne, I several times remember being on the point of interrogating Manon respecting the voice I thought I had a second time heard conversing mysteriously with her; on all such occasions, however, something occurred to divert my set in with violent winds and rain, our boat excursions terminated, and after a week of preparation we resumed our journey to England.

During the winter our fondest hopes were destined to be extinguished. It was evident that our young friend was slowly approaching her final hour. Strange to say, however, the loss of physical strength in her case was unaccompanied by any sensations of pain or feelings of depression. It was a decay like that of the leaf—gradgreater degree of beauty. Just, also, in proportion as the animal spirits faded, the airy grace, animation, and brilliancy of her | charm or spell, and, hardly breathing, we

mind increased; life became concentrated in the brain, like wine, whose sparkling bubbles evanesce to the surface, while the body becomes dark and quiescent. Thus, while existence was vanishing, like the close of a bright April evening, her happy soul, hopeful, calm, radiant, and resigned, while evincing a gradual dissociation from the warm sympathies and affectionate affinities of earth, became irradiated with ideas of still purer spiritual beauty.

It was the last day of April, but no change up to this moment had occurred to alarm us as to her condition. twilight deepened, she reclined, as usual at that hour, on a sofa at the open window of her chamber, watching the rose light of the sinking west changing into violet over the sea, where her favorite star, as yet solitary in the azure deeps, had just risen, scintillating in the pure atmosphere with an almost southern luster. Its rays shone on her clear forehead, and tinged the outline of her symmetrical head with a tender beam; the west wind, soft and low, breathed around her, scented with the perfume of the fresh spring herbage, and the deep silence was only stirred by the solemn breathing of the sea beneath, or the occasional murmur of the leaves around the casement, which seemed answering the whisperings of the air in dim indefinable murmurings.

As Manon appeared to be in one of those happy moods which arose from the impression of the surrounding tranquility of nature, and the delight of silent fancies, no one had spoken for a considerable period, and a complete silence reigned in the chamber.

After a little, and by slow degrees we intention. Meanwhile the autumn had | became aware of a distant music, which appeared fluctuating round some point of the shore. So remote, indeed, did it seem at first, that for a time we remained half uncertain of its existence. Presently, however, as if the faintness and uncertainty of the harmony was the result of its traversing some vast extension of space, it seemed to approach nearer and nearer, until the strain, as though it had at length actually reached the atmosphere of the earth, became distinctly intelligible, rising and falling in rich and inspired cadences. In its slow approach and mystic undulaual, unfelt—and which developed a still itions there was something so strange and impressive that, in the mood of mind in which we then were, it affected us like a

listened in silence. Lightning, meanwhile, had commenced to play over the sea, but many of the fainter coruscations had occurred without attentive recognition, so absorbed had we become; nor was it until one burst of illumination, brighter and more continuous than those precedent, had occurred, that, glancing towards Manon, we perceived that she had risen herself in an attitude of rapt excitement, and leaned listening on the restingplace of the window, looking toward the enchanted night with a smile of wild beauty on her face.

At first the sound was that of a wild wandering strain, without any fixed purpose or definite intention, save that of its airy fancies; then it seemed to express sudden admiration; then an enraptured series of undulations, like feelings and sympathies moving in charmed cadences, and slowly approaching to a harmony; until at length, in unisons richer and broader, it seemed to expand, evolving a strain of passion complete, full, and enthusiastic. Now it lapsed away, fond and low, as in delighted reverie over some lovely valley; now scarcely heard, it seemed to breathe like the whisper of an angel from a distant star. Lastly, after hovering, as it were in expectancy, in the space between two worlds, it seemed to rush back, filling the firmament with a melody voluptuous and sublime, like an outpouring of seraph minstrelsy, the transcendent utterance of some immortal spirit, embodying in a hun- | Manon and her Spirit-Lover."

dred phases and variations of harmony an expression universal and individual of the great soul of the world and heavens— Love. At once near and distant, while brooding over the cottage, its presence seemed to extend through and embrace the infinite, through whose azure deeps the lightning, bursting and palpitating in harmony with its aërial resonance and passion, created an effect on the mind and senses so wondrous and rapturous, that to our tranced imaginations we seemed for the time to be caught up and wasted to some loftier and more superb region of space, in an atmosphere of music and splendor.

How long this wondrous dream—for so it seemed—continued, I can not say. Suddenly we were recalled to consciousness by a darkness, sudden, deep, and profound, falling on the earth; a change, too, accompanied by the abrupt cessation of the charmed sounds to which we had been listening. Almost at the same instant a voice, in an accent of surprise, cried, "See, the bright star has set;" and another, in wild anguish, "Manon!"

We rushed to the casement where she lay, but she was motionless, breathless. Life seemed to have departed in the moment that the splendor and music had vanished together in the blue darkness over the sea.

"Such," added Mr. P., "is my story of

From Chambers's Journal.

STARVING THE EARTH.

man body is renewed; every particle of conditions, is constantly decaying, and which it was composed at the beginning of that period will have disappeared be- pelican of the classic legend, it has to feed fore the end of it, and fresh matter will its offspring with its own body—vege have been drawn from earth, air, and water to supply the void. So with the its vitals, and robbing it of its sea; it is continually ascending to the material essences. But when a clouds in vapor, and descending in rain. takes its natural course, it retu

Every seven years, we are told, the hu- The earth itself is subject to the same must constantly be repaired. Like the tion of all kinds is perpetually preying

soil, in its decay, as much as it withdrew when it sprung into existence, and thus a new crop is able to find sustenance in the ashes of the old one.

The agriculture of man, however, as pursued in these latter days, is of a pernicious character, for it takes away, while it does not replace; it stimulates the rapidity with which the earth can bring forth fruit only at the expense of its powers of endurance. In short, it is the story over again of the goose and the golden eggs, of the peau de chagrin, which conferred on the possessor present prosperity at the cost of so many years deducted from existence by every wish fulfilled. We get immense harvests now-adays, but a high authority has just announced that the vegetable mould, upon which the permanent fertility of the land depends, is rapidly being used up. are exacting too much from the earth, and starving it at the same time, for we deny it a proper amount of that pabulum which results from the growth of plants that take a lengthened possession of the soil, and that bequeath it a good legacy of refuse matter. Already, we are told, in the Eastern States of North America, from the State of Maine to Florida, in Lower Germany, west of the Vistula, and in many parts of Spain and France, the vegetable mould is much exhausted, and no means are taken to prevent ultimate sterility. Moreover, in Northern Africa, and in many parts of Western and Central Asia, where man, in former times, destroyed the forest cover, and wasted the natural mould, the country has become arid desert, and animal and vegetable life have been extinguished. To make matters still worse, this deterioration of the soil has produced an evil effect on the atmosphere, from which there is no longer vegetation to draw down moisture; thus the mists vanish, the dew ceases, the rain fails, and the rivers are dried up. All this is, of course, very dreadful. The only question is, whether it is true?

There is, it is certain, too much reason to fear that our farmers have been indulging rather too freely in the use of artificial manures. Ever since the end of the last century, immense quantities of bones have been imported into Great Britain. To furnish this supply, the battle-fields of Leipsic, Waterloo, and the Crimea, have been raked up, and the catacombs of Sicily cleared of the bones of many generations.

About four million tons of phosphates, in the form of bones, linseed cakes, rapeseed, etc., and near three hundred thousand tons of guano, are annually imported into England, in order to be applied to the soil. Now, these manures quicken the fertility of the soil, and produce luxuriant crops; but every rich harvest thus raised involves so many years of subsequent sterility. It has been said, that he who makes two blades of grain grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor; but the case is clearly changed when the consequence of producing two blades in one season is to incapacitate the soil from yielding even a single blade a few years afterwards. It is a delusion to suppose that a dose of artificial manure permanently strengthens the soil. As it has been well said, one might as well expect to grow strong on brandy and malt liquor, as to give real substance to the earth by a mere chemical dram. Or, to take a closer illustration: What the farmers have been doing in regard to the soil, is as absurd as trying to nourish a man on chemical preparations instead of ordinary food. It is quite true, that we cat flesh for the sake of the iron, and bread for the sake of the lime, which it contains; but it would be madness to forswear steaks and loaves, and swallow the iron and lime in the shape of drugs. This is what the agriculturists have done to the earth; they have dosed it with phosphates, when it wanted natural manure —the sewage of towns, the refuse of the byre and the fold, and above all, the remains of it own crops. Wherever vegetation maintains a permanent footing, it leaves in the annual fall and decay of parts a certain amount of matter which adds increased powers of production. Thus the earth gets back a large proportion of what it gave, with the addition of certain valuable elements extracted by the vegetation from the atmosphere. This is its proper food, "cooked by nature in the most digestible manner possible," and no amount of chemical stimulants will supply the want of it. Hence our farmers must not be too exacting in their demands on the earth; they must be content with a less rapid succession of crops, and must more frequently return to the soil a portion of its produce. Pasturage is one of the best means of renovating the energies of the land. By the growth of clover and turnips, and their consumption by sheep on the land, the vegetable mould may be

not only increased, but improved. should never be forgotten, that although the laboratory of the chemist may do much for the sick, the laboratory of nature is best for the sound.

A recent writer, in calling attention to the recklessness with which man has overtasked the earth, has expressed a doubt whether any effectual remedy can be found short of the "repairing agency of nature," by which regions may be consigned back to the beach and pine, continents sub-

merged for fresh deposits of oceanic sediment, and volcanoes called into operation by land and under sea. This, however, is rather too gloomy a view of matters. Our agriculturists have apparently, in their eagerness for a short cut, been misled into a dangerous road, but they have not yet gone too far to return to the safe old highway. If they will only give the earth a little less physic, and a little more food, all may yet be well.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

SWEDEN. CHRISTINA QUEEN $\mathbf{0} \mathbf{F}$

There are few historical scholars, how- I that they had secured a part of himself ever slight may have been their studies, who have not read some notices of the remarkable daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus; but, hitherto, they have been obliged to be content—if unable to travel out of their own literature—with most unsatisfactory accounts of her. Her conduct in certain portions of her career excited a good deal of prejudice in Protestant England, which tincture more or less the few biographical accounts that were published during the first century after her death. We now possess, however—thanks to the industry of Mr. Woodhead—an impartial, and therefore trustworthy, narrative of her extraordinary adventures, and one that points a very suggestive moral as clearly as one ever was indicated in the life of an historical personage of such eminence.

It is well known that her father was regarded by all Protestants as an example of greatness deserving of hero-worship in its highest manifestations; but by the Lutheran Swedes, over whom he reigned, he was looked up to with as much veneration as though, in his own character, were combined the attributes of champion and deity. When, therefore, he died, and left as his successor in the kingdom a little girl, his subjects accepted | The long sermons of the Lutheran minisher as their king, in the fullest conviction | ters grew more and more tedious, and

that could not fail to sustain the credit and the glory which he had obtained for their country. Excessive pains were, therefore, taken by the Swedish magnates, who had the conduct of the government at his decease, to direct their juvenile sovereign in the way she should go. The best scholars and the soundest divines were selected to educate her in classical and religious knowledge, and they were so diligent, or their pupil was so apt, that she was shortly acknowledged to be a prodigy. As she grew up to womanhood, philosophers, poets, and statesmen rivalled each other in the extravagances of their panegyries, even our own republican, Milton, becoming as eloquent a courtier as any of the circle of rival savants who sung her praises.

The young queen devoted herself to all kinds of study. Now to Lutheran divinity, under the zealous prelates of her Church; now to Hebrew scholarship, under a wonderfully learned rabbi; now to the other ancient languages, under the erudite Vossius; now to the new philosophy, under the unbelieving Des Cartes. She became a scholar, she became a philosopher, but there is no proof that her majesty ever became a Christian.

their impatient listener grew more and more speculative in her ideas. She chafed, too, very much at the moral restraint exerted over her by the principal officers of her government. In brief, she had ascertained that there was a brighter and a much pleasanter world than Sweden, and longed to enjoy its gratifications.

In this state of her mind, Christina discovered that two Jesuits were easy of access, and she contrived to communicate with them without the fact becoming known to her Protestant friends. ceeding in this, she had several secret interviews with them, in which she allowed it to appear, that though sovereign of a Lutheran country, her mind was quite unembarrassed by the religious prejudices of her people, and was open to conviction. The two Jesuits were well prepared with arguments, and so pressed her in controversies on their faith, that they easily persunded her to send by them a confidential message to his Holiness. The reigning pontiff was Alexander VII., to whom the prospect of making a convert of a daughter of the brightest pillar of Protestantism in Europe—a lady, moreover, who was the queen of a country where the heresy of Luther was most rampant—was so agreeable, that he hesitated not in offering every persuasive inducement lie could think of.

The fact was, the queen was like the English country gentleman immortalized in the well-known couplet,

Who hanged himself one morning for a change.

Sweden was too slow for her, and too proper. She had grown tired of being called the tenth Muse, and being considered a modern Queen of Sheba. She was weary of her sovereignty as well as of her sex, and, though offers were made her from a majority of the marrying princes in Europe, declared her determination not to be a wife. This was soon afterwards followed by an expression of her decision to give up Sweden. Finally, she abdicated in favor of her cousin, Charles Adolphus, and quitted the kingdom.

No sooner had Christina turned her back upon her country, than she did the same for her sex and her religion. She assumed a man's garb, and with it the manners of a gay cavalier. It was while the gaieties of Paris very shortly drew her

in her inn at Copenhagen—that a female domestic asked to see "Count Dohna," her traveling appellation. The interview The fair traveler soon was granted. perceived that her visitor was no maidservant, and the latter as quickly became perfectly satisfied that the stranger was no count.

Mr. Woodhead might have made a very interesting chapter descriptive of this adventure of his heroine, for her visitor was the Queen of Denmark, whose curiosity having been excited by rumors respecting the stranger who had just arrived in her capital, had, in disguise, sought to ascertain from her own observation who he was. The two masqueraders were aware of each other's identity, but did not think it necessary to declare their true character. Having ventured on a slight passage of tongues, they separated. The count subsequently made love to a damsel who had been attracted by his handsome appearance, but it was merely a plaisanterie.

When Christina arrived in the Low Countries, she publicly renounced her Lutheranism, made confession of her errors, and received absolution from a distinguished ecclesiastic sent to her from the Pope for that purpose. Then she was suffered to proceed to Rome, where she was made as much of as so distinguished a convert ought to have been. The more solid temptations which had been held out to her eluded her posses-There is reason to believe that she had given up the crown of gloomy Sweden for that of sunny Naples; but when she reached Italy the brilliant prospect faded entirely from her view.

Disappointed, the queen with much difficulty raised funds for a trip to France, and for a short while astonished the Parisians by her masculine appearance and eccentric proceedings. The Frenchwomen ran eagerly to kiss her, suspecting her to be a man in disguise; but the nine days' wonder lasted its time, and the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. seemed satisfied that they had made a mistake. The queen-mother distrusted her, and when she ascertained that Christina was encouraging the young king to marry Cardinal Mazarin's niece, Anne of Austria was anxious to get rid of her.

The ex-queen returned to Rome, but in this costume—she was taking her ease | back again. A repetition of her visit was more than the court could endure, and on her journey the traveler received a com-

mand to stop at Fontainebleau.

It was during her residence in this palace that there occurred the terrible tragedy which has cast so dark a shadow upon her fame. It appears that the Marquis Monaldeschi, an Italian in her service, had in some disgraceful way betrayed his mistress's confidence. The ordinary account is, that he wrote letters boasting of having been the queen's lover, in which he ridiculed her person. Mr. Woodhead, we think, should not have satisfied himself with denouncing the culprit; for whether he had betrayed a secret in which the honor of his mistress only was concerned, or one in which the reputation of the pontiff was equally committed, does not affect the question of her right to have him put to death. By her orders he was killed, without waiting for the judgment of any tribunal; and though she may, as her biographer asserts, fancy that she had the power of punishing such an offender without trial, that power was disputed in her own time, and is not likely to be admitted in a less arbitrary age.

This act of vengeance excited a burst of indignation, not only in France, but in all Europe. Christina went to Rome; she tried to be admitted into England; she sought to regain her lost dominions in Sweden; she aspired to be the elected sovereign of Poland; but every where I on such subjects overload their pages.

the avenging Nemesis seemed to pursue her. Every country appeared to shrink from her nearer acquaintance. Oliver Cromwell prudently declined her overtures. The Swedes had passed through many severe trials since her abdication, but were ready to endure any thing rather than the rule of an apostate from their faith. The Poles preferred one of their own countrymen.

Christina, for the last time, returned to Rome. A new pontiff now wore the tiara, who treated her with special distinction; but even with him she continued to have what Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have called "a mighty pretty quarrel." Wherever she happened to be, she was rarely without some dispute. A power, however, was approaching with whom the irritability of her temperament had even less influence than it had exercised upon her regal or pontifical friends. Christina tried to find occupation in the patronage of the professors of literature and the fine arts, but her creditable labors closed on the 19th of April, 1689, when her eccentric career had lasted sixty-three years.

Of the strange incidents of her remarkable life, Mr. Woodbead has made a most readable narrative. As a first attempt at historical biography his work is entitled to creditable recognition. It will be found totally free from that ostentatious erudition with which the majority of writers

C H R I S T O P H E R COLUMBUS.

This great navigator and renowned discoverer of this Western Continent, has left a name and a fame which the world delight to honor. While his name and deeds fill many pages of history, and are familiar to multitudes, yet, so far as we know, accurate portraits of this great man are rarely to be found. The portrait at the head of this number of the ECLECTIC is the only one which we remember to have seen which claimed to be an accurate likeness. Having fortunately obtained it, we directed it to be engraved, as an em-

bellishment, and as a matter of interest to our readers. The great facts of his personal history and life are too well known to render necessary, any thing more, on these pages than a mere outline-sketch.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, about the year 1435 or 1436. His father followed the trade of a woolcomber, and his ancestors had long occupied a like humble position. The name was Colombo in the Italian; the Latin form was given to it by himself at an early period, in his letters; and conceiving that

Colonus was the Roman original, he the west, and objects seen floating in the changed the name to Colon when he went into Spain, better to adapt the word to the Castilian tongue. With the exception of one year spent at Pavia, his education was conducted in his native city, and was confined to such studies as fitted him for the nautical profession, to which he showed an early bent. He went to sea at the age of fourteen, and though few of the events which marked his life for twenty years are known, it is certain that he was often engaged in perilous enterprises, both as commander and serving in a subordinate capacity. We find him at Lisbon in 1470, probably attracted by the fame of the discoveries on the African coast, and a desire to obtain employment under the Portuguese princes. He was now about thirty-five years of age, tall and wellformed, of dignified carriage, and engaging manners. Already his hair had become quite white, doubtless in consequence of the hardships and anxieties of his early days. About this time he married Felepé Mônis de Palestrello, daughter of an Italian gentleman deceased, who had been a navigator under Prince Henry, and had colonized, and been governor of the isle of Porto Santo. He now occupied himself in constructing maps and charts, contributing of his means to the support of his aged father at Genoa; he made several voyages to the coast of Africa, and resided for some time at Porto Santo, where his wife had a small property; and here his son Diego was born. He visited also the Canaries and Azores; and, eager to pass the bounds of existing knowledge, made a voyage in 1477 to the northwards of Iceland. Before this date, however, as early as 1474, he had conceived the design of reaching India by a westward course. Judging from the latest and best accounts, he gave by far too great an extension to the east of Asia, and on high authority took the size of a degree considerably be-! low the truth, thus greatly under-estimating the earth's size. It followed that the Atlantic might easily be traversed. The scheme was a magnificent one; but it is difficult for us now, in the advanced state of our knowledge, to look at it in all its traditions and rumors concerning land to | did not exist. The compass had been re-

Atlantic, or cast ashore by westerly winds. Copious memoranda of all the grounds of his persuasion were found among his papers. To reach India by sea was still the great problem of geography. Columbus offered to John II., of Portugal to solve it by sailing westwards; and would most probably have prevailed upon the king to send out an expedition, had it not been for the secret counterplotting of some of the council, whose duplicity, winked at by the monarch, so disgusted Columbus, that he took his departure for Spain. This was in 1484 or 1485; his only companion was his son Diego, then about eleven years old, his wife having died some time previously. Though entering Spain in great poverty, he soon made friends, and got an introduction to the king and queen. They hesitated to undertake so great an enterprise, and several councils reported unfavorably; still Columbus persevered in new applications, and for seven years was kept in a painful state of suspense. At length, after a last trial, in February, 1492, he left the residence of the court, and set out on his way to France. Two of his friends got an immediate interview with the queen—overcame her scruples and Columbus was brought back. Isabella had offered to pledge her jewels, but the king was afterwards prevailed upon to furnish the greater part of the funds, Columbus himself undertaking an eighth, and getting the same part of the profits. He was to have one-tenth of all metals, gems, and merchandise, the office of admiral with descent of title, and to be vice roy and governor-general of the new lands. The articles of agreement were signed on the 17th of April, 1492. Friday, 3d of August, 1492, the expedition sailed from Palos, near Moguer on the Tinto; it consisted of three small vessels, two without decks, and one hundred and twenty men, who had been procured with the utmost difficulty, owing to the general dread of the voyage. The celebrated brothers Pinzon commanded the two smaller vessels, of about fifty tons each, named the Pinta and Nina, the admiral the Santa Maria. The only difficulty grandeur and boldness. He supported his encountered was the mutinous tendency views by the authority of Aristotle and of the crews, excited by their terrors. other ancient writers, who had suggested Columbus repressed these with extraordithat India might be reached by going pary tact; he was, besides, a skillful sailor, west from the Pillars of Hercules; and by and had helps which a few years before

ceiving more attention, and the astrolabe, on instrument like our sextant, had been lately introduced. Sitting on the high poop of his vessel, at ten o'clock on the night of the 11th of October, 1492, gazing earnestly ahead, Columbus plainly saw moving lights upon some land. Four hours of most exciting suspense followed. At two A. M., Rodrigo Triana, a sailor in the Pinto, which was a little in advance, saw the land itself. Dawn revealed a lovely island—Guanahani or San Salvador, one of the Bahamas. He afterwards discovered Cuba and Haiti; and deeming all these portions of Asia—a delusion under which he labored till his latest hour—he called the inhabitants Indians; a name which became general before the truth was know. The discovery produced an extraordinary sensation in Europe; and Columbus was received by the sovereigns, and in every part of Spain, with the highest honor. On September 25th, 1493, he sailed from Cadiz with a fleet of seventeen ships and one thousand five hundred men, and discovered the Windward Isles, Jamaica, Porto Rico, etc., and founded a colony in Hispaniola. Disappointed in their hopes of making rapid fortunes, many of the adventurers who went out with him became discontented, and returning home spread calumnies against the admiral. Leaving his brother Bartholomew governor, he returned home, was received with favor, and refuted all the charges preferred by his enemies. His third voyage, entered upon 30th of May, 1498, was rewarded by the discovery of Trinidad, the Orinoco, and the coast of Para. He found the new colony in a disorganized state, and remained some time to restore order. Complaints, however, still reached Spain, and a commissioner named Bobadilla was sent out to institute inquiries. He exceeded his powers, and sent Columbus home in irons, with his two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego. There was a general burst of indignation in Spain; the king disclaimed complicity, and the queen bestowed her usual favors. Bobadilla was recalled, but the admiral was not reinstated. This favor he long sought in vain, and till the day of his death he got no redress, though there was not the semblance of proof against him. Columbus had served the king's purpose, who now repented that he had bestowed such powers and privileges. The admiral was, how-

May, 1502, to search for a passage from the Caribbean Sea into what was supposed to be the great Indian Sea, from which Vasco de Gama had recently returned laden with the richest treasure. The voyage was disastrous; and the constitution of Columbus, on which the infirmities of age had already made inroads, never recovered from the shock which it sustained. In coasting central America, he got a hint, which if followed up might have led to the discovery of Mexico and the Pacific, and shed new luster on his declining years. He returned in the end of the year, 1504, and renewed his appeals to the justice and generosity of the king. While urging them in person, or by means of his son, brother, and other friends, he was scized with a violent attack of gout, and expired on the 20th of May, 1506, in full possession of his faculties, and in a very pious frame of mind.

He died at his own house, on the banks of the Esqueva in the city of Valladolid. While on a visit to Spain a few summers ago, we (editor of the ECLECTIC) went to Valladolid chiefly for the interest of seeing the spot where this great man finished his career. At first, we found some difficulty in finding it, till a gentleman of the city went and pointed out the exact locality. The Esgueva is a pleasant stream, and runs with a clear current past the front of the house, some forty feet from the door. His remains were deposited first in the convent of St. Francis, in Valladolid. Six years after, they were removed to the Carthusian Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville, where a costly monument was raised over them by Ferdinand. In the year 1536, they were again removed to the Island of St. Domingo, and on the cession of that island to the French, in 1795, were taken to Cuba, where they rest in the Cathedral Church, at Havana. We wish they could be removed once more to sleep by the side of the remains of Washington.

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he had discovered many years ago, while | Columbus, were also shown to us. The searching among the archives of Spain, | private letters of Columbus to Queen Isaand added his own annotations on the bella, neatly and beautifully written with margin. The steel armor, and breast-plate, his own pen, and bound in volumes, are inlaid with gold, as well as the sword of preserved as objects of peculiar interest.

From Chambers's Journal.

J E W E L S GEMS. A N D

Flowers of the inner Earth, that never fade, But bloom unchanged for centuries unseen, In radiance born of darkness, and yet made To double daylight's sheen;

Mysterious children of Earth's hidden deeps, Strangers to sun, and stars, and crystal sphere—

Some wondrous secret life within you sleeps, That hath no symbol here.

I see a quiv'ring strife within you waged, A heart of light convulsed in chained controi,

As though within the adamant were caged A struggling new-born soul.

The Diamond, in its restless rainbow blaze, With essence of th' unquiet Aurora filled; The Ruby, in whose core of focused rays The sunset is distilled;

The steadfast Emerald, with her planet-light, Like Earth in summer sunshine all attired; The Sapphire, shrine of truth, keen, pure, and With Heaven's own light inspired;

The Carbuncle, in whose volcano-heart Has Mother Earth instilled the fearful blood That cries to Heaven for vengeance, till it start To judgment in a flod;

Pearls, sad as frozen tears upon a shroud, And pallid as the specter-moon by day; The Opal, fraught, like tender morning-cloud, With shifting tint and ray;

The golden gleaming Topaz, that hath caught A struggling sunbeam in its heart of rock; The Gem, whose tint from glacier-depths seems brought The living spring to mock-

Has each a life peculiar and apart, Long sealed in darkness in the rock, and first Waked when the chisel on its blinded heart Let Heaven's full radiance burst.

From Chambers's Journal.

PEAKS VALLEYS THE AND 0 F ANDES.

THE longest, if not the loftiest chain of mountains on the earth's surface, is that of the Cordillera of the Andes, stretching from south to north upwards of eight thousand miles. In commences in the Land of Fire, beyond the Strait of Magellan, and traversed by comparatively few breaks, runs along the western rim of the American continent, through Chili, through Peru, through the Strait of Central America, across the Isthmus of Darien, through Mexico, and dividing into two arms, extends, under the name of the Rocky Mountains, to the fifty-second parallel of north latitude. Here and there in this vast ridge, mighty pinnacles shoot up far beyond the regions of eternal snow, and in sharpness and elevation almost rival the peaks of the Himalaya. Language, with all its resources, is unable to do justice to the stupendous grandeur of these mountains which soar far above the clouds, and, unvisited by man or any other living creature save the condor, glitter amid the blue heavens in eternal solitude and serenity. In some parts of its course, the Cordillera is contracted into one narrow sierra, cleaving the atmosphere with its sharp teeth like a saw; elsewhere it separates into several chains, expanding east and west, and enclosing whole provinces in its embrace. Farther towards the north, it again heaps up its rocks into one giddy ridge, and hurling down countless streams from its sides, penetrates the boreal hemisphere, and only abates its magnificence on the confines of the British territory, where the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company chase the fur bearing animals over plains glittering with snow.

Nature nowhere exhibits wilder freaks or more startling contrasts than in the Andes. Here and there, at irregular distances, we meet with transverse gaps on which the natives bestow the name of Quebradas, in some cases walled on both sides by perpendicular precipices, upwards

one of these quebradas, extending from ocean to ocean, rolls the sea, which forms the Strait of Magellan; and other quebradas are mere valleys, always, however, containing the streams which scooped them out of the bulk of the mountain, and still deepen their bed by gnawing, and bearing away incessantly to the ocean particles of the underlying rock. From a ledge overhanging one of these -prodigious valleys in the neighborhood of Cuzco, you may enjoy a prospect scarcely to be equalled anywhere else on the globe. To the left rise the Andes into the clear blue sky; to the right, the mountains descend gradually in mighty terraces to the plain, which is laved in the extreme distance by the shining waters of the Pacific; the valley itself, black, and to appearance fathomless, yawns at your feet, making your head giddy as you gaze at it, till you behold a white fleck rising out of the gulf, and expanding as it mounts, till the condor's wings, almost twenty feet in spread, glitter before your eyes in the sun, as the proud bird wheels and soars fearlessly over the dizzy chasm, and then ascending above your head, penetrates the empyrean, beyond the reach of sight. Above and below this ledge, upon a zigzag track running along the edge of the precipice, you often perceive strings of Ilamas and alpacas, heavily laden, and led or driven by aboriginal Indians, with red skins and shrunken figures.

In breaks and recesses of the rock you notice, as you pursue your upward way, ancient idols of the Peruvians reposing beneath neatly-carved stone canopies, or pretty chapels to Our Lady of Cuzco, who has found worshipers in these solitudes, which remind the traveler of those mountainous regions of Asia, where the Madonna became a mother. One of the most marvelous phenomena connected with the Andes is witnessed in Peru, the heat on whose low plains would be insufferable but for a dense canopy of clouds, of seven thousand feet in depth. Through | which, like the awning of a mighty

Roman theater, extends all day, from the Cordillera to the Pacific, completely intercepting the rays of the sun, and rendering the air beneath it cool and pleasant. But for this extraordinary contrivance of nature, Lima and its vicinity would be altogether uninhabitable. As might have been expected, the strangest climatial contrasts are found in the Cordillera and its valleys, where, in the course of seven or eight hours, you may pass from districts scorched by trophical heat, through meadows sprinkled with vernal flowers, through orchards laden with autumnal fruit, to eminences enveloped in all the rigors of a Lapland winter. In performing this short journey, the traveler often experiences very strange and painful sensations, among which are those of the mountain malady, which in all its symptoms is identical with sea-sickness, the patient being completely prostrated, and undergoing all the pains and disturbances of the stomach which the unaccustomed voyager feels. Great rivers generally imply great mountains, towards their sources. Thus, the Indus and the Brahmaputra take their rise from springs in the vast elevated table-land of Central Asia, lying north of the Kailas mountains; the Ganges rushes down from the southern face of the Himalaya; the Nile conceals its head amid the sinuosities of the backbone of Africa; while the Rio de la Plata, the Orinoco, and the Orolona, or River of the Amazons, owe their birth to the Cor dillera of the Andes, whence their course to the sca measures between three and four thousand miles.

If a balloon could be made to pass over this prodigious chain, so as to enable the aërial voyager to study and note down the peculiarities of the outspread scene beneath, we may safely maintain that nothing more marvelous could be presented to the imagination. In glens and rocky chalices the Andes hold up their pure and perennial waters to the heavens in diminutive tarns, tanks, and lakes, which, overflowing and splashing incessantly over crags and glaciers, unite as they flow into brooks, streamlets, and rivers, overshadowed by colossal vegetation, leaping in wild cataracts down precipices of unmeasured hight, and then rolling forth through hollows into the open plain, where they irrigate and fertilize to rankness the face of a whole continent. Here where the cradles of those | flight of the condor, which may truly be-

strange empires, Mexico and Peru, which, blighted in their budding civilization, but embalmed in golden memories, still rank among the most extraordinary historical enigmas on record. Here fierce and sauguinary warriors from the Old World achieved deeds of heroism, and perpetrated crimes of unparalleled atrocity; and here the remnants of races, which neither physiologists nor philosophers comprehend, are still supposed to preserve, locked up in their breasts, traditions of the mighty nations from which they are descended.

Nothing can be more singular than the. ethnological distribution of these fragments of races over the eastern and western slopes of the Cordillera, for the most part enslaved, but in some few cases independent, especially in those primeval forests which back and flank the empire of Brazil, and clothe the acclivities of the Andes with trees of gigantic growth. In these wildernesses roam the puma and the jaguar, the wild llama and the alpaca, and the huge and fiery bison, which, in other parts of the continent, congregated in armies of thousands, charges, so to speak, through the passes of the Codillera, on its way from the levels of one ocean to the other, while man, in migra-

tory hordes, follows in its track.

Very remarkable phenomena have been noticed in connection with the Andes. On Fremont's Peak, the highest pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, the American travelers found a swarm of bees, while butterflies have been seen on the Andes of Peru considerably above the line of eternal snow. To account for these facts, naturalists imagine the insects to have been borne involuntarily to those hights by ascending currents of air, but such mechanical theories, instead of explaining the irregularities of nature, merely check investigation for the moment, but are soon found to be unsatisfactory by the mind. It is more philosophical to assume that both bees and butterflies were tempted by some sensations of pleasure to forsake the common level of the globe, and sport beyond the ordinary resorts of man. Perhaps, also, the glittering surface of the Pacific allured those frail insects which fell upon the deck of the ship in which the Prussian philosopher sailed from America.

Already we have alluded to the lofty

said to constitute the great living wonder of the Cordillera. For reasons hitherto undiscovered, this immense and powerful bird is never found beyond the equator toward the north, though southwards it extends its empire through clouds and storms to the Strait of Magellan. exact estimate can be formed of the hight to which the condor ascends into the air, but it unquestionably floats aloft far beyond the highest projections of the globe, where, according to generally received opinions, the act of breathing is impossible, at least to man. But such ideas are gradually giving way before the light of experience. Men have ascended in balloons full six miles above the level of the sea, and, when strong and robust, found their lungs very little affected. Again, in mountainous regions, English travelers have attained to elevations at which the air was previously supposed to be too subtile for respiration. We must, therefore, attribute to other causes the painful sensations felt by explorers in the Andes. At whatever conclusion we may arrive on this point with respect to man, it is certain that the condor finds it practicable to breathe miles above the apex of Chimborazo, since, to a keen-sighted observer, looking upwards from the level of perpetual snow, it has soared into the ether, till, after looking for a while like a dark speck, it has disappeared and been lost altogether in the blue of the firmament. If the condor could write, what glowing and brillant descriptions might it not give of the landscapes spread out before it at such moments when the diameter of its horizon must have exceeded a thousand miles! How long it remains thus buried in the heavens must depend partly on its strength of wing, partly on its power of abstinence, which is so great that it is said, in captivity, to live forty days without food, though in a state of liberty its voraciousness is believed to exceed that of all other animals, not excepting even the vulture. In point of taste, also, it is anything but choice, preferring to fresh meat such carrion as is found to be in a state of extreme decomposition. Throughout the South-American states, from the equator to the utmost limits of Chili, the husbandmen carry on an internecine war with this bird, which preys eagerly on their flocks and their children, and is mercilessly shot or knocked on the head whenever an opportunity offers.

Were it not, however, for its greediness, the condor would seldom become the farmer's prey. It might pounce upon a young vicuna or llama, it might carry off a lamb or baby to its inaccessible eyrie in the Cordillera, without affording the marksman the chance of a shot, so swift is its wing, so sudden and instantaneous its sweep. But thoroughly enslaved by its appetite, it becomes, when there is a feast before it, less alive to consequences than an alderman. Scarcely looking to the right hand or the left, it tears and gorges as long as there is a square quarter of an inch in its stomach unfilled; and when it has dined, it is so heavy that it is utterly unable to mount till it has taken a pretty long run to gather air into its wings. Aware of its stupendous gluttony, the farmers kill an ox and surround the carcase with a small enclosure of lofty palisades. The condors soon scent the bait, and descend in flights into the trap, where they tug, and scream, and swallow, till they are judged to be in a state ripe for death or slavery. Having no space for their preliminary run, they cannot rise from between the palisades, and so they are either brained with clubs or caught by the lasso, and retained in captivity, though for what purpose is not stated, unless it be to afford their captors the pleasure of beholding them gaze at the peaks of the Cordillera in An anecdote is told of a farmer in vain. Peru, who paid a heavy penalty for his cruelty to the condor. The bird, having his wings clipped, remained sullenly about the house, now and then devouring a lamb Gradually the old feathers or a kid. moulted, and new ones came and grew, till the condor felt his strength return to him; and seizing upon a young child, the favorite of his father, swept round the farm-yard, and spreading forth its vast wings, spurned the ground, and soared aloft with its victim in sight of the whole family.

Properly speaking, the gaps or quebradas are not valleys, but deep clefts in the mountains or table-lands made by streams, which, eating away the rock where it is softest, make themselves a serpentine channel, and at first cover the whole bed from cliff to cliff. In some cases, the common road to the villages of the Upper Andes lies through these quebradas, whose bottom is completely covered with water. In other instances, the perpendicular sides of the gap beaten upon by rain-storms,

cracked and split by frost, or crumbled away by the sun's rays, present to the eye a mere sloping surface, occasionally covered with vegetation. In the course of ages, the torrents, running now on one side, now on the other, eat away the rocks, and widen the bottom of the quebrada, in which trees and plants soon spring up, fringe the banks of the streams, and by rendering them firm with their intertwisted roots, confine the waters to a fixed channel. Man then steps in to profit by the arrangements of nature, and lays out these warm and lovely valleys in gardens, orchards, vineyards, and cornfields; builds villages, spans the rivulets with bridges, and imparts to the whole scene an air of cultivation and beauty. At the distance of a few leagues up the mountains, nothing will grow but potatoes—even oats refusing to bear grain; while at the bottom of these gaps, not only do barley and wheat arrive at perfection, but even maize, which requires much greater warmth than wheat. In ascending from the vast plains or pampas which extend from the borders of the Atlantic to the Andes, you observe extraordinary changes in the character of the natural vegetation; trees of great elevation and immense bulk clothe the lower terraces, and are closely laced together by a net-work of creeping plants, which throw their flexible arms from bough to bough, and being covered with flowers of every variety of tint, impart to the woods the aspect of one huge garland, belting round the foot of the mountain. Gradually, as greater elevations are attained, the palms, the cedars, the oaks, and the other trees exhibit less gigantic dimensions, and diminishing perpetually in proportion to the greater altitude in which they are found, dwindle in the neighborhood of everlasting snow, to stunted bushes, which, in the hottest season of the year, only put forth a few half-withered leaves. Mosses, lichens, and a few hardy creeping plants, may be said to carry on the flag of vegetation a little further into the enemy's country; but at length the intense cold puts a stop to all growth, and there remains nothing but bare rock, which like an eternal framework, supports the snowy mantle of the Cordillera, and here and there throws up its sinuous folds into the azure empyrean.

The opinion, it is well known, prevails, by the locusts in Western Asia. This ant that these enormous ridges, which are believed to attain, in some cases, the hight of species, and exists in swarms so pro-

twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea, are filled internally with costly metals and minerals — gold, silver, copper — which, sending forth exhalations through the overlying crust, affect and deteriorate the atmosphere. This may in part be inferred from the state in which we find the waters of the great lake of Titicaca in the province of Cuzco, which are brackish and bitter, like those of Lake Mæris in Africa. The prodigious masses, however, of metalliferous rocks, which appear to compose so large a portion of the Cordillera, will then only be worked when the institutions of the subjacent countries shall have given a proper development to civilization. At present, nature's mighty laboratory carries on its operations in vain, though, if properly turned to account, it might be found sufficiently extensive and prolific to flood the whole world with Already it has been discovered that nearly all the extremities and spurs of the chain abound with the precious metals, and in some parts with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that the imagination is fully justified in representing to itself exhaustless veins of gold and silver, endless nests of jewels, laid up under the eternal snows, to stimulate and reward the industry of future generations.

On many of the declivities of the Andes, forests are found so extensive that it takes a hardy and active traveler twelve or fifteen days to traverse them, and so destitute of inhabitants, that during all that time he perceives not a single hut or trace of human habitation. The track narrows in parts to the breadth of a single foot, and runs sometimes between perpendicular rocks, sometimes between matted and gigantic trees, at the foot of which the jaguar makes his lair, and serpents of prodigious length and thickness coil and swelter in the moist and poisonous heat. Nature left to herself, runs riot in deformity, producing multitudes of loathsome reptiles, alligators, tortoises, huge and bloated toads, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and every kind of disgusting and repulsive insect. Among the various forms of life with which these noisome wildernesses are peopled, none is more remarkable than the voracious traveling ant, which reproduces on the American continent the startling phenomena displayed by the locusts in Western Asia. This ant is considerably larger than the common

digious, that if it had been emboldened by nature to attack man, the whole of the countries in which it appears would have been uninhabitable. But it withholds its devastating force from the lords of creation, and precipitates itself in countless myriads upon the whole reptile world, upon serpents the most venomous, as the corales, the cascabeles, or serpents with two heads, the fejuquillos and others, and very soon leaves nothing on the earth but their blanched bones. Asiatic travelers on the great plains extending from those of Decapolis to Palmyra, have witnessed, with amazement and terror, the breaking in of the locusts from the desert. Advancing before the south wind in dense clouds, they blacken the whole earth, and unlike the American ants, spare neither man nor beast. Before them, in the language of the Arabs, the earth is green and lovely as paradise; behind them it is a howling wilderness, a skeleton stript of its integuments, bare and blanching in the sun. The hum they make is like that of a mighty army foraging at night. lock together their shield-like wings, they swim the rivers, they devour the grass of the field, they climb the trees of the forest, and leave behind them nothing but the naked trunk and boughs; they enter towns and cities, and clear them of every thing eatable or living they contain. Nothing arrests their progress but fire, and therefore when their approach is discovered from a distance, a terrible conflagration is opposed to their advance—a column of flame runs suddenly along the frontier, and fed by green wood and plants, diffuses so acrid a smoke, that even the locusts shrink from encountering it, and turn back towards the desert.

upon by the inhabitants rather as allies and friends than as enemies. Naturalists tiles and vermin for several months, till persuade themselves that these little war- heat and moisture once more quicken into riors discover by the smell those parts of life the seeds of the venomous creation.

the continent in which venomous reptiles most abound, and pursue their march in that direction. No pains appear to have been bestowed upon the discovery of their breeding-places, which therefore, like those of the Arabian locusts, remain still to be explored. However, when they put their stupenduous columns in motion, the noise they make climbing trees, and passing over dried grass and withered leaves, is so great that it gives timely warning to the natives to escape from their houses. The serpents, scorpions, lizards, toads, likewise take the alarm, and endeavor to flee; but in vain, for the ants are nimble in their motions, and infallibly overtake them, whether they ascend into the loftiest trees, or dive for safety into the deepest cavities of rocks. No retreat suffices for their protection, no efforts or writhings of the huge serpents dismay the ants, which, falling upon their prey in millions, devour them alive. No sight can be more shocking than that of a vast cascabello enveloped by a cloud of ants; it rears its double head, it froths forth venom from its mouth, it lashes the ground, it glares fiercely with its blood-red eyes, it rears in agonizing undulations, it crushes the foe by myriads, but to no purpose; they dart into its open mouth, into its eyes; they sever its skin with their sharp teeth, and eat while it tosses and flounders about, till exhausted and subdued, it lies palpitating upon the earth, to have its bones picked clean in parts even before life is extinct.

When the ant enters a house, which it does in search of vermin, it penetrates into every crevice and corner, and only leaves it when it has been made much cleaner than by the broom of the most active housemaid. After the passage of In South America, the ants are looked these swarms, which the natives call chacos, the inhabitants are free from repFrom the London Times.

SOURCES OF THE NILE DISCOVERED.

" THE NILE IS SETTLED"—SPEKE AND GRANT'S DISCOVERIES—THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF AFRICA—A SU-PERIOR NEGRO BACE DISCOVERED-ONE NATION WITH THE SPRIGHTLINESS. DRESS, AND HOUSES OF THE FRENCH IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA-SUDDEN TRANSITION OF THE DIALECTS OF THE SOUTH AND THE NORTH-TRIBES LIVING IN ABSOLUTE NUDITY-NEW DY-NASTIES NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF-KINGS WITH FOUR THOUSAND WIVES-PTOLEMY'S MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON A MYTH-THE REGULAR PERIODICITY OF THE RISE OF THE NILE EXPLAINED - MOUNTAINS UNDER THE EQUATOR CAPPED WITH SNOW.

yesterday at Burlington House. Sir Rodcrick Murchison, the President of the society, was in the chair, and there was a numerous audience present, among whom were the Count de Paris, Lord Colchester, Mr. S. H. Walpole, M. P., Admiral Hall, Sir G. Back, Mr. Grant Duff, P. M., Admiral Bowles, Lady Franklin, Lady Young, Mr. Landsborough (the Australian explorer,) Mr. Kerr Lynch, and many other Fellows of the Society.

The President delivered the annual address. After touching upon the losses which the science of geography had sustained during the past year, Sir Roderick proceeded to give an admirable summary of the geographical discoveries and explorations carried on in different parts of the world during the past year. The portion of the address which was listened to with most attention was the narrative of the recent discovery of the sources of the Nile by Captain Speke and Captain Grant, compiled from their journals just received, and, as the solution of this great problem of geography has excited such universal interest, we give it in full. A large map of the regions explored, drawn from the maps sent home by the travelers, was displayed in the room, by the aid of which the audience were able to follow out the route taken by them in their progress on the expedition which has been crowned with such signal success. few weeks only," says Sir Roderick, "have elapsed since our hearts were oppressed with the apprehensions respecting the Eastern Africa expedition under

THE annual general meeting of the Speke and Grant, and by the rumored Royal Geographical Society was held | death of Consul Petherick, who was enroute to meet and aid those travelers. could then scarcely venture to think of touching upon African exploration in my approaching anniversary address, so great were my fears respecting the enterprise to which, as geographers, we attached so much importance. Our last accounts from Speke and Grant made known to us their position at Kazeh, far to the south of the lake Victoria Nyanza, on the 30th of September, 1861. They had then, after great delays, just emerged from tribes at variance with each other, and had been described by many of their porters; while to complete our depression, a telegram from Alexandria announced that Petherick, after the loss of his stores, had perished in passing to the west of the White Nile. What then was our joy when, after a long and painful interval of suspense, a first telegram from Alexandria gave us the glorious news that Speke and party had reached Khartum; while a second, speedily following, conveyed from Speke to myself the pithy words, "The Nile is settled!" Then came the cheering intelligence that Petherick was not only alive, but had actually joined Speke and Grant at Gondokoro on the 20th of February last—(cheers,) and, lastly, we have since been furnished with the journal of the travelers, and a map of the region they explored, illustrated by the determination of many points of latitude and longitude in regions hitherto quite unknown. Whatever might be our recent forebodings respecting the success of the explorers from the east and south, who

had met with obstacles unknown Burton and Speke in their former traverse of that central region, I never gave up the hope that, like many a previous African traveler supposed to be dead, Consul Petherick would be restored to life. Owing, however, to his disasters on the White Nile, and the loss of his stores, our envoy, Mr. Petherick—who had been liberally supplied with money by us with a view to succor Speke and Grant when they were endeavoring to get through a tract where we apprehended that their greatest difficulties would occur—could afford them no important assistance when he joined them at Gondokoro. This is the place, as you will recollect, to beyond which the Dutch ladies reached in their steamer, and had our travelers arrived there some weeks earlier they would, doubtless, have not only been well cared for by these adventurous ladies, but would have been so rapidly carried down by steam to Khartum that long before now we should have had them among us. Real and substantial succor had, however, before Petherick's arrival from his ivory station been brought to the expedition by that gallant, devoted and enterprising explorer, Mr. Samuel Baker, who, having heard of Petherick's disasters, had fitted out at his own cost a separate expedition, in which he was determined, if he could not relieve our explorers, at all events to try to follow the White Nile to its real sources. Mr. Baker—distinguished formerly by his exploits in Ceylon, and in the preceding season by his researches in the districts north of Abyssinia and by defining the position and peculiar hydrographical conditions of several affluents of the river Atbara, previously quite misapprehended by geographers—had made up his mind to pass the equator in his southward search after the missing travelers. Pursuing his rout to Gondokoro, he was the first to meet the long absent parties, and to supply them with money, provisions and boats. The cordial thanks of our council have naturally been voted to Mr. Samuel Baker for his noble conduct— (cheers,) and, as he has now gone off to the southwest in the hope of tracing the extent of the lake on the west, laid down by Speke in his map as the Luta Nzigi, intending to devote a year to this enterprise, we may confidently hope for a satisfactory solution of this collateral question as to a great feeder of the White Nile in | Uganda, and of such other native poten-

a higher latitude. Let it also be recollected that Mr. Baker is not merely a daring explorer, a good naturalist, and a first-rate sportsman, but is also a good geographer, having already made, as I learn from a letter addressed to his friend Admiral Murray, numerous astronomical observations to fix the positions of rivers and places. But whatever may be in store as to discoveries, let us, in the meantime, dwell with delight on the grand achievement of Speke and Grant, who, by traversing a region never previously approached by any civilized person, have solved the problem of ages, and have determined that the great fresh water lake Victoria Nyanza, whose southern watershed extends to nearly four degrees south of the equator, is the reservoir from which the sacred Bahred Abiad, or White Nile, mainly descends to Gondokoro, and thence by Khartum into Egypt. In tracing the outline of Speke's recent discoveries, I may shortly recapitulate the nature of the problem that was presented to him when he started on the expedition. His previous journey (at right angles to the route jointly traveled by Burton and himself to the Tanganika lake, and undertaken while Burton lay sick at Kazeh) led him into a land where the waters flowed northward, and finely to the shore of a fresh water sea called the Nyanza, of great reputed extent. The lake was bounded to the right by the country of the warlike Masai race, through which no traveler can now make way, and to the left, but at some distance north of where Speke then was, by an important kingdom called Uganda. Speke's furthest point lay, by astronomical observations, about four hundred and eighty geographical miles south of Gondokoro, the uppermost well known point on the White Nile, through the exploration of occasional travelers and ivory dealers, as Peney, De Bono and Miani, had reduced the distance between the nearest points then known to white men to four hundred miles. The assertions of traveled Arabs convinced Speke that the outlet of the lake lay far away in the north, and that it gave birth to the parent stream of the White Nile. His present journey was made to ascertain the truth of this previous information. Speke's main difficulty was presumed to lie in obtaining the good will of the powerful chief of

tates as might otherwise block his way; but no great trouble was anticipated in reaching the lake district a second time. Our travelers started from the East African coast on the 1st of October, 1860; but the commencement of their journey was most inauspicious. Eastern Africa was parched with drought, and its tribes were mostly at war, partly owing to the disputed successions to chieftainships, and partly in consequence of famine. The result was that they only reached Kazeh after great delays and anxiety, and consequent illness. The next intelligence was dated September 30, 1861, near Kazeh, and told a more cheering tale. The travelers were again on the advance, with a sufficient attendance of porters and interpreters, and were hopeful of success. More than a year then ensued without a particle of news, when the joyful information before alluded to reached England by telegram. There is a short break in our knowledge of their proceedings in the meantime, for Speke sent a quire of papers from Zanzibar which never reached the society. The lost reports contain consecutive narrative of the principal part of his journey between Kazeh and Gondokoro. They commence on January 1, 1862, and date from his departure from the capital of the kingdom called Karagwe, that abuts by one of its corners against the west shore of Nyanza, at its southern end. Here he seems to have made a most favorable impression on the intelligent King, who gave him a much needed introduction for his onward journey, franked his expenses and forwarded him with urgent and friendly recommendations to the powerful King of Uganda. Its banks are intersected at frequent inter-Karagwe is a portion of a peculiarly inter- vals by what he calls "rush drains," apesting district. It occupies a shoulder of the eastern watershed of a territory 200 miles broad, and some 6000 feet above the sea level, that is studded with detached conical hills, one at least of which attains the hight of 10,000 feet—the Montes Lunæ of Burton and Speke. Two sources of the Nile rise in this territory—namely, the chief feeder of the Nyanza lake, and that of another lake, the Luta Nzige; so also does the source of the Shire of Livingstone, if we may believe the reports now brought to us by Speke. It seems at longth that the Tanganika lake is empticd, and not supplied, by a river at its southern end, and that this effluent feeds the Niassa lake, and through it, of course, the Shire. I tain Speke never saw it, but pictures it on

The northern feeder of the Tanganika takes its rise in the land of which we have been speaking. It is evident, from a part of the present reports, that the missing papers would have enlarged on the fact that in Karagwe Speke found himself in contact with a superior negro race, strongly and favorably contrasting with the tribes he had previously seen, and, with the exception of Uganda, whither Speke now went, is inhabited by a similar race. Their country lies along the Nyanza, and occupies a full half of both its western and its northern shores. parent stream of the Nile bounds Uganda on the east, as it issues from the middle of the northern boundary of the lake with a current one hundred and fifty yards in width, leaping over a fall of twelve feet in height. The Nyanza has numerous other outlets from the same shore, which all converge upon the Nile and feed it at various points of its course extending to a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the lake. Speke describes the people of Uganda as "the French" of these parts, from their sprightliness and good taste in behavior, dress and houses. Their ruler is absolute in his power; fortunately he showed great kindness and even affection for Speke. He knew well of the navigation of the White Nile by whites, and had occasionally received their bartered goods. He was exceedingly anxious for the estabment of a trading route to Gondokoro, but northern tribes blocked the way. Speke here found the north shore of the Nyanza to be almost coïncident with the equator. He conceives the lake to have formerly extended further than at present. parently small half-stagnant water courses, which drain that portion of the adjacent land, he believes to have been formerly flooded by the lake. The present size of the Nyanza is considerable; it is about one hundred and fifty miles in length and in breadth, but it appears to have no great depth. Speke further learnt that other lakes have a share in feeding the Nile. One of them lies immediately to the east, and is probably connected with Nyanza. It supplies the Asaa river, which runs into the Nile just above Gondokoro. other is the Luta Nzige, to which we have already alluded, and which Mr. Baker is now engaged in examining. Cap-

his map as being annexed to the Nile, which enters it, after making a great bend at the easternmost part of its northern shoulder, and reissues at the westernmost part of the same. This lake is one hundred and twenty miles northwest of the Nyanza. Speke was hospitably delayed five months as a sort of State prisoner at Uganda, for his movements were narrowly constrained; thence he was passed on to the next kingdom—that of Ungoro—still inhabited by the same peculiar Wahuma race, but by a far less advanced portion of them. North of Ungoro the South African family of languages, which had been universal thus far, suddenly ceased to be used, and the northern dialects took its place. Hitherto Speke had had no trouble about interpreters, for one single language was understood more or less by persons in every kingdom he passed through. Henceforth he could not get on in the least without Ungoro interpreters. The people, too, were far more barbarous. He then first saw people who lived in absolute nudity at Ungoro. There they adopted a scanty dress, out of deference to the customs of the place where they were strangers. Speke's troubles and the procrastination of the King Kaunasi, when he was getting to the end of his journey, were most annoying, the barbarian endeavoring to take from him his only remaining chronometer. He succeeded, however, in seeing the Nile for two degrees of latitude north of the great lake, or to latitude two degrees north. There the river makes its great bend to the west to pass through the Luta Nzige lake, and Speke was obliged to travel along the chord of the bend, a distance of seventy miles. He again struck the river at De Bono's ivory station, in latitude three degrees forty-five minutes, a few marches south of Gondokoro. There is an unexplained difference of level of 1000 feet in the river before and after the bend. and in this interval highly inclined rapids or falls must occur. A large body of Turks (ivory traders) were the only occupants of the station when Speke arrived, and they welcomed him cordially. After some days the camp broke up and marched to Gondokoro, Speke accompanying them. They compelled the Bari natives to contribute porters, and I am sorry to add that the narrative fully confirms the universal accounts of the inhuman treatment of the natives by these Turkish traders. Our

of February, and there met Mr. Baker. In his retrospect of the more civilized countries he had visited, or the three kingdoms of Karagwe, Uganda and Ungoro, Speke unhesitatingly gives the preference to the first named, inasmuch as the King Rumanika is described as a person of character and intelligence, Mtesa, the Sovereign of Uganda, being an amiable youth, surrounded by his wives and delighting in field sports, while one of the rules of his court seems to require the execution of one man per diem for the good of the state. The northernmost of these three kings, to the north of whose dominions the language changes entirely, is described as a morose, suspicious, churlish creature, yclept Kamrasi, whose chief occupation was the fattening of his wives and children till they could not stand, and in the practicing of witchcraft. Our travelers spent a whole year in getting through these three kingdoms, in no one of which had a white man ever been seen before, nor would our friends, in all probability, ever have escaped from their clutches had they not supplied their majesties with numerous presents, and that the kings had not eagerly desired to open a traffic with the whites. The question of the sources of the Nile has occupied geographers and travelers from the remotest periods of history; and when we come down to the period of the Romans, we learn from Seneca that Nero sent up two centurions to settle the question, but they returned without accomplishing what our two countrymen have effected. Lucan, indeed, in his Pharsalia makes Julius Cæsar speak thus at the feast of Cleopatra:

Sed cum tanta meo vivat sub pectore virtus Tantus amor veri nihil est quod noscere malim Quam Fluvii caussas per secula tanta latentes Ignotumque caput; spes est mihi certa videndi Niliacos fontes; Bellum civile relinquam.

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traversed Southern Africa. (Loud cheers.) Let us hope that Speke and Grant may reach these shores before the last day of meeting, on the 8th of June; but should this not occur, the council of the society have already authorized me to call a special meeting, in order that we may gratify the public, and do honor to ourselves, by having their precious discoveries communicated to the society by the authors in person. (Cheers.) In the meantime it is highly gratifying to know that our authorities at home have been prompt in offering to these distinguished men every requisite succor. Earl Russell, with the same alacrity as when he assisted Lieutenant (now Captain) Pim to traverse Siberia in search of Franklin, has transmitted a sum of money in aid to Alexandria. The Oriental and Peninsular Company have liberally granted a free passage to Aden or Bombay to the twenty-three black attendants of the explorers; for without such assistance the poor creatures could never have reached their homes near Zanzibar. Again, the Secretary and Council of India have, at our request, at once extended the leaves and pay of Captain Speke and Grant to the 1st of July, 1864, in order to free them from embarrassment, and enable them to publish full accounts of their researches. communicating this circumstance, and in authorizing me to send the news by telegram to Alexandria, our associate, Mr. Marivale, thus writes: "I wish the telegraph could also conveniently carry the expression of our Indian satisfaction at the great achievement which these officers have performed, and our pride that we, the Indian service, have beaten Julius Cæsar." (Cheers.) I may here state, that the telegram I sent to Alexandria on Thursday was answered on Saturday by Mr. Saunders, her Majesty's Consul at Alexandria, in these pithy words: "Speke and Grant reached Thebes and Kinch. Telegram of leaves just received here." As therefore our travelers are now far below the cataracts, and in steamers of the Viceroy, we may very soon welcome them at home. When the full narrative of this expedition is laid before the society, you will then have before you a most graphic and in parts an amusing account of the customs and habits of various people of whom we never heard before, and the character and powers of kings, to traverse whose dominions re- some fix from which he might have re-

quired such a continual exertion of tact, vigilance and resolution as have proved the leader of the expedition to be as good a diplomatist as he is a gallant soldier. Looking at Speke only as a practical geographer, we of this society owe deep obligations to him. For he has determined by astronomical observations the latitude and longitude of all the important sites which he visited; and, in transmitting these to us, accompanied by a variety of meteorological data, has expressed a wish that these should, if possible, be calculated and compared by competent authorities before he reaches England, and before his map was published. On this point I am happy to say that Mr. Airey, the Astronomer Royal, has, with his wellknown love of our science, undertaken the important task. When delayed in the interior Captain Speke occupied his leisure hours by writing a history of the Wahuma, otherwise Gallas or Abyssinians, particularly in reference to the portion of that nation that crossed the Nile, and founded the large kingdom Killaja, which is bounded on the south by the Lake Victoria Nyanza and the river Kitanguie Kagera, on the east by the Nile, and on the north by the small river lake Luta Nzige, and on the west by the kingdoms of Utumbi and Wkole. These names, as well as the kingdoms of Karagwe, Ugunda and Ungoro, were only made known to geographers in Speke's first journey; while no historian has heretofore heard of the dynasties which Speke enumerates, among whose kings we read of Ware the Seventh and Rohinda the Sixth; one of the descendants of these sovereigns now possessing from three thousand to four thousand wives. Not wishing, however, to do more on this occasion than increase your desire to listen to this narrative at a future meeting, I must be permitted to read the very words of Speke, when at the end of the long pilgrimage of himself and companions, he fell in at Gondokoro, on the 15th of February last, with Mr. Samuel Baker, who was traveling onward to assist him. "The meeting," says he, "of two old friends suddenly approaching one another from the opposite hemispheres, without the slightest warning, can be better understood than described; we were intoxicated with joy, though my good friend had inwardly hoped till now to find us in

lieved us. Baker had one dahabiyek and | higher mountains near the coast. two smaller vessels, stored with corn, which he at once placed at our disposal. He also lent me money to pay the way to Cairo, and finally supplied our dahabiyek with every little delicacy for our comfort. He was our savior, if not in the interior, at any rate on the Nile." Nor can I here omit to notice the paragraph in Speke's first letter to myself, in which he says, 'I may safely say I never felt so rejoiced as when Petherick delivered to me your letter announcing to me that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded to me the Founder's medal. The determination of the reservoir from which the Nile flows will enable us to speculate with more accuracy than before on the regular periodicity of the rise of this stream in Egypt, and which is now generally attributed, not to the melting of the snows of the higher chain, but, in far the greater part, to the fall of the equatorial rains on the interior spongy upper basins, which, when supersaturated. must fill to overflowing the lakes into which the waters pass, the periodicity being determined by the passage of the sun over the equator. And here I cannot but observe that if there remain any person in the old fashioned erroneous belief that the interior of Africa is a mountainous sandy desert, from which the sources of the Nile are derived, the discoveries of Burton and Speke and Grant have as completely dispelled the illusion as respects the equatorial latitudes as the journey of Livingstone put an end to a similar false hypothesis in the south of this great continent. Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true center of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of thence into the Nyassa of Livingstone, as

this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of 3500 feet above the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a Southern watershed, and can not escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the lake Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade. The uppermost of these cascades, and close to the lake, has been named after my predecessor, Ripon Falls. Thenceforward, the White Nile, fed by other affluents as it flows to the south, has a descent of 2400 feet, when it reaches Khartum, which is 1100 feet above the sea. The general course of the Nile, from south to north, and its peculiarity as a stream, in having no affluent between the Atbara river and the sea, a distance of 1700 miles, has been illustrated by Sir Henry Holland. The phenomenon of its being confined to this northward course is due to the fact that the flanking higher grounds, ranging from south to north, do not afford, as in Southern Africa, lateral valleys which lead to the sea. The other generalizations which have been established by Speke and Grant, independently of the true source of the White Nile, are: 1. That the hypothetical chain of mountains which have been called the Mountains of the Moon, and which Ptolemy spoke of as traversing the equatorial regions of Africa from east to west, have no such range as theoretically inferred by Dr. Beke. According to our travelers, they are simply a separate interior cluster of hills, from which some small feeders of the lake Victoria Nyanza proceed. In fact, the "Montes Lunæ" of Burton and Speke occupy the higher part of the central watershed between North and South Africa. Now, as they supply the Victoria Nyanza, and, consequently, the Nile, with some water, they may possibly send contributions to the Congo, in the west, while to the south there seems now little doubt that their waters flowed into the lake Tanganyika of Burton and Speke, and

had been, indeed, inferred, on what seems to me very sound reasons, by Mr. Francis Gallon. 2. That the inhabitants of the kingdoms of Karagwe and Uganda, in the central and equatorial parts of Africa, are much more civilized and advanced than the people who live to the north, on the banks of the Nile, between the lake Victoria Nyanza and Gondokoro, the latter being for the most part those naked barbarians, probably the anthropophagi of Herodotus, who have doubtless been the real impediments during all ages to explorations up the stream, or from north to south. 3. We learn than an acquaintance with the language of the natives on the east coast enabled the travelers to hold converse with many individuals in all the tribes and nations they passed through until they reached the above mentioned northern barbarians, whose language is quite distinct from any dialect of Southern Africa. 4. From the notes of Speke on the geological structure of the countries he passed through I infer there is no hope of any portion of those regions proving to be auriferous. I direct attention to this fact, since an erroneous notion has crept into the public mind, derived probably from the possibly goldbearing character of some mountains extending southwards from Abyssinia, that a gold region existed near the sources of the Nile. In this address I cannot pretend to do justice to the many writers from the early days of Herodotus to the later period of Ptolemy, as well as to those modern authors who, referring to those ancient works, or obtaining information from natives, have assigned the origin of the Nile to lakes in the interior of Africa. In the fifteenth volume of our journal Mr. Cooley collated with ability all the knowledge to be obtained on this subject when he wrote (1845.) He speaks of two vast lakes—one three hundred leagues long; but their size and positions were very indefinitely assigned. Again, in the library of the Propaganda Fede, in Rome, there is an old missionary (?) map of Africa of the sixteenth century, in which two lakes are marked as being pedition to the Zanzibar coast, of which the sources of the Nile, and as lying south Dr. Bialoblotzky was to be the leader. of the equator. Our attention was called 'As great prejudices then existed against to this old map by my friend General J. these suggestions, though I warmly envon Catignola, who took a small copy of couraged them in an anniversary address, it, and which is placed in the records on account of the supposed inevitable of our society. Dr. Beke, in addition to loss of life to any European who should his actual discoveries in Abyssinia, for sojourn there, the more we have to thank which he obtained our gold medals, has those of our associates who advocated a

in our time, and from an original point of view, theoretically anticipated that the sources of the White Nile would be found near to where they are now fixed. But all the speculations of geographers as to the source of the Nile remained to be confirmed or set aside by actual observation. As to the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy it is still open to us to doubt whether that geographer had any sound basis for his statement; for, amid the mountains of tropical Africa, we may hesitate to apply that designation, with Burton and Speke to their central group north of Lake Tanganyika; or on the other hand, to agree with Dr. Beke in considering as such a north and south chain on the cast, which, as he supposes, unites the lofty mountains of Kilimandjaro and Knenia with Abyssinia. Even these two views need not exhaust this prolific subject of theory, while they may serve geographers a good turn as useful stimula to future explorers. In dwelling on the fact that all efforts to ascend the Nile to its source have failed, I must do justice to those geographers who have shown the way as to the desirableness of exploring the interior of Africa from the coast near Zanzibar and Mombas. First, we have to bear in mind the efforts of those enterprising German missionaries, Krapf, and Refinan, who, advancing from Mombas to the foot of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, announced the startling phenomenon -(Erhardt sustaining it with a rough sketch map) that these very lofty mountains, though under the equator, were capped by snow. The truth of this observation has since been completely realized by the actual surveys of Baron von der Decken and Mr. Richard Thornton, as well as by subsequent ascents by the former to the hight of thirteen thousand feet. Next, our associate Colonel Sykes earnestly advocated the operating from Zanzibar as an excellent base for all geographical researchers in the adjacent continent. further state that as early I must as 1848, Dr. Beke projected an exline of research which has led first to the expedition of Burton and Speke, and eventually to the discovery of the source of the true White Nile. I may also say, with some pride, that from first to last the council of this society has vigorously sustained East African expeditions, whether in southern or northern latitudes, and I am well entitled to say that in the absence of our persistant representations to her Majesty's government, for whose support and countenance we are indeed deeply grateful, the discoveries of Livingstone, and of Burton and Speke, and the great recent discovery of Speke and Grant, which now occupies our thoughts, would not have been brought about in our day. (Cheers.)

In the remainder of his address the President referred to the explorations of Dr. Livingstone in Southern Africa, of Dr. Henshin in Abyssinia, of Von Beurmann in the neighborhood of Lake Tchad, and to the ascent of Kilimandjaro by Baron von der Decken, and to the departure of M. Jules Gerard and M. du Chaillu on new expeditions. In describing the recent explorations in Australia, Sir Roderick spoke in high terms of the valuable labors of Landsborough, McKinlay and Walker, who had dissipated the delusion that the interior of the continent was an arid waste, and had demonstrated that tropical Australia is admirably fitted for colonization by Europeans.

From Chambers's Journal.

AGAINST POSSESSING TWO TONGUES.

Upon a certain great occasion of international amity, whereon many speeches were delivered by Englishmen in what they imagined to be the language of their alien auditors, Mr. Bright, M. P., expressed himself in the vernacular, confessing and bewailing his inability to speak French. I admire this orator's modesty, but I do not sympathize with him in his regret. I prefer rather the sentiment of that national hero who publicly thanked the gods that he could compel his tongue to utter no language save that of his fatherland. Let there be a Universal Tongue, by all means, if the philologists will have it so. I have experienced great inconvenience when traveling abroad from the unfinished character of this great scheme of theirs myself, and I should vastly like to see it accomplished—only let them be particularly careful to select for their purpose the English.

My acquaintance is extensive, and I do not wish to increase it, but if there is a description of person that I am less desirous to know than another, it is one who is recommended to me as being "an ac-

complished linguist." I should have better hopes of social advantage from a "firstrate pugilist;" or even from a gentleman whose introduction was once promised to me by an intoxicated market-gardener upon a Citizen 'bus, as " the grower of the werry finest 'ollyocks in all Middlesex." What a man gains in words—in the facility of expressing himself—he generally loses in ideas, as witness the Popuiar Preacher, the Demagogue, and the "Cheap Jack;" and this is particularly the case when he acquires various tongues. Happy, indeed, is such a man if he possesses an idea apiece for them. The late Mr. Douglas Jerrold was annoyed upon one occasion by an individual who was airing nine languages at once before a distinguished company. "Nine, sir," observed this social scourge, this cat-'o-ninetails, "I can speak nine distinctly, * but my revered father, when alive, he could speak no less than fifteen. "Ah!" re-

^{*} He could imitate five cats, sir, five distinct cats in a wheelbarrow, upon my sacred honor; now one can't help liking a fellow with such traits as those.—Pickwick.

marked Jerrold, "I knew a man who could speak five-and-twenty, and who never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

The possession of a foreign tongue is doubtless useful to a man among the people who speak it, but among his own countrymen, it is no more advantageous, and scarcely less ornamental, than a second nose. Why, then, does he almost invariably flourish it in our faces, as though it were a fan with Rimmel's scent upon it? Why does he say Adieu (with a contortion) instead of "Good-bye?" Why does he call me his "Bon ami," when he knows I hate both him and it? Why does he utter Je suis prét—why does he? instead of "I am ready." "Toujours prêt," replied a certain lady, who was always chattering bad French, to an individual who offered his arm to take her down to dinner—" Toujours prét is my motto."

But that heroic man, whom I am proud to call my friend, responded sternly: "Then it should be "Toujours prate," madam." Let Social-science Associations boast themselves as much as they will, it is men like these who are our real re-"How agreeable," remarked formers. the late Sir Cornewall Lewis after the miseries of an evening-party, "would this life be, were it not for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as 'a little music' in the world." how charming, say I, might conversation be made, if all French phrases were rigorously excluded; and especially if there was no such thing as a Parisian accent. To be able to pronounce the ultimate syllable in a French word ending with in, such as Houdin, in a certain distressingly unnatural manner, appears to be the summit of earthly ambition with some persons; and when they fancy they have attained to it, they thenceforth look down upon the rest or their fellow-creatures, as from a moral and intellectual pedestal. The more contemptible an accomplishment is, the prouder folks generally are when they possess it; a little worthless knowledge puffing up beyond all measure, as is exemplified in the case of college dons, dealers in fancy-dogs, and turnpike-keepers; which last, when placed where two roads meet, can generally inform the wayfarer which to choose in the most disagreeable manner conceivable. And thus it is with your linguist. The moralist may remark disparagingly upon the Doubledtongued, but give me a hypocrite for a companion, say I, rather than any fellow who piques himself on his French, and interlards his conversation with phrases which he pretends can not be translated into English. This is indeed one of the most ludicrous affections ever acquiesced in by the ignorant; were these columns open to the full expression of an honest indignation, I could, entre nous, reader that is to say, between you and me and the wall—give my own opinion on it, in very apt and forcible Saxon. As, indeed, the fashionable novel, with its meaningless Galliciems, affords the lowest type of literature, so does the man with his talk slashed with French phrases present the feeblest form of conversation.

"Give me the mirth that scorns to trench On the bright shallows of the French, But fills the genial eye, and rolls Its broad deep current to our souls."

Like the immortal Samuel, "I love talk," but I can't abide talking on tiptoe.

Of the man who makes jokes in a foreign language, in a company composed of his own fellow-countrymen, I say nothing, for even the English tongue, so admirably fitted for invective, affords no adjective strong enough to apply to such an offence. Most of us, however, have witnessed the enormity, and the degradation of our species that has followed upon it; the pretended appreciation of the males, who are for the most part utterly ignorant of what they are laughing at, and the pitiable irresolution of the females, who are afraid of compromising themselves by applauding something that may not be proper. How infinitely more would such an offender have contributed to the general enjoyment, had he stood on his head upon a ginger-beer bottle; or performed "the wheel" as it is enacted by what he would call the gamins of the street; or given some ingenious "imitation" of bird, or beast, or fish. Everybody would then have understood the entertainment; and even those who were above enjoying it, would have derived a satisfaction from considering how superior they themselves were to such a vulgar fellow. Whereas, from the unintelligible jeu-de-mot, nothing has flowed but hypocrisy and humiliation.

I was lately pursuing this subject, which is a favorite one with me, in a mixed company, among which there chanced to be

an ancient Peninsular veteran, who, as I afterwards discovered, spoke every European language to perfection. Instead of obstructing the progress of my Crusade, however, he joined my standard, and assisted me in demolishing a hateful serjeant-at-law, who had just returned from a six months' sojourn in Italy, to talk as familiarly of *Ben Trovato* and *Siesta* as though they were his brother and sister.

"But in foreign countries, at least," contended the serjeant, "you must allow that a knowledge of the language is indis-

pensable."

"Quite the reverse, sir," returned the bluff old general. "It is better for your morality, your religion, and your good temper, never to understand what foreign-

ers say."

"Nay, but in warfare, for instance," urged the cunning lawyer: "nobody can be more aware than so distinguished an officer as yourself that a mutual understanding between allies is to be desired above all things. When you were in Portugal"—

"Ay, when I was in Portugal," interrupted the general, rubbing his hands; "then, as you say, it made a great difference whether you knew Portuguese or not. I have known the life or death of more than one honest fellow turn upon

that very circumstance."

"Exactly," replied the serjeant triumphantly, "you have known a man's life saved by his understanding Portuguese."

"Not quite that," responded the soldier; "but I have known a man's life saved by another man's not understanding it."

"Good," said I; "I can easily believe it; but I should like to know how it hap-

pened."

"Well," said the veteran; "you are probably aware that Lord Wellington's discipline in the Peninsula was excessively severe. If a man did but forage for his mess without respect to the marketvalue of the commodity he brought back to camp; or if he suffered his affections to be centered on a young person in a nunnery; or if he picked up anything in a church that he had a fancy to send home to his friends—and chanced to be discovered, the provost-marshal was sent for post-haste, and it was even betting whether the poor fellow in trouble was not hanged. Our chief was especially particular that the men conducted themselves with pro-

priety when billeted upon the inhabitants of the country, and a portable gallows was even constructed, the effect of which was to make us the most courteous army that ever occupied a foreign land. Two men of my company, and excellent soldiers, happened to be lodging with an old Portuguese vinc-dresser, who, in addition to feeding them with omeleos swimming in rancid oil, allowed them insufficient firing. My unfortunate fellows, therefore, pulled up his vine sticks, and made a good blaze for themselves, without saying By your leave, or With your leave. Whereupon, the old curmudgeon took the opportunity of the provost-marshal coming round to inquire whether there were any complaints, to set forth a piteous story of oppression and tyranny—more than three parts of which were doubtless lies. He held a bundle of the sticks in question with one hand, and appealed to Heaven with the other, as though he had been wronged in the most wicked manner conceivable; while I was standing by, expecting every moment that the two offenders would be taken out and hanged forthwith. Now, it so happened that the provost-marshal, although an excellent Spanish scholar, knew nothing of Portugues; so he turned to me, and inquired what was the matter. "Pray, tell me, captain," cried he, "what this old idiot is clamoring for? What does he want? And what have these men of yours done? And why does he shake that bundle of vine-sticks in their faces, as though he were Jupiter Tonans?"

"Well, marshal," said I, "the fact is, he wants the poor fellows to sleep upon them. That is the only sort of bed he allows them, and because they murmur at such accommodation, he protests that he will get them punished, and, he hopes,

even hanged."

"Blood-thirsty old scoundrel!" cried the marshal, addressing himself to the eloquent native; "hold your tongue, and don't attempt to get honest fellows into trouble. If I were they, I'm blessed if I wouldn't burn all your vine sticks."

"And, with that, off he rode at a hand-gallop, leaving the vine-dresser still gesticulating, and my two poor fellows thankful enough to find themselves on their feet. Now, if that provost-marshal had understood Portuguese, they would have danced upon nothing."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT ITALY,

AS DELINEATED IN THE POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

"Und aber nach zweitausend Jahren Kam ich desselbigen Wegs gefahren."

"Et puis nous irons voir, car décadence et deuil Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil, Nous irons voir ''

WE are so much accustomed to depend on the four great literary languages for the whole body of our information and amusement, that it occurs to few to consider that ignorance of other European dialects involves any inconvenience at all, except to those who have occasion to visit the countries in which they are spoken. Yet there is much of really valuable matter which sees the light only in the minor tongues, especially those of the industrious North, and with which the world has never been made familiar through translation. Joachim Frederic Schouw, the Danish botanist, is one of the writers of our day who has suffered most prejudicially both to his own fame and to the public from having employed only his native language. For his writings are not only valuable in a scientific point of view, but belong to the most popular order of scientific writing, and would assuredly have been general favorites, had not the bulk of them remained untranslated. His "Tableau du Climat de l'Italie" has, however, appeared in French, and is a standard work. A little collection of very brief and and popular essays, entitled "The Earth, Plants, and Man," has been translated both into German and English. One of these, styled "The Plants of Pompeii," is founded on a rather novel idea. The paintings on the wal's of the disinterred houses of that city contain (among other things) many landscape compositions. Sometimes these are accessory to historical representations. But they often merely portray the scenery of ordinary out-door life. The old decorators of the Pompeian chambers had indeed an evident taste for those tri-

vial tricks of theatrical deception, which are still very popular in Italy. Their verdure, sky, and so forth, seem often as if meant to impose on the spectator for a moment as realities; and are, therefore, executed in a 'realistic' though sketchy "Consequently," says Schouw, "the observation of the plants which are represented in these paintings will give, as far as they go, the measure of those which were familiar to the ancient eye, and will help to show the identities and the differences between the vegetation of the Campanian plains a hundred years after Christ, and that which adorns them now."

We propose to follow the Professor through this confined but elegant little chapter of his investigations. But by restraining ourselves to this alone, we should be dealing with only part of a subject. In most regions, two thousand years have made considerable changes in the appearance of the vegetable covering of the earth; but in that land of volcanic influences in which Pompeii stood, great revolutions have taken place, during that time, in the structure of the ground itself. Sea and land have changed places; mountains have risen and sunk; the very ontlines and main landmarks of the scene are other than what they were. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves gazing with Emperor Tiberius from his "specular hight" on precipitous Capri, at that unequelled panorama of sea and land formed by the Gulf of Naples, as thence descried, and note in what respects the visible face of things has changed since he beheld it.

The central object in his view, as in

that of the modern observer, was Vesuvius, standing out a huge insulated mountain mass, unconformable with the other outlines of the landscape, and covered then, as now, with its broad mantle of dusky green. Then, as now, its volcanic soil was devoted to the cultivation of the vine. But in other respects its appearance was widely different. No slender, menacing column of smoke rose perpetually from its summit. Nor was it lurid, at night, with that red gleam of the slow river of fire.

lethargy for six hundred. In 1631, he had resumed (as old prints show,) something nearly resembling the form which we have attributed to him in classical times. His top, of great hight, swollen up by the slow accumulation of burning matter, without a vent, was a level plateau, with a pit-like crater filled with a forest of secular oaks and ilexes: only a few "fumaroles," or smoke-holes, remained here and there to attest his real character. Even the legends of his conflagations had

"A cui riluce Di Capri la marina E di Napoli il porto e Mergellina."

It was an extinct volcano, and had been so for unknown ages. Nor did it exhibit its present characteristic cone, nor probaably its double top; Vesuvius and Somma were most likely one; and the deep halfmoon-shaped ravine of the Atrio del Cavallo, which now divides them, is thought to be a relic of the ancient crater. crater was a huge amphitheatrical depression, several miles in circuit, filled with pasture-lands and tangled woods. Spartacus and his servile army had used it not long before as a natural fortress. this feature was scarcely visible to the spectator at Capri, opposite the mountain, to whom the summit must have appeared as a broad flat-topped ridge, in shape and hight very similar to the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope.

At the time in question, scarcely a few vague traditions remained to record the fact that the mountain had once "burnt." The fiery legends of Magna Grecia related to the country west of Naples, where volcanic action had been more recent: the Phlegræan fields, the Market-place of Vulcan (Solfatara,) the cone of Gnarime (Ischia,) through which the imprisoned Typhœus breathed flame, from whence he has been since transferred to Vesuvius, as a Genoese monk informed us when we and he first looked on that volcano together. Vesuvius awoke from his sleep of unknown length, as every one knows, in A.D. 79, when he celebrated his resumption of authority by that grand "extra night" of the 24th August, which has had no rival since, in the way of pyrotechnical entertainment, except on the distant shores of Iceland, the West Indies, and the Moluccas. His period of activity lasted nearly a thousand years. Then he relapsed into new heaven, a new soil, and a new land-

had resumed (as old prints show,) something nearly resembling the form which we have attributed to him in classical times. His top, of great hight, swollen up by the slow accumulation of burning matter, without a vent, was a level plateau, with a pit-like crater filled with a forest of secular oaks and ilexes: only a few "fumaroles," or smoke-holes, remained here and there to attest his real character. Even the legends of his conflagations had become out of date. The old "Orearch" or mountain-spirit, Vesevus, is portrayed by the local poet Pontanus in the fifteenth century, as a rustic figure, with a bald head, hump back, and cincture of brushwood—all fiery attributes omitted. Even his terrible name was only known to the learned: the people called him the "Monte di Somma." The suburban features of a great luxurious city, convents, gardens, vineyards, hunting grounds, and parks of the nobility, had crept again up the sides of the mountain, until they almost mingled with the trees on the summit. The approaching hour was not without its premonitory signs, many and strange. phenomena which Bulwer makes his witch of Vesuvius recount, by way of warning, to Arbaces, are very closely borrowed from contemporary narratives of the eruption of 1631. Nor were the omens of superstition wanting, accommodated to the altered feelings of the times. At the Plinian eruption, the people imagined that the old giants buried in the Phlegræan fields had risen again, and renewed their battle with the gods: "for many phantoms of them," says Dio Cassius, "were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as of trumpets, was heard." In 1631, carriages full of devils were seen to drive, and battalions of diabolical soldiers to gather in marching array along the precipitous flanks of the mountain. The footsteps of unearthly animals were tracked on the roads. "A peasant of the name of Giovanni Camillo" (so we are informed by the Jesuit Giulio Cesare Recupito, a contemporary,) " had passed Easter Eve at a farm-house of his own on the mountain. There, without having taken a mouthful of anything, he was overtaken by a profound slumber, from which awakening suddenly, he saw no longer before his eyes the likeness of the place where he had fallen asleep, but a

scape; instead of a hill-side covered with wood, there appeared a wall crossing the road, and extending on each side for a great distance, with a very lofty gate. Astonished at this new scene, he went to the gate to inquire where he was. There he found a porter of the order of St. Francis, a young man in appearance. Many conjecture that this was St. Antony of Padua. The porter at first seemed to repulse him, but afterwards admitted him into the courtyard and guided him about. After a long circuit they arrived at a great range of buildings breathing fire from every window." In short, the poor peasant was conducted, after the fashion of such visions, through the mansions of hell and purgatory, where he saw, of course, many of his acquaintance variously tormented. "At last, on the following day, he was restored to himself and to Vesuvius; and was ordered to inform his countrymen that a great ruin was impending over them from that mountain; wherefore they should address their vows and prayers to God. On Easter Day, at noon, he came home, and was observed of many with his dress sprinkled with ashes, his face burnt black, as if escaped from a fire." This was two years before the eruption, and during the interval Camillo always told the same story; wherefore, after passing a long time for either mad or drunk, he was finally raised to the dignity of a prophet. At last on the night of the 15th December, the ancient volcano signalized his awakening by a feat of unrivalled grandeur. In forty-eight hours of terrific struggles, he blew away the whole cap of the mountain; so that, on the morning of the 18th, when the smoke at last subsided, the Neapolitans beheld their familiar summit a thousand feet lower than it had been before; while its southern face was seamed by seven distinct rivers of fire, slowly rolling at several points into the sea.

Since 1631, the frequency, if not the violence, of the eruption seems to have gradually increased, and Vesuvius is probably more "active" now, in local language, than at any former time in his annals, having made the fortunes of an infinity of guides and miscellaneous waiters on Providence within the last twelve years, besides burning a forest or two, and expelling the peasantry of some villages. But his performances on a grand scale seem for the present suspend-

ed. Frequent eruptions prevent that accumulation of matter which produces great ones. Indeed, the late Mr. Laing, whose "Notes of a Traveler" show him to have been that identical "sturdy Scotch Presbyterian Whig" who visited Oxford in company with Lockhart's Reginald Dalton, "reviling all things, despising all things, and puffing himself up with all things," deliberately pronounced the volcano a humbug, and believed the depth of its subterranean magazines to be extremely trifling. Still, the curious traveler, like that fabulous Englishman who visited the lion-tamer every night for the chance of seeing him devoured, cannot help looking with a certain eagerness for the occurrence of those two interesting catastrophes, of which the day and hour are written down in the book of the Fates —that combination of high tide, west wind, and land-flood, which is to drown St. Petersburg; that combination of southeast wind and first-class eruption which is to bury Naples in ashes. This finale seemed nearer in that recent eruption of December, 1860, which spent its fury on Torre del Greco, than perhaps on any former occasion; but once more the danger passed away.

To return, however, from this digression, which has nothing to excuse it except the interest which clings even to often-repeated stories respecting the popular old volcano. Other features in that wonderful panorama, seen from Capri, have undergone scarcely inferior changes since the time of Tiberius. Yonder rich tract of level land at the mouth of the Sarno, between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, did not exist. sea has retreated from it. Tiberius saw, instead of it, a deep bay washing the walls of the compact little provincial city of Pompeii. But the neighboring port of Stabiæ is gone; not a vestage of its site remains. Above it to the right, Monte Sant' Angelo, and the limestone sierra of which it forms a part, remain, no doubt, unchanged by time. Only that marvelous range of Roman villas and gardens which lined its foot for leagues, almost rivalling the structures of the opposite Bay of Baise for magnificence, has disappeared, no one knows how or when. The diver off the coast of Sorento can touch with his hand the long ranges of foundation work, brick and marble, which now lie many feet beneath the deep clear

water. It was a strange fit of shortlived magnificence, that which induced the grandest of millionaires, and chiefs of the Augustan age, to raise their palaces, all around the Gulf of Naples, on vaulted ranges of piles laid within the sea, so that its luxurious ripple should be heard under the rooms in which they lived. Niebuhr, who, with all his curious insight into the ways of antiquity, was not superior to the temptation of finding a new reason for every thing, asserts that they did so in order to escape the malaria. But that mysterious evil influence extended some way beyond the shore. The country craft will, to this day, keep as far as they can in the summer nights, off the coast of the Campagna, while the quiet land-breeze is wafting death from the interior. The real causes were, doubtless, what the writers of the time disclose. The land close to the shore was dear and scanty, and ill-accommodated for building, from its steepness. The first new-comer who set the fashion of turning sea into land, was imitated by others in the mere wantonness of wealth, until the whole shore became lined with palatial edifices, like the grand Canal of Venice; but not so durable. These classical structures, frequently delineated with more or less detail in the Pompeian frescoes, were as beautiful and as transitory as those of our dreams; or like the vision which Claud Lorraine transferred to canvas in the most poetical of landscapes, his "Enchanted Palace." Judging from the singular phenomena exhibited by the "Temple of Serapis,"* and by other topographical

records, geologists have concluded that land and sea, in this volcanic region, wax and wane in long successions of ages. Thus the sea rose (or rather the land sank) on the coast of the Bay of Naples for about eleven centuries previous to A.D. 1000; then the reverse movement took place until about A.D. 1500; and the land is now sinking again. If so, these marine palaces must have gradually subsided into the sea, and their owners may have been driven out by the invasion of cuttlefish and sea-hedgehogs, and other monsof the Mediterranean shallows, their best bedrooms, even before Norman or Saracen incursions had reduced them to desolation. But whatever the cause of their disappearance, they had vanished before modern history began; nor has modern luxury in its most profuse mood, ever sought to reproduce them. Their submarine ruins remain as memorials of ages when men were at all events more daring and earnest in their extravagance, and the "lust of the eye and the pride of life" were deified on a grander scale, than at any other epoch of the world's history.

Naples herself, the "idle" and the "learned" (for the ancients called her somewhat inconsistently by both epithets, nor had she as yet acquired her more recent soubriquet of the "beautiful,") formed a far less conspicuous object in the view than now; it was a place of some twenty or thirty thousand souls, according to Niebuhr's conjectural estimate; confined between the modern mole on the one hand, and the Gate del Carmine on the other; and nestling close in the neighborhood of the sister city Herculaneum. The lofty line of the houses on the Chiaia—of which you may now almost count the windows in the top stories from the sealevel at Capri, through that pellucid atmosphere, while the lower stories are hidden by the earth's curvature—did not then exist. But instead of it there extended the endless terraces and colonnades, the cypress avenues and plane groves, of that range of fortress-palaces erected by Pollio and Lucullus, enlacing island, and beach, and ridge, even to the point of Posilippo with tracery of dazzling marble. Here, however, the mere natural changes have been small, except that an

^{*} This famed Temple of Jupiter Scrapis stands close to the shore in the harbor of Puzzuoli, or Putuoli, as it was when Paul landed there, six miles west of Naples. It is a marble temple in ruins. Some of the lower marble walls are still remaining. The water was about fourteen inches deep upon the marble floor, when we walked over it on a plank. Some of the marble columns about three feet in diameter were still standing. About six feet above the base of the columns began a series of holes, of the size of your little finger, which were made by a species of shell fish, called borers, extending up the column some six or eight feet higher. By the cooling of the volcanic fires ages ago, the land and shore along this part of the Bay of Naples, shrunk and the temple sunk down full sixteen feet lower than now, till the borer fishes in the progress of ages, bored these holes. Since then the volcauic fires kindled anew have swelled the land and lifted up those temples and all to its present position. It forms one of the most remarkable geological, vol-

canic facts and phenomena which we have ever seen.—Editor of the Eclectic.

island or two (like that of the Castel dell' Uovo) has since been joined to the continent. But farther west, round the Bay of Baiæ, fire and water have dealt most fantastically with the scenery. Scarcely a prominent feature on which the Roman eye rested remains unchanged. Quiet little Nisida was a smoking semi-volcano. Yonder level dun-colored shore, from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine, was under water, and the waves dashed against a line of cliff now some miles inland. That cratershaped Lake of Agnano, now the common resort of Neapolitan holiday-makers. did not exist; it must have been formed by some unrecorded convulsions of the dark ages. Yonder neatly truncated cone, rising five hundred feet above the plain, seems as permanent a feature in the landscape as any other of the "everlasting hills;" but it was the creation of a few days of violent eruption, only three centuries ago—as its name of Monte Nuovo still indicates—whether by "upheaval" or by "ejection," philosophers dispute. But the beautiful Lucrine Lake, the station of Roman fleets and the very central point of Roman luxury, disappeared in the same elemental commotion; leaving a narrow stagnant pool behind. Only you slight dyke or barrier of beach, between this shrunken mere and the sea, deserves respect; for that has remained, strange to say, almost unaltered throughout. It is one of the very oldest legendary spots of earth; doubtless the very road along which Hercules dragged the oxen of Geryon; the very "narrow shore" on which Ulysses landed, in order to call up the melancholy shades of the dead. Farther inland, again, Avernus remains unchanged. in shape at least; but many and strange are the revolutions which it has undergone in other respects. We first hear of it as a dark pool, surrounded with forests; the bed, doubtless of an ancient crater filled with water, and retaining much of volcanic action; but not (as commonly supposed) fatal to the birds that flew over it. That notion is not classical; or rather it is founded on a misconception of classical authorities. The pool is not called by the best writers "lacus Avernus" but "lacus Averni," the lake of the Avernus. What is an Avernus? Lucretius tells us that it is a spot where noxious gases escape from the earth, so that the birds which fly over it fall dead on the earth or

into the lake if there happens to be a lake below them.

"Si forte lacus substratus Averno est."

And Virgil's description, accurately construed, gives exactly the same meaning.

"Spelunca alta fuit

. . . tuta lacu nigro nemorum que tenebris.

Quam super" (not quem super, over the cavern, not the lake)

. . . . "haud ullæ poterant impune volantes

It was the exhalations from the myste rious cavern* that were deadly, not those from the lake. Such an "Avernus" is the "Gueva Upas" or Valley of Death, in Java, to which condemned criminals were formerly sent to perish; whence the romance about the Upas Tree. And such an Avernus, on a small scale, still exists on the shore of the peaceful little Lake of Laach in Germany, also an extinct crater; there are spots on its beach where birdcorpses are to be found in numbers, killed by mephitic exhalations. But to return to our lake—it must at that time have lain at or (like some other extinct craters) below the level of the sea; for Augustus' great engineering operation consisted in letting the sea into the lake.

"Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Aver-

Fifteen hundred years afterwards, and just before the Monte Nuovo eruption, the place was visited by that painful old topographer, Leandro Alberti, the Leland of Italy. The channel made by Augustus was then gone; but the lake was still on a level with the sea, for he asserts that in storms the sea broke into it; and the water, as he expressly affirms, was salt. Now, its level is several feet above that of the sea, and the water is fresh. The up-

^{*} This mysterious cavern is found about seven miles west of Naples, close by the Lake of Avernus. We walked into it by torch light, some half a mile, till we reached the famed river Styx, across which we were ferried, not in Charon's boat, but on the back of a stalwart Italian, and returned in the same way, after a visit to the Sybil's Cave, which we found in the same spot as when Virgil described it, more than two thousand years ago—Editor of the Eclectic.

heaval must have been gradual and peaceful, for the outline of the lonely mere is as perfectly rounded now as the poet Lycophron described it; but a portion only of that be wildering succession of changes of which this coast has been the theater; the latest vibration of that vast commotion figured in the legendary war of the Giants. Nor is it quite so wild a conjecture as some have deemed it, that the tradition which peopled this bright coast with Cimmerians—then dwellers in the everlasting mist on the border-land between the dead and the living—had its origin in the tales of primeval navigators, who had visited the neighborhood during some mighty and prolonged cruption, covering sea and shore with a permanent darkness which "might be felt;" like the coast of Iceland in 1783, when for a whole summer continual eruptions arose from the sea as well as the land; when "the noxious

vapors that for many months infected the air, enveloped the whole island in a dense fog which obscured the sun, and was perceptible even in England and Holland."

Still farther westward in our panoramic view, the confusion between past and present becomes even more undecipherable. Baiæ has disappeared; a stately city of pleasure, which, to judge by its remaining foundations, rose on a hill-side in terraces, something like its British counterpart Bath, but with its foot washed by the Mediterranean instead of the Avon; so has Misenum, with its naval station; and not only are these towns gone, but the land on which they stood seems so to have changed its shape, through earthquakes, marine encroachments, and the labor of men, that its very outlines are altered, until the eye rests at last on the peak of Ischia, which ends the semicircle.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, has just issued the third volume of the Life and Letters of Washington Irving in the uniform edition. It embraces a period of fifteen years, from 1832 to 1847, finding Irving at the age of forty-nine and leaving him sixty-four years old. The action of the book is carried on at home, and in England, France and Spain, and take the subject of the memoir through the period of his official life as minister to the country last named. We have announced the work under the literary head.

A considerable portion of the volume is filled with the correspondence of Mr. Irving, woven together with judicious explanations by the editor. Among the most interesting parts of the work is the history of Irving's surrender to Prescott of the theme, "The Conquest of Mexico." Some of the letters relating to this matter, together with the explanatory introduction, are as follows:

Mr. Irving was now busy upon the History of the Conquest of Mexico, and it was upon this theme that he was exercising that "vein of literary occupation" alluded to at the close of the foregoing

letter. He had not only commenced the work, but had made a rough draft to form the groundwork of the first volume, when he went to New-York to procure or consult some books on the subject. He was engaged in "The City Library," as it is commonly designated, though its official style is "The New-York Society Library," then temporarily in Chambers street, when he was accosted by Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the eminent scholar, afterwards so long and honorably connected with the Astor Library. It was from this gentleman that Mr. Irving first learned that Mr. Prescott, who had a few months before gained a proud name on both sides of the Atlantic by his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, now had the work in contemplation, upon which he had actually commenced. Cogswell first sounded him on the part of Mr. Prescott, to know what subject he was occupied upon, as he did not wish to come again across the same ground with him. Mr. Irving asked: "Is Mr. Prescott engaged upon an American subject?" "He is," was the reply. "What is it? Is it the Conquest of Mexico?" Mr. Irving rapidly asked. "It is," answered Cogs- | I had peculiar facilities for getting am engaged upon that subject, but tell from Madrid, through the kindness of Mr. Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him, and I | Calderon, whom you know. The only am happy to have this opportunity of doubts on the subject I had were respecttestifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his Ferdinand and Isabella, though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history?"

In a subsequent conversation Mr. Irving learned from Mr. Cogswell that Mr. Prescott had not commenced the work, but had merely collected materials for it. He did not, however, revoke what he had said, but threw by his pen, and gave up the task on which he had been occupied !

during the autumn and winter.

It was not, however, without a pang that he surrendered so glorious a theme; and I think that on the same day in which he told me what I have related above, he mentioned to me that he had been looking over some papers in the morning, and had come across his commencement of the Conquest of Mexico; that he read over what he had written, and in a fit of vexation at having lost the magnificent theme, destroyed the manuscript.

With the preface I introduce the following correspondence between him and Mr. Prescott, alike honorable to both The first letter is from Mr. parties.

Prescott:

"Boston, December 31, 1838.

"My Dear Sir—If you will allow one to address you so familiarly who has not! the pleasure of your personal acquaint-Cogswell, who is here on a short visit, mentioned to me a conversation which he had with you respecting the design I had formed of giving an account of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. I hope you will excuse me if I tell you how the matter stands with me.

"Soon after I had dispatched their Catholic Highnesses, Ferdinand and Isabella, I found the want of my old companions in the long hours of an idle man's life; and as I looked around for something else, the history of Cortes and Pizarro struck me as the best subject, from its growing out of the period I had become familiar with, as well as from its relation to our own country. I found, too,

"Well, then, said Mr. Irving, "I such books and manuscripts as I needed ing your designs in the same way, since you had already written the adventures of the earlier discoverers. I thought of writing you, to learn from you your intentions; but I was afraid it would seem impertinent in a stranger to pry into your I made inquiries, however, of affairs. several of your friends, and could not learn that you had any purpose of occupying yourself with the subject. And as you had never made any public intimation of the sort, I believe, and several years had elapsed since your last publication of the kind, during which your attention had been directed in another channel, I concluded that you had abandoned the intention, if you had ever formed it. I therefore made up my mind to go on with it; and as I proposed to give a pretty thorough preliminary view of the state of civilization in Mexico and Peru previous to the Conquest, I determined to spare no pains or expense in collecting materials. I have remitted £300 to Madrid for the purchase and copying of books and MSS., and have also sent for Lord Kingsborough's and such other works relating to Mexico as I can get from London. I have also obtained letters to individuals in Mexico, for the purpose of collecting what may be of importance to me there. Some of the works from London have arrived, and the drafts from Madrid show that my orders are executing there. Such works as can be got here, in a pretty good ance, though he feels as if he had known | collection in the College Library, I have you for a long time. Our friend Mr. already examined, and wait only for my books from Spain. This is the state of affairs, now that I have learned from Mr. C. that you had originally proposed to treat this same subject, and that you requested him to say to me that you should relinquish it in my favor. I can not sufficiently express to you my sense of your courtesy, which I can very well appreciate, as I know the mortification it would have occasioned me, if, contrary to my expectations, I had found you on the ground; for I am but a dull sailer from the embarrassments I labor under, and should have found but sorry gleanings in the field which you had once thoroughly burnt over, as they say in the West. I fear the public will not feel so well pleased as myself by this liberal conduct on your part, | layed me in putting my hand to the enand am not sure that I should have a right, in their eyes, to avail myself of it. But I trust you will think differently, when I accept your proffered courtesy in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. It will be conferring a still further favor on me, if you will allow me occasionally, when I may find the want of it, to ask your advice in the progress of the work. There are few persons among us who have paid much attention to these studies, and no one, here or elsewhere, so familiar as yourself with the track of Spanish adventure in the New World, and so well qualified, certainly, to give advice to a comparatively new hand. Do not fear that this will expose you to a troublesome correspondent. I have never been addicted to much letter-writing, though, from the specimen before you, I am afraid you will think those I do write are somewhat of the longest.

"Believe me, dear sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant.
"WM. H. Prescott.

"Washington Irving, Esq."

Mr. Irving responded as follows:

" New-York, January 18, 1839.

"My Dear Sir:—Your letter met with some delay in reaching me, and, since the receipt of it, I have been hovering between town and country, so as to have no quiet leisure for an earlier reply.

"I had always intended to write an account of the Conquest of Mexico, as a suite to my Columbus, but left Spain without making the requisite researches. The unsettled life I subsequently led for some years, and the interruptions to my literary plans by other occupations, made me defer the undertaking from year to Indeed, the more I considered the subject the more I became aware of the necessity of devoting to it great labor, patient research and watchful discrimination, to get at the truth and to dispel the magnificent mirage with which it is enveloped; for, unless this were done, a work, however well executed in point of literary merit, would be liable to be subverted and superseded by subsequent works founded on those documentary evidences that might (be) dug out of the chaotic archives of Spain. These considerations loomed into great obstacles in my mind, and, amid the hurry of other matters, de-

terprise. About three years since I made an attempt at it, and set one of my nephews to act as pioneer, and get together materials under my direction; but his own concerns called him elsewhere, and the matter was again postponed. Last autumn, after a fit of deep depression, feeling the want of something to arouse and exercise my mind, I again recurred to this subject, fearing that, if I waited to collect materials, I should never take hold of the theme; and, knowing my own temperament and habits of mind, I determined to dash into it at once, sketch out a narrative of the whole enterprise, using Solis, Herrera and Bernal Dias as my guide books, and, having thus acquainted myself with the whole ground, and kindled myself into a heat by exercise of drafting the story, to endeavor to strengthen, correct, enrich and authenticate my work by materials from every source within my reach. I accordingly set to work, and had made it my daily occupation for about three months, and sketched out the ground-work for the first volume, when I learned from Mr. Cogswell that you had undertaken the same enterprise. I at once felt how much more justice the subject would receive at your hands. Ever since I had been meddling with the theme its grandeur and magnificence had been growing upon me, and I had felt more and more doubtful whether I should be able to treat it conscientiously—that is to say, with the extensive research and thorough investigation which it merited. The history of Mexico prior to the discovery and conquest, and the actual state of its civilization at the time of the Spanish invasion, are questions in the highest degree curious and interesting, yet difficult to be ascertained clearly, from the false lights thrown upon them. Even the writings of Padre Sahagun perplex me as to the degree of faith to be placed in them. These themes are connected with the grand enigma that rests upon the primitive population and civilization of the American continents, and of which the singular monuments and remains scattered throughout the wilderness serve but as tantalizing indications. The manner in which you have executed your noble history of Ferdinand and Isabella gave me at once an assurance that you were the man to undertake this subject; your letter

shows that I was not wrong in the conviction, and that you have already set to work on the requisite preparations. In at once yielding up the theme to you, I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country. I only hope that I may live to see your work executed, and to read in it an authentic account of that conquest, and a ratisfactory discussion of the various questions connected with Mexico and the Mexicans, which, since my boyhood, have been full of romantic charm to me, but which, while they excited my imagination, have ever perplexed my judgment.

"I am scrawling this letter in great haste, as you will doubtless perceive, but beg you will take it as a proof of the sincere and very high respect and esteem with which I am your friend and servant, Washington Irving.

"Wm. H. Prescott, Esq."

It was about five years after this correspondence that Mr. Irving, then in Madrid, received from Mr. Prescott a copy of his History of the Conquest of Mexico, in the preface to which he makes his public acknowledgments to him for his surrender "I need not say," writes of the subject. Mr. Irving to me, in noticing its receipt, "how much I am delighted with the work. It well sustains the high reputation acquired by the History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Then adverting to the terms of Mr. Prescott's handsome acknowledgment in the preface, to which I had called his attention, he adds:

"I doubt whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made. This was a favorite subject, which had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. I had brought home books from Spain to aid me in it, and looked upon it as the pendant to my Columbus. When I gave it up to him, I in a manner gave him up my bread, for I depended upon the profit of it to recruit my waning finances. I had no other subject at hand to supply its place. I was dismounted from my cheval de bataile, and have never been completely mounted since. Had I accomplished that work my whole pecuniary situation would have been altered.

was not with a view to compliments or thanks, but from a warm and sudden impulse. I am not sorry for having made it. Mr. Prescott has justified the opinion I expressed at the time, that he would treat the subject with more close and ample research than I should probably do, and would produce a work more thoroughly worthy of the theme. He has produced a work that does honor to himself and his country, and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

"The plan I had intended to pursue was different from that which he has adopted. I should not have had any preliminary dissertation on the history, civilization, etc., of the natives, as I find such dissertations hurried over, if not skipped entirely, by a great class of readers, who are eager for narrative and action. should have carried on the reader with the discoverers and conquerors, letting the newly-explored countries break upon him as it did upon them; describing objects, places, customs, as they awakened curiosity and interest, and required to be explained for the conduct of the story. The reader should first have an idea of the superor civilization of the people from the great buildings and temples of stone and lime that brightened along the coast, and 'shone like silver.' He should have had vague accounts of Mexico from the people on the senboard; from the messengers of His interest concerning it Montezuma. should have increased as he went on, deriving ideas of its grandeur, power, riches, etc., from the Tlascalans, etc. Every step as he accompanied the conquerors on their march, would have been a step developing some striking fact, yet the distance would still have been full of magnificent mystery. He should next have seen Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-stretching causeways, its sunny plains, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes. Still it would have been vague in its magnificence. At length he should have marched in with the conquerors, full of curiosity and wonder, on every side beholding objects of novelty, indicating a mighty people, distinct in manners, arts and civilization from all the races of the Old World. During the residence in the capital all these matters would bave been fully described and explained in connection with the incidents of the story. When I made the sacrifice it | In this way the reader, like the conquerors, would have become gradually acquainted with Mexico and the Mexicans; and by the time the conquest was achieved he would have been familiar with the country, without having been detained by long dissertations, so repulsive to the more indolent class of readers.

"My intention, also, was to study the different characters of the dramatis personæ, so as to bring them out in strong relief, and to have kept them as much as possible in view throughout the work. It is surprising how quickly distinctive characteristics may be caught from a few incidental words in old documents, letters, etc., and how the development of them and the putting them in action gives life and reality to a narrative. Most of the traits that give individuality to Columbus, in my biography of him, were gathered from slightly-mentioned facts in his journals, letters, etc., which had remained almost unnoticed by former writers on the subject.

"However, I am running on into idle 'scrible scrable' about a matter now passed away, and which I would not utter to any one but yourself, who are becoming in a manner my my father confessor. My plan might have had an advantage in some respects; it might have thrown a more poetical interest over the work; but the plan of Mr. Prescott is superior in other respects; and I feel I never should have wrought out a work so 'worthy of all acceptation' as that which he has given

to the public."

The letter from which I take this extract is dated Madrid, March 24th, 1844, and is marked (Private;) but, now that both are gone, I have felt at liberty to give this interesting portion of its contents.

In one of Irving's letters from France we have the following paragraph about

THE POET ROGERS:

"While I was in Paris, in driving out one day with my niece in the Champs Elysces, we nearly ran over my old friend Rogers. We stopped and took him in. He was in one of his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age begins to bow him down, but his intellect is clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society in full vigor. He breakfasted with us several times, and I have never known him more delightful. He would sit for two or three hours con- the Alhambra, which we had then more

tinually conversing and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who have figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He has refined upon the art of telling a story until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there is not a word too much or too little, and where every word has its effect. His manner, too, is the most quiet, natural and unpretending that can be imagined. I was very much amused by an anecdote he gave us of little Queen Victoria and her nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has had to attend her in her cruisings, very much against his will, or, at least, against his stomach. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen one day undertook to reconcile him to his fate. 'I believe, my Lord,' said she, graciously, 'you are not often sea-sick.' 'Always, madam,' was the grave reply. 'But,' still more graciously, 'not very sea-sick.' With profounder gravity, 'VERY, madam!' Lord Aberdeen declares that if her Majesty persists in her cruisings he will have to resign."

An amusing letter to his neice contains a few lines concerning the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon's sister-in-law:

A SPANISH WEDDING.

"A grand wedding took place, shortly since, between the eldest son of the Duchess (the present Duke of Alva, about twenty-two years of age) and the daughter of the Countess of Montijo, another very rich grandee. The corbeille, or wedding presents of the bride, amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, all in finery. There were lace handkerchiefs worth a hundred or two hundred dollars, only to look at; and dresses, the very sight of which made several young ladies quite ill. The young Duchess is thought to be one of the happiest and best-dressed young ladies in the whole world. She is already quite hated in the beau monde."

These extracts will serve to show the value and interest of the volume, and awaken in the mind of the reader a desire to enjoy the perusal of the whole. We call to mind our last interview with Mr. Irving, a few months before his death, at his own home, when the conversation turned, among other topics, upon Spain and recently visited. His eye kindled with cocupied so long, and whose scenes and fresh interest and animation, as we allud- surroundings he had immortalized with ed to the rooms in the Alhambra which he | his pen.—Editor of the Eclectic.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Thomas Fuller, D.D. Pages 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE publishers have sent us this neat and rich volume, which they have appropriately dedicated to William Cullen Bryant. They have given to this book, which is full of the gems of thought, a sort of literary resurrection by bringing it before the public at this time. The book is rightly named. It is a book of good thoughs not only in bad times, but in all times. Its pages sparkle and glitter with beautiful thoughts and sentiments, with the variety and richness of a kaleidoscope. The author lived and wrote in stirring times, as a chaplain in the great civil war in England. He was born in 1608, and died in 1661. He possessed extraordinary abilities. He was one of the wisest and wittiest divines that ever ascended the pulpit. Coleridge ranked him next to Shakspeare. He possessed surprising memory, and among the galaxy of great men of the age in which he lived he was second to none. In this book of Mr. Fuller's there is very much of thought and sentiment which renders it appropriate to these days of wicked rebellion, and in this respect, as well as in others, the publishers have rendered a valuable service to the world of letters.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," etc., etc. Pages 374. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

> "Let me not waste in skirmishes my power, In petty struggles. Rather in the hour Of deadly conflict may I nobly die-In my first battle perish gloriously."
>
> From an unpublished Poem by T. Winthrop.

This volume is embellished with a portrait of the author and illustrated by a wood-cut. The contents are, "Life in the Open Air," "Love and Skates," "New-York Seventh Regiment," "Our March to Washington," "Washington as a Camp," "Fortress Monroe," "Brightly's Orphan—a Fragment," "The Heart of the Andes." The author wields a graceful and graphic pen. The book abounds with wordpaintings and scenes which dance like living images before the eye of the attentive and delighted reader. The book must be read in order to be fully appreciated.

WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG; Or, Diseases of the Organs of the Chest, with their Home Treatment by the Movement Cure. By Dio Lewis, M.D., Physician-in-Chief of the Boston Movement Cure for Consumptive Invalids. Profusely illustrated. Pages 360. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

"This book is worth its weight in gold," even at l

the present high premium. Had this volume been written and published a half a century ago, and its precepts practiced, thousands of lungs had now felt the inspirations and vitalities of life which long ago have ceased their throbbings. For want of the proper treatment, these "harps of thousand strings," with all their curious mechanisms, become disordered and unstrung, just as, even now, thousands in our land, for this same want, are suffering the premonitions of coming disease and dissolution. Multitudes of the now living generation, in various walks in life, are suffering irreparable injuries to the vitalities of life for want of the proper and necessary physical training. And especially is this the case with a great multitude of the fair daughters of our land, both married and unmarried. The want of a proper physical education is inflicting manifold evils and dangers, feeble constitutions and premature decay and death, both upon mothers and their offspring. We will not venture to say what the book suggests. Let the multitudes of sickly children and the many beautiful young mothers now sleeping in their graves who, with proper exercise and physical training, might now have been alive in the bosoms of their families, teach the sad and affecting lesson. We commend this book to parents, and to all the educators and guardians of youth, and wish it a place in every family and in every female college and seminary in the land. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."—Old saging.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By his Nephew, Pierre M. Inving. Vol. III. Embellished with a Bust, by Ball Hughes. New-York: G. W. Putnam, 441 Broadway. 1868.

THE reading public will welcome this new volume of the Life and Letters of the man whose name stands so high on the role of fame, and who has done so much to enrich the world of letters and the literature of his age. The works of Mr. Irving already enrich many libraries, both public and private, but every such library will need the addition of these life-letters, which were written in so many different places and positions that they photograph the real excellences of the man-more, perhaps, than his more elaborate writings. It is enough to announce this new volume.

A RICH BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.—A gentleman of New Haven, of large views and generous deeds, recently ordered a complete set of the Eclectic Magazine, richly bound, in fifty-eight volumes, or sixty volumes at the end of 1863, as a birth-day present for his daughter, Mrs. B., a resident of C., one of the most beautiful cities in the West, in a charming mansion upon a street of rare attractions such as few

This birth. cities pessess, in this land or any other. day present, already gone to its destination, is so rich in the treasures of literature and art, and so appropriate to the design intended, and so gratifying to those concerned, that we can not restrain this brief allusion to the generous deed.

ENGLAND'S IRON-PLATED SHIPS.—An Admirality return just issued gives a list of armor-clad ships just built or building in England. It comprises the Warrior and Black Prince, of 40 guns and 6109 tons each; the Caledonia, Ocean, Prince Consort, and Royal Oak, all of 35 guns and above 4000 tons; the Hector, of 32 guns, and 4089 tons; the Defence and Resistance, each of 16 guns and above 3700 tons. These are all launched; so also are the floating batteries Erebus, Terror, Thunderbolt, Etna, Glat ton, Thunder, and Trusty. There are twelve ships building—the Minotaur, of 37 guns and 6621 tons; the Achilles, of 30 guns and 6079 tons; the Valiant, of 32 guns and 4063 tons; the Prince Albert, of 5 guns 2529 tons; the Royal Alfred of 35 guns and 4045 tons; the Zealous, of 16 guns and 3715 tons; the Royal Sovereign, of 5 guns and 3963 tons; the Research, of 4 guns and 1253 tons; and the Enterprise, of 4 guns and 990 tons—all to be launched this year; also the Agincourt, of 37 guns and 6621 tons; the Northumberland, ditto; and the Favorite, of 8 guns and 2186 tons, to be launched next year. The Prince Albert, Royal Sovereign, Favorite, Research, and Enterprise, are built with turrets.

THE SACRED PIGEON.—In Russia also, the pigeon, as an emblem of the Holy Spirit, is held sacred, and never destroyed. At St. Petersburgh a scene is thus drawn: "It was a beautiful evening: the Neva was in great repose, and reflected back the bridges and buildings which rest upon its banks; far away in the gray sky, a golden ball of great brilliancy seemed suspended over a ray of gold, pointed at top,-widening as it descended, till its base was lost behind the buildings in the foreground. The effect was strikingly beautiful, if not deceptive; for it was not till we inquired of some friends who were dining with us what it was, that we discovered that it was the gold-covered spire of the garrison church, which is of great hight, and perhaps the most delicately tapered spire we had ever seen; the trumpet-sounding angel, which rests so gracefully with one foot planted on the ball, did not catch the sun, and remaining in shade, assisted to deceive us; half an hour later the sun had moved west, and the effect had passed away."

THE GREAT MONOLITH AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Alexander column, the most remarkable monolith in St. Petersburgh, is composed of Wiborg granite, or rapakivi, like the columns of the Izek Church, and was originally one hundred and two feet in length; it was subsequently reduced to eighty-four feet in length by fourteen in breadth, and stands upon a massive granite block or pedestal, almost cubical in form, and twenty-five feet in hight. The recent failure of our own attempts in England to discover a large monolith, to erect in commemoration of the late Prince Consort's virtues gives additional interest to these Russian monoliths. The Russians appear to be the only people in modern times capable of imitating, in this respect, the ancient Egyptians; and they owe their superiority to a similar accidental natural advantage, namely, the

possession of the monolithic quarry of rapakivi, at Wiborg, in Finland. The magnificent Alexander monolith is surmounted by an angel, typifying religion, carrying an enormous cross, making the total hight of the monument one hundred and fifty feet.

An American Substitute for Tea.—An excellent substitute for tea grows in large quantities in Tioga county, Pennsylvania. It is said to resemble Chinese tea so much that merchants buy it to mix with the genuine. In Clinton county, Pennsylvania, the genuine article is claimed to grow in abundance and the citizens thereabout are jubilant at the prospect of becoming independent of the "pig-tails." One gentleman, who owns a farm on which the herb is indigenous, says that his attention was first called to it by a native Chinese, who declared it to be the genuine China tea-plant. The gentleman uses it on his table, and no one suspects it as not being the imported article.

LORD CLIVE'S DESCENDANTS IN A LAW-SUIT.—A curious case has just been decided in England by the House of Lords. The great Lord Clive established a charitable fund, which has since borne his name; but the deed by which he made a large grant for this purpose provided that, in the event of the East India Company ceasing to employ ships for their commerce, and a military force in the East Indies, the money should revert to his estate, subject only to existing pensions. The Company has now neither ships nor soldiers, and Sir J. B. Walsh, as the representative of Lord Clive, claimed the fund, which represents a large sum. The Secretary of State for India opposed this claim, and the Master of the Rolls disallowed it. But the decision of the court below has been reversed by the House of Lords, and Sir J. Walsh inherits the fund, subject, of course, to the pension granted before the passage of the act of 1858.

THE LAST OF A REGICIDE FAMILY.—The Boston Transcript says that Mr. Wm. Goff, who died in that city a few days since, was a lineal descendant of the famous William "Goffe," one of the judges who sentenced Charles I. to death. The regicide, with General Whalley, arrived at Boston in July, 1660, and the late Mr. Goff often expressed the opinion that he was the last male descendant of the noted ancestor whose name he bore.

THE NATIONAL CANAL CONVENTION,—In this Convention the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"The loyal States assembled in National Convention in Chicago, desirous of cementing closer the Union, for perpetuating our nationality for ever, of providing for the common defence and promoting the general welfare of our whole coun-

try, adopt the following resolutions:

"First—That we regard the construction and enlargement of the canals between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, with canals duly connecting the lakes, as of great military and commercial importance. We believe such enlargement or construction, with dimensions sufficient to pass gunboats from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan, and from the Atlantic to and from the Great Lakes, will furnish the cheapest and most expeditious means of protecting the Northern frontier, and at the same

time will promote the rapid development of the union of our whole country.

"Second—That these works are demanded alike by military prudence, political wisdom, and the necessities of commerce. Such works will be not only national but continental, and their accomplishment is required by every principle of sound political economy.

"Third—That such national highway between the Mississippi and the lakes, as far as practicable, should be free without tolls or restrictions, and we should deprecate the placing of this great thoroughfare in the hands of any private corporation or State. The work should be accomplished by the national credit, and as soon as the cost is reimbursed to the National Treasury should be free as the lakes to the commerce of the world."

ROLL OF THE YEARS.

The years roll on, the years roll on;
The shadows now stretch o'er the lawn
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn—
The morn of the mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,
With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path,
Whereon I've walked 'mid wrong and wrath;
I look and see how much it hath
Of bitterness to tell;
But life's hard lesson must be learned;
By goading care is wisdom earned—
Then upward let the eye be turned,
And all life's scenes are well!

On roll the years, the swift, still years; And as they pass how feeling sears—How drieth up the fount of tears—Emotion's fires grow dim; This pulse of life not long can last, And as the years go hurrying past, The blooms of life are earthward cast, And withered heart and limb.

The years, the years sublimely roll,
Unfurling like a lettered scroll!
Look on, and garner in thy soul
The treasures of their lore;
It is God's writing there we see!
Oh! read with deep intensity!
Its truth shall with thy spirit be
When years shall roll no more.

Brain Work.—No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post prand:al labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who in his last illness foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain work: " As for bidding me not to work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, 'Now don't boil.'" It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well-organized brain demands exercise, and like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable brain-work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity. refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It will be found that the great majority of those who have gained high honors in our universities have also distinguished themselves greatly in after life. it is the hard, thankless task-work which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum. It is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working out of great monetary transact:ons which produces that silent and terrible ramollissement which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.— Cornhill Magazine.

The usual Monster Concert on the Common will be among the features of the Boston Fourth of July celebration, and the Eleventh Battery will fire their cannon for the bass drum, an experiment which has been successfully accomplished on one or two previous occasions.

WE have seen it announced that saw-dust saturated with coal-oil and spread under plum-trees, will destroy the curculio. The oil, and even the gas and vapor of this oil, is deadly to most insects, and the measure-worm, doubtless, can be exterminated by its agency.

Bishop Colenso Formally Arraigned.—The long and formal controversy created by the publication of Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, has culminated in the official action of the Episcopal Convocation in London. A report, submitted by the committee of the Lower House of Convocation to whom the subject was referred, has been laid before the Upper House, and it is a sharp document, sparing neither the Bishop of Natal nor his book.

The Bishop of Salisbury said, that whatever might be the duty of their lordships on this occasion, it would not be denied that the productions of the Bishop of Natal had brought an almost unparalleled trial upon the Church of England, and argued that there would be great danger in the silence of the bishops.

The subject was then dropped for the time, but it is clear that the Bishop of Natal has seriously alarmed the British prelates, who scold him instead of making a formal refutation of his arguments.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Many a harsh, unkind, and unjust remark would have been left unsaid had the speaker listened but for a single instant to the voice of reason. Ties which have stood the test of long years have, in one moment, been sundered—the warmest friendships have been broken—families have been separated and scattered—hearts have been crushed, and hopes destroyed, ere now, by one thoughtless expression.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love!"

A sudden outburst of passion—one glance of a flashing eye—one little word—and, lo! the sunshine and happiness of a moment before is changed to gloomy anger and moody discontent.

THE BATTLE.

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

We find the following spirit-stirring lines in the *Evening Post*, from the pen of a lady of this city, which indicate much of the true poetic ring:

The battle was over, we had won it, they said; I heard the brief tale of the heroes who led, Of the hosts who went in, of the few that came out, Of the charge for the Union—the carnage and rout. God pity the hearts that are cleft to the core For the heroes who fell on Potomac's blue shore.

Alone by my casement, at the dead of the night, Like a bast from the battle comes news of the fight; I heard not the shriek of the death-dooming gun, I saw not the sabres that flashed in the sun; No tumult of glory lit up the dark plain Whose furrows ran red with the blood of the slain.

Oh! deaf was my ear to the whoop and the roar, And blind was my eye to the trappings of war; I saw not the charger, decked out in his pride, For the pale horse of death that stalked by his side; Oh! pæans of joy, hosanna and prayer, Ye were lost in the dirges that burdened the air.

Ay, naught but the wail from mountain and strand, That arose to the skies from the heart of the land: O Columbia! my country, proud land of my birth, I have need to remember thy mission on earth; I have need to remember, heart weary and torn, The flag that our fathers unfurled to the morn.

May the sheen of thy rifles die out in the glade, With brother no longer 'gainst brother arrayed; May the swords of the children be sheathed to the hilt

On the plain where the blood of the martyrs was spilt;

May the Star-Spangled Banner, bright gleaming of heaven,

Float over the hearts that no longer are riven.

Thou art traveling to-day, in anguish and woe—
The breast that should shield is the breast of thy foe,
While I gaze on thy hills, where naught should be
seen

But the low waving lines of they emerald green, I have need to remember, all memories above. That the God whom we worship chastiseth in love.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Molicre, the "Father of French Comedy," being in a delicate state of health, left Paris, and retired to his villa at Auteuil, to pass a short time. One day, Boileau, accompanied by Chapelle, Lulli, De Jonsac, and Nantouillet, came to visit him. Moliere could not join them on account of his illness, but he gave the keys of the house to Chapelle, and begged him to do the honors for him. Chapelle acquitted himself of his task in such a manner, that at supper not one of them was sober. They began to discuss the most serious matters, and at last, having impiously decided that the greatest good was never to have been born, and the next to die as soon afterwards as possible, they resolved, shocking as the proposition may sound, to go in a body and drown themselves in the Seine. In the meanwhile, Moliere, who had retired to his chamber, was informed of this state of affairs, and,

invalid as he was, he hastened to join the mad party. Seeing how far gone the all were, he did not attempt to reason them out of their determination, but demanded what he had done that they should think of destroying themselves without him.

"He is right," cried Chapelle, "we have been unjust towards him; he shall be drowned with us."

"One moment, if you please, though," observed the dramatist. "This is the last act of our lives, and not to be undertaken rashly; if we drown ourselves at this hour of the night, people will say we are drunk, and we shall lose all merit. Let us wait until the morning; and then, in broad daylight and upon empty stomachs, we will throw ourselves in the river in the face of our fellow-creatures."

This was, after some demur, approved of, and the next morning, bad as the world was allowed to be,

no one thought it bad enough to quit it.

Sir Thomas More also displayed great presence of mind. "It happened one day," says Aubry "that a Mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of the gate-house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying, 'Leap, Tom, leap!' The Chancellor was in his gown, and, besides, ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now,' said he, 'let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be.' So the dog was thrown over. 'Is not this fine sport,' said his lordship; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' As the madman was going down my lord fastened the door and called for help.

With this may be coupled the anecdote of the physician who, when the patients of a lunatic asylum found him on top of the building, and proposed as good sport to make him jump down to the bottom, saved his life by recommending as an improvement on the idea, that they should walk down stairs with him, and see him jump from the bottom of the

building to the top.

A Large Vat.—There has lately been finished, at the vinegar works of Messrs. Hill, Evans & Co., in Worcester, a monster vat, which stands on a twofeet dwarf wall of nine bricks in thickness; its hight is 20 feet; it is 102 feet in circumference, 23 feet in diameter, and in its construction 325 staves of Dantzic deal, each three inches thick, have been used. The staves are bound by twenty-three hoops of Staffordshire iron, 31 inches wide and three eighths of an inch in thickness, and the vat will hold 114,643 gallons, or $3184\frac{1}{4}$ barrels. The largest known vat next to this is said to be at the porter brewery of Messrs. Guinness, at Dublin, which holds about 80,000 gallons, so that the Worcester vat exceeds it by upwards of 35,000 gallons. The total weight of this mammoth, when full, is 570 tons. If circular tables were placed inside it while empty, one hundred persons might cenveniently dine round them, a tolerably numerous school might assemble to tea within its walls. Standing near to it are two other vats, bolding upwards of 80,000 gallons each; and there are others of 70,000, 50,000, and so on down to 1700, and making altogether seventy-six. These monster vats have been built by Mr. James Oxley, of Frome, Somersct.

Heinrich Von Hess.—German religious art has sustained a severe shock by the death of Heinrich Von Hess, on the twenty-ninth of March, at the age of sixty-five; and Munich has lost in him the painter

with whom its artistic fame is almost inseparably connected. Next to the architectural attractions of the town, which are only the first as they are the first seen, the churches built by King Ludwig arouse the traveler's interest; and to Henry Von Hess the decoration of these churches is chiefly due. The frescors in the Basilica of St. Boniface, and the Court Chapel, as well as the painted windows of the church in the Au, are mostly from his hand; and in naming these the most characteristic, as the most valuable, of their kind have been recorded. Probably no Englishman has visited Munich without carrying away a grateful recollection of that fresco in the Boniface church, in which the departure of the Saint from Netley Abbey is presented; and this picture, as well as others of the series, has been diffused over all England by means of engravings, Hess was born in Dusseldorf, in 1798, and came of an artistic family. King Ludwig made him Director of the Painted Glass Manufactory.—Alhenœum.

Origin of Hand-Shaking.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white vail, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined: or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements by the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be re-lized.

BOOKSELLERS AND AUTHORS.—The following anecdote is related of the late distinguished writer, Balzac: A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise resolved to offer him 3000 francs for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2000 francs. On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh! in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1500 francs." But when he entered a poorly-furnished room, and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300 france, and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterwards considered a chefdauvre—the Dernière Fce.

The Boston Society of Natural History has received, during the past year, with the balance from the year before, \$72,508. It is proposed to spend \$95,000 on its new building. The late Dr. R. D. Green contributed a library valued at \$30,000.

There are in the cotton factories of the Northern States 4,745,750 spindles. Of these, 3,252,000 were stopped June 1st, 1862; and 1,493,750 were in operation. In the following month, the number of spindles in operation was reduced to 1,200,000—about twenty-five per cent of the whole. The consumption of cotton in the last-named month was only 426 bales, of 450 pounds each per day, against a total capacity of 2666 such bales per day.

GLOOM NOT INTENDED.—If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black; every bird would be a crow or black-

bird; the occan would be one vast ink-pot—a black vail would be drawn over the face of heaven, and an everlasting string of crape hung around the borders of creation.

Solvent for Silk.—M. Persoz describes in Comptes Rendus his process for dissolving silk. He uses a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc, which has been boiled with an excess of the oxide of that metal until it does not discolor litmus. By means of Professor Graham's dialyser, the silk can be separated from the chloride of zinc, in the form of a colorless, inodorous solution, which gives on evaporation, a green-colored, brittle varnish. The chloride of zinc offers the means of separating the silk from mixed fabrics.

BLACK RAIN IN SOUTH-AMERICA.—(From the Mercurio of Valparaiso, December 17th, 1862.)—A strange phenomenon has been seen in one of the Argentine Provinces. The Comercio del Parana describes it as follows: "On the 12th inst., (December,) about seven A.M., it became so dark that in many houses in this city (San Juan) lamps had to be lighted; it soon began very slowly to clear up, but the day remained cloudy till about two P.M., accompanied by strong gusts of wind. During the night it rained black water. Some tubs that had remained out of doors were found next morning filled with muddy and very dirty water." A letter we have before us, says: Since the seventh of December it had been raining at intervals of half an hour. On the twelfth, tubs were found in the morning filled with black water, remainings of the rain we had last night. There are persons who assert that it has rained until eight this morning, and that the same rain stained the clothes that happened to have been left out of doors to dry. There is no doubt that on the twelfth of December, 1862, it rained black water. The people of the district were very much alarmed, and the female portion began to pray fervently."

Force of Waves.—Cosmos, speaking of the January storms, praises the admirable system of warning organized in England by Admiral Fitzroy, and then proceeds to mention some instances of the force exerted by the waves during the prevalence of the unusual wind. Blocks of stone weighing thirteen tons were hurled to a distance of more than thirty feet, and blocks of three tons to more than one hundred yards. The outer harbor of Fécamp was destroyed, and the mass of earth torn from the north side of Cape la Hève was estimated at more than 300,000 square yards.

Spots on the Sun.—During the past quarter the sun has been very rich in spots, and many groups along the equator were seen at the beginning of March. A spot, seen on March 1st, to the western side of the sun, appeared of a spiral form; but two days later it did not seem to bave shifted its direction, although it was considerably broken up and a quantity of luminous matter was mixed up with the penumbra and nucleus. Mr. Howlett questions the existence of the notch on the sun, photographed by Mr. Titterton (of Ely) on the morning of August 4th, which was doubtless seen by many at the Exhibition He observed the sun three times on that occasion, and could still distinctly see its margin. It would seem that the eye on such occasions is more sensible than the collodion, Mr. Howlett being able throughout the day to perceive a brilliant streak of

photosphere between the spot and sun's limb, whilst the photograph makes the spot and sky run together, thus producing the notch. A similar occurrence took place on October 1st, the photograph showing a notch, and the telescope none.

ALUMINIUM.—This metal has risen suddenly to a position of great importance. Although isolated by Sir Humphrey Davy, and obtained in globules by Wöhler in 1845, it was not prepared in any quantity, until within the last few years, when Deville's improvements led to its being produced in considerable masses. Messrs. Bell, of Newcastle on-Tyne, now manufactures it largely by Deville's process, which essentially consists in the decomposition of dry chloride of aluminium by means of sodium. The metal was exhibited by this firm, and by Messrs. Morin & Co., of Nanterre, (Seine,) at the late International Exhibition, under the form of bars, wires, sheets, tubes, foil, castings, and forgings. It has been drawn into wire by M. Garepou, of Paris, and it is said to be from sixty to one hundred per cent cheaper than silver wire. It is exceedingly light, (its specific gravity being little more than 2.5;) thus, a sextant in brass will weigh 3 lb., which, if made of aluminium, weighs only 1 lb. 9 oz. Such a sextant, and also various other philosophical instruments of the same material, were exhibited by Messrs. Bell. They have recently produced a modification, which they term "whitened aluminium," in which the unpleasant zinc-like hue of the metal is obviated. They have also formed keys of aluminium, alloyed with two per cent of nickel, to increase its hardness. From aluminium wire and foil the lighter weights used for chemical purposes may be advantageously made, since, occupying something like seven times the space of those of platinum, they are more easily adjusted and handled, and less likely to be lost. MM. Collett, of Paris, have constructed a chemical balance, in which every part, down to the milled head by which the beam is released, is made of aluminium It would appear, however, that this metal is destined to be more useful as a constituent of alloys, than in the unalloyed form.—Popular Science Review.

Aluminium Bronze is a beautiful alloy of copper and aluminium. Various articles made of it were shown in the International Exhibition; they attracted much attention, especially some watch-cases made by Messrs. Reid, of Newcastle, which so closely resembled gold as not to be distinguished from it by experienced persons. Aluminium bronze is made of three qualities—the first containing 10, the second 7½, and the third 5 per cent of aluminium, the rest being copper. These varities are scarcely to be distinguished from gold, except by their specific gravity, which is scarcely half that of the precious metal. They tarnish much less readily than any metal usually employed for astronomical instruments, namely, gun-metal, brass, silver, cast-iron, or steele. In making the alloy extremely pure copper must be used. The best is that deposited by electricity, but that kind is very expensive; the next best is native copper from Lake Superior.—P. S. Review.

Walking Fish.—An observer in Province Wellesley, passing along during a shower of rain over the wide sandy plain which bounds the sea in the neighborhood of Panaga, witnessed an overland migration of a fish much resembling the tench, called Ikan Puya, from a chain of fresh-water lagoons lying

immediately within the sea beach, towards the second chain of lagoons about a hundred yards distant inland. The fish were in groups of from three to seven, and were pursuing their way in a direct line towards a second chain of lagoons at the rate of nearly a mile an hour. When disturbed, they turned round, and endeavored to make their way back to the lagoon they had left, but were caught by the Malay accompanying the observer. Upwards of twenty were taken during a walk of half a mile. The ground these fish were traversing was nearly level, and only scantily clothed with grass and creeping salsolacious plants, which offered very slight obstruction to their progress.

In Great Britain there are 336,000 persons actually engaged in mining operations, exclusive of those in quarries of all kinds. Of these 250,000 are coal miners. Probably not more than three hundred of the whole number are receiving any such course of instruction as is necessary to fit them for the labors for which they are destined.

Boring by Diamonds.—Some time since it was suggested that black or rough diamonds might be employed for the perforation of hard rocks. This suggestion has been put into practice by a French engineer, M. Leschol. The instrument he uses is made out of a tube furnished with a circular cutter of rough diamonds.

CIRCULATION OF MODERN LITERATURE.—According to the Bookseller, the leading organ of the publishing trade of Great Britain, the press of this (that) country brought forth, during the last twelve months, from the commencement of December, 1861, to the end of November, 1862, no less than 4828 new books, including reprints and new editions. Of this number—to follow the classification adopted by the Bookseller-942 were religious works; 337 represented biography and history; 637 belonged to poctry and general literature; 925 were works of fiction; 216 annuals and serials. In book form: 61 were illustrative of art and architecture; 60 commercial; 278 pertaining to geography and travel: 283 law and parliamentary publications; 129 medi cal and surgical works; 243 oriental, classical, and philological books; 191 works on grammar and education; 81 naval, military, and engineering pub. lications; 157 books on politics and questions of the day; 104 works on agriculture, horticulture, and field sports; and 148 books devoted to science and natural history. Consequently, religion stands at the head of English literature, and next to religion. fiction; while commerce is placed at the very bottom. The conclusion lies near, that either the great Napoleon has said something extremely stupid in calling us a nation of shopkeepers, or that we have very much altered since the days of the great Nr. poleon. It is not every nation in the world that publishes between two and three religious works and as many romances per day; not to speak of poetry at the rate of thirteen new volumes per week, with an extra quantity hidden in annuals and serials, in crimson cloth and gilt edges.

Love.—An insignificant word is Love; and yet of how many poems, books, stories, tragedies, and episodes in life has it formed the subject? The painter at his easel vainly endeavoring to transfer the semblance of the beauty that sits before him, looks into glittering eyes, and his heart is on fire

with Love; the poet, stealthily writes, in the ardor of the conflagration which consumes his heart, sonnets to his lady s eyebrow; the warrior, that his lady-love may smile upon him when again he comes within the range of her battery, hesitates not to face a more terrible but not more dangerous one in its work of destruction; the statesman battles in the senate hall that he may carry the triumphs of the victor to his entrancer's feet; and the historian, when in the course of his relation he touches the theme of themes, how his pen becomes inspired and how roundly glowing are his sentences. Love is a little word, but it expresses the controlling central passion of life; and it is, perhaps, well, after all, that its orthography is insignificant. Were it of many syllables, few maidens could be brought to pronounce it!

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—The Danube, the Elba, etc., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, every thing was frozen, the crops entirely failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the winesacks were burst, and the trees split, by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1237, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1317, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. successive winters of 1422-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1368, the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

A New Invention.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times says, that a skillful engineer residing in Paris has invented a machine by which cotton rags of every description may be rendered fit for spinning. By this means rags, such as old sheets, shirts, and pocket handkerchiefs, worth not more than 20f. the 200lb. weight, can be converted into blue or red cotton equal to that imported from Egypt, which, though inferior to American cotton, brings a high price in the Havre market. It is expected that this invention will attract the attention of the cotton-spinners throughout France. One manufacturer of padding at Orleans, and a cottonspinner at St. Denis, have already tried the new machine, and have found it to succeed perfectly. Other engineers have directed their attention to the subject, and it is not impossible that through the power of machinery, European manufactures may,

This invention, which was unknown a few weeks since, is one of those which effect a revolution in industry and increase public wealth to an immense extent. When it is considered how many millions are expended in the purchase of raw cotton, and the short time the manufactured article lasts, any machine that can make worn-out cotton cloth available for fresh spinning, must render great service to the manufacturer.

RETRIBUTION.—What worse punishment could be the portion of any human being, than to bear about with him the hourly consciousness of having repaid trust with treachery, child-like confidence with betrayal, and of having worn to the eyes of innocence a life-mask, even though they be closed in death before the dreadful secret be discovered, which would have extinguished happiness, and poisoned peace for ever. Of the many who have and will suffer to the end of time through the unprincipled, none may suffer more than himself, to whom thought and silence are so intolerable, that oblivion must be purchased at any cost of present risk or future downfall. No wronged human being, how great soever the weight of sorrow and injustice he bears about with him, may, after all, suffer more than their diabolical inflictors.

A MADRID COURT BALL.—The Madrid journals of the 10th ult. say that the fancy-dress ball given by the Duchess of Fernan-Nunes, which took place on the previous evening, was a most magnificent affair. More than fifteen hundred persons of the highest rank were present. Their Majesties arrived at midnight. The Queen wore the costume of Queen Esther, and looked admirable; the King had the cxact dress of Philippe V. The Duchess de Medina-Celi represented Queen Athalic of Racine. Amongst the other costumes were a great number of the Courts of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV. The wife of the French Ambassador was in the costume of the wife of Rubens; Mdlle. Barrot represented a Hungarian; Mille. Otway, Anne Boleyn, and Mdlle. Lagrange were the dress of Norma. The Count de Fuen Rubia appeared as Cromwell.

GREAT SALE OF SHORTHORNS.—Babraham achieved another triumph on Wednesday, when about half the late Mr. Jones Webb's herd of shorthorns were submitted to competition by Mr. Stafford and Mr J. C. Jones, and realized upwards of £4000. Several of the cows made eighty, ninety, and one hundred guineas, and a few lots even more. The keenest competition of all was for Drawing room Resc, a roan heifer, which fetched the heavy price of £25 guineas, the fortunate owner of that sum being Lr. Clarke Irving, from Australia. The bulls scarcely did so well perhaps as might have been expected. coming rather late in the day. Among those that realized high prices, we may notice Beauty, now ten years old, 100 guineas, and Red Rose, 160 guiness. The part of the herd sold comprised sixty two cows and twenty bulls. The eighty-two animals brought £55 15s. each, or a sum total of £4571 14s., an amount which must be considered highly satisfactory. Many of the animals were bought for Germany, France, some for our own home counties; several also will find their way to South Australia, and other distant colonies. The sale of the remainder of the herd is fixed for June 24th, when no doubt an equally good account will be rendered.

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tiocination—no longer stereotyped under an imaginary supernal projection of itself in the shape of an unseen anthropomorphic governor, but consciously subject to a natural process of development. Possessed of a quasi Catholic influence throughout the heterogeneous agglomerate of an Empire in throes of modern life, no wonder if the ancient Jews were looked upon with mingled respect and political hatred by the Romans. Conservative Romans regarded them as a standing menace to Roman ideas, Roman government, and Roman religion. Enlightened governors petted and fawned upon them, much as modern politicians pet and fawn upon refractory papists.* Both systems when effete have still retained a semblance of vitality. Moreover, the Jews were formidable for their numbers. Judæa alone had a population estimated at five or six millions.† Nor need we wonder that Jerusalem should so long have withstood the Roman arms, and lost one million five hundred thousand men, (an American army) in the war against Titus. Juvenal and Tacitus, the arch-embodiments of Roman Toryism, revelling in the fullness of Roman decay, naturally spoke with disparagement of the Jews. And many credulous and uncritical scholars, who even now look upon a quotation from Juvenal as conclusive evidence upon the state of things in any century Roman history, think when they have quoted Juvenal's lines, in which he speaks with ill-disguised hatred and contempt of the tremulous superstition of the Jews, that this is all that need be said upon their state under the Roman Empire. They forget that the utterances of many Tory fanatics, even in England in the nineteenth century, would give a very in-

adequate and erroneous view of the state of the modern Jews, to the student of history who should look to such writers a thousand years hence for his information.

In truth, both before and after the destruction of Jerusalem, the position of the Jews seems to have been always influential and often favorable, though not always free from persecution. Pompey brought a large number of Jews to Rome, who were dispersed throughout Italy, and rapidly obtained their freedom. Rome, with that lofty and magnificent toleration which conquered a world forfeited by papal intolerance, at first respected their religion. Scarcely were they established there, when they were freely permitted to build a synagogue. The Jews of Rome* numbered four thousand in the days of Pompey, and they continually increased. Julius Cæsar admitted a large number to the Roman citizenship, which in time was attained by all. Their devotion to Cæsar was very remarkable, and in some respects analogous to the extraordinary affection the English Jews of the present day for Earl Russell. Augustus, who took his stand upon his uncle's ideas, rewarded their attachment to the memory of Cæsar, and treated them with marked favor. Several Jews enjoyed his personal esteem, and, among others, the poet Fuscus Aristius, who shared with Horace the friendship of the Emperor. In his reign the Jews had in Rome their own tribunal (Beth-Din.) There Saint Paul presented himself, when he came to appeal to Cæsar. The chiefs of the Beth-Din were looked upon as wise men of the nation, and received many honorary badges from the Roman Emperors, who even made some of them honorary prefects. It is interesting to observe, that the Beth-Din at Rome kept up official communication with Jerusalem. Thus when the Apostle Paul addressed that tribunal, the chief of the Jews, whom he called together, answered that they had received no information from Rome. So carefully were the Jewish scruples respected under Augustus, that they were exempted from all public business, even criminal justice, on the Sabbath, and that the monthly dole was kept for the poorer Jews till the next day whenever the distribution happened to fall upon the seventh day. But if Augus-

^{*} But if the Jews occupied a position in ancient times in many striking aspects analogous to the later position of the Catholics throughout the world, they were honorably distinguished by the absence of the intrigue and Propaganda of the Papacy. Nor do they believe in the divine right of their nation to govern the world and meddle in the affairs of foreign nations for the good of their souls. In later times, the Jews are chiefly remarkable for their patriotism, their attachment to the country of their birth, and to liberal institutions.

[†] The tribute paid by the Jews to Rome amounted to about £200,000, produced by a land-tax of 1 per cent, and a poll-tax of about 6d. Supposing the two taxes to have produced equal returns, the population would be about that stated in the text.

^{*} Transtiberini, so called from the quarter assigned to them across the Tiber.

tus tenderly cherished the Jews, Tiberius proscribed their rites, and banished those who practiced them. An order issued by this emperor to transport four thousand Jewish freedmen out of Rome to Sardinia, was rigorously executed by Sejanus, and revoked by Tiberius after the death of Sejanus. Caligula, having conceived the mad desire to be worshiped as God in the Temple of Jerusalem, provoked a frightful rebellion in Judæa, which he avenged in the blood of the Jews at Rome. Claudius banished them in vain, for Nero found numerous victims on his accession. A large part of the reign of Vespasian was taken up with his war against Jerusalem, which he left as a legacy to Titus. What all the power of the Roman arms had failed to accomplish in a hundred battles, Titus accomplished by famine, and planted the Roman engle on the ashes of Jerusalem after a struggle which cost the Jews one million five hundred thousand men in dead, but the cost of which to the victors has not been revealed, if it ever was known.

Domitian exaggerated the rigors of Titus. Under his reign it deserves to be remarked, that both Jews and Christians were persecuted indiscriminately. Nor is it strange that the heathens found it difficult to distinguish between Judaism and Christianity. If the Japanese Ambassadors, enlightened representatives of their countrymen, were called upon to distinguish between Mormonism and Christianity, they would assuredly be much perplexed to do so; yet it may fairly be questioned whether the Mormonites are further separated from the Christians of the present day, by creed or filiation, than were the early Christians from the ancient Jews. We need not wonder, then, that both were at first involved among the heathens in one common disadvantage.

Under Nerva the Jews had a breathing space, which they themselves brought to a close under Trajan, by their convulsive efforts to recover their national independence. Heliogabalus conceived the project of consolidating all the religions of the earth,* a project which was attempted

to be carried out by Decius, Valerian, and Diocletian, who persecuted both Christians and Jews with strange barbarity.

Nevertheless, it should be borne in mind, that those persecutions which the Jews from time to time endured under the Romans, were in the main political and not religious. And a little attention will disclose a very curious distinction between the troubles of the Jews and those of the Christians under the Romans. Under the Roman Emperors, the Jews were struggling, like the Catholics now, for the remains of their temporal power; but, unlike the Catholics, they did not in general proselytize, though they received converts. But proselytism was the very essence of the Christian sect. The Jew said, "My nation is destined one day to receive a great earthly kingdom. I do not think it essential that any but Jews should benefit by it. However, if you are really very eager that you or your children should share in the prospective blessings of this coming kingdom and will submit to be circumcised, we will, as a great favor, receive you." The Christain said, " Much that the Jew says is true, but you must believe a great deal more. And so far from its being a matter of indifference whether you join us or no, we believe you will be damned hereafter everlastingly if you do not; but you need not be circumcised." The consequence of this was, that whereas the Jews, unlike the Catholics, were not propagandists, yet as the Christians were, and were in the rough looked upon by the Romans as Jews, they were both often involved in persecutions for opinions and actions which they did not share. Thus they suffered the same doom from very different motives. This deserves to be more particularly noticed, inasmuch as, among the earliest and most enduring features of the Jewish character and creed, that, perhaps, to which they chiefly owe their prolonged existence, must be reckoned the very singular, but marked absence of propagandism. Jews were intolerant, but seldom aggres-If, in later times, they learned in

crush down the whole of mankind with one overwhelming weight to one dead level. Or is it that man is afraid to look out into that infinitude of space which nature has placed around his atoms, and that his mind, by a natural process, as certain naked insects weave them coats out of their own slime—is compelled to spin a covering for his naked thought, to protect him from the immensity of things?

There is no absurdity, no atrocity, no opposition to truth, justice, or mercy, no crime, in short, against humanity, which has not been perpetrated in the name of a universal religion. It would almost seem as if mankind could not rest satisfied until they had shut out the natural light of truth by a brazen sky of their own building that should

bitter suffering the lesson of human tolerance, they never, on the other hand, lost sight of the cardinal truth, that conviction, to be real, must be spontaneous, and that physical force and moral sussion are incompatible. The Pharisees were indeed accused by Christ of compassing heaven and earth to make one proselyte. But the very bitterness with which he spoke faithfully reflected the Jewish repugnance to the moral puffing and the degraded notion of the Diety involved in the true missionary spirit. Whenever, therefore, the Jews are found in history returning the atrocities of the Christians, it is in a spirit of retaliation and self-defence, never with the lower* motive of making converts by fire and sword. The absence of propagandism, though originally a merely negative toleration, was nevertheless greatly instrumental in the preservation of the race. The wise tolerance of national creeds exercised by the Roman rulers was not at first denied to the Jews, because they left the propagation of their faith to its own natural course. ideas which made Jerusalem a center of rebellion were not so much theological as practical, so far as the belief in prophecies can be called practical.* These prophecies may, however, be deemed to have been so far practical as they inculcated the belief in a coming temporal sovereignty, because that belief finally compelled the Romans to blot out Jerusalem; but when the physical possibility of a physical and earthly event was annihilated, the speculative belief of the Jews in one perfect God involved no further cause for re-Accordingly they were often tolerated, sometimes cherished, by the Romans, even under the Christian Emperors, who, if they occasionally spoke of the "hateful Jewish crew," the "parricides who had murdered their Lord," yet acknowledged the rites of the Jewish religion, and exempted its priests from many burdens.

Nor were the Jews persecuted until the full catholic and absorbing zeal of the Christian religion + swallowed up the last relics of Roman justice. It may indeed be said, that what took place was inevitable. The devilish logic which deduced persecution from Catholicism was all the more inexorable from wearing the appearance of mercy. If without the pale of Christianity there were no salvation, it was surely merciful to prevent the spread of spiritual poison. Those who were "noble enough to be illogical," like Isidore of Seville, Bernard de Clairvaux, and, to their honor be it said, a long list of popes, were looked upon with anger or contempt by the more faithful sons of the Church. Accordingly, the Christian theory of persecution was first carried out in Christian and Visigothic Spain. The Jews were protected under the Arian and heretical kings. But one of the first orthodox rulers, Sisebut, at once involved eighty thousand Jews in persecution. They pleaded

^{*} We say "lower" motive—not indeed considered artistically or religiously, but intellectually. Intellectually, the notion of the Diety involved in persecution is so contradictory, so full of absurd incongruities, that we know nothing more painful in the history of the human mind, than the logic of passion which attacks men's bodies and lives to save their souls. Retaliation and self-defence in matters of religion are neither contradictory nor incongruous in themselves; they are simply proved by experience to be not founded in true policy. Theoretically, they will bear investigation—practically, they are found to fail. That the heathens should have exterminated whole nations, because they believed them to be hateful to hating Deities, was mistaken, but natural and consistent with their mistaken premises. But that a God of absolute love should be conceived, and his name used to sanction every fiendish passion of self-opinionated pride and power, however disguised—this alone is enough to stamp the logic of Christian persecution as an intellectual lunacy. In this sense, we say that the Jews were never guilty of the "lower" motive (intellectually) of making converts by fire and sword. What might not be added on the subject of rational conviction, as exemplified by the theory of salvation by persecution? But that the tolerance of the present day seems so superficial and reluctant, threatened by Catholicism in its throes on one side, and evangelical fanatism in its vagaries on the other—one should imagine that nothing more could be written upon the subject, after all that has been so well said by the greatest writers of the past.

^{*} So the Catholic belief in the supremacy of the Papacy and the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, is exactly analogous to the old belief of the Jews in the divinity and destinies of their temple, being equally practical in its effects and visionary in its truth.

[†] We wish it to be distinctly understood, that in our strictures upon Christian intolerance we expressly except the Founder himself of the Christian religion, and consider, not the possible logical inferences that might have been drawn from his teaching, but those consequences which, human nature being what it is, actually did, and we think, therefore, did necessarily follow from it. So far do we think Christ himself to have been from intolerance, that we look upon his teaching as containing in many points the loftiest exposition of tolerance in its most abstract and benign form.

with simple pathos for common justice. "Joshua had never forced the nations he subdued to adopt the Mosaic ritual. Was it not enough to consign them to damnation in the next world? Why were they to be molested before their time?" but replied that he obeyed Holy Church, and that in temporal things men might choose, but not in spiritual. He was censured in a general council of the Spanish clergy, by Isidore of Seville. But after Isidore's death, the Jews in Spain became the victims of sixty years of conscientious cruelty. They were compelled to eat the flesh of swine; their religion was proscribed; they were to appear before the bishops on their feast-days, lest they should observe them. No Jew's evidence was to be received against a Christian, for "how is a liar before God to be believed?" Driven to desperation, the Jews in Spain sought comfort from their brethren in Africa. A new power was striding fast from east to west along the African seaboard, and from the African Jews the Spanish Jews learned that the followers of Mahomet were more merciful than the followers of Christ. The Visigoths accused the Jews of plotting abroad. The Council of Toledo was called together. All Jewish property was confiscated and divided amongst slaves, and all their children torn from their parents and brought up in the Christian faith. The Council of Toledo was never called again. Within fifteen years the kingdom of the Visigoths had passed away.

The Moors on entering Spain at once took the Jews into favor. The comparative proximity between the Hebrew and Arabic tongues drew their bonds still closer, and the Jews found themselves called upon to act as confidential interpreters to the new masters of the kingdom, and privileged to give their own version of things and men. On the other hand, the Moors initiated the Jews into their own learning, and gave them lands to cultivate. No sooner were the Jews raised to the rank of citizenship, than they showed how well they could fulfil its duties. They devoted themselves to all the arts and sciences, and especially to agriculture, the original pursuit of their race. With the Moors they shared the honors of fertilizing and civilizing Spain. They applied hydraulics to irrigation, introduced the products of Africa, engaged in the manufacture of silk, cotton, and morocco, while in '

all the branches of civilization the Christians were lagging far in the rear. In the following, the tenth century, the position of the Jews in Spain had so far improved that the example of the Moorish princes, their enlightenment, and consequent toleration, was found to have caused a favorable reaction and change in the barbarity of of the Christian portion of the peninsula. The kingdoms of Castile and Arragon seem to have adopted the policy of the califs. The immediate neighborhood of so much light and science could not fail to modify the thick gloom of superstition under which they had labored. spirit of propaganda abated for a season, and, unlike the Christians of the other parts of Europe, most unlike, too, the succeeding days of the full triumph of Christianity under the patronage of the inquisition, the Spanish Christians after the eighth century gave every symptom of having opened their hearts to toleration and good-will towards their former victims. Accordingly, at that time we find the Jews in high and merited favor both with the Moorish and Christian kings. In several instances they filled the office of prime minister. The Moors, indeed, went far beyond a merely passive toleration, and protected the Jews with a favor much resembling that of Augustus at Rome in earlier times. They granted the Jews a separate organization, and sanctioned their judicial administration. The Jewish government under the patronage of the Moors was remarkable. The synagogues elected the chiefs of the nation: the chiefs in their turn elected judges, who were to form the judicial body, to whom all disputes between Jews were referred.

The numbers of the Jews in Spain at the beginning of the tenth century suddenly received a great accession by the destruction of the celebrated academy of Pumbedita in the East; and the Talmud, which the refugees brought with them, was translated into Arabic by order of the Kalif Haschem II. Rabbi Joseph was chosen to perform the stupendous task, and brought it to a close toward the end of the tenth century. At the same period Menachem-Ben-Saruk wrote the first Hebrew Dictionary which appeared in Spain. Moreover, in all the southwest of Europe, the Jews were the principal physicians of the day. So thoroughly was their preeminence in the medical profession acknowledged, that a Spanish writer attempted to prove that their constitution and the quality of their intellect was naturally and chiefly adapted to the study of medicine* They showed, however, by their universal pursuits under the Moors, that their talents were encyclical rather than special. But it is noticed by M. Bédarride, as a curious and pregnant fact, that among the works of Aristotle, which the Spanish Jews translated, we do not find his treatise on poetry. This is easily explained. On the one hand, the poetry of the Jews, at all events that large class of poems which never entire'y departed from the original character of the poetry which we find in the Bible, was so austere and contracted in its range, though sublime and pathetic, that it would have been almost impossible for the Jews to discover any canons derived from Greek poetry which they could consider to be applicable to their own. Moreover, the Jew for centuries looked upon poetry in the light of a sacred outpouring of national or individual feeling, a sort of communion with his God, to which he would have been loth to apply any heathen rules of criticism. On the other hand, it is probable, that during the period preceding the revival of letters, although from causes too long to trace, the Jews and Arabs were familiar with Plato and Aristotle, and deeply versed in the study of Greek philosophy, the Greek tragedians and Epic poets were unknown Many an Englishman who to them. studies French scientific works deeply, may be ignorant of the great bulk of French mediæval poetry. Moreover, the mythology of the Greeks was not calculated to attract the Jews, if it did not, to use a legal term, "estop" the perusal of the Greek poets.

To return to their general literature. A curious Jewish work of the eleventh century, is the so-called "Cosri," a disquisition chiefly on the value of tradition, written in Arabic by a Spanish Jew, Judah Levy, and translated into Hebrew by Aben Tibbon. This work, written in the form of a dialogue, seems to throw great light upon the belief of the more enlightened Jews in Spain of that time. The immor-

tality of the soul is inculcated as one of the cardinal points of their religion. All men are to be treated as brothers, and it is held that men of all religions have a claim to future blessedness. On the other hand, though earnestly religious in its tone, the "Cosri" criticises the Talmud with very considerable freedom.

In the first times of the victory of Castile and Arragon, Pope Alexander II. saved the Jews of those kingdoms from the persecutions with which they were threatened as the first fruits of the defeat of the Moors. Nor were the noble efforts of that pope altogether without results in the sequel. Alphonso VI. granted his royal protection to the Jews of Castile, declaring them eligible to all, even noble offices of state. This circumstance accounts for the large number of Castilian Jews who added to their names the titular particle don, emblematic of nobility. Such favor gave umbrage to the priests, and Pope Gregory VII., to whom they complained, careless of the infallibility of the Holy See, labored with all the vehemence of his evil ambition to undo the work of his more humane predecessor Alexander. In this instance, however, humanity prevailed over papal violence. Alphonso VI. had sufficiently discovered its benefits to turn a deaf ear to the fulminations of Hildebrand, and for a season the Jews continued in the undisturbed enjoyment of the privileges to which, by their general enlightenment, they were eminently entitled.

The twelfth century witnessed the culmination of Jewish literature in Spain. The Jews, now the financiers of the world, were then its physicians, and renowned for those encyclopædic attainments and elevation of character for which the really scientific branch of the medical profession has always been celebrated. The number of Jewish physicians in the twelfth century was enormous. If we are to believe M. Bédarride, every pretty prince and nobleman looked upon a Jewish physician as a necessary appendage to his court. Moreover, almost every Jewish physician seems to have looked upon authorship of some kind as an essential part of his pro-Among these, the celebrated fession. philosopher, Marmonides, surnamed The Light of the West, achieved a reputation, the partial eclipse of which, in later days, can only be attributed to the all but general neglect into which the Hebrew litera-

^{*} It is impossible, we think, to read the history of the Jews after their dispersion, and not perceive that they distinguished themselves in every branch of commerce and science which was open to them; and that their later character of usurers was thrust upon them by the persecutions which followed the Crusades, and the gradual triumph of Christianity.

ture of the Middle Ages has fallen. few words on the works and genius of Maïmonides will throw great light upon the state of the Jews in Spain during the period of their highest cultivation. Moses Ben Maïmoun, or otherwise called Maïmonides, born at Cordova in 1185, of a family, many members of which had been judges, also, in his earlier days, entered the legal profession. Those who are able to read his works in the original, bear witness to the depth of his juridical knowledge. His intellect was, however, too vast to rest at ease within the limits of one science. Like Plato before him, he seems to have mastered the whole range of the then existing knowledge. Although several traditionary accounts concerning his education—such, for instance, as his having been the pupil of Averroes—have not stood the test of later criticism, it is allowed that he was a disciple of the most celebrated Arabian philosophers. early years of his life were spent, moreover, in the outward observance of Mohammedanism, enforced by the kalif Abd-al-Moumen, the founder of the dynasty of the Almohades, after the conquest of Cordova. His speculative views were thus sharpened by practical experience, and enlarged by his personal contact with the three greatest creeds of his time. At the age of thirty he had composed his celebrated commentary on the Mischna, which he later translated into In this work he discusses the immortality of the soul, liberty, the will, virtue and vice, from general points of view irrespective of Talmudic authority; while another work furnishes a systematic digest of the Talmud, which, from the magnitude of the task, is, perhaps, one of the most towering achievements scholarship. "There was no branch of philosophy," says Bartholoccius, "with which he was not familiar; natural philosophy, mathematics, medicine, he knew all, even Christian theology. You may convince yourself of it, by reading his writings, especially the first book of the Harad." The coping-stone of Mimonides' fame consisted, however, in his greatest work, the Moreh-nevochim ("Guide of the Wavering,") a work, apart from its elevation and learning, interesting from the fact of its containing the attempt, said to be the first on the part of a Rabbi, to imprison the Jewish faith in a creed. Maïmonides lays down!

thirteen articles as embracing the substance of the Jewish religion. 1st. That there is a God, creator of all things. 2d. indivisibility and unity of God. That God is incorporeal. 4th. 3d. 5th. To be alone worshiped. Eternal. 6th. That God has revealed himself to man by the prophets. 7th. That the prophecy of Moses is the most excellent among prophecies. 8th. That God delivered the law directly to Moses. The immutability of that law. 10th. That God knows all the thoughts and actions of men. 11th. That God will punish the wicked and recompense the good. 12th. The advent of the Messiah. 13th. The resurrection of the dead. If to the comparative simplicity and purity of this creed we add the intimate acquaintance of Maimonides with Greek philosophy— (he elaborately combats Aristotle's doctrine of the coëternity of the world)—is will be clear, that while, on the one hand, he was in his dogmatic belief even more enlightened than modern Christians, on the other the absence of critical power which such a creed displays, is nothing more than what we see now seven centuries later among ourselves even on the episcopal bench.

If Marmonides had been a solitary instance of Jewish cultivation, his fame would be undiminished, though it would throw little light on the state of the Jews during the twelfth century. But any one who chooses to take the trouble to inquire, will find that he was only the culminating instance of their general enlightenment, whether they combated him, which the straiter sect of the orthodox party did often with much learning and acumen, or whether as the latitudinarian party, they defended him. And the fact remains, that the Jews, who, under the Moorish rule, rose to the pinnacle of the existing civilization in all its most varied branches, were at a later period crushed down into usury by the gradual triumph of the Christian religion. Their subsequent history in Spain is more or less a type of their subsequent miseries through-

^{*} By latitudinarian, in this case, we of course mean those who, by the reigning party among the Jews, were then thought to be so. As in all ages, so in this instance, the latitudinarian party were so far near the truth that they sought for it regardless of consequence or authority. "Man," said Maïmonides, "should not direct his actions on the faith of authority. for his eyes are on his face and not upon his back."

out Europe. The toleration which the Saracen, in the maturity of his greatness, had extended to the Jew, waned on the of the Moorish ascendancy. decline Second childhood is proverbially pettish, and the Moors, hemmed in within the narrow limits of Granada and Cordova, began in their death-struggle to persecute those whom, in their victorious supremacy, they had raised to a position of grateful and conspicuous emulation. the other hand, the enlightened toleration which the neighboring Christian kingdoms had learnt from the Moors continued for awhile. The prime minister of Alphonso VIII. of Castile was a Jew; but Christian fanaticism had grown with the growth of the anti-Moorish struggle, and in proportion as the general spirit of priestly intolerance found less work in one direction, it sought with accumulated gall for an outlet in another. Younger creeds and inferior civilizations are always | branch of industry thus fell to the infidels' more boisterous and usurping than the share, and was sold to the Jews. It older, and for the time being, higher ones. And, at that time, in learning and civilization of an article, to do more than touch upon tion, both theoretically and practically, the history of the Jews in its broadest feathe Jews might be called the brain of the tures. Their position varied within cer-Peninsula. weapons to religious hate. The old and from kingdom to kingdom. The only visionary story was circulated of Christian constant persecution arose from the Christchildren murdered and devoured in cele-ian doctrines. In Arragon, for instance, bration of the Passover. In Castile in the position of the Jews was generally less stances are recorded where the corpse of a favorable than in Castile, and less favorchild was fraudulently introduced into able in Castile than in Portugal—the spirit Jewish houses to lend color to the foul of persecution in the Spanish peninsula accusation. This calumny, often repeated and diligently fanned by a bigoted and tance from Rome. In Castile the Jews ignorant priesthood, kept the Jews in had been intimately connected with every perpetual terror. The succeeding century changed the terrorism of the mob into the chiefest of which, the astronomical tables organized persecution of a hierarchy. The history of the Inquisition is soaked in Jewish blood. This institution, the melancholy first-fruits of the doctrine of "creed necessary unto salvation," was originally due to the contemptuous hatred, not unmingled with fear, which the simplicity and sincerity of the Albigenses inspired in the breasts of the scandalous supporters of the then reigning orthodoxy. Raised to all but human omnipotence by the Crusades, the clergy set no bounds to its arrogance. The Albigensian heresy represents the first aspiration and impulse | of any part of the Christian world towards freedom from the gross corruption of the dominant system. But it is deserving of record that the South of France, of this delightful idyll, we should add,

where the first symptoms of rebellion against the papal misrule appeared, was precisely that part of Europe in which, as we shall see, and also in Spain, the Jewish enlightenment and civilization had prepared the minds of men to assert their spiritual independence. It must not be imagined, however, that in Spain, even after the dawn of the Inquisition, the Jews fell suddenly from the brilliant position which they had conquered. Sancho III., king of Castile, granted them his protection, much to the displeasure of Innocent III., who wrote to the Castilian monarch, complaining that the Jews were allowed synagogues, to evade the to build tithes, (monstrous iniquity!) to hold real property, and to claim the price of valuable slaves taken from under the plea of Christian conversion. The clergy in Spain forbade the loan of money at interest. The monopoly of this would be impossible for us, in the limits Civil jealousy lent carnal tain limits from country to country and apparently varying inversely with the disscientific achievement of any note, the called the Alphonsine Tables, are well known to astronomers as having contributed largely to the loftiest among human sciences. On the other hand, James I. of Arragon seems to have been in many respects like our own James I.—one of the wisest fools in Christendom. Under his reign conferences were multiplied between Christian and Jewish divines, with a view to convert the latter. He compelled the Jews in his dominions to pay the expenses of the Christian disputants, and wrote encyclical letters to all his Jewish subjects, exhorting them "to be of good faith in future in their discussions, whereby they might come to a knowledge of the truth." To add if possible to the charms

that this prince of a very devout turn of mind, found it necessary to borrow the moral treatises of the rabbinical writers, inasmuch as the Christian divines who were busily at work concocting treatises against heresy, for which they received immense bribes from the popes, found, of course, little time to write upon the trivial and contemptible theme of morality. A curious cross-gleam of light is thrown over the circumstances of that period by the complaints of the Bishop of Palencia. The public discussions we have mentioned between Jews and Christians grew more frequent. As usual, a few Jewish converts became the chief propagandists. A converted Jew, Jehuda-Mosca, held a conference, in consequence of which a large number of Jews were (it is said forcibly) converted. The Bishop of Palencia complained of this outrage, alleging that his means would be greatly crippled thereby. We find, moreover, that the nobles frequently complained that they were deprived of their resources in the same way.

The fourteenth century witnessed in Spain the parallel growth of Jewish wealth tending to its final climax, and the slowly gathering animosity to which the Jews were exposed. The most cruel persecution they had yet endured in southwestern Europe arose from the crusading fanaticism of the southern shepherds, the spread of which from the south of France into Spain, is known in history under the name of the Guerre des Pastoureaux. holy zeal having filled the souls of the herdsmen in the south of France and on the borders of Spain, and inspired them to fling their pastoral pebbles at the accursed Saracen, they began the glorious work by exterminating all the Jews they found on their way. In justice to the Holy See it should be said that the Pope* published a bull against these atrocities. The year after, however, the Cortès of Madrid (held

in 1309) demanded that all unconverted Jews should be deposed from their public functions. The king, keenly alive to their services, obstinately refused to depose them. The same demand was repeated at the Cortès of 1315. The clergy plied the Cortès, but the kings again refused to be deprived of the most enlightened ministers they could find. Thus the fourteenth century rolled over without having sensibly affected the status of the Jews. But the great onward tide of Christianity was gradually undermining their position. The tender mercies of the Inquisition had for a time been reserved as the exclusive privilege and appanage of the Christian* family; but in course of time, with the growth of Christian zeal and the extension of knowledge, it dawned upon the monks that the Jews and Moors should not be excluded from the divine blessings of this inestimable institution. close of the fourteenth century, under John I. of Arragon, fifty thousand Jews were butchered, and one hundred thousand reduced to commit the crime of abjuration. The Jews have been taunted with the absence of patriotism. Let those who bring the charge consider the elementary facts of history. No feature in the annals of the Jews is more deeply marked than their fervent love, let us say adoration, of their country. Their national books all radiate from this cardinal feature of the Jewish heart. Canaan—the land of lands, the land flowing with milk and honey, the land expressly given them by God, created, as it were, for them, reached across the desert after incredible sufferings and miracles—Canaan was the mythological incarnation of a feeling in the Jew, which bore the same intensified ratio to the patriotism of the ancient world which the home-love of England bears to the roving tendency of the Bedouins. But religious dreams and the logic of events, though they may for a time agree, do not tally for ever. The theocratic system growing into itself with a centripetal tendency, was no match for the centrifugal force of germing democracy. The comparatively colorless and secular elements of the Greek and Roman polities exploded the more lurid oriental Jewish system, and scattered it in fragments all over the world. Yet even then so deep

^{*}We fear that we may not have done justice to the comparative humanity of many of the earlier popes towards the Jews. But while the conflicting views of the different occupants of the Holy See regarding the Jews is only one out of an infinite number of proofs of a thing which requires no proof—the papal fallibility; so it should further be observed, that the papal tolerance of the Jews, whenever it existed, was always in the direct ratio of the opposition of the reigning pope to his Christian subjects—that is to say, in the direct ratio of his Catholic lukewarmness. The greatest of the popes, Hildebrand, was also the most intolerent toward the Jews.

^{*} As Spain has always been Roman Catholic, these words should be substituted in place of the word Christian.—ED.

was the granitic conservative tendency and the home feeling of the Jew, that while his sorrowing glance was turned towards the temple of his God, he took root where he stood. Century after century in the sequel, when the mother-hive was destroyed, he set his affections on the land wherever he might dwell, and time after time he was driven forth with diabolical cruelty by fire and sword. And these are the men of whom it is said, that they have had no patriotic feeling! Alas! their patriotism was the cause of their greatest sufferings.

The fifteenth century was the beginning of a new era in Spain. The seat and focus of European civilization and learning was gradually sinking into the barbarism of religious fanaticism. The Catholic world grew daily more intolerant. A converted Jew Jérôme of Sainte-Foix, raised cruel persecutions against his own people. This renegade, a favorite and ex-physician of Pope Benedict XIII., established public conferences at Tortosa, which the Pope himself condescended to attend. Rabbi Don Vidal-ben-Banaste, one of the Jewish champions, extorted the admiration of the Holy Father himself by the elegance of his scholarship and the beauty of his eloquence. Joseph Albo, another Jewish disputant, the author of the Sepher Ikarim, said by Jewish authorities to be one of the most salient works of rabbinical learning in the fifteenth century, denied the advent of the Messiah to be a fundamental part of the Jewish creed. In this he publicly set aside the opinion of the great Marmonides, and it is worthy of note that the views of Albo seem to have been entertained by many Jewish doctors of the fifteenth century. About this time, too, Jewish scholars seem to have begun to rebel against the yoke of the Aristotelian philosophy, which, in common with the Moors and Christians, they had hitherto acknowledged, so much so as to have translated nearly the whole of Aristotle's works into Hebrew. The confinement of the Jews to particular quarters of towns in Spain would appear to have been begun in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Cortès of Valladolid in 1412 shut them up in insolated spots, allowed only one door of egress, and forbade Christian women to enter thereat. No Jew was to exercise the profession of physician, apothecary, victualler, inn-keeper, steward, tax gatherer, or to carry on the ble beauty.

trade of tailor, tinker, butcher, carpenter, cobbler, blacksmith. The men were to let their beards grow under pain of one hundred stripes, and the women to hide their beauty under thick mantillas.* But what is remarkable is, that the Cortès of Valladolid say nothing of usury, whence it is to be inferred, either that usury was recognized in Castile, or that it was not practiced by the Jews.

Against these barbarous enactments, the Jews were for a time protected by the kings. But Henry III. and John II. treated them with extreme severity and destroyed many of their synagogues. Meanwhile compulsory conferences, followed by compulsory conversions, were diligently kept afoot by the clergy and busily extended. To give an instance of the method of the clerical madness in this particular, take the following. Supported by the king and clergy, one Vincent Ferrier opened a conference for the conversion of the Jews. He preached unto them, whereupon fifteen thousand were converted. The nature of this conversion is best understood from the fact, that immediately afterwards they returned to their damnable infidelity, whereupon the Pope (Sixtus IV.,) of his papal and infinite mercy, caused two thousand of them to be burnt alive, and the others to be tormented in dungeons for the salvation of their dear souls. Hitherto, however, the Jewish troubles might be said to be only growing; for no sooner were Ferdinand and Isabella delivered of the Moors, than they resolved upon the expulsion of the Jews, and were duly encouraged in their righteous zeal by, among others, the Cardinal Ximenes. The Jews spared neither pains, entreaties, nor bribes. Is there any reason why a wild beast should not be bribed, any more than an honest Jew should not be murdered? Ferdinand and Isabella felt their Catholic appetite flutter before the offer of thirty thousand ducats. Thirty thousand ducats! 'Twas not much to pay for liberty to live—'twas not a little to spend upon royal pleasures. But if the king and queen fluttered—not so that great servant of Christ, the Inquisitor Torquemada. With lofty, flaming aspect, and crucifix in hand, he broke on the Laodi-

^{*} It would be a curious subject of inquiry, if the Spanish women took the hint, and adopted the mantilla, as the outward sign of inward and invisi-

cean couple. "Judas," he said, "sold | your Master for thirty pieces of silver. Your highnesses think to sell him again Take him. for thirty thousand pieces. I give him unto you. He hands them the crucifix.] Haste you, and sell your souls." The Jews were commanded to leave Spain or be converted. They preferred to leave the land they most had loved after their own promised land. "I have seen," says Llorente the historian, "I have seen Jews give a house for an ass, a vineyard for a coat—others swallowing their gold to take it with them." "In one day," says Aberbanel, "you might have seen six hundred thousand men, women, children, old men and young, unarmed, defenceless, houseless, and homeless, wending their desolate exodus from all parts of the kingdom, not knowing whither they went. I myself was in the midst of them. Taking God for our guide and stay, we hastened to the border of the neighboring states. But evil ceased not to pursue us. Some fell a sport and a prey to their oppressors, some died of famine and pestilence, some sought the seas, and thought to escape more easily. Vain hope! Some died in the waves, some were sold as slaves to the Christians.

"In this extremity we could but say with our fathers: 'Here were we utterly undone, here have we utterly perished. Hallowed be the the name of the Lord our God!"

The subsequent history of the Jews in Spain may be told in very few words. In the sixteenth century, Jews were no longer found under that name in Spain. Those who remained purchased their existence at the price of a simulated compliance with the Christian religion under the guise of "new converts." Spain was divided into Old and New Christians. The latter lived beneath the unremitting supervision of the Inquisition, from whose ferocity their Christian profession did not always secure them. Every day of public rejoicing was commonly marked by the auto-da-fé of one or more suspected Jews. Torquemada alone is said to have put one hundred thousand to death.

But just as after the expulsion of the Moors, the Jews had for a time inherited and engrossed all the benevolent attentions of the Church, so the Reformation diverted the Christian zeal of the Catholic Spain to persecute the Jews, whom, moreover, they recognized as members of a different nation. Scarcely was the Moorish struggle at an end, when the great naval expeditions of the Portuguese began. Portuguese began. Portuguese began gal was too secular to persecute the Jews

the full recipients of those ferocious favors unto salvation which the Jews had so long and efficaciously enjoyed, every where but in Spain. For in Spain the holy zeal which burnt the heretic only fanned the flames which raged against the Two generations had clapsed since the Inquisition had carried desolation into every Jewish home in Spain, and still the "new converts" were found praying to God in secret to forgive them the sin of bowing down in the house of Rimmon, and to pardon their dissimulation. Loathing themselves, they bore the daily stain of a daily self-desecration, and daily they renewed their gloomy expiations in secret and bore the anguish of a life they would gladly have forfeited but for the unutterable horrors of a fiendish Inquisition. Such, down to recent periods, has been the condition of the Spanish Jews. Only since the last war with Morocco have professing Jews been ostensibly permitted to enter Spain—a permission granted from pecuniary motives. Some few Jews are said to have availed themselves of the privilege, but their number is unimportant.

We have dwelt at much greater length upon the history of the Jews in Spain than might be deemed proportionate to the scale of our article, because the career of the Jews in that country has been far the most notable, both in its splendors and reverses. Their history in Portugal dates from the same period, and its general political and literary color is much the same as we find it in Spain. The most salient differences will be found to have followed the ordinary course of things. Just as the hostile progress of the Catholic and canonical supremacy reached the Jews more slowly in Castile than it had done in Arragon, so and for the same reason its progress was slower in Portugal than in Castile. Until the end of the fifteenth century, therefore, their position in Portugal was the most highly favored. The south-west of the Peninsula fell last of all under the Catholic dominion. Portugal had able and enterprising kings, and was too busy fighting the Moors and repelling the encroachments of Catholic Spain to persecute the Jews, whom, moreover, they recognized as members of a different nation. Scarcely was the Moorish struggle at an end, when the great naval expeditions of the Portuguese began. Portuon religious grounds, nor did any such | religious persecution ever arise until the great and final exodus of the Jews from Spain. In Spain, however, while the Jews sided with the aristocratic element, and the priests with the democratic, so the Jews were protected by the kings and the nobility, and plotted against by the clergy. The same phase took place in Portugal. As in Spain, the clergy were victorious, and on the 20th of December, 1496, the Jews in Portugal were, like the Spanish Jews, commanded to leave the country or be baptized. The Portuguese Jews were so deeply attached to their country that many of them could scarcely understand that they were required to leave it. Nothing but baptism remained. And we have it on the testimony of a bishop, whose better feelings revolted against what he saw, that many Jews were dragged by the hair to the altar, loudly calling God to witness, "that they would die in the faith of Moses." have seen worse," the bishop adds, "but King Manoël so willed it, for they are bodily his slaves." Whatever may be said in extenuation of Ferdinand and Isabella, certainly nothing can be said to palliate the monstrous cruelties of Manoël, who banished the Jews, and yet, that they might not go, and so deprive the kingdom of their services, ordered all children under fourteen to be taken from their parents and brought up as Christians. We pass over other atrocities. So desperate was the condition of the Jews, that they resolved to appeal to the Pope, when Manoël relented so far as to allow them a respite of twenty years, on condition that they should only outwardly profess Christianity, and at the expiration of that period leave the country unmolested, or make a public profession of Christian conversion. In the meantime they should suffer no persecution. The Jews accepted, and the king kept his word. But he died in 1522, and in 1531 Clement VII. was graciously pleased to permit the Inquisition, which flourished in Spain, to be introduced into Portugal.

From that time the number of Jews who left Portugal, in order to be able to live in the Jewish faith elsewhere, continually grew. For a long period the prohibition put upon Jewish emigration (the greatest triumph of human cruelty) alternated with relenting fits and permissive edicts; but so considerable were the num-

bers of new Christians who emigrated from Portugal, especially to Italy, Turkey, and Holland, that the name of "Portuguese Jew" has remained (and more particularly in the Netherlands and in Hamburg) the generic appellation for all Jews who refer their origin to the Spanish peninsula.

The existence of the Jews in Gaul is one of the earliest facts in the history of the country. The negotiatores of whom Cæsar speaks were very probably Jews. Indeed, the entrance of the Jews into Europe is altogether prehistorical can only guess that Marseilles, the great Calcutta of ancient Rome, was the point whence they gradually spread from the south to the northern seas. Whether the Jews followed, or with more likelihood, preceded the Roman Conquest, they were to be found throughout the whole of Gaul long before the Gothic kings of Spain drove them across the Pyrenees. From the fifth to the tenth century we find them in Languedoc and Provence, thriving on the fruits of their The Carlovinmultifarious commerce. gian emperors granted them rich possessions. Lyons was the center of their commerce. Jews and Christians lived on friendly terms there. They intermarried. The market-day was changed to suit the Jewish Sabbath. The Jews appeared at Christian festivals, and were even permitted to propound their faith. The Christian Bishops complained, and complained in vain, of the liberty granted to the crucifiers of their Lord, until the Carlovingian Empire passed away, and disclosed in its death a system fatal to the Jews. That system was feudalism. Local governments were substituted for European and imperial unity. In the feudal society—the baron, the priest, the burgher, the serf, each had a place and filled it. The Jew had none. He owned no fealty and held no land. The burgher drove him from his trade, and shut him out from his guild. The baron made him his tool, and forced upon him the misery, with the gains, of the usurer. The theory of interest and banking was wholly misunderstood in the Middle Ages, and the Jew was detested for the very services he rendered to society. Strange stories, like those which arose in Spain, were invented, and soon pervaded Europe, how the Jews crucified the innocent children of Christian parents—how with malignant yells in remote quarters they pierced the sacramental wafer. These stories, unsupported by any real evidence, were revived at Damascus twenty years ago with frightful results, and even in Europe, at Juliers, in 1740.

The celebrated Ordonnances throw strange light upon the relations of the Jews with the government from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. Philip Augustus, at his accession, found the Jews mortgagees of one-half of Paris. The course he adopted was simple. All debts due to Jews were declared void, all their lands confiscated; the king was to have one-fifth of the spoil, and the Jews were to leave France. Then the king got into

pecuniary straits, and the Jews were recalled on the payment of a large sum of money. This is a sample of the usual procedure. The regulations of St. Louis were more purely religious, but he stood alone in his conscientious persecution. Philip the Fair carefully protected the Jews against the Church till they were rich, then took their money and expelled them. Half a century later they repurchased their entrance, and were, even triumphantly, reinstated on condition of an annual payment. The comedy was reenacted (but for the last time) in 1394, after which little more is heard of the Jews in France until modern times.

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PHENOMENA VEGETABLE WORLD.* THE 0 F

HARDLY any class of organic agencies is more wonderful or more interesting than the fungi, whose minute forms and insignificant appearance beneath and in the midst of the great bustling world of sense and sight escape our ordinary ob-

* Unger, Die Exantheme der Pflanzen und einige mit diesen verwandte Krankheiten der Gewächre. Vienne: 1833.

Philipper, Traité Organographique et Physiolog ico Agricole sur la Cari, le Charbon, l'Ergot, la Rouille, et autres Muladies du même genre qui ravagent les Céréales. Versailles: 1837. Brongniart, sur le Developpement du Charbon dens les Graminées.

Tularne, sur les Ustilaginées et les Urcdinées. Banks on Blight, Mildew, and Rust of Corn. 1a

Annals of Botany. Lambert on Blight of Wheat; Kirby on certain

Fungi which are Parasites of the Wheat. In Transactions of Linuman Society. Henslow's Report on Diseases of Wheat; Sidney

on the Paranilic Fungi of the British Farm; Graham on the Injuries sustained by Plants from the Attacks of Parasitic Fungi; and other Papers in Journ. Agricult. Soc. of England.

Hort. Soc. of London, 1846; and British Fungi. Balfour's Attacks of Fungi causing Diseases in

Plants. In Class Book of Botany.

Blights of the Wheat, and their Remedies. By Rev. Edwin Sidney. Religious Tract Society.

servation. In this obscure and subordinate position, kept down by the healthy energies of higher organisms, and prevented from increasing too rapidly and spreading too widely by a nice balance of physical conditions, they are important and indispensable auxiliaries in the operations of nature. Upon them devolves the duty of accelerating the natural processes of decay -absorbing into living tissues, and thus rendering innocuous, the poisonous gases continually exhaled into the atmosphere by dead and decomposing substances, and preparing from the corrupted masses of effete, organic matter, a fertile soil in which future plants may grow; the exuvice of one generation, elaborated by their mysterious chemistry, serving as the materials for the support and maintenance of the next. Standing on the borders of the mineral kingdom, and occupying the place of junction of the two great confluent streams of animal and vegetable life, Berkley on the Potato Disease—in Journ. of they are obviously designed to arrest the fleeting particles which, having served their purpose in one form of organization, are fast hastening downwards to the night of chaos and death, and send them once

more in new forms, and with new properties, to keep the vortex of life in ceaseless motion.

Such are their highly useful functions in ordinary circumstances; but when the balance of nature is overturned, and the restraints of her laws partially removed, they suddenly start up into gigantic, mutinous life—are multiplied till they become overwhelming—and by the sheer force of countless numbers, ravage and destroy every thing before them. Just; as the electrical forces are continually playing harmlessly around us, circulating through the smallest particles of matter as well as among its mightiest masses, giving health and energy to plants and animals, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds, but when certain conditions are present, or certain barriers removed, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the awful storm goes forth on its work of destruction; so the seeds and germs of these obscure and unnoticed agencies are floating harmlessly in countless myrids on every breeze—in the air of our houses lying on the various objects around us, could we see them sufficiently magnified on the earth—in the waters—every where; their mature forms are laboring incessantly and beneficially in dark and lonely places, concealed and overtopped, as it were, by higher types of life; but when atmospheric and other conditions favorable for their development are present, they burst the bands which previously confined them, and revel in a wildness and prodigality of life which is truly astounding. We are surrounded by, we are living in the very midst of, a world of organic forces, possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us; but the same Power which safely imprisons the nascent earthquake in the rocky chambers of the earth, and chains the subtle forces of electricity in the bosom of the cloud, restrains the ravages of these mysterious powers, and employs them as useful and beneficial agents, except at rare intervals, when they are permitted to act as the ministers of His vengeance, and bring the guilty nations to repentance. Such a thought as this may seldom occur to our minds, owing to the long-continued and uniformed stability of nature's laws; but it is one which ought to excite in us, even in the most favorable circumstances, a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence.

If we compare the two kingdoms—the animal and vegetable—with each other, we shall find many striking points of resemblance between them, indicating that the life which pervades both is the same in kind, though different in degree. stem and branches of a plant may be compared to the skeleton of an animal; the pith of young trees and shrubs to the spinal marrow the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in summer or autumn, is like the circulation of the blood, which fluid, it is worthy of remark, is green in the one and red in the other the two most obvious complimentary colors; while the exhalation of oxygen, and absorption of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, which are the lungs of plants, resembles the respiration of animals. This curious analogy between the two departments of organic nature may be traced, not only in their structure, and the respective functions which they perform, but also in the derangements which occasionally occur in these, produced by unfavorable external cirumstances. As animals are subject to diseases caused by filthy habits, vitiation of the air, overcrowding, or famine; so are plants rendered unhealthy by improper cultivation or unsuitable meteorological conditions. The epidemics of animals have their counterparts in the blights of plants. Animal epidemics are the terrible yet wise and beneficent means employed by Providence for sweeping away at once, and with the smallest amount of suffering possible, creatures whose constitutions had been enfeebled by a long course of unnatural living, and whose lives had in consequence become a burden to themselves, and thus paving the way for the introduction of more healthy and vigorous races, propagated by the individuals whose stronger physical powers enabled them to survive the general wreck. Vegetable epidemics, on the other hand, which are most frequent and destructive among the plants which are reared by man for his food, are wisely designed as wholesale remedies for the evils produced by unskillful culture and unfavorable climatic circumstances; degenerate forms being thus extirpated, and a hardier stock saved to become the progenitors of more useful varieties. Animal epidemics are supposed to be caused by an animal poison, the product of decomposed animal matter, excreted by the human body itself; so the blights of plants

are caused by vegetable parasites—the morbific agencies in either case being derived from the same order to which each respectively belongs. All animal epidemics, though possessed of distinctive characters, which warrant us in regarding them as specifically different diseases, have yet so much in common, as to indicate that they belong to one family or class—the same conditions which favor or prevent the propagation of one, favoring or preventing the propagation of all; so, on the other hand, all vegetable epidemics are caused by different species or forms of one great group of fungi, which require the same circumstances for their developand conversely may be vented by the application of the same remedies. We find, also, that while there have been several memorable plagues—such as the black death and the sweating sickness of the middle ages which revolutionized society by their effects, and stand out as prominent landmarks in history, certain forms of fever and other contagious diseases seem to be iuseparable from man's social condition, being present with greater or less virulence among large populations everywhere; so, on the other hand, in regard to vegetable epidemics, while several notorious plagues—such as the potato and vine diseases—have sprung up suddenly, raged universally over a large geographical area, reached a climax, and then to a certain extent subsided, there are forms of blight —such as those affecting the cereal crops —that are continuous, appearing season after season, though not to an alarming extent—found more or less in every field, and seeming to be so closely connected, physiologically, with the corn plants, that we can scarcely ever hope to see them completely eradicated. And lastly, to complete the list of these curious analogies, animal and vegetable epidemics are very frequently co-related—the one following or being produced by the other. The pestilence, by an inevitable necessity, follows close on the footsteps of the famine-blight; while the advent of widespread plagues in the middle ages was invariably heralded by a vast development of parasitic fungi—thus proving that the same abnormal conditions of the atmosphere which are injurious to plants in a state of cultivation, are also injurious to man in a state of society. One of the

perplexing problems in botany, meets us at this, the threshold of our inquiry, namely, the origin of the so-called vegetable epidemics. We have asserted—and this is pretty generally admitted—that fungi are the immediately exciting; but what are the predisposing causes? Are these vegetable parasites which appear on our blighted food-plants, the primary cause or the secondary effect of the diseases with which they are connected? question various answers have been given more or less satisfactory; and at the present moment it divides the schools of science. Fungi, as a class, vegetate on decayed substances. They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, true parasites, inasmuch as they are incapable of contending with the vital forces of plants when healthy and growing. They require a dead and decomposing matrix. They are incapable of eliminating the elements on which they subsist from living substances. Their seeds may circulate in the tissues of living plants, from the seed up to the flowering and fruiting; but they remain innocuous in an undeveloped state—kept in check by the strength of the vital principle, until symptoms of decay begin to appear, when immediately they break their fetters—seize upon the decomposing parts with their tiny fangs—develop themselves speedily into perfect fungi-multiply themselves into a colony, and luxuriate on the affected plant, until the work of destruction is complete. In most cases, the process of decay must be pretty far advanced; the withered leaf or branch must have fallen from the tree, and been exposed for a considerable time to the decomposing influences of the weather, before any fungi make their appearance upon it. But, though this be the habit of the family generally, there are striking exceptions. There is one group, whose peculiarity it is to grow only on living plants in the manner of true parasites. They appear on the healthiest and most luxuriant individuals, and are never found on dead or decaying substances. So far as the most minute microscopical examination can determine, they are not preceded by any change in the constitution of the plants to which they attach themselves, any alteration of tissue, any symtom of decay or death, any predisposing peculiarity whatever-their presence being influenced solely by circumstances of most interesting, and at the same time proximity, or by atmospheric conditions.

This exceptional fact places the question of the origin of vegetable epidemics on a more satisfactory basis. It indicates that the truth lies between the opposite opinions commonly entertained—that fungi in some cases are the primary exciting causes, while in other cases they are the secondary effects. The blights that affect cultivated plants may be divided into two great groups, characterized by different phenomena, though to a certain extent correlated, namely, those which infest the cereals, and those which infest green crops, whether of the garden or field. The former are caused by a peculiar class of fungi cailed Uredines, which grow only on living plants; the latter are connected with another class of fungi called Mucedines, which generally require certain morbid alterations of tissue or function, and other predisposing causes, before they make their appearance. If we bear this arrangement in mind, it will enable us to understand something of the nature and habits of the different vegetable epidemics, and throw some light on that proverbial darkness in which the pestilence has ever walked, from the days of David till the present time.

In following out the division above proposed, we have first to deal with those diseases which are excited primarily by the growth of the uredines. This peculiar group of fungi have been called Hypodermii, because they originate beneath the cuticle of plants. Upwards of a hundred and fifty species are enumerated as belonging to it, divided into three genera, whose botanical characters are very fluctuating and indefinite, presenting singularly few variations or departures from the family type. Their appearance and mode of growth are so anomolous, that their title to the name of plants has more than once been disputed; minute and insignificant as some would deem them, they have furnished matter for volumes as large and controversies as hot as any of the entities which so long divided the rival schools of the middle ages. One writer, M. Unger, whose work is placed first on the list at the head of this article, attempts to prove that these so-called fungi are mere cutaneous diseases of plants, arising from a derangement of the respiratory functions, somewhat analogous to the skin diseases of animals, as they appear chiefly on rank luxuriant plants. The intercellular spaces beneath face on which they are developed by

the epidermis, according to this author, are gorged with the superabundant juices which coagulate, and resolve themselves, by expansion and exposure to the air, into compact homogeneous masses of very minute powdery particles; the so-called fungi being thus nothing more than a mere organization of the superfluous sap. This, like all other kindred doctrines so pertinaciously advanced by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation, and so plausible at first sight, is found, on more minute and accurate examination, to be entirely without foundation. Every proof of analogy is decidedly opposed to These abnormal appearances are caused by true parasitic plants. They have a separate individual existence, entirely independent, so far as any organic tie is concerned, of the matrix on which they are produced; they have different stages of development, a distinct and peculiar organization, organs of reproduction extremely simple in structure, but perfectly adapted for their purpose, and true seeds or germs by which they may be propagated. Though among the lowest forms of vegetation, entirely composed of cellular tissue, and having no parts corresponding to the roots, leaves, and stems of flowering plants, we have only to place them under the microscope to discover that they are as perfect in their own order as plants higher in the scale. The whole group may be described in general terms as a series of pustules or patches, breaking out on various parts of living plants immediately underneath the skin, which is ruptured, and rises around them in ragged puffy blisters. These patches are of different sizes, from a minute, almost invisible speck, to a large uniform eruption covering the whole of the plant affected, and of different colors, though black, brown, and orange-red are the most frequent. To the naked eye they appear simply as collections of powdery matter, as if the plants on which they are produced were dusted over with soot or ochre. When examined by an ordinary microscope, each of the grains of powder of which the mass is composed is found to be a round hollow ball, or pod-shaped case divided into compartments, and containing in its interior a number of smaller spherules, which are the seeds. The podshaped cases are connected with the surmeans of short foot-stalks set on end and closely compacted, somewhat like the pile of velvet; while the raised cases are united to each other by means of silvery threads or filaments, extremely attenuated, which wind in and out among them, and are called the spawn or mycelium, being all that these curious plants possess in lieu of root, stem, and leaves. The whole vegetative system is represented in them by these gossamer threads, which are quite invisible, except to a very powerful microscope; and the whole reproductive system by these little cases, which appear to the naked eye mere grains of red or black dust. One has a feeling of wonder akin to awe in gazing on these primitive organisms. them is reduced to the simplest expression, but not therefore rendered more intelligible to our comprehension; on the contrary, the nearer in such humble plants we are brought to its source, the more mysterious and perplexing does it We may reach its ultimate forms, but its essence eludes our search. We may dissect these forms under our microscopes, and analyze them by chemical tests, until we see almost the last atom into which the subtle principle has retired; but the minutest particle is an impenetrable shrine, an impregnable citadel, which baffles our utmost efforts to break into and reveal to the light of day. Life is indeed 'the perennial standing miracle of the universe,' for ever wonderful, for ever fresh, the enigma which the Sphinx of time is for ever proposing without hope of a solution—the mysterious Nile, which flows on its long solitary way beneath the gay sunshine and the solemn stars, cheering and enlivening the desert of this world, its sources lying far above us at an invisible remoteness, and its outlet carrying us into the shadowy regions of the silent Unknown!

The Uredines, whose ideal forms we have thus briefly sketched, are the fungi which causes the epidemics of our cereal crops, and are therefore the most interesting and important. Attention has been directed to these epidemics ever since the origin of systematic agriculture; their remarkable character, and the devastations which they produce, could not fail to force them upon the notice of the farmer. But it is only, comparatively speaking, of late years that their true

they were invested with a superstitious mystery. They were attributed to unfavorable combinations of the planets, to comets and lunar influences, and other equally grotesque and recondite causes, before which skill and industry were help-About the beginning of the present century, the mischief produced by them among the grain crops was so serious and wide-spread, that Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, resolved to institute careful investigations into their true character and habits, with the view of devising means for their prevention. The task was entrusted to the hands of M. Baver, one of the most celebrated botanists of that period, who examined the diseased wheat microscopically, and published the results of his researches in a most interesting volume, illustrated by skillful and most accurate drawings of the different microscopical parts of structure; thus placing the vegetable nature of these appearances beyond dispute. The original work, still in MS., we believe, is preserved in the British Museum; but a popular abstract of it was published in the **Penny** Magazine for 1833. Since then, innumerable pamphlets and articles have appeared independently and in agricultural and scientific journals both at home and abroad, containing the observations of theoretical botanists, and the experiments and suggestions of practical agriculturists. The list placed at the head of this article will give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject has already reached, and the interest and importance that have been attached to it by thoughtful men.

The Uredines are not confined to any one species of grain, but range over the whole cereal group; one or two forms are found on all the cercalia indiscriminately, while other forms are restricted to the species on which they are produced, their appearance and mode of growth being the same in all circumstances. Wheat is infested with several uredos, corn and barley with two or three kinds. A peculiar species of ustilago affects maize or Indian corn; while the rice of the East is often seriously injured by another species. In every country some form or other prevails on the grain peculiar to it, so that the range of these blights is as extensive as the cereals they infest. From the dreary wastes of Lapland, where in the dim glimnature has been understood. For ages | mering sunlight of the short hyperboream. summer a stunted and scanty crop of corn or rye is reared, to the sweltering ricefields that shimmer under the glowing skies of India, the range of these ubiquitous fungi extends. They are also found at all altitudes where the cereals are capable of growing—on the miserable crops which the Indian raises in the lofty mountain valleys of the Andes, amid the icy rigor of an almost arctic climate, as well as on the level acres of golden grain which the balmy summer breeze ripples in light and shade along the sea-shore, one of the most beautiful and gladdening spectacles which this world can afford. There are no such restrictions confining these within well-defined geographical regions as operate in the case of other fungi. They have the power of indefinite extension and localization. Their extremely simple structure is capable of accommodating itself to the most varied circumstances, and to almost any range of temperature; so that the cercal blights have a far wider geographical distribution than the epidemics affecting animals, which can only spread within certain limits, the heat of the tropics offering an effective barrier to typhus, and the cold of a temperate climate putting an effectual restraint upon yellow fever. Nor do these fungi restrict their ravages to any one particular part of the corn plants, nor to any one stage of growth. Early in spring they are found on the young blades, later in the season they affect the glumes and paleæ of the ear. They attack the straw, the leaves, and chaff, the flower and the grain; and in all these situations they are more or less destructive, according to the character of the season and the circumstances in which they are developed. When they appear on the straw they close up the stomata or breathing pores, which serve for the gaseous and vaporous exhalations of the corn, and thus impart to it a sickly appearance. When occurring on the grain, they alter its substance altogether; the sap which should have produced the nutritious milky kernels being appropriated by the parasite, and converted in its tissues into dust and ashes, masses of black and poisonous decay.

In order to form a correct idea of cereal epidemics, it will be necessary to examine the various kinds of Uredines somewhat in detail. Beginning with the straw, which is first affected, we find growing on it a species called *Puccinia graminis*, familiar to every one under the popular

name of mildew. This blight is exceedingly common, though more prevalent on late varieties of grain than on early, and on light soils than on heavy ones. It appears in the form of a number of darkcolored patches, with sometimes a slightly orange colored tinge, originating beneath the epidermis of the stem, which splits around them and raises them to the surface. These dark musty spots are found, when examined by the microscope, to consist of a dense aggregation of clubshaped bodies, their thicker end being divided into two chambers, each filled with minute spores or seed-vessels, and their lower end tapering into a fine stalk connecting them with the stem of the corn. When this disease is very prevalent and extensive, it proves remarkably injurious, destroying the hope of the harvest in the very bud as it were. The juices of the corn are intercepted; the stimulating effects of light and air are prevented, and the grain in consequence becomes shriveled and defective, yielding at the same time a superabundant quantity of inferior bran. We find it frequently mentioned in the Old Testament in the same category with the pestilence, as one of the most dreadful scourges inflicted by God upon a rebellious people: "I have visited you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord." In our own country it used to be a frequent cause of scarcity. In the year 1694, nearly all the corn grown in Scotland became mildewed, and a famine followed, whose effects were so dreadful as to earn for that season the ominious distinction of the 'Black Year.' From that period till 1701, the country appeared as if lying under a curse from the same cause, the crops retarded in their growth and prevented from ripening, not being ready for the harvest till November and December, even in the most favorable localities. A pestilence, consequent upon this terrible visitation, depopulated whole villages and districts, defying the utmost power of medicine. Hugh Miller, in his Legends of Cromarty refers to its devastations in the north, where the ruins of the houses of its victims may still be seen in many places. Thanks to an improved system of agriculture, it is now, however, robbed of its formidable power, and confined within very narrow limits of harm, being considered one of the minor pests of the farm. It is not confined to

grain exclusively; all the cultivated grasses are more or less subject to it; and this circumstance renders it very doubtful whether it can ever be extirpated. It is a common error to say, that corn and hay that have been stacked in warm damp weather, without being sufficiently dried, are mildewed when they take heat and become matted together by white fleecy cobwebs. The dust which flies about in clouds when the masses are lifted up and shaken, are the seeds of a fungus, but not those of the true mildew-fungus, the puccinia graminis. They belong to a species of mould somewhat similar to what grows on preserves, old shoes, or stale crusts of bread, or decaying fruit, in damp, ill-ven-

tilated places. The leaf and chaff of the cereals are subject to a disease called rust, red-rag, or red-rabin (Uredo Rubigo,) from the rustyred or yellowish patches which it forms. It is so exceedingly common, that it is a rare thing to find a corn field entirely free from it. It occurs at all stages of growth of the plant affected, appearing on the leaves in spring sometimes in such immense quantities that the fields look quite yellow with it, and later in the season attacking the glumes and paleæ of the ear after the grain is formed. Though formidable-looking, red-rust is in reality the least alarming of the cereal blights. When developed early, and restricted to the leaves and stem, the arrival of a few bright sunshiny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, soon dissipates the evil, and restores the sickly and drooping plants to their former vigor. If, however, it should occur at later stages of growth, and infest the essential parts of the ear, it is more injurious, especially if cold wet weather, with little sunshine or wind, should prevail at the time. Strange to say, it seems to be more virulent and dreaded on the Continent than it is with us, although we should imagine the fine sunny skies of the south to be more unfavorable to its growth than our damp and variable climate. The late lamented Professor Henslow, who devoted great attention to the various blights of the wheat, and whose observations and experiments are therefore entitled to the utmost confidence, published, in the Journal of the English Agricultural Society for 1841, an able paper, in which he asserts that the diseases called rust and mildew,

specifically identical. He discovered several intermediate forms linking them together, and proving their common origin; the two chambered club-shaped bodies, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the one, occurring in several well-marked transition forms in the other. He supposes the rust to be an earlier stage of growth of the mildew; while it is not improbable, that the more mature form may be only an imperfect or early condition of fungi, more complicated, and higher in the scale. The fact that they can multiply themselves indefinitely in an embryonic state, does not militate against such a view, as ferns and others of the higher cryptogamia can propagate themselves in their earliest stages. A careful study of flowerless plants teaches us that many species have a tendency to simulate the principal distinctive characters of others allied to them. This is especially the case in regard to the hypodermian fungi. Botanists have devoted considerable attention to this special department, and a number of elaborate monographs have appeared upon the subject. But as yet little has been done towards a satisfactory establishment of true and well-defined species. Very great difficulties stand in the way of such a desirable end. The organisms themselves are so very minute and obscure; a slightly different form occurs on almost every herbaceous plant; considerable changes of appearance and structure take place at the various stages of growth; and the groups that are most marked and peculiar are found actually to be closely united by the constant occurrence of intermediate forms. authors, regarding the task of arranging such a multitude of cognate forms under something deserving the name of species, as hopeless, have cut the Gordian knot by the simple and easy expedient of regarding every form as a species, and classifying individuals according to the names of the plants on which they are found, at least assigning a distinct species to each natural order. We have had too much of this loose and empirical mode of systematization of late. The temptation to travel along such a royal road in the study of the more difficult branches of botany, has been too great to be resisted by a large number. The consequence has been a vast accession to our already over-loaded catalogues of species, not of divine, though popularly distinct, are in reality but of human creation. Stay-at-home botanists, precluded from the discovery of new plants, and having hausted the comparatively narrow and circumscribed field of British botany, could only find a sphere for their ingenuity in dividing and subdividing already existing species into varieties and subvarieties, from the commencement nearly to the end of the Greek alphabet, arranging and rearranging them into new genera and orders, and furnishing them with new names, until systematic botany has become a formidable and repulsive hedge of thorns, through which few care to penetrate to the gardens of the Hesperides beyond. Against this absurd system of refining and hair splitting, there has arisen of late years a strong and healthy reaction. Darwin has pushed it to an unjustifiable length, and drawn down upon himself, in consequence, the just censure of men of science as well as doctors of divinity; but in spite of the startling conclusions which he draws from his very modest premises, we are satisfied that he has done great and lasting service to the cause of science, by restraining within reasonable bounds the propensity to multiply and complicate species, which was fast becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Every farmer is acquainted with Smut, which is the most frequent form of blight in this country, and is found more or less in every field of corn, to which grain it principally confines itself. It is caused by the fungus called Uredo segetum, which attacks the flower, whose innermost parts it renders abortive, swelling the pedicels, or little stalks to which the florets are attached, far beyond their natural size. The whole of this fleshy mass is consumed by the growth of the parasite, which at length appears between the chaffy scales in the form of a black, soot-like powder. This musty mass is invested with a thin glistening skin, which is finally ruptured, allowing the dusty particles to be dispersed by the winds. It is needless to say, that the ears affected with this disease are entirely destroyed. Any one who sees them must be convinced of this; and yet there are not wanting persons, even in these enlightened times, who regard the appearance of a few such diseased ears among their corn fields with complacency, imagining that somehow or other they are the harbingers of a good crop. There have been frequent coıncidences of this kind, no doubt; but the connection be- continues to swell and to retain its ori-

tween the two circumstances is as remote as between the oft-quoted Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands. The fungus appears early in the season, from the moment that the ear of corn emerges from its hose or sheath. In some seasons immense quantities of it may be seen in cornfields in June, almost every second stalk being covered with the ominous black head instead of the usual green ear. It ripens and scatters its seed long before the grain reaches maturity; and by the time of harvest, not a trace of its existence remains to remind the farmer of the ravages it has produced. This disappearance of the fungus when the crop is reaped, especially if the harvest be good, is probably the true reason why the farmer is prepossessed in its favor. Were he better acquainted with its nature and habits, he would look upon each black head of corn with dread, as the advanced guard, the avant coureurs of an immense army of destroyers, lying in ambush in the air and in the soil, and ready to take advantage of every favorable opportunity to dash his hopes to the ground.

A still more formidable and repulsive species of fungus occurs very frequently on the grains of wheat. Its botanical name is Uredo fætida, so called from its most disgusting odor, somewhat resembling that emitted by putrid fish, and so powerful that it can be readily distinguished in passing through a field where it prevails. To farmers it is too well known under the common names of bunt, smut-balls, or pepper-brand. It is exclusively restricted to the grain of wheat, which it attacks in its earliest formation, a fortnight or more before the ear emerges from the sheath. In such a place, its germs could not have been derived from the atmosphere, as the surrounding tissues are hermetically sealed. There is no other way of accounting for its presence than by the supposition that its seed enters the spongioles of the roots of the wheat when young, circulates in the plant, and is propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap until it finds a suitable place for vegetating in the interior of the grain. When it attacks the young ovum, all fecundation is destroyed by it, the parts of fructification are obliterated, with the exception of the stigmata, which remain unaltered to the last; and yet, notwithstanding this total degeneration of its interior substance, the grain ginal shape. The infected grains may be distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green or brown color, and also by their floating on the surface of water if immersed, while the sound ones sink to the bottom. They rarely burst of their own accord; but if opened, they are found to be filled completely, not with flour, but with a dark-colored, fetid, dust-like charcoal. When the wheat is thrashed, many of the infected grains are crushed, and the seeds are dispersed in the form of an exceedingly impalpable powder, which adheres tenaciously to the sound grains by means of an oily or greasy matter contained in them. Bunted wheat has been ascertained by chemical analysis to contain an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. When the black powder is accidentally mixed with the flour, it gives it an exceedingly disagreeable taste, and is probably injurious to health, though this has not been clearly determined.

On wet, stiff, clayey soils, imperfectly drained, and adjoining marshes and open ditches, an extraordinary disease, called ergot, occurs on wheat and rye, which has been attributed to various causes. is an abortion of the grain, in which the enlarged and diseased ovary protrudes in a curved form resembling a cock's spur; hence its name. It is black on the outside, of a spongy texture internally, and contains so large a proportion of oily inflammable matter, that it will burn like an almond when lighted at a candle. This curious excresence is generally supposed to be the hybernating vegetative system or spawn of a fungus, which induces a diseased condition in the ovarian cells of the rye, and afterwards develops in favorable circumstances an elegant little club-shaped sphæria, called Cordyliceps purpurea. In certain places it is extremely common on rye, and it is more so than has been suspected on wheat. It also occurs on many grasses; indeed, it is almost impossible to examine a field or meadow in the east or west of England without speedily finding specimens. Ergot of grasses and ergot of cyperacea, however, do not belong to the same species as ergot of rye, according to Tulasne. As a powerful medicine, when employed in small doses in certain cases, it is an ar-

ticle of commercial importance, and is of great service; but when mixed with grain as food, and taken in large quantities, it is a narcotic poison, producing effects upon the animal frame truly dread-Professor Henslow, by way of experiment, gave it to various domestic animals, mixed with their food, when it was invariably found to produce sickness, gangrene, and inflammatory action so intense, that the flesh of the extremities actually sloughed away. It is not, therefore, unlikely to have been the unsuspected source of several strange morbid disorders which have prevailed from time to time among the poor in those places where rye is the staple grain, and which have proved so perplexing to the physician. Professor Henslow published a series of remarkable extracts from the parish register of Wattisham, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, recording the sufferings of several persons from an unusual kind of mortification of the limbs, which was produced, in all likelihood, by the use of spurred rye as food. In some districts in France, gangrenous epidemics, accompanied by the most dreadful symp. toms, used to be very prevalent in certain seasons; but owing to the pains taken to prevent ergot being sent to the mill and ground up with the flour, they are now almost unknown. Sheep and cattle allowed to browse in meadows where ergot exists, not unfrequently slip their young, and become violently ill; and pigs, running about certain lanes and hedgerows where the fungus often lurks in the shaded grasses, become diseased. Some places are so notorious for the casualties of this kind connected with them, whose cause is not suspected, that owners of animals are afraid to allow them to be at large. The necessity of carefully picking it out wherever it is perceived in samples of wheat, can not be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the farmer; and wherever gangrenous diseases or uterine derangements prevail, search should be made for it in the neighborhood, with a view to prevention. This curious disease, upon which more has been written by medical and botanical authors than upon almost any other vegetable production, affords one of the most extraordinary examples within the whole range of physiology, of a natural chemical transmutation; the nutritious grain being metamorphosed, by the agency of a fungus, into a hard horny substance, endowed with properties the very

reverse of its original wholesomeness, and ministering suffering and death instead of life and strength to those who partake of it.

Such are what may be called the chronic diseases of the grain crops of Britain, produced by different species of Uredo, appearing every season in our fields, and accompanying corn and wheat all over the world to the virgin soils of Australia, New-Zealand, and America, though seldom spreading to any great extent or inflicting serious damage at the present day. We have now to deal with a different class of fungi, the Mucedines, connected with the disease of our green crops, and generally requiring certain conditions of degeneracy or decay before they make their appearance. They belong to different genera and species, but may be characterized in general terms as consisting of miniature webs formed of a series of white silky threads radiating from a common center, the original germ, and gradually enlarging in the same concentric manner, throwing up from various parts of their surface little jointed stalks covered with dust-like seed. One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with these fungi is the potato disease, so familiar to every This root, superior to all other esculents in quality and productiveness, was for many years considered to be the most certain of all crops, and regarded as the palladium against those frightful famines which in former times so often devastated the land. To plant and to secure a crop was long an invariable cause and consequence. The tubers would bear almost any amount of rough treatment, and could adapt themselves readily to almost any soil or mode of cultivation; as an old writer observes, "they were more tenacious of life even than conch grass." Although certain diseases, as curl, ulceration of the roots, etc., are known to have attacked some varieties in former times, yet these having been local and partial, never excited alarm for the safety of the general crop. But all at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, it was attacked with an epidemic, which spread over the greater part of Europe, destroyed nearly the whole crop wherever it was cultivated, in every description of soil and in every kind of situation, and produced in those places where it formed the staple food of the people, all the horrors of famine. An attack on a crop so sudden and so uni- ness is the accumulative result of several versal, is without a parallel in the history adverse influences operating through

of cultivated plants. It came like one of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally sweep over tropical regions, carrying death and destruction in their train, breaking up in many districts the social and agricultural systems that prevailed, and producing evils that have not yet entirely subsided. Nor was this disease a temporary scourge. It has returned every year since with more or less fatality, so that the potato has become one of the most troublesome and precarious of all our crops. The cause of this epidemic is still very much involved in mystery, for many of the phenomena accompany it were very anomalous, if not contradictory. A thousand explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered by all sorts of individuals, scientific and practical; the air, the earth, and the waters, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, have by turns been blamed; and the subject has been so frequently discussed in newspapers, pamphlets, and social circles, that it has become The thoroughly hackneyed. however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to this country. In proof of this we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency of the tubers to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, and the much smaller yield of the crop, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same spmptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea shore to the mountain plateau. This inherent weak-

especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultiinately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant put forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetua-"Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species." Now, the tubers of the potatoes are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to insure the propagation of the plant, if unfavorable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough! the end to the more natural and primary | and degenerate organisms, and admonishand punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

celerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the Botrytis infestans, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or first attacks the leaves, entering by the reached England in the autumn of 1844, stomata or breathing porce, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuic or nitric acid, and running its course in a few | halting midway in the south of Scotland; hours; so that the period for examination so that the crops in the Highlands were

successive generations. One cause is of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn, and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and treatment; but recourse must be had in accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accommethod, to save the plant from degenerat- panies the corn in this. From Southing and becoming extinct. We have America it was first brought to St. Helebeen trying, on the contrary, (as it has na by the north-east trade winds, which been well put by one author on the sub- bring from the same continent those sinject,) with a marvelous perversity, to gular red dust clouds, which the microsmake individual varieties cultivated in cope of Ehrenberg found to be composed this abnormal manner live for ever, while of vegetable organisms, and which have nature intended them to live only for a served in an extraordinary manner as taltime, and then from parents feeble and lies upon the viewless winds, indicating old we have vainly expected offspring with the utmost certainty the course of hardy and strong. By these mal-practitheir currents, however complex. St. Hetices we have gradually reduced the con- lena lies in the same latitude with Peru, stitution of successive generations and and is nearer the native habitat of the povarieties of the potato, and at the same tato than any other country in which the time gradually increased the activity and disease has been subsequently experienced. power of those morbific agencies provided In this island, finding the conditions of by nature for ridding the earth of feeble moisture and temperature favorable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to The parasitic fungus, attending and ac- have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from filaments, producing upright branched every field, speedily making its dread stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It | presence known wherever it alighted. It and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it traveled west and north,

that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all: the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessaries of life. In 1846, it proceeded throughout the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South-America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845, and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we can not positively tell no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, deciminating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845 —deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favored by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then

prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perished at once, and they are now extirpated—a red Irish pototo, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since, offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb, and leave us altogether without this valuble article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parent's weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South-American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. is to be feared, however—as such method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercises of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.

We have said that the genus Botrytis, to which the potato parasite belongs, contains several species which are exceedingly destructive in this country. They are the most common and abundant of all fungi. For ages they have met the eye in innumerable fields and gardens. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beet-root, peas, gourds, spinach, almost all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this blight. In seasons favorable for their development, they spread like wildfire and destroy every thing before them. Various species of Erysiphe prove very destructive to fruit and forest trees, clothing their leaves with a flocculent cottony tissue. The peach is frequently hopelessly injured by this cause. Other kinds of fungi grow on the roots of apple and pear trees, producing premature decay. One fungus, Rhytisma acerinum, must be familiar to the most careless and unobservant eye, as occurring on the maple tree, causing those black unsightly blotches with which the leaves are covered. It is the most abundant and pertinacious of all fungi, confining itself entirely to the maple, and attacking every tree and every leaf with the utmost impartiality. Vegetable epidemics in the shape of black mildews, caused by species of antennaria and allied genera, are now and then fearfully fatal

to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St. Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, and the mulberry trees of Syria and China. The leaves of these different trees—upon the produce of which the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend—are clothed literally with sackcloth and ashes. Myriads of dark colored, felt-like patches, sprinkled with dust, close up the breathing pores, prevent the free admission of air and the stimulating effect of direct sunlight, and thus dwarf and destroy the trees, causing annually the loss of many thousands of pounds. A peculiar species of oidium renders the cultivation of the hop exceedingly precarious. It luxuriates on the leaves and shoots of the vine, favored by the dampness and stagnation of the air, caused by the close overshadowing poles, and by the peculiar mode in which the hop is propagated—namely, by division of the roots and branches, having a tendency to weaken its constitution. is worthy of remark, as showing either capriciousness of fungi, or the differences actually existing in the nature and habits of species closely allied, that, while the potato was universally destroyed in Kent in 1844, the hop gardens in the immediate neighborhood, exposed to the same atmospheric influences, were never so flourishing and remunerative. On the Continent, a very remarkable fungoid epidemic occasionally occurs, caused by a kind of mould, called Lanosa nivalis, from its singular habitat, and the woolly, flocculent appearance which it presents. It is developed beneath the snow on grass and corn-blades, appearing in white patches a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a reddish hue, arising from the seeds of the fungus, which are of this color. Wherever it has run its course, it leaves a completely grey and withered plot behind. "When snows have come on without previous frosts, it has been known to destroy whole crops, particularly of barley and rye. In places where it prevails extensively, the farmers plough up the frozen surface, so complete and hopeless is the mischief effected on the young plants. Happily for us, it has not yet reached Britain; but that it will not, no one can predict, for all fungal diseases are very alarming, and all past experience of them warns us that they may appear when least

the seasons vary so much as they do in ours."

Shortly after the potato disease broke out in this country, the alarm excited by it was paralleled in the vine-growing countries of Europe, by the sudden spread of an equally destructive plague affecting the The fungus, Oidium Tuckeri, grape. concerned in this epidemic, made its first appearance, or rather was first observed, in the hothouses of Mr. Slater of Margate by his very intelligent gardener, Edward Tucker, after whom, in consequence, it received its specific name. It seems to have been previously unknown to botanists. Its origin is very obscure. It is not a new creation, but probably a modification of an old and familiar fungus, some member of the vast group of the mucedines or mould family, whose forms are so protean and so closely allied, that we might believe in their transmutation, without being accused of Darwinian leanings. This new form found peculiar conditions at the time favorable for its devellopment, which never occurred at any previous period. We know not whether the germs of the fungus spread from those produced in the hothouses of Margate, or whether similar conditions elsewhere existing originated it without any connection existing between the places; but certain it is, than an immense profusion of the same fungus appeared almost simultaneously throughout the vineries in this country. Two years afterwards, the seeds borne across the Channel by winds reached France, where for a time their ravages were limited to the forcing-houses and trellised vines of Versailles, and other private establishments in the neighborhood of Paris. But in 1851 it unhappily reached the open vineyards in the south and south-east of France, where it destroyed nearly the whole of the crops, rendering them unfit for food, and wine manufactured from the partially decayed grapes undrinkable. It speedily spread from province to province with increased virulence, ravaging the vineyards formerly spared. The snow-clad Pyrenees offered no effectual barrier to its progress, but with resistless speed it forced its way into the finest provinces of Spain, where so deplorably were the vineyards blighted by it, that in many places they were abandoned in despair. It crossed the expected, especially in a climate where | Mediterranean to Algeria, extended its

flight to the terraced vine-clad slopes of Lebanon, ruined the currants of the Greek Islands and the raisins of Malaga, and destroyed so utterly the far-famed vintage of Madeira, that this wine is numbered among the things that were. Every where the ravages of this pest were regarded as a national calamity. Thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment; vineyards were silent and forsaken that formerly resounded with the merry laugh and the cheerful song; bare poles were seen on the sunny hill-sides, or else covered with unsightly masses of decaying foliage, where formerly the fragrant vine wreathed its graceful verdure, and offered its tempting and beautiful clusters of fruit. The simple and scanty meal of the workman was deprived of what used to give it relish; and the distress in many places was awful. After raging for a number of years with similar if not increased violence, it subsided, like the potato disease, to a certain extent—whether owing to the remedies applied proving successful, or the conditions for its development proving unfavorable, it is impossible to say. Some places now enjoy complete immunity from it; and in other places the cultivation of the vine, formerly abandoned, is resumed with vigor, and with every prospect of success. A large percentage of the crop is, however, season after season, still lost from this cause; and probably the disease is now so completely established, that it is vain to hope for its speedy disappearance.

The fungus which causes the vine epidemic is very minute, covering the affected grape like a white cobweb. From its radiating filaments several jointed stalks rise vertically like the pile of velvet, the upper joints swelling, assuming an egg-shape, and giving birth to the reproductive spores. It makes its appearance first as a minute speck on the grape when about the size of a pea. It speedily enlarges and covers the entire surface of the berry, investing it with a network of interlacing fibers exhausting its superficial juices, and crushing it within its embrace. So richly is it furnished with the means of propagation, that a succession of seeds is developed by the same filament, and three or four ripen and are dispersed at the same moment; while, so loosely are they attached to their receptacles, that the smallest breath of air or the least brush of an in-stitution. In this respect, these bibulous

sect's wing carries them off to other grapes, to infect these with a similar blight.

We may remark here by way of parenthesis, that fungi have a special and inordinate predilection for the produce of the vine in all the stages of its history and manufacture. One species, as we have seen, luxuriates on the grape; another is concerned in the process of fermentation, which consists in the development of the seeds of the yeast, and the consequent resolution of the grape juice into an alcoholic product; a third frequents, like a Bacchic gnome or convivial Guy Fawkes, the vaults where wine is stored up, forming a most remarkable and picturesque feature in that vast temple of Silenus—the London Docks—hanging down in immense festoons from the roof of the crypt, swaying and wavering with the least motion of the air, like dingy cobwebs. This strange and softly comfortable form of vegetable stalactite grows in no other vaults than those devoted to wine. Private cellars are not unfrequently drained dry by a host of thirsty vegetable topers in the shape of huge fleshy fungi, developed by the moist, dark atmosphere of the place, and the rich pabulum of saccharine food which they find there. The bottle of port brought up to table, whose venerable appearance the host eyes affectionately, and the guest with eager expectation, sometimes affords a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly hopes. A cunning fungus has been beforehand with them; and like the famous rat, whose inventive powers were quickened by necessity, which drew up the liquid contained in a bottle by dipping its tail into it, the vegetable, equally sagacious, develops itself first on the cork, and having penetrated it with its spawn, sends down long root-like appendages into the liquor, exhausting it of its rich aroma, and rendering it a mere caput mortuum. Nor is the wine left unmolested, even when it has been drawn into the decanter; a meddling fungus still follows it, and renders it sometimes mothery, the cloudy filamentous dregs left at the bottom indicating its In short, in some shape or presence. other, this fungoid vegetation perseveringly accompanies the fruit of the vine in all its changes and transitions from the German hills to the British dining-room; and, like an ill-odored exciseman, levies a tax upon it for the benefit of its own confungi may be regarded as practical executors of the Maine Liquor Law, and may be ranked among the most efficient allies of teetotalism in that species of crusading or guerilla warfare in which it is so actively and praiseworthily engaged against one of the greatest social evils of the day!

After this detailed description of the specific fungi connected with the more remarkable kinds of vegetable epidemics, a few words regarding their mode of dispersion may not be uninteresting. It is a well-known physiological axiom, that the simpler and smaller an organism, the more bountifully it is furnished with the means of propagating itself. Exposed to numerous contingencies, to extremes of temperature, to excessive drought alternated by excessive moisture, failure of reproduction by one method must be compensated by the development of another, which shall answer the purpose in view even in the most unfavorable circumstances. Accordingly, plants of the class we are reviewing are provided with two, three, and in some cases even with four modifications of reproductive power, all equally effectual, though not all developed at one and the They may multiply them. same time. selves by means of the spawn or mycelium, by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination or budding, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ spring up into new forms equally litted for propagation in the space of a few hours; nay, some may pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and give birth to thousands even while under the field of the microscope. In truth, the common reproductive bodies called spores or seeds do not directly propagate the fungus. They germinate, however, at definite points, and after a time produce threads or filaments which throw out secondary and even tertiary spores, which are the true organs of reproduction, and whose minute size and greater profusion render them more serviceable in the economy of the plant. The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasitic fungi produce is incalculable, almost infinite. It has been ascertained that one grain of the black matter which fills up the ear of corn in smut contains upwards of four millions of a long continuation of ungenial weather, spores or seed-vessels, which are again under the baneful influence of which these

filled with sporules or seeds so infinitesimally minute and impalpable, that no definite forms can be distinguished by the highest powers of the microscope. When a seed-vessel is ruptured, they are seen to escape in the form of an airy cloud, flimy. as the most delicate gossamer; and on a fine summer day, a keen-sighted observer may behold them rising from diseased heads of growing grain into the air by evaporation, like an ethereal smoke, dispersing in innumerable ways, by the attraction of the sun, by insects, by currents of wind, by electricity, or by adhesion. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to innoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is freighted to an inconceivable extent with such germs, quick with life and ready to alight and spring up, so that the pores of our vegetables can scarcely ever perform their functions of inhalation without taking in one or more of these seeds, which can penetrate through the finest apertures. We have found a few at the point of every grain of wheat we examined with the microscope, taken from the finest and cleanest samples. There they remain dormant and concealed, till suitable conditions call them forth to life and energy. So tenacious are they of vitality, that neither summer's heat nor winter's frost can destroy them; and they are capable of germinating after the longest periods of hybernation. Furnished with such powers of endurance and dispersion as these, it is a fortunate circumstance that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth; and when these are absent, they will not develop themselves or spread, otherwise the whole world would be speedily overrun with them, and "the figtree would not blosom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat."

The most important question connected with this subject which suggests itself to the agricultural mind, is, what remedies may be successfully applied to check the ravages of these destructive diseases? Sometimes they are prevented from spreading by the operation of natural causes, we devoutly believe, under the gracious control of the Great Author of nature, who ever mingles mercy with judgment. After

destructive fungi spring up and carry on their blighting work, suddenly there come a few days of clear warm sunshine, and immediately the healthful play of nature's energies is restored; all morbid agencies shrink like the shades of night before the beams of the sun, and the face of the earth is clothed once more with smiling verdure. The diseases that appeared so suddenly and mysteriously, depart in the same manner, and leave apparently no traces of their presence behind. Sometimes, however, these fungi are allowed to inflict incalculable damage, and man is left to himself to find out as best he may how to confine their ravages within the smallest possible compass. For ages, ignorance gave them all sorts of grotesque designations, without the remotest conception of their true character and properties. The antidotes employed in such circumstances were necessarily conjectural; and even when the proper remedies were applied, the reason of their beneficial influence was unknown. In many parts of our rural districts, not with standing the vast advancement of agriculture, and the application to it of the discoveries of science, a lamentable amount of ignorance regarding these diseases still prevails. The crops are smutted; the hay is mildewed; and there is an end of the matter. It is enough for the farmers to know that the plants are mouldy, and can not be helped. course, an intelligent systematic course of remedies must be based upon a thorough acquaintance with the causes of the various diseases, the structure and peculiarities of the parasites concerned in them. It may be that we have not yet attained to a sufficient knowledge of these fundamental facts, notwithstanding our extensive experiments and observations; but certain it is, that the remedies proposed, and in many places carried out, are exceedingly varied in their nature and effects, being as often unsuccessful as the reverse. In all cases, however, the peculiar habits of fungi suggest to the farmer the necessity of properly cleaning his seed, washing it in alkaline ley so as to remove the oily germs of parasites adhering to the grains; thoroughly draining and triturating the soil, so as to expose it most effectually to the beneficial effects of sunshine and rain; opening up confined inclosures, where the air is apt to stagnate and the shade to become too dense,

planting early varieties, so that they may arrive at maturity before the autumnal fogs extensively prevail, and the avoidance of manuring immediately before setting the seed. These precautions will, in most cases, very perceptibly diminish the loss occasioned by the ravages of parasitic fungi. Improved domestic habits in town and rural populations are well known to have had a powerful effect in extirpating or checking the epidemics which formerly prevailed in this country; and in the same way, a better system of cultivation will arrest the plagues which affected our corn-fields.

There is one moral lesson, among many others, strongly suggested by the consideration of vegetable epidemics. They remind us, by the ravages which they are permitted to inflict, at once of the dangers and risks to which our crops are exposed; and by the narrow limits within which these ravages are usually confined, of the stability of the covenant-promise, that seed-time and harvest should never cease, so that thus our hopes are mingled with fears, and even in the matter of our daily bread we must walk by faith and not by sight. They show us, as has been elsewhere said, "how precarious is the independence of the most independent. As we approach the season of harvest, we are within a month or two of absolute starva-Were the rust, or the mildew, or the smut to blight our fields; were each seed of the many millions which each of these parasites disseminates, to germinate and become fertile on the grains on which it alighted, the scourge would be more terrible than the bloodiest and most devasting war; the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the Queen and her subjects, would alike be swept into a common ruin. Not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to avert the terrible consequences. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were as worthless as the false notes of the forger. But the covenant promise made to Noah, sealed with the bright signet ring of heaven, the 'bow in the clouds,' endures from age to age and from season to season, in all its integrity, even in the most unpropitious circumstances; and that kind and watchful Providence which supplies the large family of mankind with its daily bread, arrests the development to free ventilation and light; sowing and land dispersion of the vegetable blights,

a reasonable supply of the staff of life, can rest in peace." thus presenting a sublime fact upon which

and leaves us, even in the worst seasons, | faith, which is better than independence,

From Chambers's Journal.

STORY RUSSIAN SUITOR. $\mathbf{0}$ F A

My uncle, Mr. James Ludlow, was one of the richest and most respected of the English merchants at St. Petersburg, and he had often pressed me to pay him a visit. As long as I can remember, I had been an especial favorite of this uncle—my mother's brother—who had no son of his own, and who had always treated me with great kindness during his frequent visits to his native country. By degrees, however, these periodical trips grew few and far between; Mr. Ludlow's health was not what it had been, and his intercourse with my parents and myself was limited to cor-

respondence.

I scarcely remember how it came about that I was led to accept my uncle's invitation to pass a winter as his guest in the Russian capital. Some undefined ideas of bear-hunts and wolf-hunts, of gay balls and sledging-parties, tempted me to face the journey and the climate; while my father was strongly in favor of my going. I suspect that Mr. Ludlow had written to my mother in more urgent terms than to myself, for she more than once "wondered how I should like my cousin Caroline;" while my father made more than one jesting allusion to the probability of my coming back a Benedict. Now, Mr. Ludlow happened to be a widower-a most unlikely man to contract a second marriage, and Caroline was his sole heiress.

The invitation was accepted, but a number of trifling causes combined to postpone my actual departure, and the winter season was already far spent when I arrived at St. Peterburg, and took up my residence beneath my uncle's roof. Before I had been many days an inhabitant |

in love with my pretty blue eyed cousin as the fondest of match-makers could desire; but the worst of the matter was, that my affection was not reciprocated. Caroline—whom I had not seen since she was a little fair-haired child—met me with the frank kindness of bearing which our near relationship warranted; but I found no especial grace in her eyes, nor was I long in learning that her affections were engaged.

Mr. Ludlow, in his blunt, good-natured way, rated me soundly for the delay in my arrival at St. Petersburg, on which he laid the blame of the failure of plans which

he now avowed openly enough.

"You see, Harry, my boy, it was the wish of my heart, years ago, that you and my daughter Caroline should love each other. You are my dear sister's child, and I have no son of my own to carry on the business which Ludlow and Gregg have conducted here ever since the Emperor Paul's reign. You have been brought up to business-habits, will be well off when your father dies—I hope that it will not be yet, this many a year—and I never heard any thing of your character but what pleased me. Carry will be well off, very well off, and is a dear, good girl, and a pretty girl."

"Indeed she is," said I, cracking a fil-

bert with unnecessary vehemence.

My uncle nodded, and pushed the decanters towards me, as he answered: "I wish you could have had her, Harry; but I fear she's in love with that Russian fellow—confound him!"

What Russian fellow? Although this conversation took place on the tenth evening of my stay at St. Petersburg, we had of the northern capital, I was as heartily already been a good deal in the gay so-

ciety of the town, and I had seen, with a jealous pang, sundry wasp-waisted young officers and diplomats doing their best to fascinate the rich and pretty English heiress. But when Mr. Ludlow named Baril Olgoff as the fortunate winner of Caroline's heart, I could not help uttering an exclamation of incredulous astonishment.

This Olgoff was a tall, dark-complexioned young man, about two years older than myself, and of a gloomy aspect and taciturn demeanor. He was a constant visitor at my uncle's house, but I had never felt the curiosity to ask any questions regarding him; and I could not conjecture how Caroline could be attracted towards him.

Indeed, among all those gay uniforms, resonant titles, and sparkling orders, Olgoff's plain black-coat, gaunt figure, and sad face, had appeared to the utmost disadvantage, and he was the very last person on whom my suspicions would have fixed. It was difficult to guess what merits Caroline saw in such a suitor. Disposed as I was to take a sufficiently modest estimate of my own powers of pleasing, I could not see any superiority in looks or manners on the part of Basil Olgoff over Henry Walton. He was a baron, to be sure, but what of that!

I suppose I must have spoken the last sentence, aloud, for my uncle readily rejoined: "What of that, indeed! Why, Harry, you must not set my Caroline down on a par with those silly English girls who fling themselves away on the first foreign puppy that flashes his trumpery title, real or fictitious, before their foolish eyes. We have seen too much of the grand world in these latitudes to be so easily gulled. My daughter might have been a princess twice, at least, since she came out in Russian society, had she and I fancied those who sought her hand, and who were higher and wealthier, ten times over, than Olgoff."

He then went on to tell me that the latter was a neighbor of theirs in the country. My uncle had purchased a small estate on the banks of the Volga, not very far from the city of Nevskoi Novgorod, and it was there that he and his daughter spent the summer. Olgoff lived hard by, on a property small indeed as to value and extent, but which had been handed down from father to son for a length of time most unusual in Russia, where fortunes are commonly of quick growth and rapid de-

cay. He was the heir of one of those ancient families of boyards, the old squirearchy of Muscovy, poor and barbarous in the eyes of the mushroom nobility of St. Petersburg, but who render to that brilliant and corrupt court scorn for scorn, and hatred for dislike. The Olgoffs were one of those families which Peter the Great had failed to remodel according to his imperial fancy. They had given up their beards and caftans at his will, but they had never flocked to his new metropolis among the Ingrian swamps, and they kept aloof from the frowns or favors of the sovereign. Basil's father had, however, been cajoled or forced into the military service, had risen to the rank of general, and had received the title of baron a distinction little valued by a boyard of ancient stock, and which he esteemed the less from sharing it with the meanest of the czar's French and German sycophants. The old general had rendered some service to my uncle in times long past, and on this account the Ludlows had always been kind and hospitable to his son, their neighbor.

And now the mischief was done. My hopes were nipped in the bud; my uncle's plan for his daughter's settlement in life was overturned, and the house of Ludlow and Gregg bade fair to come to an end with the earthly tenure of its present chief. Mr. Ludlow was very much vexed, but he was the kindest of parents, and the idea of thwarting his daughter's inclinations never seriously entered his head. She was his only child, had been petted and indulged from the cradle, and he could not bear to give her pain, or to be harsh with her. He thought it his duty to speak to Caroline on the subject, but beyond a word of warning and advice he would not go. Paternal prohibitions and stern injunctions were as much out of his way as the impressive maledictions and fine speeches of a theatrical heavy father. He spoke, accordingly, praising my unworthy self, doing his best to set me, her cousin, in a pleasing point of view before Coroline's eyes, and at the same time expressing a not unnatural wish that she should marry a man of her own country and creed, in preference to an alien.

But Caroline's answer, though not quite direct, left no hope. She liked me very well, she said, as a cousin; she was in no hurry to be married, and so on. But it was plain to her father that her affections were engaged, and that if Basil Olgoff chose to make an offer, that offer would be accepted. My uncle groaned in spirit, but left his daughter full liberty of choice.

"Olgoff's not a bad fellow," he would say to me in moments of confidence over the mahogany. "But a Russian! the difference of religion and nationality is so great, that such unions have a thousand chances of shipwreck; and though the lad is a good steady lad, and the soul of honor, as his father was before him, he has inherited some wonderful notions of his own about church-matters—is not, indeed, an orthodox member of the Russo-Greek communion, but is what they call here a Raskolnik—a dissenter, belonging to some wild sect. To us Englishmen, it matters little how these people differ among themselves about ritual and discipline, picture-worship, and genuflexions; but the Raskolniks are enemies of government, and I should have preferred that my son in law should be at least in good odor with the powers that be."

These words raised my curiosity. I knew as yet but little about the undercurrents of religious feeling in Russia, but I made inquiries, and received copious information, if not always of an accurate nature. I learned that, in spite of the sheep-like docility with which the great bulk of the nation had followed the beckoning-hand of the czar-pontiff, many sects still set themselves in opposition to the state profession of faith. These varied much, from the Non-united Greeks to the strange heretics who followed the doctrines of certain wild prophets and martyrs, as singular, but more obscure than Kniperdoling or John of Leyden. All these dissenters were more or less under the frown of imperial power, according to their grades—the adherents of the old order of things being viewed with simple displeasure, while the partisans of more fanatical and dangerous teachers were actively persecuted.

Horrid tales were told of these last, tales of cruel torture, mutilation, and death, ruthlessly inflicted on voluntary victims, who thought to buy Paradise by creating for themselves a place of torment upon earth. But the authorities took every means to hush up such legends, and at the same time endeavored by strict severity to extirpate this moral cancer from society.

To which of these sects Olgoff belonged, I had not the remotest idea; nor, indeed, could I glean any information on the subject from my numerous acquaintances, who were in general only too communicative concerning their neighbors. Indeed, religion, except from the political point of view, was rarely spoken of; elegant skepticism, or an affectation of cosmopolitan indifference, reigned among the polished denizens of the St. Petersburg palaces, and it was understood that the orthodox United Greek Church was an excellent church for the mujikes, the merchants, the soldiers, and the "black people" in general. That Olgoff, in some outward respects, conformed to this church, was pretty certain; and beyond that nothing was known, though much

might be suspected.

The winter went on with its biting cold, its snow-storms, its keen winds, its nights of starry splendor, and its constant round of festivity. There might be suffering in the suburbs, where the tshernoi narod left their wooden hovels to seek warmth by huddling in the steaming halls of the vapor-bath, and where bread and sour cabbage were dear, and vodki scarce, but there was no stint of revelry and mirth among the stately streets of the city. I stayed, although every successive week and day proved more and more clearly that Caroline's affections were engaged by the gloomy young Russian, and though it was manifest that she only cared for me as a near relative and a not disagreeable companion. Yet I stayed, though I can hardly explain the mixture of feelings which prompted me to linger on at a northern capital. My own hopeless attachment had a smaller share in this resolve than I was perhaps willing to allow, but I was in truth much interested in the strange semi-barbarous country, its wonderful contrasts, and quaint peculiarities; and, as habit lessened the pain of seeing another preferred to myself, I came gradually to take much interest in Olgoff himself. He seemed a problem worth solving, this dark, stern young man, whose reserve and gravity were out of tune with the light flippancy of metropolitan manners, and who seemed a living protest against the social system of the place. I have often watched my successful rival, somber and thoughtful, in a saloon full of lace, diamonds, and gay uniforms, of fluttering plumes and fans, and the mingled

hum of music and merry voices, until I | eyes, without an undefined presentiment could have fancied him some Puritan of the seventeenth century, saddening by his mournful presence the butterfly court of Charles II. When I call him my successful rival, I am not perhaps wholly accurate. In the first place, I had, I am happy to say, been too prudent or diffident to breathe one word of love in Caroline's unwilling ear; and in the next place, Basil Olgoff had never formally offered himself as a suitor. He was attentive certainly, visited often at my uncle's house, appeared at every ball or concert where my cousin was invited, and never showed the slightest sign of caring for any other feminine society, but he remained mute, and I often wondered why.

At last, towards the end of the season when the melted snow was pouring torrents of dirty water down the streets, till lately paved with a pure white crust of glittering crystals, when sledges were thrust into the coach-house, and carriages began to splash and struggle along the quay, Baron Olgoff spoke out. My uncle

came to me in some dudgeon.

"Well, Harry, boy, you must give Caroline joy—she is to be a baroness, after all, for that dumb suitor of ours has found his tongue, and be hanged to him! Don't wince, nephew. I'd rather have given her to you, fifty times over, but I never thwarted my girl yet, and I could not find the heart to say no, as I longed to do, when she came an hour ago, all tears and blushes, to tell me of Olgoff's proposal. Heaven bless her; I hope she'll be happy, but I must say I have my doubts."

So had I. Very serious doubts indeed. Not that I was unjust enough to deny that Basil Olgoff was in some respects worthy of his good-luck. In spite of the young boyard's icy reserve, there were flashes of good and noble feeling which broke from him at times, and I had discovered that his principles and sentiments were modeled on a far higher standard than that of most of his equals in rank. But there was something hidden, something kept back. I often felt the conviction that Olgoff was not entirely frank with us, but for my very life I could not have explained my reasons for so deeming. However, I could not contemplate Caroline's sunny beauty beside his gloomy brow and dark watchful no hopes of the sort. Indeed I was fast

of evil.

I do not think my uncle felt precisely as I did. His objections to the marriage were plain enough. He had wanted Caroline to choose an English husband; if her cousin, so much the better, but at any rate he disliked her union with a foreigner, a Russian, and a member of a different church. It was painful to the sturdy British merchant to think of the old house of Ludlow and Gregg changing its name, of his grandchildren growing up to speak the Muscovite tongue, to have Russian feelings and habits, and to bow before gaudy pictures and flaring candles at the bidding of a Papas of the Greek fold. He could not bring himself to deny Caroline her free choice, but he deferred the actual wedding as long as he possibly could, hoping, as he confessed to me, that the young people might change their minds, or that something might occur to break off the match. He insisted that the time of betrothal should include the whole summer and autumn, and that when the family returned to St. Petersburg for the winter season ensuing, it would be quite time enough to celebrate the mar-

riage.

Yielding on all other points, on this Mr. Ludlow was inflexible, and it was settled that the wedding should be deferred till the Christmas following. In the mean time the affianced couple would not be absolutely separated, since my uncle's summer abode was at a place called Vailinga, situated, as I have previously said, near New Novgorod, and on the banks of the Volga, while Baron Olgoff was his next neighbor. Somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Ludlow gave me a warm invitation to spend the summer, or at least a part of it, on this small estate, in a country where, as he said, game abounded and sportsmen were scarce, and where travelers seldom penetrate. I believe my worthy uncle, who was a tenacious, though a most kindly man, secretly hoped that in the course of the summer something might occur to break the engagement; that a longer acquaintance with Olgoff's apparently unattractive disposition might chill Caroline's feelings towards him; and that his daughter might be tempted to transfer her affections to her kinsman-myself. I entertained few or

schooling myself into viewing Caroline with merely brotherly interest, but I felt an invincible apprehension on her account; and though I rather liked Olgoff, I could not but regard the attachment as an illstarred one. Again, I was really curious to see provincial Russia, to enjoy the wild sports of the forest, and to make an exploring expedition among the spurs of the Ural, since I had a taste for geology, and was at least as much at home with the hammer as I was with the fowlingpiece or rifle.

I accepted my uncle's invitation; we set out together as soon as the snow was thoroughly melted, and traveled by easy stages to Vailinga. My uncle's house, built of the soft stone common in the province, stood on a sort of bluff or risingground, fringed with trees, and so situated that a sinuous twist of the Volga almost converted it into an island. On three sides, indeed, the shining river made a moat around it, cutting it off from the village of Vailinga, which was only accessible by a ferry, without a long detour. The view from the terrace and windows of the house was fine; the eye roamed freely over the seas of swaying pines, whose dark tops were mottled here and there by the light green of birch woods, far away beyond which were bare and stony plains; while in the horizon towered, blue and gigantic, the crests of the Ural range, dividing Europe from Asia.

As for Vailinga itself, it was one of those villages so common among the steppes of Russia, of Hungary, or whereever the land is occupied by a people of Tartar descent. It was large enough to merit the name of town, but in straggling and rustic disorder, in its lack of public buildings, shops, and pavement, it was thoroughly a village. It had, however, a police-court with a small prison attached, two churches, and a vapor-bath. latter was but a shabby affair; but the the churches were large, and their Byzantine domes were gorgeously adorned with purple and gold, laid on in somewhat theatrical taste, but which shone in the sun like the speckled plumage of a starling. Most churches in eastern Europe, indeed, can boast of gay and tawdry decorations that contrast sharply with the mean ugliness of the huts around them, and so it was at Vailinga.

that was on the opposite side of the Volga, and within sight of my uncle's A quaint abode it was; that baronial mansion of the long-descended Olgoffs, with its one heavy tower of solid masonry—a tower that was traditionally said to have withstood more than one siege in the days of the Tartars—and the more modern buildings of wood, blackened with age and smoke, and strongly resembling a series of barns. There was a large garden in which a few flowers bloomed among the vegetables and fruittrees, and close up to the sunny peachwall came the dark rustling fir-trees of the forest. A melancholy future home, I thought, for a young girl like cousin Caroline.

The Olgoff property was not large, and I believe the young boyard was often straitened for means, but I am sure he was not actuated by mercenary views in paying his court to Caroline. So indeed my uncle, who was a just man, grumblingly admitted; adding, that the baron seemed to care no more what was settled on Miss Ludlow, or in what manner, that if every pine on his barren acres were worth its weight in silver. He was sincerely attached to Caroline; but his undemonstrative manner gave him a cold and unpleasing air, though my cousin herself would never listen to a word in his dis-

My stay at Vailinga was a pleasant one enough. There was plenty of sport, plenty of wild rambles among the woods or trips down the river, and we now and then received an invitation from some neighboring proprietor, or two or three families would drive or sail for leagues to accept my uncle's hospitality, for Mr. Ludlow had a wide-spread acquaintance. Then I found both amusement and interest in drawing forth legends, anecdotes, and odd traits of national character, from the peasantry around us, and found cause to be glad that I had the power of conversing thus. Of course, the people spoke no tongue but the Muscovite; but I had devoted much time at St. Petersburg, under the guidance of a shrewd teacher of languages, to the acquisition of the Russian dialect, and having some aptitude for the study, had made considerable progress. My uncle, on the other hand, had never learned above a few words of the language; French had always sufficed him As for the residence of Basil Olgoff, in conversional intercourse, and he had

never cared to acquire a tongue which is despised even by those who use it.

It was not long before I began to learn, thanks to hints and chance words, that a great schism lay beneath the apparently dull uniformity of the local system. Most of the villagers were of course of the orthodox faith, but there were many who were more than suspected of secret heresy, and to whom the czar's supremacy in religion appeared hateful and monstrous. Several of those Raskolniks were pointed out to me, and were, as far as I could judge, inoffensive persons enough a trifle more industrious, staid, and thoughtful than their neighbors. In some cases they were residents in the village, but in most instances they were serfs on the Olgoff estate, and were presumed to be under the especial patronage of the lord of the soil. There is said to be an intolerant spirit among the Russian mujiks, but I own that in this case I saw little proof of it. The dissenters were looked coolly upon, but not treated with any disrespect, and it seemed as if the peasants regarded the suppression of religious differences as the province of government alone. But there was one man in whose breast fiercer feelings existed, and this was the priest who officiated in the smaller of the two churches, Pope Niklas.

Pope Niklas was an ambitious man, it was said; more able and better instructed than the great bulk of the rural clergy, and of a respectable family in Moscow itself—the Russian Mecca. He was able to speak French—a wonderful accomplishment for a papas; but I never liked the man, often as I conversed with him. His aspect was rather imposing, in his dark robes, with his shaven temples, his long black hair falling in snaky profusion over his velvet cape, and his fiery eyes glittering under brows that would have become a grand inquisitor. It was said that he had set his heart on becoming a bishop; and, indeed, I could not but re cognize that he was of the true Torquemada stamp, very unlike the tipsy boors who officiated in the parishes around him, and for whom the serfs had scanty reverence when outside their chapel doors.

I was talking to Pope Niklas once in the village street, when Basil Olgoff passed by in earnest converse with a man whom I had never seen before, but whose long gray beard and keen wrinkled face were the old prince, who lives on a tenth of

worthy of notice. The priest started, and muttered something like an anathema, while, as if by an involuntary impulse, he stealthily shook his fist at the receding figures.

"Eh! Monsieur Niklas, has the baron offended you then?" asked I, with a laugh.

"And you—you whom he has supplanted—do you not hate him?" asked the priest, giving me a searching glance that made me, too, start. I had never mentioned Caroline's name to the papas at all, and yet he had guessed my attachment. However, his cunning was at fault. I did not hate Olgoff, and I was not unjust enough to say that he, who had known Caroline longer than I, had supplanted me in her regard. Some impulse, however, checked me as I was about to deny the imputation, and I held my peace; while the priest, chuckling over his own keen insight into human motives, went on to speak more freely.

"The accursed Agag!" said he; "let him have a care what he does. That is the third time he has brought yonder archworshiper of Baal into my parish; but the orthodox are not always to be mocked

with impunity."

I asked the papas what he meant.

"Stephen, son of Constantine, is the most famous preacher of his blaspheming band of heretics," was the answer; but the habitual caution of the papas had returned, and he would say no more.

A few days later an unexpected stir took place in the tranquil village. This was caused by the sudden arrival of a squadron of light horse, detached from the sotnia of Cossacks in garrison at New Novgorod, and whose tents were now to be pitched on the borders of the forest, hard by the outskirts of Vailinga. The commander of this force happened to be a young Russian of princely family whom I had often met in the clubs and ballrooms of St. Petersburg, and who was communicative enough both with respect to his errand and his present banishment from the court.

"Figure to yourself, très cher, that you behold an unhappy exile from civilized society;" said the little count, lashing his varnished boot with a gold-mounted riding-whip, and putting on a most amusing air of injured innocence. "I spent a little too much, lived a little too fast, and see the consequence. My monster of an uncle, his revenue, was so shocked at the list of my debts, that he would only pay them on condition of this frightful sacrifice—of my exchanging into this hideous Cossack corps, and giving up the Imperial Guard, of which I was, I flatter myself, no unworthy member. So here I find myself—I, Emmanuel Galitzin—actually doing thieftakers' work, and sent here to root out a nest of heretics—I, a Voltairean!"

"Heretics!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my friend; some sort of pestilent fanatics, je n'en sais rien, moi! But a famous preacher of these wild fellows, one Stephen Constantinovitch, has been traced here, and the wiseacres of the government imagine a rebellion to be brewing, and have sent my men who are half heathens, and myself, a philosopher as you know, to set matters straight, which is a droll idea."

Count Galitzin either did not know, or would not tell, the name of the informer who had set the authorities on the track of Stephen the preacher, but I could guess that the malice of Pope Niklas had prompted the persecution of the Raskolniks. In vain, however, did the Cossacks scour the forests like sleuth-hounds on the trail of a wounded deer; in vain did the priests of the different parishes make rigid inquiry among their flocks, for no trace of the proscribed man could be detected.

For my own part, I felt pretty sure that the hunted fugitive was still close at hand, for a great change came over Caroline's affianced husband, and I instinctively attributed this to the influence of his religious mentor. Basil Olgoff had always been silent and melancholy, but now the calm gravity of his manner gave place to the most abrupt alternations between unnatural vivacity and the very deepest depression. At one time he would be absolutely gay, mirthful, and amusing, showing a play of fancy and a store of anecdote that would have done credit to any lion of the salons, and at another he would sink into a state of such gloomy apathy that nothing could rouse him from his sullen meditations.

These changeful moods caused Caroline many an unhappy moment, aroused in my mind the gravest suspicions of Olgoff's sanity, and even made my uncle, not habitually an observant man, uneasy with regard to the future. His idea was that his future son-in-law might be in debt, and in his blunt good-natured way he placed

his strong-box at Olgoff's disposal, and was rather vexed when it was declined. Still the summer went on, and the Cossack tents still whitened the fallows across the river, and the patrols went tramping through the woods, but no arrest took place.

One day, how well I remember it! as I sauntered under the leafy shade of the trees in the broad village street, I heard the clank of spurs and saber, and Captain Count Galitzin came up, radiant and brisk. His first words were: "Congratulate me, Walton; give me joy of the probable termination of my exile in Vailinga. We shall finish with these pests to-night, and I shall have the felicity of conducting them, in chains, to New Novgorod, where at least there are dominoes and champagne, and where drinkable coffee can be had."

"To-night! how?" asked I.

Galitzin told me in his chattering style that the Raskolniks had a false brother among them, who, for a hundred roubles, had given the alert to government, and had betrayed the rendezvous of this wild sect. The fanatics had lately made many converts among the ignorant peasants around, and it was deemed needful to cut short their proselytism by a sharp and stern example.

"Apropos," said the Count, "that black-looking, sulky marplot, is to be there tonight, and must take his choice of a lance-thrust or a trip to Siberia. Better the former, for your sake, Walton, if you have an eye, as I suspect, to your pretty cousin and the savings of ce digne Monsieur Ludlow. Aha! good-bye; I go to prepare my men. The trap closes on the mice by

midnight."

This was startling news. I could not doubt the exactitude of the information I had received, nor, as a man of honor, could I hesitate for a moment as to the course to pursue. I must warn Olgoff. For Caroline's sake, I must save her betrothed husband from the peril that was closing in upon him. I hurried to the ferry, crossed the river, and hastened up to the house. As I crossed the lawn, I heard from a half-open window, that of the library, the sound of voices, Caroline's and Olgoff's. For a moment I stopped, and an indefinite thrill of jealousy ran through my veins; but I crushed the pitiful sentiment, and was advancing, resolved to lose no time in conveying my warning, when the window was violently flung open, and Basil Olgoff sprang out, and strode fast across the

green sward, with flushed face and wild hold, and she was quite changed from the gestures.

gay, light-hearted girl I had always

I was springing to meet him, when a smothered cry, and the sound of a fall attracted my notice; I hurried to the open window, entered, and found Caroline lying in a swoon upon the ground. A scene of confusion followed, several of the voluble but half-useless Russian servants crowded into the room at my impatient summons; my uncle came with a frightened face; we placed the poor girl on a sofa, and tried the usual remedies to revive her, and with success. Poor Caroline! she only regained her senses to commence sobbing as if her heart would break, and her expressions were so incoherent and broken by weeping, that it was long before we could distinguish their purport. At last we learned that Basil had bidden her adieu, had spoken fondly and in heart-broken accents, but with a dreadful firmness of conviction of the necessity of their parting, and had entreated her to pray for him, and to cherish his memory. Then he had torn himself away, abruptly as he had come, and the shock of parting had overcome her strength.

Mr. Ludlow was very angry at first. His notion was that his daughter's affections had been trifled with, and that some caprice had led Olgoff thus roughly to break off the engagement; but I did not share this impression. Drawing my uncle apart, I told him as cautiously as I could what Galitzin had related to me.

"Poor unhappy lad!" he exclaimed; "it was a sad day when I agreed to give Caroline to a Russian, especially one half-crazed, as he seems to be; but we must save him if we can."

This seemed no easy matter. I spent the rest of the day in a fruitless search for Basil Olgoff, but could gain no clue to his retreat. While Mr. Ludlow stayed to endeavor to console his daughter, I was vainly interrogating the young baron's servants, vainly ranging his grounds, or wandering from chamber to chamber in his house, but without gaining the slightest information.

Weary and baffled, I returned home, and my uncle met me with an anxious face, to say that Caroline was quiet now, but so wretched that it made his heart bleed to look at her. Poor thing! her white wan countenance and eyes that had grown dim with weeping were sad to be-

hold, and she was quite changed from the gay, light-hearted girl I had always known her. Olgoff's conduct had been cruel and capricious, as I thought, and I felt a glow of anger as I saw my pretty kinswoman suffer thus for his sake.

The moon rose, and presently the night wind began to sigh through the trees, and the hours stole on fast towards the fatal time when the meeting of the wild enthusiasts should be betrayed. I chafed at the inaction to which I was condemned, and suggested to my uncle that I had better go across to the village, and try to interest Galitzin in poor Olgoff's behalf. It was a desperate hope, for the young noble had the true Tartar nature under his varnish of western elegance, but it seemed the only means left us. I quitted the room, and was leaving the house, when a little barefooted girl, who weeded in the garden, came tripping up with a piece of paper in her hand.

"English lord, I found this beyond the shrubbery, and I took it home, and my mother said I should give it to some of the family, as it has most likely been dropped, and perhaps they would give me a copeck."

There was writing on the scrap of paper, in Russian characters of course, but these were familiar to me now, and I read in Olgoff's hand, the broken sentences that run thus:

"Pity and forgive—the lot has fallen—so happy as your lover, your husband—midnight—at the Hetman's Oak—pray for me, as for the dead."

I turned to the child, and asked if she or her parents could read. The reply was in the negative. Satisfied, so far, I dropped some small coins into her extended hand, and she darted off homewards. I remained behind, sorely puzzled. It was evident that this scrap of paper was part of an incomplete letter which Olgoff had designed to send to Caroline, by way of farewell; that he had given up the design, and let fall the paper by accident. Probably the Hetman's Oak was the place of meeting for the Raskolniks, while the "lot," of which his incoherent words spoke as having fallen, implied most likely the mys erious reason for the renunciation of his dearest hopes. While I thus pondered, I felt a light touch on my arm, and started. Caroline was beside me, her face deathly pale, but with

her eyes unnaturally bright, and a calm resolve written in her features. I tried to hide the scrawl: it was too late.

"I have read the writing," she whispered: "hush! I know all. Let us go tog-ther, and we may yet save him."

She threw a cloak, which she had hastily caught up, over her shoulders, drawing the hood over her bright hair with an impatient gesture, and stepped cautiously out into the moonlight. I followed, and with quick steps we went towards the forest. We both knew well the place named, for the Hetman's Oak was less than two miles off, though in a very wild nouk among the woods. But, once among the thickets, the moon served us litt'e, the briars and in erlacing boughs rendering our progress very tedious and fatiguing. At last we approached the del, dark and steep, and surrounded by gray rocks and huge trees, over which towered the gigantic trunk and broad boughs of the Hetman's Oak. The dense mass of foliage here defied the moonlight, but we could see something stirring in the glen beneath us; something black and shapeless, but which as by instinct we knew to be a crowd of human forms. Then a dull murmur of voices suddenly swelled into a wild and plaintive chant, some hymn of this strange church among the deserts. It rose and fell, now low and faint, now shrill and loud, but always sad; and then a gleam of ruddy light broke out from a kindled pile of fir-cones, and we could dimly discern a number of persons, nearly eighty, as I should judge, gathered around a kind of altar of rough stone, beside which was piled an immense heap of logs and brushwood. Nor was this all.

The sudden light showed priest and congregation: it fell with lurid radiance on the wrinkled face, the gray beard, and black robes of Stephen the preacher; on the coarse russet garb and stern features of the serfs, the begrimed countenances of the charcoal-burners, only half-human in aspect, and the two or three members of the assembly whose garments revealed a higher rank. No children were present, and only two or three women. But our eyes roved hastily over this motley throng, and at length were riveted on a kneeling figure, wrapped in a long white mantle, and bare-headed, which bent beside the altar in an attitude of devotion or of sorrow. Something told us that

this was be whom we sought. Caroline was springing forward when I caught her

"Hist!" said I, "do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing," she replied.

I listened; the sounds had ceased. Then the kneeling figure in white arose, and in the dying light of the fire we caught a glimpse of Basil Olgoff's face, pale and distorted with suppressed but passionate emotion. Laying his hand on the young man's head, Stephen commenced speaking, and so profound was the silence, that every note of his sonorous voice reached us distinctly. The language was quaint and mystical, but through its obscurities I thought I could discern that Basil Olgoff, in penance for his sics of compliance with the "impious" church of the orthodox, for his fault in plighting his troth with a foreign maiden, and as he on whom had fallen by lot the duty of atoning for the offences of the congregation, was to abandon property, rank, and earthly happiness, and devote himself henceforth to "the work of the Lord." And Stephen, solemuly and slowly, dictated the words of a terrible vow.

But before Basil's trembling lips had framed the first syllables, Caroline uttered a shrick that rang over the forest, and, bounding through the trees, cried aloud: "Husband, Basil! they are robbing you of hope and hap, iness. You are duped by these wild men; do not speak the words."

A dead silence followed, and then fifty outstretched arms pointed us out, as we stood on the edge of the dell, and a hourse roar of fury and terror arose, while we saw Basil forcibly held back by the priest and others, and twenty grim forms came bounding towards us, armed

with hatchet or pike.

"Fly, Caroline—we are lost!" I cried, trying to drag her away; but just then a shout of dismay arose from the crowd below, and with it blended the thundering tramp of many horses, and the clash of weapons, and the Cossack hurran. The fanatics fell back and huddled together, as Count Galitzin and his lancers came spurring down the glade; and recklessly urged their sure-footed steeds over the slippery and broken ground.

What followed was a confused scene of horrors. I remember the summons to yield, the crackling volley from carbine

and pistol; the yells, screams, and imprecations; the floundering of the wounded horses as they rolled down the bank, crushing the riders in their death-agony; and the dreadful struggle that went on, hand to hand, man to man. Some recollection, too, I have of seeing Olgoff in the thickest of the fray, unarmed, but opposing his defenceless breast to the stabs and shots of the soldiery, as one who seeks death as a deliverance. And then I remember a glare of red light flashing up suddenly, with a roar of burning wood, and showers of sparks falling through the eddying smoke, and dark forms looming through the blaze, like actual demons.

I seemed to be holding Caroline back by main force, while she wildly strove to break away and plunge in the curtain of stifling smoke and flame. Then a riderless horse, dashing by in its blind terror, bore me down and hurled me against a pine-trunk; and when I regained my senses after the stunning fall, Galitzin was near me, wiping the blood from his sword, and giving orders in a subdued tone, while the trumpeters were sounding a shrill note of recall, and Cossack after Cossack came to the muster.

"Ah, my friend," said the Russian officer, more seriously than usual, "you may be thankful the wind blows from this quarter. The conflagration has rolled off the other way, and will consume many a ject.

square verst of woodland before it dies out. Had it taken this course, we should have found you burnt to a cinder."

"But Olgoff—but the fanatics below?"

"The poor wretches! in their despair
they fired the pile of wood which they
always raise beside their aliars," said Galitzin, with an involuntary shudder, "and
most of them rushed into the flames, as if
the hot embers had been a bed of roses,
sooner than be taken. Such is their idea
of winning Paradise, as I have often heard.
Pah! such a sight disgusts one with soldi-ring. I saw Olgoff and Stephen
through the thick of the flames, where
my wounded men perished, too. But
what is that—a woman!"

Behind the tree, poor Caroline was lying insensible, and with a stain of blood on her bright hair and pale brow. We bore her home, and she lived, but her reason was utterly gone. To this day, she speaks of Basil Olgoff as absent on a journey, and soon to reappear and claim her as his bride; and she twines flowers and wreathes them in her hair before the mirror, and then weeps, she knows not why. That hideous night saw the ruin of two young lives. The ghastly story was hushed up, according to the invariable policy of the Russian government; nor was it until after my uncle's death that I myself cared to break silence on the sub-

From the British Quarterly.

GOSSE'S SEA-SIDE WONDERS.

PERHAPS some of our readers may chance to take up a volume entitled Ten-

by, whilst attempting to beguile the idle hours of a sea-side sojourn. It is a book which, we presume, will be found in many a marine hotel, and on the drawing-room tables of many a watering-place. But there are numbers to whom the name will convey no immediate conception of the nature of the work. "Who is Tenby?" some will exclaim. Others will inquire, as children do in the well-known social game, whether Tenby belongs to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms?

^{*} Tenby: a Sea-side Holiday. By PHILIP HEN-RY GOSSE, A. L. S. London: Van Voorst.

A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles. By Philip HENRY Gosse. Part 1. London: Van Voorst.

A Text-Book of Zoology for Schools. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. London: Christian Knowledge Society.

The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By Philip Henry Gosse, London: Van Voorst.

And the young ladies—who doubts what direction their conjectures will take? Tenby will turn out to be a fine, handsome gentleman, half paragon, half vagabond, who falls in love with a maiden of exquisite beauty, half angel, half milliner. The pair will of course encounter a prodigious quantity of misfortunes. The damsel will have a cross papa to keep in play. The hero will have a brute of a governor, who threatens to cut him off with a shilling unless he marries the woman of his aversion. There is a jealous rival who will require killing before the tale is concluded. There is a consummate villain who must be hanged in the last chapter but one. Meanwhile the maiden pines. The damask fades from her cheek. An elopement is attempted. It is stopped by the police. The damsel gets worse. Change of air is tried. The doctor applies all kinds of random remedies, never suspecting that the patient is laboring under an inflammation of the affections. The lover hints at suicide, but determines to go into parliament and bury his woes in a brilliant political career. Just at this juncture, however, he receives notice of the governor's decease. Hero succeeds. Cross papa succumbs. Maiden recovers. Doctor dismissed. The day is fixed, and the faithful couple wind up their sorrows with a splendid wedding. Is not this Tenby?

It is not. Tenby is quite another sort of thing. It is a small and sleepy town on the Tembrokshire coast, without the slightest pretensions to importance in itself. But small and sleepy towns on any coast are not the themes about which you generally write books. Life at the seaside is made up of such a number of trifling transactions, that nobody deems them worthy of being chronicled in print, and laid before the public in all the dignity of post octavo. Who cares to hear of excursions in search of "good apartments commanding an excellent marine view," though those excursions may involve almost as much vexation as if you were exploring the interior of Africa.

Why then should the little town of Tenby have a volume to itself? We answer the question by asking why a small and obscure village like Selborne should have had the honor of contributing an entire work to the literature of the land? Because, says the reader, there was a man named Gilbert White, who had the knack

of lifting up the vail which covers the face of Nature; who wandered about, peeping into the nooks and crannies of creation; and who showed that marvels and curiosities were scattered around us with a prodigal hand, though hidden from view by the thinnest film of familiarity. And how pleasant is the savor which that book leaves behind it, particularly when read in youthful days! How fresh and fragrant is the memory of the good Gilbert, and what smiling hours were those we spent in his company, when he led us in the dew of the morning or the cool of the evening through the meadows and along the hedges, charming us with his gentle talk, and, like an unsuspected wizard, waving his magic wand until every object began to brighten under his spell, and the air seemed to rustle with lovely things, and the lowly landscape bloomed into enchanted ground. Now, what White did for Selborne, Mr. Gosse has in some respects performed for Tenby. This little spot has been described as the "prince of places for a naturalist." And Mr. Gosse is well known to be an enthusiastic naturalist. He is particularly great in marine zoology. His aquariums have found their way into numerous households, and given an aspect of philosophical dignity to many a boudoir. You expect even ladies to come out strong in science, and to talk imposingly about zoophytes, and echinoderms, and the metamorphosis of cirripeds, wherever these watery menageries appear. His various treatises have done much to interest the public in the dwellers in the deep and the tenantry of the shore. Like most men who commune freely with Nature in her more playful moods, and particularly in regard to her more sportive productions, he writes in a pleasant, genial vein, and flings so much sunshine over his pages, that you follow him with a gleeful step, as if certain that his presence would insure a perpetual May. Each chapter gives promise of "fresh woods and pastures new." A fine vein of fancy runs through his writings, and his poetic appreciation of the Beautiful enables him to portray the marvelous creatures, for whom he appears to live, in their gayest and most engaging forms. But better than all is the warm and fervent spirit of adoration which flushes his treatises, and which seems to make the "dark, unfathomed caves of Standing on the open plain of the universe, with suns and planets drawn up in glittering array, cold must be the man in whom the pulse of piety does not beat with a quicker throb as he gazes upon that magnificent host; but is it not cheering to find that "the dim, dark sea, so like unto death," is as richly peopled with wonders as the solid land, or the crowded skies; that the worms and polypes which dwell in its waters can warm the soul into adoration not less than the stateliest organizations of the shore; and that the workmanship of the Divine Hand can be as distinctively traced in the structure of things which are born of the mud and nurtured in the slime, as it could be in the anatomy of an archangel? If "Earth with her thousand voices praises God," Ocean takes her part in the choral homage which Nature pays to Nature's Lord. And who that listens to the tones which come gushing and bubbling from her depths would not wish to know something of the marvels that are hidden beneath her billows?

"—— My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea;
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

Let us, then, indulge in a brief stroll on the beach, with Mr. Gosse for our guide, and glance for a moment or two at some of the curiosities it presents. Few objects are better known to sea side rambles than those lumps of jelly—seablubblers, as they are popularly termed —which, as they lie shrivelling in the sun, seem so unlikely to have been the abodes of life. Can mere bags of brine, we ask, have ever been vivified things? Can that tremulous tissue, filled with liquid, have been as much entitled to the honors of vitality as the bulky whale or the wise elephant? It can not be doubted. But then we must see the creatures in their native element, like swans in the water, if we wish to survey them to advantage. There is a huge medusa, the Rhizostoma Cuvieri, which is occasionally found on our coasts. To watch one of these fellows whilst floating in his pride would impress the reader with more respectful notions of the blubber brotherhood than he may have gleaned from the stranded corpses of ordinary specimens. In the great rhizostome conceive of an expanded umbrella or parachute, made of | seems no reason why the rhizostome

stiff jelly, and measuring a foot and a half across; or fancy the head of a mushroom enlarged to that extent, (which would, of course, be a delightful diameter for so savory a vegetable,) but constituted of a greenish-blue substance, resembling the skin of a boiled calf's-head when cold, and partly translucent like A border, or flap, of about three inches in breadth hangs from the rim of this living cupola; and, if observed, it will been seen to contract and dilate in turns with great regularity. It is by the strokes or pulsations thus produced, and the consequent ejection of water from the cavity, that the animal is enabled to propel itself through the waves. A process, called the peduncle, hangs down from the interior of the dome, occupying the place of the stem in our imaginary mushroom, or of the stalk in our illustrative umbrella. In the great rhizostome this part of the animal is very large, and its upper portion is so shaped as to form a cavity of some size, with four separate openings; but below, it divides into eight curious arms, crisped like cauliflower heads at the top and bottom, and colored of a pale salmon-red. These arms severally terminate in organs which exhibit a singular resemblance to leaves, being veined with vessels and their branches; but they are composed of the same cartilaginous matter as the upper portions of the creature. For eyes, this medusa is provided with little red globules of jelly, sheltered on each side by long pendant lobes, like a horse with its "blinders." And when the arms of the peduncle are minutely examined, the observer will discover hosts of tentacles, carrying those "threadbearing capsules" by means of which many marine animals are supposed to paralyze their prey. Some naturalists have assumed that the rhizostome is nourished by the absorption of food through certain pores, either in the peduncular leaves or at the extremity of the "dendritic" fringes. The particles thus obtained are supposed to be conveyed along certain canals into the cavity where the business of digestion is performed. In fact, according to this view, the creature feeds after the fashion of a vegetable, which imbibes nutriment by means of its roots. Hence the name. question is unsettled; but we can not help agreeing with Mr. Gosse, that there

should be a perfect battery of missile threads, if these weapons are intended to be launched against creatures so minute that they will readily enter the orifices which are presumed to serve as mouths.

Another interesting question also has been raised respecting the proceedings of these monster medusæ. Small fishes whiting, for instance—are frequently discovered within the four openings or chambers which lead to the stomach. For what purpose are they there? Some are of opinion that these cavities serve as places of shelter, and that the whiting, when in danger from enemies, make use of the medusa as a floating asylum. Mr. Gosse, on the contrary, is inclined to believe that the fish are prompted to enter by their own instinct, or are entrapped by the arts of the animal, the true object being to bring grist to the digestive mill. The question, as all must admit, is one of considerable gravity. The honor of the great rhizostome is seriously involved. Is the creature a model of marine generosity, permitting its recesses to be employed by imperilled fishes as places of retreat? or is it a cunning, scheming scoundrel, luring the little things into its interior, and selfishly thinking of its own stomach all the while? Between these two theories of its behavior there is all the difference in the world; and we should therefore wish the point to be impartially considered. In support of his insinuation, Mr. Gosse relies upon the fact, that if little fishes are sometimes found alive in the medusa, others are decidedly dead. And not only are they in a deceased condition, but, horrible to relate, they bear the "appearance of partial digestion!" This looks ugly. We don't like it all. We don't wonder Mr. Gosse italicizes the monstrosity. But, fortunately for the animal, there are other witnesses ready to come forward in its favor. Mr. Peach, the well-known naturalist in the Coast Guard service, whose valuable labors whilst in that humble position have done him so much honor, has some important testimony to offer. From his statements, it would appear that the creature is not only innocent of all sinister ends, but that its conduct is perfectly magnanimous. For, on one occasion, when certain species of medusa (not the great rhizostomes, however,) were very abundant at Peterhead, he observed small fishes playing round them,

amongst their tentacula whenever assailed or alarmed. The danger over, out the fishes darted, and began to gambol as before. In no case could be discover a wh ting fairly impounded in the stomach of a medusa, but all seemed to be free to come and go as they liked. Indeed, Mr. Peach relates a very affecting illustration of his views. A small whiting, whilst accompanying a Cyanea aurita, was assaulted by a young pollack, or "baddock," but contrived to evade his attentions by "dodging" round the medusa. Unluckily, a brother baddock appeared in the field, and by their joint maneuver the poor fugitive was cut out of harbor, and driven from the protection of his gelatinous friend. A chase followed, numerous other enemies, as Mr. Peach reports, joining in the hue and cry. The whiting was soon run down; but as the pursuers could not swallow it, they left it for dead. It recovered, however, and swam back slowly to the medusa, where it sought shelter as before; but the pack of pollacks caught sight of their victim, and made another onslaught, which unhappily proved too successful, for the poor fish was dislodged, and ultimately destroyed.

Now, if this view should be confirmed, we appeal to our readers whether the medusa are not the humanest creatures alive? Tell us of another which keeps open house for the reception of distressed animals, and which extends its hospitality to things so unlike itself in character and social position. We fervently trust that Mr. Peach's evidence may be sustained by further observations. For our own part, we venture to think that the awkward fact of semi-digestion may be glossed over for the present, if not provisionally explained. May not a whiting sometimes seek refuge when wounded, or when it feels that its end is at hand? And will it impeach the character of the medusa if the latter should say—" My friend, you may enter when you choose; you may leave when you like. I am always open. My cavities are quite at your service. Should you happen to die in my interior, well, I may avail myself of your body for meat; but what will it matter to you when defunct? It should give you pleasure to think that you can repay me in this cheap fashion for the protection I afford to your tribe." Certainly, if we consider the bad character which the inand rushing under their umbrellas and | habitants of the sea sustain—for they exist by mutual destruction, and the ocean is the theater of innumerable murders daily—it would be pleasant to quote the behavior of the medusa as a proof that virtuous principles are not entirely banished from the world of waters.

Proceeding a little further in your ramble on the shore, we will suppose that you are attracted by an object composed of a small, flat, round disc, with five rays fixed like spokes on the central lump. It is, or was lately, a living thing. The orifice on one side of the disc is the mouth, and the stomach occupies the interior, forking into the rays as if all possible room were required for digestive purposes. From its obvious resemblance to a star, it may be recognized at once as a star-fish. The vulgar call it five-finger: the learned Asterias rubens. It belongs to the class which naturalists designate Echinodermata; but which people who are not well up in Greek are content to know as creatures skinned like hedgehogs. tegument investing this living asterisk bristles with spines or prickles, and these are doubtless useful, like crutches, when the creature is on its travels. But a more striking apparatus has been fixed in its frame, and this is so complex and beautiful in its character, that the observer can hardly bring himself to believe it belongs to one of the most plebeian of animated Along the lower surface of each ray there runs a furrow, which is perforated with a multitude of holes regularly arranged. Through each of these orifices a little membranous tube, expanding at its extremity into a small knob or disc, can be protruded. When these knobs are pressed against an object and flattened, each acts like a cupping-glass or a boy's sucker, and produces a vacuum, which enables the animal to move from place to place, as a fly is supposed to mount a perpendicular wall, or to crawl across a ceiling, in utter defiance of gravity. These tubes or feet are worked by a sort of hydraulic contrivance. Each of them communicates with a little bulb placed within the substance of the ray, and filled with water. When this globule is contracted, as it may be by a muscular effort, the fluid is, of course, driven into the tube, and the latter is elongated, and forced against the external object. But when the compressing force is relaxed, the liquid returns to the bulb, and the elasticity of the tube tends to draw up the suctorial extremity,

and consequently either to move the object, or the body of the asterias itself. It is found that there are upwards of three hundred of these remarkable organs in each ray; and in an average sized seaurchin (another member of the class of Echinoderms,) it has been estimated that there are not fewer than one thousand eight hundred and sixty suckers. Yet this vast staff of tubes is completely under the control of the creature; it can employ any, or all, as it chooses; and it can shape its thousand-footed course with as much certainty and address as the brute who has but two pairs of legs to manage.

Whether Argus could work his hundred eyes with separate effect, or Briareus could employ his hundred hands in administering independent blows, is a question of some interest even as to mere mythological men; but should we not think a person clever if he had a thousand limbs, and could conduct all their operations with unhesitating facility, and in perfect har-

mony with any given end?

Still more extraordinary is the power which some of the star fishes possess of dislocating their own structure; and least of all should we expect to find such a faculty resident in beings of so despised a rank. The brittle-stars, as their popular name implies, are particularly expert at this work. They can not only detach their rays at pleasure, but shiver them into numerous fragments by a mere act of volition. What should we say if a man could, by an effort of his will, disjoint his fingers and toes, or, on the impulse of the moment, fling off his limbs in separate portions so as to leave nothing but a shorn trunk? But if the privilege were possessed, who would exert it except he were bent upon cutting out a little work for the coroner? Singular as it may seem, however, there are Echinoderms which will commit this species of suicide on the slightest provocation, and sometimes without any visible inducement whatever. On the first occasion when Professor Forbes captured a Luidia fragilissima, and had placed it on his rowing bench for the better contemplation of its beauties, the rash animal laid violent hands on itself, broke up its frame in an instant, and left the savant nothing but a heap of shattered members. On catching a second specimen, the Professor resolved to deal cautiously with it in the hope of averting another melancholy catastrophe, but when the prisoner perceived with his small speck of an eye (if the object which tips the extremity of each ray can be called a true organ of vision,) that he was in the toils of a philosopher, Luidia determined to die, and accordingly made away with himself by an immediate disintegration of his structure. Would that some Sir Peter Laurie could take these creatures in hand, and insist upon suppressing the wicked practice to which they are addicted!

Leaving these guilty creatures, however, we will suppose your attention is now arrested by a number of crimson-tipped stalks, projecting from little holes in the limestone rock. They are living things. In the unclean but picturesque nomenclature of the fisherman, they are designated "red-roses." A naturalist, however, would address the animal in a more classical way—not that it would be a whit the wiser, for it would never even suspect that it answered to the sounding appellation of Saxicava rugosa. wish to know something about the creature, and attempt to touch it. Red-nose objects, and expresses his indignation by an angry squirt of water, as if he were a syringe in a state of great excitement. This done, he dives into his hole, and is safe from your incivilities. Try another. Lay hold of that specimen which has protruded its shout as if to tempt you to his You maneuver skillfully, and capture. make a dart at his nose, which certainly does look as if he made free with Bacchus, or at least drank something rather stronger than mere brine. You have caught him you think? Not you, indeed! The little fellow has drawn his insulted organ through your fingers, and hidden himself deep in his rocky den. What is to be done? You must unearth the creature by chisel and hammer, if you wish to take | ter. a lesson in his zoology. The task is not easy, for the stone is hard; and when rednose is reached you will see nothing that is particularly imposing in his appearance. He is one of the class Conchifera—being a bivalve with rough shells of a dirty whitish hue, and a proboscis consisting of two associated tubes, distinguished by the ruddy terminus from which he derives his popular title. But red-rose is a remarkable fellow in his way. Take him in his own line of business—that of a mining engineer—and he is positively superb. He drives smooth polished shafts in the hard

accomplishes the undertaking. Apparently he has no tools which are equal to the task. His shell is brittle and delicate. His body is soft and supple. He carries no phials of acid about his person to est into the stone. Could Mr. Brunel have bored his way beneath the Thames, yielding as the soil was, had he and his men been required to excavate their tunnel without any implements whatever, or with none that were stronger and stouter than mere cockle shell? Yet red-nose scoops out a gallery in the flinty rocks with as much success as if he were practicing upon a Cheshire cheese. Whether this is done by the rasping of his shell, or by the action of his foot, or by means of some chemical secretion, or by the constant wear arising from little cilary currents, or by devouring the particles—for all these suppositions have been adduced, though many think the first solution most probable—it is certain that a settlement of rednoses is scarcely less astonishing than we should consider the ancient Petra, were we told that all its strange rock-edifices had been hollowed out by the fingers of the people alone. But many of the conchifers are remarkable for their burrowing propensities; and there is an extraordinary bivalve, the ship-worm (Teredo) which has acquired an unenviable celebrity from the havoc it makes with vessels, and docks, and piles, and every wooden structure necessarily immersed in the sea. In a few weeks a piece of timber will frequently be perforated in all directions. In Holland this little creature is reckoned as a national enemy, and many fears are said to be entertained by the inhabitants lest the labors of the wretch upon the gates and woodwork of the dykes should lead to some diluvial disas-

Proceeding further in your stroll, you pick up what seems to be a leaf deeply indented, and pitted all over, and on both sides, with little hollows, which are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. through a microscope, these dimples are found to be oval cells, or basins, which are arranged in regular series along the surfaces of the leaf. Round one extremity of each excavation, the wall rises much higher than it does at the other; and at that part four blunt spines are planted in a sloping direction, so as to project over the two neighboring cells. For what purrock, and the difficulty is to say how he pose were those curious little cavities com-

structed? You should see that brown leaf when flourishing in its native site far down in the depths of the ocean—and not when dried and dead, as you find it in the baskets of sea-weeds which are manufactured in every marine haunt. Then you would discover that each cell was the cradle of a sprightly animal, and that the weed itself was a densely populated city of polypes. Upwards of forty thousand individuals, as Mr. Gosse computes, may be collected on a single leaf, having a moderate area of three square inches on each side! "If," says he, in his lively illustrative way, "you will please to suppose some twenty thousand cradles stuck side by side in one plane, and then turned over, and twenty thousand stuck on to these, bottom to bottom, you will have an idea of the framework of this leaf. And do not think the number outrageous; for it is but an ordinary average." Nor, if there were a huge human nursery with forty thousand cradles all ranged in baby-streets, could there be more striking provision made for the protection of the little occupants. A transparent membrane, serving as a coverlet, is stretched over each cradle; but there is a semi-circular slit near the upper extremity, through which the infant polype, when prepared to enter upon active life, may make his début. There he goes! The membrane heaves. The little creature pushes his way through the opening, and stands erect. From his summit a set of long tentacles is protruded. These are studded with cilia—the short hairs or bristles, which are of such vast importance to many of the minuter inhabitants of the waters, by creating currents and bringing particles of nutriment within reach of their mouths. Of course the first business of the young thing is to call for food—for we are all born hungry—and then the animal commences in good earnest its strange but joyous career of digestion. The polyzoon we have been describing is known as the broad hornwrack, or leafy sea-mat (Flustra foliacea.) What becomes of the old proverb, "vilior alga?"

In Tenby, however, Mr. Gosse does not confine himself exclusively to the denizens of the sea and of the tidal shore. He goes out to angle for animalcules in freshwater ponds. The reader will do well, if he has a microscope, to follow his example. No extensive fishing-tackle will, of course, be required, for a simple phial or

two, fastened to the extremity of a stick, will enable him to capture a world of animated minims in a trice. Any pond enriched with a goodly quantity of duckweed, or other aquatic plants, will afford innumerable samples of Rotifera, or wheelbearers, which, small as they are—for even tolerably large specimens may only reach the fiftieth of an inch in length—rank amongst the most striking structures in in the whole range of organized produc-Suppose you happen to catch a yellow philodine (Philedina citrina.) The creature may be roughly compared to a pocket spy-glass, for it has the power of sheathing the upper as well as the lower portion of its frame by sliding them into its interior. The neck, with its thick swelling ring, is crowned by two of those remarkable wheels which give their name to the class, and which readily cheat the eye into the belief that they are revolving on an invisible axis with immense rapidity. This apparent rotation, however, is now well known to arise from the successive bending and unbending of the cilia, or minute hairs planted upon the rims of the wheels. The purpose of the movement is, obviously, to determine a current of water towards the mouth of the animal, or to create little mimic maelströms, in whose eddies, as already hinted, matter fit for prey may be entangled, and so sucked down into the digestive abyss beneath. The wheels are also employed in propelling the creature from place to place, in addition to the means of progression afforded by the foot. They are as veritable paddles as ever belonged to a man-built vessel; but whilst human engineers must work theirs in a body, the rotifer can regulate each separate cilium according to its volition, can operate with few or many as it chooses, and can "shut off its steam," or reverse its motions, with a facility no mortal adroitness can hope to imitate. Not less swift is the process by which it folds itself up when disturbed or insulted. They are touchy brutes, and the least indignity is sufficient to drive it into seclusion. In an instant the wheels with the upper portion of the animal, are drawn into the trunk, as if the neck and head of a man sank into his body whenever he was assailed. Then, when the annoying cause is removed, the sliding parts are cautiously protruded. The wheels emerge last of

ly introverted, like the finger of a glove folded into itself. In a moment the creature is busy with his cilia as before, but if some rude infusory should happen to elbow him again, down go the wheels, the ring and neck disappear, and the stumpy little oval thing before you gives no sign of the delicate and marvelous mechanism with which it is endowed. The color of the philodine is another source of attraction. The body is of "clear transparent yellow when viewed by transmitted light, with both the superior and inferior extremities colorless; when reflected light was brought to bear upon it, however, it became an object of great beauty. The citron hue became positive and brilliant, separated abruptly from the translucent portions, while the whole animal took a most sparkling appearance, reflecting the rays of light from various points of its surface, as if it had been carved out of a precious stone." Nor is philodine's beauty at all diminished by the two red or crimson spots appearing just above the yellow portion of its frame; these are presumed to serve the purpose of eyes, though they differ as much in opticle power from the visual organs of the higher animals as the simplest lens does from a finished compound microscope.*

The power of contraction already mentioned may be exemplified in marine infusories as well as in fresh-water rotifers. Mr. Gosse describes a singular little creature of the genus Zoothamnium, which he found attached to the stags-horn polype in the capacity of a parasite. Fairy fancy could not have devised a more elegant creation. Imagine a little tree of living glass, perfectly colorless, throwing out branches in spiral succession from its delicate stem. From these branches there spring numerous small cones or bells, which may be compared to miniature wine glasses or drinking horns. Each bell has a circle of rotating cilia within its rim.

"In the axils of the branches, or rather of some of them, are seated other bells of the same essential structure, but of different form, being shaped like globose pitchers, with a small circular mouth surrounded by a short upright

rim; these are also very considerably larger than the ordinary bells of the mimic tree. An observer of playful fancy might imagine that he beholds a tree covered with trumpet-like blossoms instead of leaves, with here and there a ripe pear-shaped fruit. Beside the ciliary motion of the bells, the whole tree is endowed with a motile power, which it exercises vigorously. Suddenly, while we are gazing at it, with all its branches extended, and all its openmouthed bells expanded, the passing of a vagrant animalcule, or a slight jar on the table, or even the shutting of a door in a distant part of the house, causes the whole array to contract almost to the base, when it slowly rises till it stands as before. In this process of extending itself after contraction, we see very distinctly that the stem itself is bent in a spiral manner, though when fully extended this is scarcely perceptible."—Tenby, p. 77.

What a marvelous oak that would be which should instantly shrivel into a shapeless lump with its leaves, and acorns, and branches all folding into its trunk, or its stem curling into a contracted mass, because a passing sparrow had glanced through its boughs!

But let the explorer examine as many organisms as he chooses, there is one circumstance which can scarcely escape his attention. He will find that the great feature in their constitution is—stomach. As he descends the staircase of animated existence he will meet with creatures in whom the higher senses seem to grow dim, and at last to die out; but even when he reaches the humble zoophytes he will observe that they possess some sort of a digestive sac. Indeed, many of them are nothing more than mere pouches for the reception of food, with an apparatus of tentacles for its procurement. All the rest of the animal seems to be a mere appendage to that ravening cavity. It would seem, therefore, as if the stomach were the fundamental organ of animated nature. When Adam reviewed all creatures at the primæval christening of the brute races, we can fancy him noting the changes in their constitution with an inquisitive eye, but marveling greatly when he saw that whatever sense or faculty might be omitted, this organ ran throughout the whole series. The hands might harden into hoofs, the legs might be cut from the frame, the brain might dwindle into a few ganglia, the heart might be excluded from the system, the eyes might be accounted needless adjuncts, but still the stomach survived all alterations, and flourished in spite of

^{*} We ought to say that Tenby contains many colored lithographs, which not only add to the attraction of the volume, but afford an insight into he structure of the creature described such as language can never convey.

all retrenchments. And so it is! This immortal apparatus is, after all, the great connecting tie—the bond of brotherhood —between the loftiest and the lowliest of terrestrial existences. It reminds proud man that he is, in some sense, but an expanded and ennobled polype. It tells him that he is related, not by blood, but by gastric juice as it were, to the whole animal creation. Such a reflection should do him good. When the gourmand perceives that every animal down to the zoophyte is the proprietor of a stomach, and that some of them are nearly all paunch, he ought to consider whether it is right to "make a god" of the organ which least of all raises him above the common level of life.

We wonder whether anybody has ever thought of personifying the general stomach under the similitude of a great ogre. If the separate organs of all creatures were incorporated in one vast digestive functionary, we should like to know whether all the monsters of mythology, or all the dragons of mediæval superstition, could endure the least comparison with this omnivorous giant? Who could measure the mountain of food he consumes for his daily meal, or gauge the quantity of fluid which descends the common throat of creation? The cattle are swept from a thousand pastures; the corn and grass are gathered from whole provinces; the fish are dragged from the waters, and the fowls from the air; and so the ogre lives, ever feasting, yet ever hungering constantly clamoring for more like the "daughters of the horse-leech," yet as constantly regaling himself at a table which groans under every species of provision, from venison to vermin. Still, spite of all this enormous consumption, the balance between the universal stomach and the productive powers of nature is carefully preserved. The ogre breeds no famine. He cats up no particular race. There are still sheep to gratify his cravings for mutton, and oxen, his desire for beef. Incautious flies continue to rush into spider's webs, and bullocks are certain to stray into the lion's path. The political economy of nature is so perfect that the supply equals the demand, and the devourers are marvelously adjusted to those who are destined to be devoured. The estable part of creation is perpetually reproduced, like the boar Scrymner, whose flesh was nightly consumed by the heroes | touched, can fold itself up into a little

of the Scandinavian Valhalla, but whose body was found next day as fat and as plump as ever.

Let us, therefore, speak with all reverence of the great monster of digestion. He is terrible in his might. His ceaseless activity is appalling. Compare him with other organs of vitality, and his awful universality will make you shudder at his power. Sum up all the lungs in creation, and embody them in one great pulmonary abstraction—take the hearts, and fancy them cast into one huge organ of circulation—pick out the brains, and mould them into one vast cerebral mass, and yet these, like others, must yield in vigor and extent of action to the sleepless ogre, who rules in regions where they are unknown, and whose caprice could dry up the sources of their energy at any moment be might. think proper.

It is in the lower classes, therefore, where the more intellectual organs are wanting, that the might of stomach is best displayed. You can not say, in their case, that they have any other business in the world than to eat. And well they perform that pleasing duty! Life with them is made up of dinners and suppers. The history of a zoophyte, written by himself, would be little more than a history of his meals. He might tell us how he lay in wait for a brother of the same order; how he entangled him in his tentacles; how he overpowered the victim, and enjoyed him exceedingly; or how one day he caught an indigestible polype and suffered from dyspepsy; and occasionally, perhaps, how he himself escaped from the fangs of a stronger brute, who was cruising in search of a repast. But in every page of the narrative we should have proof that the stomach was the cardinal fact in his theory of existence, and that he looked upon that organ as the most wonderful "institution" ever devised.

In the absence of any such autobiographies, it is quite amusing to read the accounts which observers have given of the proceedings of a polype when sitting down to his meal. The hydra—an inhabitant of fresh-water pools—is little more than a digestive cavity, to which several hairs or threads are attached for the purpose of seizing any worm or aquatic insect it may desire for food. These filaments are about a quarter or half an inch in length, and the creature, when

globule scarcely larger than the head Now the hydra is a gluttonous brute. "A polypus," says Trembley, "can master a worm twice or thrice as long as himself. He seizes it, draws it to his mouth, and so swallows it whole. If the worm comes endways to the mouth, he swallows it by that end; if not he makes it enter double into his stomach, and the skin of the polypus gives way (dilates.) The size of the stomach extends itself so as to take in a much larger bulk than that of the polypus itself, before it swallowed the worm. The worm is forced to make several windings and folds in the stomach, but does not keep there long alive; the polypus sucks it, and, after having drawn from it what serves for his nourishment, he voids the remainder by his mouth." Baker, the old microscopist, writes in a rapturous way about the skillful angling of the hydras, and tells us how he used to supply them with worms on purpose to watch their operations, and what "inexpressible pleasure" he drew from that "fine entertainment." Dr. Johnston, the author of the work on British Zoophytes, relates (as Goldsmith did before him,) that sometimes two polypes happen to seize upon the same worm, and commence absorbing it from opposite extremities. When the mouths meet a pause ensues. If the worm should not break, how is the difficulty to be settled? Retreat is of course out of the question, for both are too ravenous to relinquish their prize. Well, the mouths begin to dilate. He who is quickest seizes his opponent by the snout; and sucks him in with the remaining moiety of the worm in his interior. It is no part of his scheme, however, to retain his brother polype, but, having extracted the worm, the prisoner is dismissed by the way he entered.

The same author gives an equally disgusting instance of voracity in a creature of a somewhat higher order. He had a specimen of Actinia gemmacea brought him, which had managed to bolt a valve or shell of Pecten maximus as large as an ordinary saucer, although the actinia itself was naturally not more than two inches in diameter. The shell divided the stomach into two compartments, the skin being stretched over it like a mere wrappage. But wonderful to say, in this exigency a new mouth, furnished with two rows of tentacula, had opened out in the | commissariat as well. Let a succulent

lower part of the stomach, so that the creature had dexterously turned its own enormity to account, and set up two distinct absorbent establishments both of which had doubtless been in full activity for some time when the little glutton was apprehended.

But the stomach, however capacious, would generally be a sinecure organ, unless the owner were furnished with the means of capturing his prey. princely viscus would have to pine in solitary grandeur, like the "belly" in the fable when its auxiliaries had revolted, were it not for the staff of foraging implements with which it is provided. We have seen how the ciliary fibers contribute to the victualing of animals by the production of currents, out of which the nutritious particles are to be picked. But the contrivances for procuring a meal, particularlarly in cases were a creature is adherent —that is, fixed to objects—are as varied as they are consummately dexterous. Look at a barnacle when fishing for food. The common acorn shells (Balani) open their valves and throw out a beautiful apparatus of jointed and feathery limbs, curving and extending like many-fingered hands about to gather up the utmost possible quantity of gold. Should any strolling infusory or annelid happen to be enmeshed in this living casting-net, as it has been aptly termed, the bristles which lock into each other across the interspaces render escape impracticable. In an instant the apparatus is drawn into the shell of the barnacle, and the captive is compelled to render up its juices to its dainty devourer. This cunning piece of mechanism is all the more remarkable because its fibers must be endowed with exquisite susceptibility, since contact alone is sufficient to make it aware of the presence of prey. The barnacle certainly equal Pope's spider which, with touch

" exquisitely fine, Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

But then the drag-net of the cirriped is a fact in natural history, while the sensitive gossamer of the spinner of cobwebs is a fiction of the poet's brain.

We have already spoken of the hosts of suckers the star-fishes can command. These implements, however, are not mere agents of locomotion; they serve on the

shrimp or a tender young crab chance to come within reach of Asterias, and his fate is speedily sealed. The rays curl over the poor wretch, the mouth opens for the reception of its living meal, hundreds of the suckers emerge from their holes to assist in dragging the victim to the cavern of doom, and, spite of its struggles and writhings, the unhappy crustacean is soon ushered into the digestive den of his captor. Great, however, as the number of suckers may be in the case of a star-fish, there are small creatures in which this vast array is far surpassed. The Clio Borealis, a tiny pteropod, has the honor of ministering to the wants of the whale, in company with certain medusæ whom the monster consumes by the million. Yet small as the creature is, each of its six tentacles exhibits about three thousand red spots, which resolve themselves under the microscope into pellucid tubes. From every one of these about twenty suckers can be protruded. Multiplying the figures thus given, the reader will find that the Clio is furnished with three hundred and sixty thousand implements for the capture of creatures still minuter than itself! It has been well said, that this "is an apparatus for prehension perhaps unequalled in the creation." And yet untold troops of these animals, with their myriads of suckers, and in all the prodigal mechanism of their construction, are swallowed by the whale at a single gulp.

The cuttle-fish is equipped with eight or ten long tapering arms, each of which exhibits one or two rows of singular They are composed of muscular cups, communicating with cavities by means of openings in the center. A pis- in many cases (probably in all, if we were ton is so contrived that it fits into each able to detect the structure) is armed with orifice with the greatest accuracy. Feeding as these terrible cephalopods do upon fishes of considerable size, it is necessary that they should be able to retain the latter in spite of their smooth and slimy coats. This the pistons enable them to do by producing a vacuum in each sucker the moment it is applied. The long flexible arms twine around the victim with frightful facility, their air is pumped out of the cups with a nicety of management which is scarcely credible, and the pressure of the atmosphere then rivets the struggling fish in the toils of its destroyer beyond the possibilities of escape. In one genus (Onychoteuthis) these cupping-glasses are armed with sharp hooks fastened in the I debate. Mr. Gosse made some interesting

center, so that when the suckers touch an animal their talons are driven into its flesh, and, slippery as the creature may be, it must infallibly succumb to this com-

pound apparatus of death.

Equally striking are the projectile threads of many zoophytes, which are presumed to operate as weapons of aggression. Every person, perhaps, who has been at the coast has seen a Sertularia, for the article generally figures in baskets of sea-weeds, under the impression that it is a genuine marine-plant. And when you glance at its branched and jointed stem, and consider its vegetable appearance, it is not easy to suppose it to be other than an insignificant alga. But this seeming plant was once crowded with living things. In each of the cells or vases which were set at intervals on its stem, dwelt a rapacious polype who had no notion of dining with Duke Humphrey if he could get his meals in the Apollo. But how could so helpless a fellow secure even the scantiest workhouse fare? Look at his tentacles under a high magnifying power, and the secret would be readily explained. Those organs would appear to be studded with numerous warts, or little protuberances, which constituted his artillery; for in each of these warts a capsule of an ovate form is imbedded, containing an extremely "elastic wire of excessive tenuity, but of great strength, coiled upon itself, but capable of being projected with great force by being actually turned inside out. It "is a hollow thread," says Mr. Gosse, "and as it is ejected the surface which was the interior becomes the exterior; and as this surface barbs or bristles, and furnished with a subtle poison (manifested by its effects,) the flexible javelin proves a formidable and effective weapon of offence, capable of benumbing the vital energies of the animals whose tissues it enters, and of rendering them an unresisting prey." What can be more surprising than to find that a seeming sea-weed was once a little Cronstadt, and that each polype it carried was a living fort, capable of discharging the oddest projectiles in the world?

The precise object, however, of these missile filaments, and the mode in which they operate, have been the subject of

observations on the proceedings of certain sea anemones, which throw light upon this novel species of attack.* Marine visitors and the proprietors of inland tanks are well acquainted with the flowerlike forms and beautiful hues which these creatures present when fully unfolded. The parasitic anemone generally fastens itself to the back of a crab, and of course travels about with its bearer, though the bulk of this Old Man of the Sea is not slight, as he frequently measures four inches in hight by more than two in The anemone in question is quite an arsenal in the flesh. touched or irritated, he opens fire from the warts which speck his body, or from his mouth and tentacles, emitting threads like white sewing-cotton. These hurled in a straight line for a distance of from four to six inches, but are not necessarily detached from the body of the owner. Mr. Gosse saw some of them sucked into the warts again. Like harpoons they were launched, but having done their work, the ropes were drawn in and coiled up in their places again.

In what, he asks, resides the adhesive power which is felt by all who have handled an animal of this species? "Doubtless in the barbed threads, which are sheathed in innumerable myriads in every filament. The force with which these javelins are projected, their elastic strength and their excessive tenuity, enable them to penetrate animal tissues even of apparently dense texture; and their barbed bristles enable them to maintain a firm hold." A beautiful little wrasse, the cork wing (Crenilabrous Cornubicus — a fearful appellation for a creature sometimes not more than a couple of inches long,) was one of the occupants of an acquarium belonging to this gentleman. In the same watery institution there lived a parasitic anemone. One day Mr. Gosse perceived the fish with a filament sticking to its mouth, the unwary thing having probably just touched that animated battery. It appeared to be in great agony; it shot to and fro with a frenzied air, then it lay down on its side, but soon started up as if with intent to swim. The mischief, however, was done, and though the wound was anything but the ecclesiastical width of Mercutio's, the little corkwing re-

signed its breath after a brief interval of suffering.

But if the observer is startled by discovering the existence of such a grim machinery of death, he must remember that to each of the proprietors it is the machinery of life. It is not for us to touch upon that terrible problem, why the law of destruction occupies so prominent a place amongst the great statutes of nature. This kind of legislation is too deep for man, and it becomes him, therefore, whilst he remembers how his own sins have provoked the curse under which the world writhes, to mark well the marvelous skill displayed in the adjustments of that curse, so that it shall ever be tempered with mercy, and alleviated by tokens of creative beneficence and love. Taking that law, therefore, as it stands, and admitting it as one of the great facts of our planet that some animals must perish in order that others may be supported, who can think of the lavish provision which has been made to enable the meanest zoophyte to obtain its daily food without feelings of the profoundest surprise? Who can think of the Divine Wisdom, descending, as it were, into the depths of the ocean, and working its wonders amongst creatures which are destined to live and die in a region where night reigns, and where human intelligence rarely dives? If mortals had been making a world, they would never have dreamt of finishing-off the inferior orders with the same care and polish as the superior. Their elephants would have been clever, and their lions magnificent. Their butterflies might have been beautiful toys for the children, and their horses splendid porters for the men. But their beetles would have been poor; their spiders would have spun the clumsiest webs; their barnacles would have been left without the means of earning a meal; their star-fishes would have found their suckers out of order after a single day's practice; and their polypes would either have been wholly neglected, or their fabrication would have been intrusted to apprentice hands, with instructions to get them up in the cheapest fashion possible. But how different is the reality! Nowhere can we discover any smyptoms of haste, or any instances of crude and imperfect workmanship. Those living atoms, which the unaided eye can rarely detect, are found, when examined, to be as exquisitely moulded as if the animalcule

stood at the head, instead of the foot, of creation. Well might Professor Forbes remark, "that the skill of the Great Architect of nature is not less displayed in the construction of one of these creatures than in the building-up of a world."

If mere beauty of appearance is in question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its butterflies as well as the air. Fireflies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves, and pour out their silvery radiance from vital urns which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters gives them an appearance of fairy workmanship which is perfectly enchanting. The Globe Beröe (Cydippe pileus) resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long. slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight bands are seen to traverse the surface of this animated orb, running from pole to pole like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these bands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles, for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or, like a steamboat, turn in any direction, or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downwards with infinite grace and facility. But, not to dwell upon the beauty of mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? Suppose we had transparent horses, or diaphanous dogs, or cats with a glass exterior, which would permit the circulation of the blood, and the working of the organs, to be distinctly seen?

Stranger still, the explorer will learn that the very worms which dwell on the shores, or live in the bed of the ocean, are sometimes models of elegance and of gorgeous painting. Hear what Mr. Gosse says on this subject:

"The worms present many points of popular interest. One is the great splendor of color displayed by many of them. The Serpula and Sabello exhibit in their radiating coronets of breathing-organs, not only the most exquisite forms and the most beautiful arrangement, but often glowing hues, usually disposed in bands | knowledge. We look upon him as a sort

or lines of spots. The *Pectinaria* carries on his head a pair of combs that seem made of burnished gold. The Phyllodoces are of various tints of green, sometimes very bright, relieved by refulgent blue, as of tempered steel. But it is in the rainbow hues that are reflected from many members of this class that their chief glory lies; for the bodies of many of the Eunicedes and the Nereides glow with changing colors of great brilliancy, and their inferior surface displays the softer tints of the opal or the pearl. The sea-mouse (Aphrodita) one of the most common as well as the largest of our worms, is clothed with a dense coat of long bristles, which are fully as resplendent as the plumage of the humming-bird."—Marine Zoology, p. 84.

Perhaps there is more truth than the ancients suspected in the myth which represented the Goddess of Beauty as ris-

ing from the foam of the sea.

Let us therefore thank Mr. Gosse sincerely for his admirable contributions to marine zoology. We trust that his picturesque language and his lively descriptions of the curious creatures he has endeavored to popularize will tempt many a listless saunterer on the beach to turn naturalist for the season at least. often it has been supposed that a hunter of cirripeds and annelids is a rather ridiculous personage, whom La Bruyère would have delighted to depict. would have been ranked with the entomologist who was overwhelmed with grief and bad temper because a favorite caterpillar died; or with the ornithologist who passed his days amongst his birds, àverser du grain et à nettoyer des ordures, and his nights in dreaming that he was moulting his feathers or hatching eggs. To some, a passion for polypes will seem as coarse and inelegant as one for bugs and beetles. But a very little ' acquaintance with the marvelous creatures themselves, or a very slight attention to the teachings of a man like Mr. Gosse, will serve to correct such a hasty and contemptuous conclusion. who have often walked by the sounding shore, little suspecting with what living wonders it is lined, will alter their opinions when they learn that the tiniest of these creatures is entitled to an entire Bridgewater Treatise to itself. They will find it good to listen to such an expositor as Mr. Gosse. We can not but hold that persons like himself render a great moral service to society, apart from the additions they make to the stores of human

of lay preacher who finds sermons in the sands, matter for homilies in the smallest infusories, and good in every worm and weed which the waters contain. May he succeed in inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and in covering many a beach with ardent and congenial explorers! for himself, he is entitled to say that—

"He who findeth out
Those secret things hath a fair right to gladness;
For he hath well performed, and doth awaken
Another note of praise on Nature's harp

To hymn her great Creator."

And Tenby, too, is deeply indebted to Mr. Gosse. The honor he has conferred upon the place is deserving of some recognition. How will it show its sense of the obligation? We should very much order a whole edition of Mr. Gosse's duction, and that whenever he choos visit that locality he should be maintaint at the public expense, and lodged luction?

like to know. A statue? A little too expensive. A subscription-portrait, to be hung up in some public apartment? Flattering, but useless. An elegant silver teaservice, with an inscription brimful of gratitude? More valuable, perhaps; but, as a testimonial, dreadfully common. Then what does Tenby say to a superb silver mounted aquarium—a little marine Crystal Palace in its way—containing the choicest and rarest specimens of zoology which the coast affords? That would really be a delicate and appropriote acknowledgment! We vote, therefore, for the aquarium. Meanwhile, we would venture to suggest that Tenby should order a whole edition of Mr. Gosse's production, and that whenever he chooses to visit that locality he should be maintained at the public expense, and lodged luxuri-

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

THE indirect and secondary results of a great war, as of a great disease, are apt to be more permanent, and ultimately more important, than the immediate and visible result. When, in 1856, the English nation grumblingly consented to peace · with Russia, they were not as yet aware how deep a wound the war had inflicted on the enemy; and the terms of peace then won, though a sensible good, appeared small in comparison to the vastness of the effort which had been made. Three years more revealed to Europe the weakness into which the Russian empire was reduced; but it was supposed to be temporary. The loss of military population, though severe, is repaired in ten years' Material resources are replaced more rapidly than the population, if meanwhile peaceful counsels prevail; and the

proposed liberation of the serfs, though embarrassing to the tax-payers and to the treasury for a few years, was certain to bring about a large increase of intelligent industry and diffused wealth. Hence it appeared that Europe had a few years' respite from the incubus of Russian predominance; and the Emperor of the French, with his enterprising allies, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, sagaciously seized the opportunity to weaken the hold of Austria upon Italy, while Russia could exert no opposition.

Napoleon triumphed, and effected more than he had known, more than he had desired. In consequence, the Russian war has effected more than we knew, more than even we desired. He enabled the Italians and Garibaldi to found the kingdom of Italy, and their success stimulated the Poles to desire reunion under national institutions. Alexander IL, a well-intentioned, mild prince, whose rule over his native Russians is a pleasant contrast to

^{*} The Polish Captivity under Russia, Prussia, and Austria. By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

that of his harsh, pedantic father, took | course of human affairs. In any case the fright on discovering Polish aspirations, and allowed himself to be carried into a policy, first as severe, next as inhuman, as his father could have sanctioned in his worst mood. For two years the Poles felt the blow impending; and, after a period of herioc non-resistance, were roused into spasmodic effort by the fatal cruelty of a universal conscription, which aimed at the slavery and banishment of their principal intellect and manhood. Europe still knows not what it is permitted to hope for Poland, but we already see what alternative is inevitable for Russia. The Emperor has thrown away the scabbard; conciliation is impossible. The struggle has spread over a far wider area than the imperial court had expected. The violence of the imperial counsels is even exceeded but the ferocity and brutality of the Russian soldiers. No Pole, however disposed to inaction by wealth, or timidity, or age, or even by sex, is exempt from outrage and unprovoked violence. No neutrality, no submission, any longer shelters the high-born or the owners of property, nor are the peasants any the more spared. Thus the entire nation is forced into the camp, wherever insurrection has begun, to do battle against Russia. Now therefore the alternative is encountered: either Poland becomes free, or, if Russia once more place her foot upon the prostrate nation, the whole force of the empire will be ordinarily preoccupied in the effort of retaining supremacy. Even in the Crimean war a hundred thousand men were thought needful to garrison the Duchy of Warsaw alone. In the future, after a new conquest, Lithuania, and Samogitia, and Volhynia, and Podolia will all need powerful armies of permanent occupancy; nor will three hundred thousand men be an excessive garrison. With such a drain upon her resources, Russia loses all high power to interfere in Europe for another fifty years. This is not a direct result of our recent war; yet without that war, this result would not have come about. Turkey and Germany, if they understand the meaning of events, have now an auspicious time for arranging their internal affairs without control from Russia. Would that we were able to think that in either country the ruling powers had wisdom and patriotism to profit by the opportunity; but such is not the usual strike suddenly at the right crisis. But

future is not to be measured by the past.

The English and the French, high and low, have long pitied Poland; but owing to the difficulty of getting reliable information, we never could judge definitely whether her restoration was possible, nor knew what to wish for reasonably. So long as Poland meant the Duchy of Warsaw—that which, in 1815, was called "the kingdom" of Poland—so small a power could not possibly be independent side by side with Russia, nor even be safe from Austria if there were no Russia. The great revelation in the last two years is, that "Poland" now means, not four millions, but thirty millions of people. The word Poland itself has now great significance and spiritual force, which, in the midst of a contest cruelly unequal, yet enables us to hope.

Great nations which have a common language, common religion, common sentiment and manners, with a common history in the past, do not choose to be broken up into many little ones for the convenience of their neighbors, and by the decree of diplomacy. Italy, even without a past in which she was One, insists on absolute union; the same spirit is visible in the little nation of the Greeks, at Athens and at Corfu. Dean Milman, as a very youthful poet, wrote, in his tragedy of *Fuzio* (nearly half a century back,) that the degraded land (Italy) could never be purified until it was free; nor could be free until it was united. The Italians deeply learned that lesson, and put unity in the foreground of their desire. 1848, when Milan might have been free, she refused to accept her own freedom by bargaining away that of Venice, and preferred to risk all rather than deliberately renounce a part of Italy. All is not yet won: Venice and Rome remain unrescued. but still are claimed by the Italians; and where mutual attraction is so strong, no reasonable doubt can remain of ultimate, and not distant, union. The example of Italy, as we have observed, has undeniably had an electric influence on Poland; yet it could not have had much force had not common principles been at work. Poland, in fact, on several grounds, has a stronger case than Italy—morally stronger we mean; for, alas! no Piedmont has yet appeared to stand up for her, and

Poland has, what Italy had not, a history in the past as having been one of the great powers of Christendom, and has been oppressed by her neighbors only ninety years; while Italy had undergone four centuries of degradation, three of vassalage. Italy, moreover, had not to complain that Austria forced upon her an offensive form of religion, and put dishonor upon her native clergy and hierarchy; but the Emperor Nicholas' persecution of Polish Catholicism was such that the late Pope refused to see him. In fact, his floggings of the nuns at Minsk, as typical of his whole truculent oppressions, are proverbial in Europe; nor, even under Alexander, has the religious oppression been relaxed. In consequence, at this moment, religious resentment adds its force to the spirit which animates the insurrection, and is likely to secure a compact coalition of all the provinces which, a century ago, formed the empire of Poland. Again, Poland can appeal to the European treaties of 1815, not, indeed, as promising her the unity which she claims, but as guaranteeing the national institutions which would solace her temporary division, and sustain her hope of ultimate reunion. The history of this half century amounts to a full demonstration that the popular instinct of both Poles and Italians is correct in putting unity before freedom or any particular legislation. National freedom is the true end, but unity is the only possible means, and therefore is the thing for which the popular instinct makes its great struggle. According to M. Guizot, even in 1831 the Polish insurgents informed the Duc de Mortemart, French ambassador to St. Petersburg, that they had taken up arms not for the rights of Warsaw alone, but for those of all the Russo-Polish provinces—concerning which the ambassador was not empowered to make representations. If, indeed, Russia, Austria, or Prussia would, one or all, give to its own fractional Poland any portion of nationality, the Poles would not despise it; but to except such a thing from their liberality (we humbly represent to all diplomatists) is now really too absurd, when it has not been obtained from any of the three Powers even after they had bound themselves to it by a *treaty*. To pretend that we expect it, is not only an hypocrisy, but plays their game, and is mere injustice to Poland. The case of Cracow is decisive, is

such smooth-tongued epistles as figured in the Secret Correspondence with Russia, published in 1854.

Cracow, be it remembered, was reserved by the Treaty of 1815 as a sovereign Polish city. If European treaties are of avail—if they are justly called "the titledeeds of nations," Cracow was as safe as Switzerland, or Belgium, or Piedmont; and it was so very small a territory that in no case could it have caused military alarm to the weaker of its neighbors in his weakest hour. It could not furnish resources for even a single campaign. Nevertheless, Austria was unable to endure that the Poles of Gallicia should see, even in miniature, that free Polish nationality which she was bound in treaty herself to establish, and did not. Its existence was a permanent rebuke, which constantly reminded her of her perfidy; nor could she endure a free Polish press in Cracow. Mr Sutherland Edwards sums up the fortunes of this sovereign city in the later era, thus:

"In 1833, and again in 1837, the three despots [Russia, Prussia, Austria] introduced various reforms in the constitution of the Republic; which they completed in 1839 by dissolving the Diet. . . . In 1846 Cracow, while in a state of profound quiet, was bombarded by the Austrians, and was afterwards given to them as a reward by the Emperor Nicholas—to whom it did not belong."

No protest against the deed was made by any of the powers which signed the Treaty of Vienna. Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, gave as his reason for not protesting, that a ship of the line could not sail up to Cracow. These words, which excited unseemly laughter from some members of Parliament, have drawn upon him grave and bitter reproof from other critics. While we regret and deprecate this tone of apparent jocosity and poco-curanteism in the noble lord, we find it impossible to review his whole course towards Poland without believing that his jest concealed a deep earnestness. He had thoroughly learned that the three powers will yield nothing to justice, nothing to treaties, in the matter of Polish nationality. Nothing will move them but fear, and the sight of military force impending. He had protested, and protested in vain already, and now he would 'no longer waste words in favor of a treaty which could not be susdemonstrative, and ought to forbid all tained. We hope he will persevere in

that course. The Treaty of 1815 is, to our diplomacy, the starting-place of argument; but now that it has been so scornfully and so obstinately broken by all three powers, it is no longer the limit of our wishes, nor, should opportunity favor, of our demands and aims.

We will here, once for all, state to our readers that Mr. Sutherland Edwards' book, on the "Polish Captivity," is a convenient, able, and agreeable summary of all that is most important and most interesting to be known concerning Poland, and concerning her domestic and legal position. We have no idea of undertaking the task of giving the cream of his book to our readers, but much rather exhort them to read it themselves, which, we believe, will quite repay the trouble. It contains—beside a little speculation about which opinions will be various—a mass of fact, and various documents, which may not easily be found together elsewhere. The Treaty of 1815 itself is already antiquated to this generation, and some important clauses of it, on which he insists, are probably very little known to the English public, while their history is still less known. A few words may here not be amiss. After Napoleon the Great had basely and most foolishly thrown away (as Kosciuszko knew he would throw away) the opportunity of reestablishing Poland when his vast and victorious army reached Smolensk, he hereby ruined his own cause with that of Poland. The Emperor Alexander, two years later, appeared to have both power and will to unite the scattered limbs of Poland under his single scepter, and Kosciuszko felt it a patriotic duty to exhort him to it. If Alexander had introduced Polish nationality into all the old Polish provinces under his scepter, and united them with Warsaw, we may judge by the example of Kosciuszko how certainly Russia would have attracted to itself Gallicia and Posen. In dread of this event the allies (especially England and Austria) insisted on cutting Poland into five parts, and then—to comfort the Poles on the one hand, and on the other prevent their gravitation towards Warsaw—inserted in the treaty a positive provision that every section of Poland should have Polish national institutions. This compromise was probably the utmost that our plenipotentiary, Lord Castlereagh, could extort. Our helplessness before Russia was the penalty for having perse-l

vered in hostility to Napoleon on his reuppearance from Elba. Germany and Europe have been saved from the overwhelming preponderance of Russia, not by the treaty, nor by the high spirit of the other princes or peoples, but by the intensity of despotism inherent in the administration of Russia under its very best monarch. Alexander did exact of the Congress the insertion of a clause, by which he was empowered to give to his kingdom of Poland any extension that he chose from his own dominions; and this proves that he was seriously designing to move in the direction acceptable to Polish patriots. Posen is a very small fraction of old Poland: Gallicia is, perhaps, a ninth part of the whole. If Alexander had had heart to do what no despot known to us has ever done—if he had established over all Russian Poland the rule of the free constitution guaranteed by him to Warsaw, and had honorably submitted "to reign without governing" in that great territory—then, on the one hand, an enthusiastic loyalty for him would have arisen among the Poles; on the other, his influence with them in all matters of foreign policy, while conceding to them full domestic freedom, would have been immense, as combining the positions of their King and their mighty ally, Emperor of all the Russias. If Gallicia and Posen resolved to join their brethren, and Great Poland resolved to receive them, with Russia as a support in the background, Germany would have found itself helpless, and the whole of Eastern Prussia must probably have gone back to its natural and ancient position as a fief of Poland. This, according to Mr. Sutherland Edwards, not only was the wise course for Alexander L, but, if we rightly understand him, is the only reasonable hope for Poland under Alexander IL

We can not admit to him that nothing more was needed from Alexander I. than to act as Austria was acting towards Hungary. Every Austrian monarch, according to the Hungarians, violated their constitution, and from every Diet came solemn, periodical protests; until finally Austria deliberately chose to plunge into a treacherous and fatal civil war, rather than observe her oaths—which was all that the Hungarians asked or wanted of the dynasty. No such ambiguous half-freedom could have won for Alexander I. the zeal and loyalty of Poland. It needed not only

an amiable prince, but a man of the sternest | fermentation through the whole mass. morality and profound convictions—proof against the flattery of courtiers and the routine of statesmen—to act towards the Poles as honor and interest alike demand-Interest, did we say? But this brings in another side of the question. How would the Russians have been affected by such a proceeding? Russian nobility would have found themselves excluded at once from all public posts in Great Poland, and from its European embassies, and in their own land would have been comparatively cut off from Europe; while they saw the Polish nobility and people in enjoyment of a constitutional and social freedom wholly denied to them. Alexander I. well remembered that his father was assassinated by the Russian nobility; and, curious enough, among the proofs of his father's unsoundness of mind is reckoned his good-will to Poland. The Muscovite monarch who had strength of mind to unite Poland and make it free, must have found it absolutely necessary to give equal freedom to St. Petersburgh and Moscow itself. If Alexander I. had done this, the glory of our Alfred the Great would have grown pale before him; neither Solon nor Washington would have compared with him. censure him for not being so great and good is very idle; yet, short of being such, it is hard to know what more could have been expected of him than he did, when once his ambition had plunged him into his false position at Warsaw. rudely seized the kingdom by violence, and having won the assent of the Poles by the free constitution he drew up for them, it was of course his duty to adhere to it; but the same immorality which led him to seize his prey, merely because he had the power, made it inevitable that he would violate his pledge as soon as fidelity involved consequences obviously and highly inconvenient. Mr. Edwards (misled) by the case of Hungary) much undervalues the difficulty of "governing absolutely in Russia and constitutionally in Poland;" but we now point at the difficulty of maintaining freedom in the duchy of Warsaw (or little kingdom of Poland), and not extending the same freedom to all Russian Poland. With one language and literature—especially with Polish national institutions faithfully upheld in all —a free parliament and free press in

Alexander I., driven on by vanity, brought on himself a task, which, unless glorified by heroic wisdom and splendid successful firmness, doomed him to appear as a foolish and perjured thief.

We may here suitably borrow the remark of the Earl of Shaftesbury, from his able speech in the House of Lords, that by solemnly engaging to establish Polish institutions in the portions of Poland annexed in the earlier spoilation, Russia has debarred herself from using the plea of her English advocates, that Lithuania, Livonia, Volhynia, Podolia, are as truly Russian as Polish. We are saved from the need of asking in detail what is the number of Ruthenian peasantry in this and that province. Neither Prussia has a right to pretend that Posen is German, on account of its German immigrants, nor Russia to say the same of Volhynia on the score of Ruthenians. How much nearer Ruthenians are to Russians than to Poles, we can not learn by anything in the imperial policy. Certain it is, that in the Congress of Vienna, Russia admitted all these provinces to be nationally Polish. The same thing is testified now beyond dispute, by the conduct both of the oppressor and of the oppressed. Many years back, the Russians had to forbid in Lithuania, and even in Witepsk, Polish costumes and singing of the insurrectionary hymn, and have punished the Podolians for desiring Polish schools. Nor has there been any cessation of pressure against Polish religion.

The saying of Talleyrand, that a blunder is worse than a crime, like many other paradoxes, is either an immoral falsehood or a deep truth, according as it is interpreted. In many great political events, a blunder denotes something intrinsically incongrous; but a crime, something done in a criminal manner, and only on that account to be deprecated. When a nation superior in enlightenment, in freedom, and in all political institutions, conquers a border state much inferior to her—say as England conquered Wales or Oude—this is generally done in a criminal way, and must be called a crime; but if the conquering power imparts its own freedom, and fairly shares all its advantages, its crime is soon forgiven, and the event does not prove to be a blunder. Not but that in every such case the crime Warsaw were a little leaven sure to cause is still to be deprecated, and sternly rebuked; nor has any one a right to call it necessary. Where the result is beneficial, it could have been won by patience and by just negociations, aided often by intermarriages not to be blamed. Strength and justice united are precisely the magnet to which all weaker powers run gladly; and much more, if other superiority in art and knowledge and public institutions be superadded. Nevertheless, we must take mankind as it is; nor does it avail, when we find all empires to be agglomerated by indefensible usurpations, to dwell obstinately on the criminality of the process, when the result is good and natural. When a superior is conquered by a really inferior people, the result is unnatural, and the conquest is a blunder, except when the conquerors consent to lose their own nationality, and to be absorbed in that of the conquered; as was the case, perhaps, with the Goths in Italy, and Normans in Sicily, who contributed energy, while they borrowed knowledge and refinement. But the Austrians and Croats in Italy, and the Russians in Warsaw, have had nothing to give to the conquered—or, in fact, had given nothing —for the freedom which they despoiled; and the longer they rule the more they are hated. No amalgamation takes place time has no softening power; hence nothing but convulsion is in store.

The three Powers which have been foremost in the last two centuries—for Philip II. wounded Spain to death, when she might long have held supremacy—are France, Germany, and England; nations as preëminent in literature and in mechanical art as in arms. Since we regret to have some hard words against Germany, we include France and England in our censure, as indicating (what is probably the truth) that prosperity is the common cause which makes them disliked by other nations. The French, as individuals, are very amiable; as a nation they are extremely clever; their administration has long been highly energetic; though otherwise, in English estimate, they have not had much to boast of politically. How great power they have of assimilating and permanently winning a foreign people once appropriated, is shown not only in Brittany, but more strikingly in Alsace, which, in spite of Germany at its side, is proud of being French. Who, after this, inight not have expected the French to be acceptable to their neighbors? Yet, but, if they do exist in a marked form, no

we believe Spaniards, Italians and Germans feel a strong repulsion for them. That the English are somewhat unpopular in Europe, we fear, is hard to deny; but it is here more to the purpose to say, that in India, where we have complete dominiou, the haughtiness and conceit of higher officials, with the rudeness of younger men, and actual violence of many, are a grave hindrance and embarrassment to the good intentions of the Queen's Government. But certainly in Europe neither French nor English are so extremely disliked as are the Germans by their neighbors; and this, it seems, chiefly on account of their airs of superiority and unendurable self-conceit towards all the weaker powers.

How intense is the repugnance of the Italians for them need not to be said. The Hungarians, when asked why they would prefer alliance with half-barbarous Croats, Serbs, Bosniats, Wallachians, Bulgarians (if by any means they could bring about a Danubian Confederation,) rather than alliance with Austria, reply, that no German will deal with them as with equals. To the Germans they are nothing but a Scythian people, made for German glory. The ruder races do not despise Hungary, and can be won by justice; but Austrians can not. Their conceitedness makes all fair treaty impossible. Well, one might say, the Hungarians impute to Germany what is only true of Austria; but when we move northward, we find that the Danes make like complaints of Prussia and of Prussians, and still worse is the outcry of the Poles. According to Mr. Edwards, it is hard to find out whether the Prussians are more hated in Posen or the Austrians in Gallicia; the ostensible liberality of Prussian principles makes no difference, while Polish nationality is crushed and sneered at. Of the three dominant powers all are hated impartially; but Russia is the only one from whom the Poles, even in theory and in the dreams of the future, ever expect or hope any thing. Kossuth has publicly asserted, that if a terrible destiny should shut the Hungarians up to choose between submission to Austrian or to Russian tyranny, the nation will unhesitatingly prefer that of Russia; and, according to Mr. Edwards, the Poles say the very same thing. It does not concern us to censure or to approve such national antipathies;

statesman should overlook them. Germany may strengthen herself immensely by internal fusion, which is the thing to be desired by Germans themselves, and by all Europe, except Denmark; but Germany will never get strength from Poland, and to struggle for it is an error. Few are so unwise as to expect wisdom from the present King of Prussia; but we regret to say that the sentiment of even the most liberal Germans towards Poland is anything but generous; nor have we ever met in them any sincere desire for an independent Poland, though, as a barrier against Russia, it would have been to them of the utmost value.

Alexander II., if he had heart for playing the part towards Poland which Mr. Edwards suggests to us as Poland's sole hope, is on one ground better situated for it than Alexander I., in the very fact that constitutional life is already waking up in Russia itself, and might now be granted to Poles and Russia alike, with less danger and more graciousness than to either separately. We may afterwards add some details concerning the present position of this internal Russian question. It is certainly possible that the alarm caused to the Russian bureaucracy by the spread of the Polish insurrection may overpower their inveterate dislike of a real constitutional régime, which would keep them in check; but hitherto the court party has shown no signs of concession. The students of St. Petersburgh and the nobles of Tver were arrested and imprisoned for their petitions; and, up to our last information, it remains doubtful whether Moscow and Petersburgh are to gain constitutional rights. If the Emperor, or rather the Civil Service, which has every thing to lose, prove obstinate in refusal, this may just turn the scale in favor of Polish liberty, which, while we write, is in anxious uncertainty, yet less desperate from week to week. It is true that they have against them not merely the dynasty, and the officials, and the Muscovite nobility, but also the Russians in general. We fear that even patriotic exiles turn a deaf ear to the Polish claim of Lithuania and Volhynia, and would yield to them nothing but the little Poland of 1815. Nor can any one who looks at the map wonder at this. Precisely because the robbery of Russia from Poland is so great, it does not suit the Russians to make restitution. By the interposition of so great a country, | seventy or ninety years' dominion, is to

they would be entirely shut out from contact with Germany, and would be no longer dreaded on the Danube. Hitherto they have comforted themselves for the want of liberty for the pride of predominating in European politics. They already feel humiliated by their total loss of power in Europe since 1856; and if old Poland be reëstablished, it seems to doom them to permanent nothingness. Such a statement is greatly exaggerated. Russia in Europe, without Poland, while she is loyal and united, containing above forty million inhabitants, would be sure of commanding all reasonable respect; but, to those who are accustomed to unreasonable influence, it of necessity seems a terrible downfall. Moreover, it would probably terminate for ever their ambitious plans against Turkey, which have but been postponed, to be renewed in another and safer direction. Therefore, unless the struggle for domestic liberty preoccupy them, it seems too certain that all the patriotism and pride of Russia will rally round the Emperor against the demand of the Poles to be independent. We may in this connection profitably remember our own settlement of Canada. After the deplorable war of 1838, the most liberal of our noble statesmen, Lord Durham, was sent out, taking with him the most liberal of secretaries, Charles Buller, with powers understood to be all but absolute. His celebrated report, written in the most impartial and enlightened spirit, virtually justified the colonists, and condemned the Home Government; urged that every thing should be conceded that the colony had claimed, and more still; nevertheless —that the Upper and Lower Provinces be consolidated, and French nationality be totally overthrown, as the perpetual germ of disaffection and war. It is true that he saw the English element to develop itself three times as fast as the French, and that the latter was too small ever to have the dignity of a nation. On that account, to foster it seemed to be a spurious and erring liberalism. But it is easy to understand, that to well-intentioned Russians a Polish nationality internal to Russia appears productive of confusion (nay, we have not yet admitted such an idea in Wales or Ireland); while to claim that they now give up, and part entirely with the Poland over which they have held

ask more of their liberality than to ask England to part with India. So much we say, not as justly applying against Poland, but as softening our censures of Russia. If the Government does but fight for that, to which the best patriots and liberals of Russia earnestly cling, we may be obliged, in the cause of humanity, to wish for Russia a total overthrow; but we need not think the Russian policy worse than that of other Great Powers. It is not the policy, but the violence of de-

1863.

tail which is atrocious. The present practical question is, for how many months can the insurgents sustain the struggle? Will it disable them from sowing or reaping their crops? On the answer appears to depend the chances and hopes of unfortunate Poland in the terrible and unequal conflict, unless speedily aided by other powers. It is already clear that there is no violence of war, such as devastation of crops, and burning of villages, from which the Russians will abstain, should it seem to conduce to victory. On the other side, they leave to the population no choice but to join the camp, as best they can; and make it certain that the Russian forces will be immensely out numbered, be their superiority what it may in arms and training. Hitherto, the success of the Poles has exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. We can not overlook the sad possibility, that, if the national spirit of Russia be roused, three months may add largely to her armies; and meanwhile, the policy of Prussia is taking a form more and more fixed as an actual ally of Russia, though unavowed. If an area of moderate extent could once be obtained in Poland, clear of Russian force, as a center in which arms could be made and distributed, the insurrection might soon prove to be irreducible. But even if it prolong itself through the summer, the gravest questions arise as to the duty of the Western powers to interfere.

Whether England has or has not a high duty to perform, evidently depends upon our ability. This is probably what Lord Palmerston meant, when he enunciated his apparently selfish doctrine, that the Treaty of Vienna gives us the right to interfere, but does not impose on us the duty. The duty can not rest on England alone, but on all who signed the treaty. Now, of the five great powers who were party to it, three are the culprits who us; and they are the English nation. But

need to be chastised for the violation, and France was then the conquered power. The dynasty, newly put on the throne of France, but since expelled, signed it, no doubt; the present occupant of the throne occupies it against the express provision of the treaty! No zeal for the treaty, as such can be expected from France: who then can visit England with rebuke, if she is slow to come single-handed, as champion of the treaty-rights? It is a truly embarrassing position, and may seem to be a reductio ad absurdum of European settlements, until a vast revolution shall have passed over the kingdoms in detail. But even to advance hand in hand with France, however eager in this cause, is on another ground difficult; for the French nation does not disguise its desire to make its aid to Poland a means and ground for stripping Prussia of her Rhenish Provinces;—an act extremely similar to the Empress Catherine's first appropriation of Polish territory:—yet it is too possible, that the Russian policy of the perverse King of Prussia may give to France a pretext for an act, which would bring no aid to Poland, except, indeed, by diverting the power of Germany westward. Lastly we set aside the treaty ourselves in the matter of Belgium; not indeed for any advantage to England, but through the pressure of events; and we have rejoiced to see it set aside in Italy, on which the treaty had imposed a most unjust and galling yoke. Thus we are thrown back on to general moral right; which is, we apprehend, at bottom, what Lord Palmerston meant, in a sentence which seemed to lay down that we were at liberty to do as we found it convenient.

The noble lord has indeed, in the last two years, spoken with the utmost frankness on the subject; has avowed the undisguised violence by which Alexander I. constrained the Congress to consent to his possession of Warsaw, and the haste with which he broke his engagements after extorting consent. With equal frankness have both the noble lords, Palmerston and Russell, condemned the cruel tyranny of the Polish conscription, by which the Russian Government precipitated this outbreak of despair; for such it was. And again, since we wrote the last sentence, Earl Russell has replied to Lord Shaftesbury in a tone, which has generally satisfled the sincere friends of Poland among

while we thank both of the ministers for their very tardy out-spoken sincerity, we regret that they stopped short where they did (perhaps from fear of arousing too strong a war-spirit in the nation,) so as not to exhibit the full strength of our moral position against Russia, and the right which we have to deal out to her, even without actual war, the smallest share of amity which international law permits. We have to complain, not merely that Russia is inhuman to Poland; not merely that, in common with Prussia and Austria, she breaks and has broken for fortyeight years, the clauses of the treaty which were made in favor of Poland: but, that she has broken ever since 1856, and is still breaking, the most cardinal article of the peace of 1857, which was called "The neutralization of the Black Sea." We beg of our readers a careful attention to the moral aspects of this matter.

Many military men and many eager politicians, in the late Russian war, disapproved of directing our efforts against Sebastopol; but whatever might on other grounds be objected, this course had at least one great moral argument. In point of fact the Western Allies entered the war, not because of the invasion of the Principalities, but because of the battle of Sinope, in which the Turkish fleet had been destroyed by a sudden attack, while the allied fleets remained inactive at Constantinople. Their inactivity was caused by their profound belief that the Emperor Nicholas' promise "to remain on the defence within the Principalities," bound him to abstain from aggressive war in the Black Sea; while they were doing their that the power which may not have a utmost by persuasion (and we fear, fleet of war can not establish a legal blockby something more than persuasion) ade; yet, for a length of time past, Rusto keep down the warlike spirit of the sia has blockaded the Circassian coast, and to keep down the warlike spirit of the Turks. There was much in our conduct which we can not justify; it was all too favorable to Russia; in consequence, when the battle of Sinope had been fought, and has been asked whether he will defend we were hereby exhibited to the Turks as traitors who had come to ruin them, Lords Russell and Palmerston spoke out in parliament, as men should speak in a great cause, with intense indignation against Russia. From their point of view, which we believe was just, Sebastopol was virtually a robber's stronghold, from ' which had preceded a terrible armed force for the destruction of the Turkisk fleet. than she has committed already. Sebastopol was previously understood well by the Turks themselves to be their ition to Poland is, that Russia is engaged

mortal danger. Nearly two years before, Kossuth (who drew his inspiration from the Turks) avowed in America, that they could well defend themselves by land, but were helpless against the Russian fleet; and told the Americans that a squadron of their ships stationed at Constantinople, would keep the city safe. Thus, after the battle of Sinope, to prohibit the Russians from having in the future any war fleet in the Black Sea, was not merely a fit punishment for the past, but was a needful security for the future. To destroy the docks and marine fortifications of Sebastopol was an essential preliminary; and they were destroyed. To forbid the maintenance of an armed fleet was the cardinal article imposed by the allies, and at length, must unwillingly, was submitted to by Russia. Lord John Russell, on discovering that Austria in no case dared to join the war, had been dismayed, and had proposed peace without this article; and M. Drouyn de Lhuys assented. But the Western Allies sternly disowned their own ministers; both of whom had to leave office; the war was continued, the Sebastopol docks were at length demolished; Kilburn was taken; Nicolaieff and even Georgia were threatened; the forces of England were put on a greater and greater scale, till at last the stubborn spirit of Russia was subdued, and Alexander II. consented to the "neutralization of the Black Sea;" which, with the clause by which he abandoned so much of Bessarabian territory as to free the navigation of the Danube, constituted the essential conditions of peace. We need not add captures English merchantmen. Earl Russell has been asked whether there is any legal blockade; he says, there is none. He English ships engaged in lawful traffic; he declines to say yes; but replies that the ships must go at their own risk. When Russia thus feels her way, and learns from our indisposition to a new war how much she may dare, it is difficult to see why she should scruple to rebuild Sebastopol as soon as her finances admit it. This would not be a more flagrant breach of the peace

The importance of the subject in rela-

in unjust aggressive war against Circassia also; while her chief object in the war is, through the conquest of Circassia, to gain easy and sure admittance into Turkey, from a side on which the Western Powers can not stop her. We are disposed to think that recent events extremely lessen the dangers of Turkey from Russian am-We do not wish to urge too strongly those topics concerning Armenia, Persia, Constantinople, which ten years ago were most appropriate and necessary. Still, if treaties of peace are to be broken with impunity, lest a free people, like the Circassians, be able to retain their freedom, international trust is destroyed. Even on such general grounds we can not afford to teach Russia to despise the peace of 1856, and tamely allow her to trample it down for her own convenience. How much indirect aid we might contribute to Poland by putting down the blockade in the Black Sea, we have no direct measure; but when so petty a people as the Circassians, fighting generally with sword and bow, unable to get artillery or to breach a wall, still continue year after year, to defy the utmost efforts of their great antagonist, it is manifest that a free commerce with Europe and with Turkey would add to them a considerable advantage. Moreover, Russia would not so break the recent treaty of peace, except for a great object. Thus, without other means of knowledge, we think it reasonable to measure the importance of the free traffic by the rudeness of the perfidy. We further regard it as certain that, in her present weakness and danger, Russia will not, if she can help it, drive us into actual and avowed war. Let it be remembered how we dealt in the siege of Antwerp, Lord Grey being Prime Minister, and Palmerston Foreign Secretary. Mr. Urquhart may tell us it was piratical; suppose it was; but it was certainly a more humane process than ordinary war, and involved nothing treacherous. We assured the King of Holland that we had no "war" with him; that his ships, and subjects, and all his possessions were safe; but—we intended to drive his troops out of the citadel of Antwerp; and as he did not desire to expose himself to our general attack, he submitted to this limitation of the war. So, if we insisted on forcibly putting down the blockade in the Black Sea, while avowing that we have no war with Russia elsewhere, we have an invin-

ever reluctantly submit, without forcing a war. We are presuming that the Sultan, after a frank exposition of the case, will see it to be his duty to allow our fleet to

pass freely into the Black Sea.

Not only would the diversion of Russian arms, caused by the establishment of freetrade with Circassia, be a sensible help to the Poles, but it is impossible to calculate what might be, over and above, its moral effects on the other populations of Southern Russia. It is not our place to stir up the subjects of the Russian Empire to rebel; any fixed scheme of [that sort would be highly blameable. But after long experience has proved that the best and the worst Emperors of Russia are alike regardless of public treaties, it ought not to grieve us—nay, we are at liberty to rejoice—if some of the conquered people, unsolicited by us, should throw off the yoke. If free trade with Circassia were firmly upheld by the English fleet, who shall say that a Garibaldi might not presently appear among the Cossacks? They, as the Poles, have a religious quarrel with the Russian Church, and with extreme difficulty maintain their national institutions. While the Polish insurrection spreads, slight successes of the Circassians, and the presence of an English fleet, might have direct effects of great magnitude.

So much, then, appears to us the very least which we ought, at any rate, at present to enforce. It is, moreover, a form of action in which we could confidently and graciously invite the cooperation of all the allies—France, Turkey and Italy by whose aid the peace of 1856 was enforced, without any fear of ministering to sinister ambition. We could propose combined action by a composite fleet; and if that were declined, we could without offence act alone, and are strong enough to enforce it alone, if the Sultan do but yield us passage. On all these grounds we regard the case of Circassia as an important clue to our present and most immediate duty.

But it is not too early to deliberate what course may, before long, be incumbent on us, if the Polish insurrection be unsubdued, and European opinion rise to the necessary mark. Sweden does not forget—ought Europe to forget?—the process by which Russia became mistress of Finland. Alexander I., that most

amiable of foxes, having been admitted as a friend, kept possession by force. the Finns in general still remember with regret their old connection with Sweden, nothing could be more righteous than to help them to regain it, even at the expense of an avowed Russian war. While it is quite impossible to advise or desire any active step of initiation from us in so delicate and momentous a matter, which, even if we were sure how the Finns are minded, might involve us in a task beyond our power, it is yet wholesome that Russia should know that obstinate resistance on her part to Western opinion may chance to entail another loss beside that of Poland. We could not desire a minister of the Crown, in the present state of things, to hold out such a threat; from a private Member of Parliament it might come with advantage. Since we began to write, the possibility has shown itself that Sweden, encouraged perhaps by France, will take out of the hands of England the grave responsibility of initiating such a struggle, and that the thing for us to consider will only be, how to act under the contingency. To stir up the Finns to insurrection, and then abandon them, would be a cruelty; and however we might rejoice in a diversion favorable to Poland, we ought to protest with our whole moral force against making the Finns a mere cat's paw. If a regular government engages in such an effort, it should be with adequate forces, and with a stern resolution to persevere. But supposing Sweden and France to be thus minded, it seems to us the part of halfheartedness and virtual treachery for any Englishman to oppose on the vague principle that "the area of war must not be enlarged." To say this is to yield up every thing to Russia. When an empire has aggrandized itself on every other side by so vast and unscrupulous annexation, and has failed to attach its subjects, it can not complain of being forced to disgorge some of its unjust spoil; and it may be easier to take away two or three provinces at once than one at a time. In other words, to extend the area of war may be the only possible mode of victory; which is indeed the theory on which the Polish insurgents are proceeding. Had the Indian insurgents in Delhi and Lucknow understood this in the summer of 1857, the results of the Indian war might have been widely different. A Franco-

Swedish war against Russia would, it may be presumed, attempt simultaneously to reinforce the Poles through Courland and Samogitia, and also to occupy Finland. In that case, what part remains for England?

It would be a service at once to humanity and to Poland, if, without actual war, by a threatening attitude of expectation, we forbade Prussia to aid against Poland, and forced France to direct her martial ardor against Russia, not against the Rhenish provinces. If simultaneously we kept open the Circassian trade, Poland and Finland might, by the arms of France and Sweden, become independent of Russia, with glorious advantage to Europe.

But a real neutrality in such a strife is unworthy of England, which is bound to aim openly at the freedom of Poland; and unless Prussia honorably abstain, we are far from being satisfied that England should be passive. It is not wholly needless here to protest against the pseudoliberal doctrine which pretends that nonintervention is a great and beneficial principle recently adopted in Europe, which forbids aid to Poland. Non-intervention is at best a policy, not a principle. Where the intervention of England for one side will bring two or three more powers on to the other side, and inflames a local struggle into a general and doubtful war, we may be forced to abstain from aiding a good cause; but neither we nor any other power ever did or ever shall adopt non-intervention as a principle. To do so, is to declare that there shall be no international police, no steady movement towards a state of things in which international tribunals shall enforce right upon powerful nations. As a fact, as late as 1859, France intervened in Italy against Austria, and was blamed for stopping short at the peace of Villafranca. It may have been prudent in England not to join the King of Sardinia in that war; but there was nothing in our prudence to boast of. In truth, that we felt jealousy of France was still less praiseworthy, when nothing enabled France to appropriate Savoy and Nice, but the fact that she had been the sole ally of Italy. When the French Emperor espouses a good cause, we make his ambition harmless by helping him in it; certainly not by carping at him. It is earnestly to be hoped that we shall not repeat this error.

But how would Austria act? Austria

has always pretended to desire an independent Poland; but her most inconsistent conduct implies that she had never known her own heart. The Empress Maria Theresa protested in writing against the signature which she had just given for the first division of Poland; yet Gallicia, which she accepted so reluctantly, was not for an hour treated as deserving Polish institutions. In 1815 the Austrian dynasty affected to desire the restoration of Poland; in 1848 it solemnly declared the same thing; yet never to this day can it endure even the semblance of Polish nationality on the smallest scale. Hence in the Crimean war the Gallicians believed from the beginning, that, if the Western Allies had attempted to resuscitate Poland, Austria would have actively joined Russia, though she now reproaches them for not having done this. On the whole, we have a painful expectation that, if the cause of the Poles meet any hopeful success, Austria will at last throw her whole force on to the side of Russia. Should this happen, the English Government will once more have occasion to ponder, with what sort of wisdom they have constantly discouraged Hungary, and have nurtured against Western Europe, against Constitutional Government, against free religion and hereditary national institutions, the power which for three centuries has been the strength of obscurantism and of tyranny. In a struggle reaching from north to south, human wisdom has to follow not to lead. But if Hungary and Italy should rise upon Austria, at the crisis of Austria joining Russia, we earnestly hope that the English ministry will at last give up its disastrous anxiety to maintain the Austrian empire.

We are at the same time conscious of deep national humiliation, at remembering the part which England played towards Poland in 1831, which was the very reverse of magnanimous; which we can not defend to a foreigner, however much we may deprecate loading Lord Palmerston with the exclusive blame. It will be remembered that the old Whig doctrine was that of Messrs. Cobden and Bright absolute censure on our taking part in continental quarrels. Mr. Canning, for a short moment, awakened the national ardor to defend Portugal; and his mere threat of war, and of appealing to the spirit of freedom, saved Portugal without war. With this exception, the spirit of saw by force. The "Holy Alliance,"

the nation from 1815 to 1830 was that of intense unwillingness to interfere abroad. After Mr. Canning's death in 1827, the Whig principles became every year more in the ascendant, until the movement carried Lord Grey into power, pledged to parliamentary reform, peace, and retrenchment. Scarcely was he firm in office—the struggle for reform being initiated, but the victory not won—when the King of the French proposed to him (in July, 1831) to intervene on behalf of Poland. We can not wonder that Earl Grey, under whom Lord Palmerston was then Foreign Secretary, gave a decisive refusal; yet we are not able to applaud his conduct, nor to shield it from foreign censure. all defences the worst is, that the ministry was preöccupied by the Reform Bill. This may be true, but it condemns our institutions. If we have international duties, we ought to have organization adapted for them. If our executive government is too busy in home legislation to fulfill foreign duties, of what worth are we to Europe? A somewhat better reply is that which says, that we were not yet healed of the wounds received in the public cause, and had a right to plead exemption from service; and, if the nation had been appealed to, and had thus answered, it might have been hard to blame it. But no minister, we hold, had a right to answer for the nation, and leave upon us such a brand of ignominy; and the case was made worse by the secrecy observed for thirty years. Until 1848 the admirers of Lord Palmerston used to claim credit for him, as having desired to save Poland in 1831, but as having been prevented by Louis Philippe. Perhaps they ought to have said, by Lord Grey. But his lordship enjoyed the credit of this, until the republican revolutionists in Paris published documents which proved the impediment to have lain with the English Government.

Nevertheless, this was generally disbelieved in England, until in 1861 the ministry, after much pressure, reluctantly published the papers, which show that Lord Palmerston, in declining to aid Poland, gave as his reason that the British Government were not prepared to use force against "a good and faithful ally." Yet this ally had kept Finland and Warsaw by force; and in 1814-15—but that Napoleon returned from Elba—would probably have been expelled from Warwhich Alexander immediately after originated, was the opprobrium of Europe. Its intrigues and violence overthrew the constitutions of Sicily and of Spain, to which England had been a party, and kept Europe in convulsion or in dismay. Not only had the leading Whigs made one long protest against it for fifteen years, but Mr. Canning, as Foreign Secreary, had sent the Duke of Wellington to Verona to donounce its conduct. Lord Aberdeen, as a Tory minister, esteemed to be a peculiar friend of Russia and Austria, had felt it necessary in 1829 to enter a vehement protest against the terms imposed by the Emperor Nicholas on the Turkish Sultan. The good and faithful ally (Lord Palmerston, 1861, tells us) broke his convent in 1815, "almost as soon as it was concluded; and the greatest violation of a treaty that had ever taken place in the history of the world was that which occurred in the case of Poland." The phrase of Sir James Mackintosh, that the partition of Poland was "the great crime of the eighteenth century," was echoed by all the Whigs; and very ordinary statesmen knew how much was pending when Poland rose. Surely, then, it was the duty of a constitutional minister to lay the matter before Parliament, and elicit the deliberate opinion of the House and country. No reasonable man can doubt that, in a struggle which was at first favorable to Poland, she might have been saved by little effort of the The Austrian dynasty great powers. professed good will, and the nation of Hungary was zealous, as was France; but the positive refusal of England held them back. For this neglect not only has Poland suffered, so has Hungary. England also and France had to bleed in the great Russian war. From the wounds of that war Russia is not by any means yet recovered, either in men or in finance; she is greatly weaker than in 1831, while France and England are immensely Steam navigation gives us stronger. facilities which did not then exist; and the improvements in cannon and in iron sheathing add to us advantages, beyond those of even a few years back, in an expedition where nothing would be met but old fortifications, as on Courland or Finland. Whether our powers be considered, or our duties, the grave question opens, whether we are not bound to active and great efforts, partly to redeem our past

neglect, partly to secure the future of Europe, which may be overclouded for a long while, if in this crisis we wink at injustice on so great a scale, inflicted by a power which is already unscrupulously violating the terms of the peace made with us in 1856. Yet we continue to pay to Russia about £70,000 a year, by virtue of the treaty of 1815, which she has so ill-

respected.

In contrasting the present Polish struggle with those which have preceded it, we find great diversities. In all the former wars they had at least the nucleus of a regular government and regular army; in the present they had nothing of the kind, but began from mere scythemen. But in the first war they were extremely disunited, and even in the last no enthusiasm pervaded the peasants. At least it has been said that from this cause they could not fill the ranks of the army adequately, in 1831, after success in two great battles. Now, while the civil conflict between democrat and aristocrat is, we fear, bitter enough, this disappears in face of the enemy, and, as far as we can learn, has no disuniting effect; and, though we distrust our own power to judge how much has been yet won, the area of this war is clearly far greater than that of 1815. We regret to hear the report that the internal Polish dissention has lead to two committees in London, of which the one gives its money direct to the insurgent government at Warsaw, the other to the discretion of Count Andrew Zamoyski. Every beaten cause is sure to have strong divisions; each throwing on the other the blame of failure; nor do we censure Poland on this account. Each party, looked at separately, appears truly moderate. The original nobles were, like that part of England which exercises the franchise, a real nation, and not an aristocratical order; and the aristocracy proper has abounded with patriotic men, always foremost to suffer for their country. The constitution of 1791, devised and carried by it, was a noble work; which, when contrasted with the simultaneous efforts of the French, shows a far wiser estimate of what was attainable and practical. Moreover, what could not be done for the peasants all at once, has been carefully studied in these later years, especially through the Agricultural Society of Warsaw. other hand, the democrats, however stigmatized as "communists," do not, as far as

we can learn, demand any thing for the peasants but what Kosciusko claimed, and what the most patriotic Russians also claim for the Russian peasants. Englishmen look at this quest on too much through an English medium. The state of our peasants, living by daily wages, does not appear to foreigners as the normal condition of mankind, nor by any means desirable. Small freeholds are regarded in America, in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, as a far more natural and reasonable state for the millions of cultivators. Why are Poles and Russians to be denounced as "communists" for being of the same opinion? and with what propriety is the word communism used of a small freehold, held as property by one man? Those who so speak probably start from the assumption that the land is the property of the lord who has rights and duties upon it, and that the cultivator who has also duties upon it has no rights or property in it This theory appears to have triumphed in England, but we can not felicitate our nation upon it; and in truth it is rather in spite of, than because of, its triumph, that we can hope for any general prosperity. If masses of Englishmen were to be driven into exile, we fear that no nation would exhibit to the foreigner more intense contrasts of party spirit; nor do we wonder to learn that democratic Poles are apt to believe every thing worst of the more prosperous aristocratic exile. Yet both the one and the other are patriots, and, we trust, are likely to cooperate faithfully.

Nor are the simple-hearted Russians in themselves less interesting. We can strongly recommend our readers to peruse the details given by Mr. S. Edwards, concerning the deliberations of the assem blies at Moscow, at Zvenigorod, and at St. Petersburg. The general fact of interest is that, when the Emperor puts five questions of detail for the nobles to answer,

the nobles ingeniously manage to avoid giving any other reply, than that a national representative assembly, chosen from all classes and parts, is wanted to answer them. They remember that, two centuries and a half ago, a "Zemskoi Sabor" (an Assembly of the Country) was gathered at Moscow; this phrase is once more in everybody's mouth. The Zvenigorod address suggests also the importance of provincial representative assemblies, which shall prepare materials for the Moscow assembly; in other words, a complete apparatus of local parliaments and central congress. A single year's free talk of this kind must produce a revolution of mind in Russia, which no despotism will permanently quell; and, though the immediate results are still dark, we can not doubt that Russia must ere long, become a constitutional country, with free peasants perhaps mainly freeholders—and great additional deve opment of wealth and of mechanical skill. Let her but resign her ambition against Poland, and give herself to develop the vast capabilities of the Ukrine, and of the plains of the Don and Volga, and a vast increase would ere long follow in population and in all resources. If once internal freedom take deep roots in that great country, even could she win all Poland to herself, her predominance would no longer be frightful to mankind. We might still have occasion to deprecate her too great influence westward; but should be able to contemplate tranquilly her probable overflow upon Western Asia, as perhaps the providentially-appointed mode of rescuing long-afflicted lands. But while obstinately struggling to crush a country of thirty million inhabitants, the Emperor Alexander is more likely to convulse and dislocate his whole empire, than to prepare it for conquering and renovating the worn-out dynasties of the Mussulman.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

G III F E D U T E R S E Y

CLAUDINE FRANÇOISE (FORMERLY CALLED MARIE) MIGNOT.

It is probable that there are few Frenchmen of any tolerable amount of historical reading who are not familiar with the name, at least, of my present subject; but still fewer are those who could give any precise account of her career, extraordinary as that appears to have been. The reason of this is, that though historians and memoir-writers treating of public affairs and remarkable personages in the seventeenth century are brought to make here and there incidental allusion to Marie Mignot, as she was commonly though erroneously called, they throw no light whatever on her history.

So now to my story, in the slender outline of which, if the tender-hearted among my fair readers find not much food for their sentimental sympathies, those who love the strange and wonderful will find romance enough to suit their disposition.

Somewhere about the second decade of the seventeenth century there was born to a poor peasant woman residing in a hamlet situated at about a league fron Grenoble, the capital of Dauphiné, a daughter, who, thus having planted her little naked foot on the lowest round of the social ladder, was destined to climb it steadily, until she had reached the highest summit to which a mere subject can aspire. Could any of the herbs which it was the trade of this poor mother to gather in the marshes and ditches about her lowly dwelling have imparted the gift of seeing into the future, how her heart would have beaten with pride, how her eyes would have opened with astonishment, as the wondrous fortunes were revealed to her of that little squalid urchin whom, according to the custom of her countrywomen, she was wont to hang up to a peg on the hovelwall tightly swaddled up, like a miniature mummy, there to pull and make wry faces unobserved, till its mother returned from her foraging expedition and released it at | ticulars been handed down of the manner

once from its hook and its misery! Had Perrault, the graceful chronicler of fairy deeds, written his charming history of Cinderella at that time—which he could not, being as yet unborn—the mother of little Claudine Françoise, looking into the future, as we imagine her, would have assuredly drawn a parallel in her own mind between the despised house-drudge of the story—bursting forth from her chrysalis covering of serge besmirched with ashes, to shine, in beauty and fine raiment, the queen of the ball-room, the chosen bride of a bona file prince—and her own child, who, with almost equal suddenness, but by no other witchery than that her own native beauty and grace, should quit the rags and tatters and all the wretched circumstances of her lowly lot, for brocaded silks, brave equipages, and the pride of place. The meager tradition to which we owe our knowledge of the early history of Claudine Mignot denies us every iots of information concerning her infancy and juvenile training. She does not appear upon the scene until close upon her sixteenth year, when, under the name of La Llauda—in the provençal patois of her native village the synonyme of Claudine she is renowned throughout the countryside for her exquisite loveliness. That, besides mere beauty of face, she must have had that native charm of manner which belongs to characters of exceptional mold, we may be allowed to believe, judging from her subsequent history. Otherwise she would hardly have been sued en tout bien tout honneur for her hand by a lover so far her superior in position as the secretary of the treasurer of the province of Dauphiné, as was in fact the case; for to this person does Claudine stand in the relation of plighted spouse when we first hear of her. The name of the enamored secretary has been lost, nor have any parof their first meeting. Not indeed that this is a very grief-worthy hiatus, for the courtship was in the end an unhappy one, and the suitor was destined to prove the truth of the old rhymed saying:

"He that wills not when he may, When he wills he shall have nay."

Wherever the charms of the lowly damsel may have first struck the susceptible secretary, the wooing must have been carried on at a good round pace; for the brideelect is scarce sixteen when the day is fixed for the solemn betrothing of the couple, according to ancient French usage. And here the first hitch occurred in this illomened love-suit, through the squeamish delicacy of the lover, who, offended at a breach of good manners committed on this occasion by the heroine of the day, broke off the negotiation. What the particular offence against social etiquette was, although tradition has left it vailed in no prudish mystery, we can not here reveal, without claiming a Rabelaisian license which our age entirely denies. Let us merely venture to say, that no amount of naiveté on the part of the village-girl would account for the transgression having been willful; and therefore, to have seized on so airy a pretext for the rupture was contemptible on the part of the secretary, whose subsequent ill-treatment, when it comes to be related, will consequently meet with no sympathy. After a lapse of a few months, the delicate nerves of the peasant-girl's genteel wooer having recovered from the shock they had suffered on this critical occasion, his passion seems to have revived; for a reconciliation was brought about, and the marriage was once more on the point of realization, when came the secretary's turn to be slighted, and that in the most emphatic manner possible, and without hope of subsequent re-patching. The master whom this capricious lover served was Pierre de Portes d'Amblerieux, treasurer, as aforesaid, of the province of Dauphiné; an old bachelor, and well found in worldly goods, acquired in part by the gains of his office, part by inheritance. Him the secretary besought for his consent to the marriage he was now again warmly bent on; a step the more necessary in his position, as the intended bride held so exceedingly humble a rank in the hierarchy of social status, and the steps of the social staircase were

at that time far higher and steeper than now, and apt to endanger the necks both of those mounting and those descending. The treasurer, though an old bachelor, was still capable of sympathizing with a youthful passion ardent enough to devour all worldly obstacles, and he therefore good-naturedly not only granted his consent to the proposed nuptials, but promised to defray the expenses of the wedding-feast. The delighted secretary, anxious no doubt to vindicate his good taste in the eyes of his kind-hearted chief, at once craved permission to present to him the village beauty who had thus wooed him down from his back-stair Olympus. Nothing loth, no doubt, to feast his eyes on the blushing charms even of a rustic belle not yet sixteen, the genial old treasurer appointed that the presentation of La Llauda should take place at a mansion which he possessed on a property situated at St. Mury, in the commune of Meylau, her native region.

The interview took place; and D'Amblerieux' judgment of Claudine's fascinations so thoroughly coincided with that of his secretary, that his venerable but still combustible bosom became aglow with passionate admiration. I here frankly declare that I greatly admire this kind, susceptible-hearted, fine old French gentleman, who is smitten thus suddenly with an uncontrollable passion for the lovely village-maid betrothed to his secretary; and I am prepared to do battle in vindication of the course he pursued, which by some poor-spirited moralist will, I have no doubt, be taxed with treachery. Treachery—a fig! I maintain, that when the chivalrous old treasurer, kindling with the volcanic ardor that now burst forth like a Hecla through the snows of sixty years of celibacy, determined that the peerless beauty who had accomplished this miracle should become his bride, and thereupon sent the secretary on a wildgoose chase to some distant province, he was acting as an instrument of Providence, chosen to rescue from an unworthy fate one who, by her graces of mind no less than of body, was unmistakably reserved for a higher destiny than to become the drudging wife of a fourth-rate provincial bureaucrat. Claudine, too, conscious of her true worth, dimly foreseeing in her prophetic soul that rank and wealth were to be her lot and excelsior her motto, had as little need to feel any qualms of consci-

ence when she listened to the declaration of D'Amblerieux, abruptly-kindled but devoted, honorable love, and closed probably after some slight maidenly hesitation, the result more of surprise than doubt—with the energetic proposal of the gallant old courtier to become Madame la Trésorière off-hand, without further parley in the eyes of the village-girl, already daz- 'to whom he carried letters, that the mesthe breast of a child of sixteen not artificially excited by romantic tales would hardly be very deep-rooted, so that the perfidy to her early vows must have been fraught with the smallest possible injury to her conscience. Then, could the wound inflicted by the secretary's humiliating rupture of the engagement between them have yet healed? Was there any love after this between them? Was she not marrying him to save her honor, and was he not marrying her to save the sum he would have been compelled to pay for his breach of a marriage-contract when no valid cause could be shown! For if the French law admits no right of action for breach of promise of marriage, it decrees that compensation shall be made when, after solemn betrothal (fiangailles,) one of the parties shall refuse, without a reason good in law, to fulfill the engagement so cutered into. If this were so, how could Claudine hesitate? On the one side, the most signal reparation to her offended pride, deliciously sweet revenge upon the offender, wealth, rank, and a doating husband. On the other, the memory of childish vows of love very much blurred and blotted by subsequent tears of pain and mortification, and a peevish husband with yet his way to make in the world. Had the peasant-girl been taught the highest and most refined views of moral obligation and social proprieties, such as belong to young ladies in a far higher station, I don't think even then she would have resisted the tremendous temptation here offered. Only the manner of escaping the engagement would have differed: papa would have intervened; pretexts would have been invented; and matters would have been more decorously

able panoply against the slings and arrows of a scurrilous world—appearance.

So Mr. Secretary was jilted in a very dexterous and masterly manner; and, for my part, I do not pity him. D'Amblerieux, immediately after the interview which had converted the easy-going old bachelor into a sighing furnace of love, or dalliance. The contrast between the sent him off on a pretended mission of shilly-shally, fast-and-loose courtship of the the most urgent business to Grenoble; secretary, and the military determination, but all that the poor secretary was unwitrapidity, and dash of his superior, must; tingly charged with was an earnest inhave helped to add favor to the new lover junction on the friends of D'Amblerieux, zled by his wealth and position; and we senger should be carefully detained until must remember that the passion of love in further notice. Meanwhile, as no time is to be lost, least haply the maiden should relent, an express is dispatched the same evening to M. Scarron, the Bishop of Grenoble, requesting that he will return per bearer three dispensations from the publication of banns, one for each publication required by law. Between the return of the messenger with the necessary document to give validity to a private marriage, and the espousal of La Llauda, the peasant beauty of the hamlet of Bachet, by Pierre de Portes d'Amblerieux, treasurer of the province of Dauphine, the shortest possible interval, we may be sure, intervened. A polite note was immediately after received by the secretary, acquainting him with the happy event with which, together with his own piteons discomfiture, the province would shortly ring; apprising him moreover that his services, whether as secretary or otherwise, would no longer be required; and inclosing, for application to the part afflicted, a draft on the treasury of Dauphiné for a sum which tradition specifies not, but which was sufficient to persuade the secretary to explode noiselessly, and retire into that obscurity wherein until now he has been left almost wholly undisturbed.

There is very good authority for treating the defeated secretary with as little sympathy as I have here done. His case seems to have excited at the time none of that popular commiscration which, had he in the least deserved it, would have converted him into a fit subject for plaintive ballads. There is, on the contrary, still extant a satirical comedy, written in the dialect of Dauphiné, and published in 1633 at Grenoble,—probably in the very year of Claudine's brilliant conducted, for the integrity of that invalu- | marriage, —which is evidently founded on

the circumstances we have just related, and in which the rejected lover is manifestly intended rather to be laughed at than pitied. This piece is entitled La Pastorale et Tragicomé de Junin, although it was more popularly designated by the name of its heroine La Llauda, and was the first successful production of Jean Millet, a Dauphinais poet, whose works are well known to those who are learned in the literature of the south of France. The interest attaching to the real incidents which suggested the subject of the work won for it more favor than its intrinsic merit would otherwise warrant; for although almost all written in the patois of Dauphiné, it has run through as many as four editions, besides numerous piracies and imitations. A copy of the latest of the authentic editions is in the British Museum, and from it I have made a few extracts, which may prove interest ing to the reader, whether as specimens of a local literature of considerable extent and frequently high merit, little known save to the inhabitants of the province it self in which it has sprung up and to philological students, or as conveying an exact impression of the language in which, to have been understood, both D'Amblerieux and his secretary must have addressed the village beauty whose affections they strove to win. Llauda, in the play, is a shepherdess, who is wooed by Janin, a shepherd, but falls out with him on account of the too practical nature of his addresses; when, just at the opportune moment that the over-pressing lover is under a cloud of disgrace, she is encountered at the corner of a wood by Amidor, a nobleman, who, struck with her beauty, falls in love with her, and straitway woos and wins her plighted faith. On discovering this state of things, Janin becomes violently enraged, hurls missiles at the fond lovers from his sling, and finally seeks the assistance of a sorceress, who lends him a magic flageolet, the sound of which irresistibly compels all who hear it to dance, and instructs him, moreover, how to cast a spell upon the lovers at the very moment the priest is pronouncing over them the nuptial bene-Neither the dance-compelling diction. piping of the flageolet, nor the baleful malelice of l'aquillette, is of any avail to prevent the final happy union of Llauda and her high-born suitor; and Janin, having exhausted his spite, throws himself and refined sentiments of a liberal educa-

down from a high rock, and brings the pastoral tragi-comedy to a conclusion.

As soon as Llauda was transformed from the humble tenent of a villager's cottage to Madame la Trésorière, the wife of an important personage in the province, and mistress of more than one lordly mansion, she was not content with reigning over the affections of her husband by her beauty and amiability alone, but she resolved to become in every way worthy of the high position to which he had done her the honor to raise her, by devoting herself with all her energy to the task of supplying those deficiencies in her education which were the necessary result of her extremely lowly origin. Dunoyer, the authoress of an odd sort of collection of gossip and scandal not over trustworthy, entitled Lettres Historiques et Galantes, and who is the only writer who gives any account of Claudine Mignot, states that she put herself under the tuition of all sorts of masters, acquired all that the science of that day could teach, and, so long as she continued the wife of the old treasurer, employed all her time in the cultivation of her intellect. If we call to mind that learning and science, philosophy and literature, were at that time represented by Casaubon, Salmasius, Descartes, Spinosa, Gassendi, Grotius, Bernoulli, Bayle, Pasquier, Bellarmin, Vannini, Campanella, we shall form an adequate idea of the intellectual hights to which the brave-hearted and righteously-ambitious peasant-girl aspired to climb, and which there is no reason to doubt she succeeded in reaching. Not that I for an instant believe the delicately-moulded and once stockingless extremities of the fascinating Llauda were ever concealed in the cerulean hose of female pedantry; but it is quite certain that she became a thoroughly and even exceptionally accomplished woman, able to hold her own in the brilliant intellectual circles which marked the seventeenth century in France, and to which M. Victor Cousin has given us the entrée in his admirable biographies of Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sablé, and Madame de Chevreuse—a society in which, as the sequel will show, she was destined to take her place, and retain it during a considerable part of a long life. To her success in this brave effort to adapt herself to her new position by solid acquirements, as well as by the lighter graces tion, must be in a great measure attributed her continued ascendency over the mind of the treasurer D'Amblerieux; for had she not thus clothed her mind as richly as the fortune of her husband permitted her to clothe her person, not all the radiant beauty of Aphrodite herself would have kept aloof at sundry unpropitious moments the inconvenient memory of her squalid nurture in the herb-woman's hovel, and her tatterdemalion girlhood. The collateral D'Amblerieux, male and female, clamored finely, no doubt, in the ears of the rich old treasurer at his thus bemeaning himself to the level of une petite sotte de paysanne; and he might, thus benevolently operated on for the cataract of loveblindness, have repented his bargain, had he not daily seen it increase in value till it grew into that priceless treasure—a beautiful, accomplished, and devoted wife. As it was, he shut his cars and his doors against his remonstrant relatives, and repaid the exemplary conduct of his highspirited little wife with his entire and undivided affection, as was plainly manifested in the last act of his life, by which he constituted her heiress to the whole of his property, or, according to the French legal term, légataire universelle. either of the two children—both females —who were born to the old treasurer survived, there would doubtless have been some limitation to this bequest. As it was, the widow of D'Amblerieux became absolute mistress of his entire wordly wealth, which was very considerable. course an attempt was made by the family to overthrow the will, and in the year 1653 Claudine had to make a journey to Paris in order to solicit an arrêt d'évocation, or, as we should here term it, to sue the cause to a higher tribunal.

A law-suit was not alone to occupy her attention. At the end of this journey, destined in all respects to exert so important an influence on her fortunes, Claudine was fated, ere many weeks had passed over, to become judge and party both in a suit of another kind—a love-suit; and the party moving the court was once again a lover well striken in years, but doubtless green and hale yet, and whose age, like old Adam's, was "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." This venerable gallant was no other than Maréchal François de l'Hôpital, Seigneur du Hallier, Comte de Rosnay, a brave old warrier, now in his sev- expenditure, and it had languished of late

enty-fifth year, and whose protection and support Claudine had besought in defence of her rights; for justice in France was at that time any thing but even-handed, and the disappointed relatives of the departed treasurer were powerful. Here again was an offer which it was almost impossible for Claudine to reject, although, by once more sacrificing her still blooming charms to an elderly spouse, it would seem as though ambition were her master-passion and sole guiding motive. Yet is this an utterly gratuitous interpretation of the step she now took with, it must be admitted, the promptest resolution; for the old marshal laid siege to her heart, took it by storm, and became rightful and legtimate governor of the place in the space of one week, the marriage having been solemnized on the 2d of August, 1653. If, indeed, her position be carefully considered at the period, and all the conditions of this dazzling offer reviewed, it must be pronounced that, without some special reason for not marrying a second time, no woman in her place would have hesitated to act precisely as she did. Unprotected. and persecuted by the family of her late husband, her property in jeopardy, and her residence in the province where her youth had been passed rendered henceforth objectionable for many reasons, she might, by accepting the hand now offered her, at once assure herself of retaining undisturbed the possession of her large fortune, and of taking her place at once, as the wife of a marshal of France, in the highest and best society of Paris; for François de l'Hôpital was a distinguished personage both at court and in the salons of Hôtel de Rambouillet, where he figured under his title of Du Hallier, until, on beout a writ of certiorari for the removal of | ing created a marshal of France in 1643, he resumed his family name. As for the marshal's age, it could only be a recommendation in the eyes of Claudine. Her first venture had been with a lover advanced in years; and he had proved a fond and devoted husband. With regard to the marshal, the advantages of the match were of the most unqualified description; and it is not to be wondered at that he should have pressed his suit with such youthful impetuosity. D'Amblerieux' widow, besides being captivating in herself, possessed a fortune which, in all likelihood, in De l'Hôpital's eyes was equally captivating; for he had quite a passion for

for lack of the needful resources. And ed, and even beloved, in the highest and then again the fascinating widow was of spotless repute, which was a considerable improvement on the late Madame la Maréchale—for he was a widower, a widower of two years' widowhood-who, in her youth, had been the mistress of Henri IV., being no other than the celebrated Count ess Charlotte des Essarts, by whom the Gason king had had two daughters, whom he legitimized, and who, as abbesses of Fontevrault and de Chelles respectively, distinguished themselves in the same devious line as their mamma; for the enjoyment of spiritual benefices was in those days no bar to many other enjoyments of a more temporal nature. De l'Hôpital had, by the way, commenced life as an ecclesiastic. Henri IV. gave him the bishopric of Meaux, and added to it the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève in Paris; but in 1611 he entered the Guards as an ensign, and never afterwards left the military career, in which he distinguished himself more for bravery than skill. He served the behests of! Richelieu in hostility to De Luynes and his party, to whom, no less than the cardinal, he owed his advancement, and was employed to arrest the Duke of Vendôme and his brother the grand-prior. served before Rochelle, and as field-marshal signed the articles of capitulation. In the campaign against the Duke of Lorraine he also took a prominent and successful part, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Lorraine. This post he gave up in 1640, and shortly after obtained the governorship of Champagne and Brie. His last active employment was in the campaign against the Spaniards in Flanders during the minority of Louis XIV., when the veteran was placed by the side of the Duke d'Enghien, afterwards the great Prince of Condé, then only twentytwo years of age. The young captain, however, had little to thank his grayheaded coadjutor for; at the battle of Rocroy the fiery old marshal got the left wing, over which he had command, involved in sad grief through too impetuous a charge. Although Voltaire, in his Siècle de Louis XIV., has quite correctly described the disastrous part which De l'Hôpital took in the battle of Rocroy, he does not, strange to say, include him in the list given by him of the marshals of France during the reign of the grand monarque.

Except that the second Madame la Maréchale was received, admired, esteem-

most select society of Paris, while her husband, with his ever-green vivacity, was giving wide and rapid circulation to the broad pieces, and she the broad acres converted into more convenient currency, of his predecessor, there is no record of the practical results of this second marriage of Claudine. It could not have been an unhappy one, for thereby the old marshal renewed the lease of his life for another seven years, dying at the good old age of eighty-two, when there was but little more of his own or his wife's property that could be conveniently parted with. This little, however—all, in fact, he could scrape together—was piously left to his widow. How much was yet remaining in the melting-pot, which this venerable spendthrift had kept so constantly heated in the furnace of his unquenchable passion for excitement, none can say. The point has been much debated. Madame Dunoyer, the one book-authority on the subject, whom we have already quoted, represents that Claudine's wealth was entirely dissipated by her second husband, who left her absolutely nothing but the rank of widow of a marshal of France; but that she had still the resource of her personal and mental attraction to found her fortune afresh with, and which enabled her to win the devotion of a third admirer, of whom anon. The fact itself, however, and the malicious insinuation coupled with it, which would reduce Claudine to the level of a mere intriguing adventuress, are both equally false. The marshal must have left her, to some extent, fairly off, or she would not have been twelve years after his death, as she certainly was, living in ease and comfort in her own hotel in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, and moving still in the same distinguished society to which she had been admitted upon her second marriage, and where she made the acquaintance and corquered the heart of the aforesaid elderly adorer—the third—who was smitten full as suddenly as the preceding two, and was moreover of rank so exalted as entirely to throw in the shade the financier with his money-bag, and the soldier with his marshal's bâton; for he was of august rank, and had but a year or two before descended voluntarily from a throne.

He whom the ex-peasant girl, now Lady Marshal of France, fascinated by the charm of her conversation, as much at least as by her outward attractions, which at fifty-five were probably on the wane, was indeed the ex-king of Poland, poor John Casimir, who had run away from the troubles of kingship, of which he had more than a fair proportion, and for some time had gallantly contended against them. But not being of the stern stuff from which heroes are cut out he had at last grown sick of strife and taken refuge in Paris, where Louis XIV. munificently endowed him with three goodly benefices, the abbayes, namely, of St. Germain des Prés, St. Saurin d'Evreux, and St. Martin de Nevers. This is that same cardinalking mentioned in Byron's Mazeppa, and whom the old freeman, according to the poet, had in his youth served as page.

"John Casimir: I was his page Six summers in my early age. A learned monarch, sooth, was he, And most unlike your majesty. He made no wars, and did not gain New realms to lose them back again; And, save debates in Warsaw's Diet, He reigned in most unseemly quiet Not that he had no cares to vex: He loved the Muses and the sex; And sometimes there so froward are They made him wish himself at war. But when the fit was off he took Another mistress or new book; And then he gave prodigious sêtes: All Warsaw gathered at his gates," etc.

As the account of Claudine's kingly lover is profoundly incorrect, beyond even poetical license, while in all probability it is all that the general reader knows of him a simple outline of John Casimir's untoward and changeful career will, in these days of historical accuracy, be read without impatience.

Casimir was born in 1609, and was the son of Sigismund III., King of Poland, and his second wife Constance of Austria. At the death of Sigismund, instead of coming forward, as his mother wished, as a candidate for the vacant throne, he retired in favor of his brother, to whom he knew it to be his father's wish that the succession should fall. This was Ladislas VII., one of the best kings Poland ever had. Casimir was invested by him with the command of a fleet which was intended for the destruction of the French trade in the Mediterranean, but was, ere this happy consummation could even be at tempted, unfortunately wrecked on the

and had to suffer incarceration in the Château de Bonc, near Martigne. languished here for two years, seemingly forgotten, when his brother bethought himself to seek his liberation, and sent an ambassador to that effect. The request was successful, and Casimir wandered off to Italy, where, at Loretto, he entered the order of the Jesuits. Three years after he grew tired of the institute of Loyala, and accepted a cardinal's hat from Pope Innocent X. Hearing, however, that the elder son of his brother the King of Poland was sick and languishing, he sent the hat back, having an eye to the succession himself. Next year Ladislas died, and there came forward four candidates to the Polish crown, Alexis, Czar of Russia, the father of Peter the Great; the Voivode of Transylvania, Bagotski; this Casimir, and another son of Sigismund, also an ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Bres-Casimir was elected, and the Pope having released him from his vows he married his brother's widow, Maria Louisa de Gonsaguez. And now his troubles began. He was attacked by the redoubtable Korach chief of Bogdan, who was joined by the Khan of Tartary, and subsequently by Russia. Factions were formed within his kingdom, and a succession of intestine troubles burst upon him. Lastly he was attacked by Sweden, to the crown of which he had laid claim on the death of Christina, and whither his chancellor, with whose wife Casimir had intrigued, had retired incensed, to return with Charles Gustavus at the head of the army. Charles advanced victoriously to Warsaw, and took possession of Prussia; while Casimir fled into Silesia, leaving his kingdom under the protection of the Holy Virgin. His formal abdication took place in 1668.

Although doubts injurious to the honor of Claudine have been cast on the nature of her relations with the ex-king of Poland, from the absence of any documentary proof of their marriage, there is the strongest reason to believe that such a marriage did exist, although the tie may have been of that exceptional class resorted to in unequal unions of this kind, and by jurists called morganatic, but which are nevertheless strictly legitimate. The marriage of Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV. was precisely of the same description. proof of it is extant; yet, resting as it coast of Provence. Casimir was caught, does on mere tradition, it has never been

There is in the library of the contested. Foreign Office in Paris a copy of the Memoirs of Danjeau, enriched with marginal notes in the hand of the Duke of St. Simon; and opposite to the entry, "Tuesday, December 8th, 1711, at Versailles, the old Maréchale de l'Hôpital died in Paris, at the Petites Carmélites, where she had lived retired for some time past," stands the following note:

"This Maréchale de l'Hôpital was Françoise Mignot, widow of Portes, treasurer and receiver-general of the province of Dauphiné, who in 1653 became the second wife of Maréchal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris and minister of state, so well known under the name of Du Hallier, who killed the Maréchal d'Ancre, and she became a widow in 1660; and in 1772, on the 14th of December, at her house in Paris in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, in the parish of St. Eustache, she was married for the third time to John Casimir, previously King of Poland, Jesuit Cardinal, who had abdicated and retired to France, where he was Abbot of St. Germain des Près and other abbeys. This marriage was of general knowledge and repute, though never declared, and without issue."

The date of the marriage is here wrongly given, as it would seem to have been on the 4th of November; otherwise it would have preceded the death of Casimir only two days, whereas he survived six weeks after giving his hand to Claudine, and so culuminating the measure of her worldly advancement, if not by the glory of an actual crown, yet investing her with the reflected luster of royalty. In reference to the same point, Madame Dunoyer has in one of her letters this passage, in her usual good-natured style: "I was at Madlle. Daleyrac's with her, and I remarked, that, in speaking of the King Casimir, she always said, 'the king, my lord'—le roi mon seigneur—to let people see that he was her husband. She is glad that no one should ignore it; but it is not permitted her to take the rank of queen, which she could not either sustain." In another place the same writer states, that Casimir, at his death, left her all he could; and that, though she was not as rich as at the death of her old treasurer, she was nevertheless in the proud position of the widow of a king. It is therefore a perfectly gratuitous aspersion of the memory of

the complete reality and legitimacy of her marriage with the unfortunate ex-king of Poland. Nor is it indeed at all consistent with probability that, having maintained her character spotless from her girlhood, while youth, extraordinary beauty, and inexperience hightened the dangers that beset her, she should at five-and-fifty have yielded for the first time to temptation, for the questionable honor of becoming the mistress of a dethroned monarch. There is, however, a French play by Boyard, which was produced some thirty years ago, of which Marie Mignot, as she was popularly called, is the subject, and in which she is represented in the odious light I am deprecating. Nay, worse, for she is coupled with Marion de Lorme as an intriguing profligate, but unfavorably contrasted with her as a hypocritical prude, whose vice was without the palliative of warm temperment and a free and generous disposition. The only excuse, if any can be admitted, for thus maligning the memory of one of the few French women of her time who rose in the world without sacrificing their virtue, is that the dramatic author knew nothing of the real history of the Dauphiné peasant-girl; for she is represented in the play as the daughter of Mignot, a celebrated cook and pastry-maker in the reign of Louis XIV., who had the honor of being satirized by Boileau, and who, according to dates, might have been the son, but could never have been the father of Claudine. We may, however, well believe that, even had M. Boyard known the true story of her life and her blameless character, he would still have preferred perverting it, from the natural aversion and antipathy of French playwrights and novelists to a virtuous heroine.

I have now reached the end of my task, for Claudine did not continue in the world many years after the death of her royal husband, but retired to the convent of the Carmelites, which was then situated in the Rue de Beuley, whence it was removed subsequently to the Rue de Grenella. Thither Casimir's widow followed the community, among whom she remained until her death, which took place on the 30th of November, 1711, in about the ninety-fourth year of her age. It has been said that she lived gratuitously with the Carmelites; but this is not the case. She was received in the convent on the footing this remarkable woman, to call in question | of a boarder, as in this and other convents it was then the custom to receive ladies of | life-pilgrimage in the wooden clogs of a

high rank.

out on her long and bravely-accomplished | merits to within the level glance of royalty.

Dauphiné peasant, to end it, without once If the reader has followed me unweari- swerving from the path of womanly pued to this the last page of my narrative, | rity, the widow of a king. Truly regard-I trust that he will not grudge his meed | ed, it is a more edifying history than that of applause, as, in the pious retirement of of King Cophetna, who married the bega Carmelite convent, the curtain at last | gar-maid; for therein the beggar-maid is descends on the lifeless and time-wasted not purely indebted to the condescension form of the once levely Llauda, who set of the king, but raises herself by her own

From Chambers's Journal.

A N I C E ADVENTURE.

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the north-western district of the Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake-voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendent icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a fruitage of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark-roof! in the wild region. of the nearest settler, where my newsalbeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian | breakfast was dispatched, and then one servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provencal songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farmhouse, where the scraping of fiddles and echoing of feet announced one of those blithesome frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of blackwoods' life. On such ocasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received, though the house was crowded to suffication. But it soon appeared this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of | bevy of sleighs and trains, filled with a

our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyous scene it was! How they jested and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now footing old-forgotten dances with the rosy bride-maids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the softeyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw

The sun rose on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty and all-for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort

the bride on her way.

Through many of the blackwoods' settlements clergymen have never passed, and troths are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson's wedding." My two horse sleigh being the best-appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal; and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a

laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest of bridal peals, the young settlers played wild choruses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About mid day, we reached our destination, but we had to await the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, for the bride was portly, the bridegroom grizzled and they made the responses with a decision which showed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the bridemaids' station in the rear, was an open mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously, married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite and struggles of the little ones, and the boisterouslaughter of their clders, they were all duly christened, and then led away by their newly-wedded parents, amid a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had al ways meant to do so; and taking heart of grace, she smiled happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return-journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant Antoine sang jubilant bridal pagans, and trolled old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymenward a whole community. But after a time there were none but the newly wedded and myself to listen, for my against the starlit sky. We had about high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, reached the center of the bay, when a had far outsped the heavy steeds of the 'sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, other travelers, and were running them filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, out of sight and hearing.

"Let us go by the lake-shore," cried the the wilds. bridegroom; "then you'll see the 'tum- sound of cracking ice; and, without a ble, and we will be home yet before they, word, I put the hornes to their speed. The are "

weary myself of the monotony of the it rent the ice a-under. woods. I readily agreed. Between us

blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the deadily stillness. Meanwhile we bowled merrily on over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamp, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble-a succession of foaming cascades, by which the water of a lofty river found their way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the spray had raised before it. This duly admired, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine-crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to swifter pace, for with the sun's departure caine a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way, and abead was the promontory, showing darkly was repeated by the thousand echoes of It was the unmistakeable next moment, a yet louder and charper The idea was highly approved by the concursion broke on the silence, quickly new-made wife, and as I was somewhat followed by a third, which sounded us if

At once the truth flashed upon us. As and the shore was a winding gully filled often happens, the heavy swell of that with frozen snow, which soon brought us great inland sea was breaking up the solid to the broad belt of ice bording the land, ice; and we far from land, among the beyond was the lake, which, so far as we shattering fragments, we were in a posicould see, stretched a vast expanse of tion of the utmost peril, in which our only resource was flight; and again I urged on our bounding steeds. Meanwhile, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to discover where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them. and we could only speed on blindly. At length, our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn landward, and hurry on, if haply we might outstrip the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and to our consternation, we discovered that the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes. There was but one chance leftthat we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake-shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil on our own heads, increased its bitterness ten-fold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them The bridegroom's self-reall at fault. proaches were keenest of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of our misery; and when the third day

spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must so shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon rose in the deepblue sky, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

But the cold was intense. The wind. straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-furs, and crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigor of the night; and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at length broke on this long night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had swept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despondency we discovered, that as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on the spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had caten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment

broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. young bride still bore up; whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvelous endurance of her sex, which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unsubdued, and while she drew our coverings more closely round us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed, a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they thought to shatter it to pieces; clouds, as black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and, to crown all, the faintness of our hunger was succeeded by raging pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was well-nigh maddening, and many times, as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There | that adventure on the ice.

was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. But in the darkness we could distinguish nothing, and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and by the mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was "All's well that ends well," we found. thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of

From the British Quarterly.

THE PRUSSIA.* MEMOIRS COURT 0 F 0 F

THE writer who would adequately record the life and reign of Charles V. must be content to spend twenty years, at least, in the mere collection and arrangement of the enormous material extant. Von Hormayr, the learned Curator of the

Imperial Archives, a man gifted with almost incredible powers of memory. The problems of ancient history are simple, and its materials are few, compared with those which time has multiplied to exhaust the patience and perplex the judgment of the modern historian. Every war and every revolution, every campaign and almost every battle, every treaty and almost every article in every treaty, materially affecting the story of more recent times, possesses a voluminous literature of

^{*}Memoirs of the Court of Prussia. From the German of Dr. E. Vehse, by Franz C. F. Demm-LER. Nelson and Sons.

Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By Dr. E. Vense. Translated from the German, by Franz Dennier. 2 vols. Longman.

its own. Conscientiously to narrate a pomp of the governors can not blind his preliminary data. Impartially to pronounce a single judgment is to have passed sentence previously in a score of petty courts.

What then shall be done with that strange product of the imperial, the gothic and the papal past—yelept Modern Europe? Where is the sage who will explain to us the movements and the growth of a creature whose limbs are nations—a being made up of ever new myriads of mankind, multiform as the living symbols of prophetic vision, in every period a Proteus for change of shape, under every shape a chameleon for change of color? Every day makes it more evident that the history of modern times can only be attempted in detail. The needful division of labor may be effected in two ways. The historian must narrow his limits either as to time or as to subject. If a special subject be selected the time embraced may be extensive. Thus the historian may trace the fortunes of a class, a constitution, a policy, a phase of opinion, an idea. If, on the other hand, a complete history be undertaken, the period included should be short, since life is so, both for writers and read-History of the former kind is liable to error from arbitrary abstraction. tell of causes and not of their effects, to describe effects and say nothing about causes is only to mislead or tantalize the reader. It is not enough to relate the enactment of a succession of laws; we require also some account of the measure, the method, the effects of their enforcement. It is well that the historian of a court should show us how some longdrawn state procession glittered through the streets of a capital. It is better that he should also bring home to our sympathies the hopes and fears of the multitudes who waved their kerchiefs from the balconies, who surged and shouted in the squares, who swarmed on every steeple, roof, and tree. For what is the spectacle without the spectators?

Dr. Vehse has selected for his province the courts of Germany. But he has not told the story of a court in the spirit of a courtier. He does not believe that the arch of heaven was so gloriously hung with lights, or the floor of earth so variously bespread with beauty, merely that the world might be a dancing-hall or a summer-house for people of quality. The the day of its strength should be repeat-

single incident is to have sifted heaps of eyes to the penury of the governed. He has, accordingly, escaped the dangers to which the writer of a special history of this description was more peculiarly exposed. He has well accomplished a worthy undertaking, and has added to our historic stores a contribution of no mean value. His subject is well arranged in frequent and judicious divisions. while the ordinary arrangement of general history according to dynasties and reigns has been fertile in misconception, such a method was obviously the only one suitable for his purpose. To German diligence in the collection of his materials he has not added German duliness or German obscurity in their treatment. With good qualities so substantial it would be indeed thankless to complain that Dr. Vehse is not also a literary artist. The want of such skill and finish is the less felt as his subject abounds naturally in anecdote, personal description, and detail. narrative of the Thirty Years' War in Coxe is less distinct and animated by far than the account contained in the pages of Dr. Vehse. His translator bears a German name, and should receive the more praise on that account for his clear and idiomatic English.

The history of Germany has been determined by its geographical position. For several hundred years has Europe fought out her memorable quarrels in that central arena occupied by the States of the Empire. From Prague to Coblentz, from Stralsund to Trieste, its cities have been taken and retaken, times without number, by the contending forces of the north and south, of the east and west. The cavalry of every nation has blackened its plains with fire. The fiercest frontier warfare has reddened its great rivers with blood. The power of Germany has never been proportionate to its size, whether for the purposes of commerce or of conquest. Its seaboard is too straitened for maritime supremacy; its capabilities of union too uncertain for sustained territorial aggression. It has seldom been difficult for diplomacy to arm one part of Germany against another. With the consistency of selfishness the House of Hapsburgh has always been alike ready to demand the services, and to sacrifice the interests, of the German States. It was only natural that a power so insatiably rapacious in

ness.

The Germans are eminently receptive, at once from situation and character. Hence the peculiar interest of their history to the foreigner. Every one of the great surrounding nations may find in Germany some reflection of its policy, its literature, or its fashions. The German nobility at the court of Charles the V. were outshone on every hand by the Flemish and Burgundian magnificence, the Italian grace, the Castilian stateliness. Many a prince of the Empire would well nigh beggar those dependent on him at home, to furnish forth a tasteless imitation of the splendor which had dazzled him from abroad. The history of France is the history of illustrious Frenchmen. The story of every naval power is the story of native greatness. If the Italian republics intrusted their armies to the soldier of fortune, their fleets were led to victory by the Dorias and the Dandolas. But in the annals of Austria, every other nation traces the achievements of some famous countrymen. Her counsels have been guided and her forces marshaled by Spaniards and Italians, Croats and Piedmontese, by Walloons, by Hungarians, by Poles, by Frenchmen, or by Scots. But rarely does her chronicle record the conquests of an Austrian captain, or the successes of an Austrian diplomatist. Her great deliverers, Sobiesky and Eugene, are the honorable pride of Poland and Savoy. Wallenstein was the child of Bohemian Protestants, and the ferocious Tilly came from Flanders. Metternich was nurtured on the Rhine. Kaunitz, indeed, was born at Vienna, but he was by origin a Sclave, by temperament and tastes a Frenchman. Every state throughout the circumference of Europe has done its work by turns in the very heart of Germany. All have contributed to mark its history with the most romantic vicissitudes, and alternately to aggrandize or to despoil that central mass, so unwieldly or so mert.

To say that the want of a living vigorous union has been the bane of Germany, is simply to state a truism. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the sovereign power was steadily exerted for this object in the Empire, as it was elsewhere in Europe. In fact it was the policy of the House of Hapsburg which destroyed all hope of unity while such | His great captains had broken forever the

edly abandoned in the day of its weak- | union was still possible. To that house two great opportunities were offered for effecting the con-olidation of the German States. By its shortsighted ambition both were irrecoverably lost. We can see a necessity in France for the suppression of aristocratic feuds by some superior central power. We have sympathy for the kings of Scotland in their long struggle to establish among turbulent barons and savage clansmen the order of a monarchy. We can have none with the family of Hapsburg in their attempts to set up, at the cost of the Empire, an absolutism characterized by many of the vices inherent in the feudal system, without any of its virtues.

Early in the reign of Maximilian, the sagacious Archbishop of Mayence had planued a parliamentary constitution, which might have given coherence to the great Germanic body. The changes proposed would have bridged the gulf between the privileged and the lower orders; would, perhaps, have restored the old imperial glories; would certainly have rendered the crown of the Cæsars an inheritance of sevenfold value. The German Church might have survived—potent from a renovated life—to be a weightier counterpoise than ever to papal ambition. Germany, already looked on as effete—a cipher in the politics of Europe—might have led once more the van of Christendom. But the vain and volatile Maximilian, fantastical as a Quixote, without his earnestness, had but a single serious object in his life. That object was to aggrandize, by his alliances, the reigning House of Austria. Had the proposed constitution been established in Germany, he would have found it more difficult to enrich the head at the expense of the body. His opposition to the scheme of the primate was therefore decided and effectual.

To Charles V. another opportunity was presented, and blindly thrown away. It is impossible to contemplate the position of that prince, at the zenith of his power, without perceiving the magnitude of the change he might have effected in the destinies of Europe. When, in 1530, he held the Diet of Augsburg, he was but thirty years of age. Confident in the vast resources at his command, he had violated, with the impunity of an unquestioned despot, every article of his election oath.

power of the Swiss, under the walls of Milan. The flower of French chivalry had fallen at Pavia, and his most formidable rival had been for upwards of a twelvemonth, a captive at his mercy. The pontiff had ventured to oppose him; and ere long the lansquenets of Bourbon had stormed and sacked the Eternal City. With ill-concealed triumph, Charles had ordered public prayers in Madrid for the liberation of that insulted Holiness, whom he actually held a trembling prisoner within the walls of St. Angelo. With the fleet of Doria, he had vanquished his enemies by sea as well as by land. At Bologna, he had just been solemnly crowned King of Lombardy and Roman Emperor, by the hands of the now submissive Clement. As he crossed the Alps to enter Germany, he would be told how the dreaded Turk, strong in possession of Belgrade, flushed with the conquest of Rhodes, had been repulsed by the stouthearted gunners of Vienna.

While his arms were thus successful against foreign powers, two formidable insurrections had been suppressed at home. Led by the gallant Sickingen, the lesser nobility had risen against the princes of the Empire. But an isolated order—disdainful, in its knightly pride, of alliance with the people—sought in vain to cope with such antagonists. Then followed the peasants' war. The standing armies of Maximilian had familiarized numbers of the country folk with military discipline. While their burdens were multiplied, their power of resistance also had been growing. The reformed doctrines had awakened bolder hopes, while new exactions had kindled a fiercer indignation. Their demands were moderate. Even the worst excesses of their ignorance were not without some traits of gencrous forbearance. But no faith was kept, no pity shown, by knight, by noble, or by prelate, to the boor. Thousands of the prasantry were hewn down in fight, butchered after surrender, slowly slaughtered, with every ingenuity of torment. Thus were two successive outbreaks quelled, which, occurring together, might have wrested from the few some freedom for the many. But the class distinctions of feudalism were still too strong. The imperial noblesse and the peasantry failed, each of them, for lack of that which the other might have readily supplied. The life to her great religious division.

former perished for want of men, the latter for want of leaders.

At Augsburg, then, the great question of the day is to be decided. How will the new religion be dealt with by Charles —this emperor so firmly assured in his dominion, so fearless now, alike of "foreign levy," or "domestic treason?" He must know that, while he has been these nine years in Spain, the young faith has spread through every corner of his German territory. He must know that Luther's doctrine gives no countenance to popular disaffection. For did not the reformer himself at last denounce the peasants? And will not the Augsburg Confession be presented by the hands of princes? On the infancy of these new ideas Charles had looked but coldly. But they are in their infancy no longer. It is not too late for him to become himself, in part, their representative; to guide or qualify their force; to mediate between them and that Italian thraldom to which his imperial ancestry had so often set a limit.

On such a career Charles would have entered with every promise of success. A compromise might have been arranged. After some persecution of the extreme parties on either side, that compromise would have been established throughout Germany. A war of religion would not then have laid waste, for thirty years, the central lands of Europe. A counter-reformation, so unscrupulous, and so successful, could never have achieved its triumph. The reactionary crusade against freedom of thought could not invariably have scaled its success by extermination.

melancholy priest-ridden But the Charles was at heart a Spaniard. It was not for him to give the world another Casar of the grand old German stock. It was his ambition to rule in Germany as he ruled in Spain. To tolerate heresy was to declare himself no longer the temporal head of the Roman Catholic Church. So he condemns the Lutheran's anew, and enforces once more his Edict of Worms.

Yet, amidst many possible evils, we may readily suppose that Germany suffered, after all, the least. It was, doubtless, better that the old faith and the new should be left to do their worst and their best apart. In the absence of any vital principal of union, Germany owed new

This, then, is the purpose to which Charles, at the hight of his power, dedicates all his energies; he will abolish heresy, and rule the empire of the faithful. He will crush the desultory efforts of German independence by a foreign army. He will lay that country, vanquished, bound hand and foot, upon the altar of his superstition. He will render priestcraft absolute, and make a Spain of Germany. It is true, he must temporize for awhile. He must arrange his dispute with France. He must reduce the rebellious Flemings. He must consent to pay a tribute to the infidel, that his hands may be free against the heretic. But his resolution knows no wavering.

Let us pass by some score of eventful years, and see to what this policy has brought him. On a cold and rainy night, a handful of attendants, bearing torches, conduct a litter through the precipitous gorges of the Tyrol. They hurry up the steeps with the speed of fear. Hastily they break down every bridge, as they cross the mountain torrents. The occupant of the litter is the same Charles V. —the lord of the New World and the Old. His hair is already gray; his countenance dark and sickly; his features distorted by the torment of the gout. He is flying from a Protestant army. In a few hours the pursuing troopers of Prince Maurice will enter Innspruck; they will ransack his furniture; they will fill their pockets with his pistoles; they will flaunt in the silken bravery of his Spanish suite. Consumed by rage and shame, he feels the gloom of his saturnine temperament darkening into despair. Weary of sovereignty, weary of life, he knows not where to look for aid or sympathy. He suspects, with reason, that the Pope, chafing at imperial arrogance, has been the secret abettor of his foe. He knows that his own family have been alienated by his selfish schemes. He has been told how Henry of France is raising Alsace by proclamations of Germany liberty. He has played, and lost. His sun is down. Germany will never be Spanish now. Oh, for the quiet shadows of a cloister, and the sound of holy bells, and the measured lapse of the unmarked conventual days!

The designs of Charles had been thus unexpectedly baffled by the energy and the caution of a single mind. It was Prince Maurice who succeeded, where the Electors and the cities of Germany had so The secrecy of the strong man must be distinguished from the mere deceitfulness of the weak. No man in a position like that of Maurice, of William, or of Crombelletors and the cities of Germany had so well, will find it possible to act if he can

disgracefully failed. Luther had early discerned the nature of the young lion in that tall, swarthy, falcon-eyed stripling, who sat at the table of the Elector, John Frederick. Maurice had refused to join the Protestant League. He was certain of advancement from the emperor. He foresaw only disaster from the jealousy, the supineness, and the fear which paralyzed the counsels of the reformed. Charles, who rewarded his adherence at the expense of the defeated Protestants, believed that he had secured an unthinking tool. But Maurice was not born to be the tool of any man alive. Charles held in his hands two captives the spiritless and faithless Philip of Hesse, and the simple-minded, phlegmatic Elector of Saxony. The honor of Maurice had been pledged for the liberation of Philip. By a shameless artifice Charles had retained his prisoner, and so inflicted insult on that honor. From that hour young Maurice resolved that Philip should prove the most costly captive ever withholden by perfidious king. His plan was never whispered in mortal ear. His own secretary was as completely deceived as the Argus-eyed spies of Charles. Day after day he lived his jovial life, foremost in the chase, longest at the wine, hovering in the train of beauty, playing high at tric-trac and omber, far into the night. Yet all the while the mine is being laid; and the power which Charles has given to this seeming instrument will destroy in a week the despotic projects of a lifetime. Under the mask of a frivolous Paris was concealed the wise Ulysses. Though entrapped and beset by wiles, it does not appear that Maurice used any weapon which his adversaries could with reason account unfair. He did not violate an oath, though before him lay imperial example. He foiled Italian craftiness by a dissimulation yet more profound. We read with pleasure how William of Orange unlocked the secrets of the Spanish cabinet by a subtilty still deeper than the subtilty of Philip. With scarcely less gratification do we follow the swift and stealthy footsteps of the inscrutable Maurice, as he frees his country from The historic judgment does the toils. not here apply the highest moral standard. The secrecy of the strong man must be distinguished from the mere deceitfulness of the weak. No man in a position like that of Maurice, of William, or of Cromnot perfectly dissemble. The center of a thousand treacherous eyes—a look is talkative; a start is a self-betrayal; the movement of a muscle may let loose a rumor, or publish a resolve. These men of impenetrable purpose render services impossible to more genial and impulsive natures. But for such wisdom of the serpent, the innocence of the dove could nowhere have survived. What does it profit a country if it has only Egmonts to fall blindly into the power of its Alvas? In an age of dissimulating policy, Germany could only be rescued by the most accomplished of dissemblers.

The sudden march of Maurice on Charles, surprising him without money, without arms, without allies, issued in the Treaty of Passau (1552.) This political compromise, while it arrested the persecuting policy of the Emperor, could effect little for the real redress of religious grievances. It was an armistice rather than a peace. It was one of those facile and futile arrangements which, so far from settling a dispute, contain the elements of a far more terrible conflict.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century, the doctrines of the Reformation overspread, with little interruption, the whole of Southern Germany. The sumptuous and laughter-loving Ferdinand I. was not a persecuting emperor. jovial Maximilian II. was on friendly terms with the Protestants, and tolerant on principle. The moody Rodolph II. shut himself up in his palace, little solicitous to enforce his own superstition among his subjects. This melancholy virtuoso was absorbed in his coins and pictures, his menagerie and his conservatories, his astrolabes and crucibles. While the emperors were formidable neither from ambition nor fanaticism, the power of the nobility was naturally on the increase. The dominions of the house of Austria were studded with the impregnable keeps, the palace-like mansions, the battlemented hunting seats of these high-spirited barons, The courtyard of many among their colossal fortresses might have contained a village. The strength and thickness of the walls; the prodigious size of their galleries; their cisterns and their kitchens are, even in their ruin, the admiration of every traveler. These strongholds of the ancient noblesse frowned from the Bohemian fastnesses and the mountain passes of Styria.

They were the warden towers of the vineyards and pasture lands of Hungary. They commanded town and hamlet, mill and cornfield, from the chain of hights above the wooded slopes of the great Danubian valley. Within fifty years from the peace of Passue, almost every one of the great feudatories of the Empire had thrown off the yoke of the old religion. As Protestants they became more independent of the Emperor. Enriched by the appropriation of Church property, they were better able than ever to maintain that independence. They formed a league among themselves for the assertion of aristocracy against monarchy. It seemed as though the new religion was about to conserve the old feudalism against the centralizing tendency of modern times. Throughout the hereditary possessions of the Hapsburg family, the imperial authority was liable to check at every point from a Protestant nobility supported by a Protestant people. The Venetian ambassador reported that but a tenth of Germany remained true to the ancient faith. Every young Austrian of rank, who would follow the prevailing fashion, enrolled his name among the students of Wittemberg. Even in Bavaria the nobles were rapidly forsaking Rome. In the Archduchy of Austria but five of the noble houses remained Papists; in Carinthia, they were seven; in Styria, not more than one.

As the seventeenth century is just about to open, with Protestanism thus triumphant, a youth of nineteen, prostrate at the fect of Pope Clement VIII., is taking a vow to restore, though at peril of his life, the supremacy of the Romish faith. This is Ferdinand of Styria, who will become the Philip II. of Germany. For forty years—during nearly one half of that time as emperor—this man of one idea, this automaton of the priesthood, will have life and movement only for the extirpation of the Protestant religion. "Better a desert than a country full of heretics," was his answer to the remonstrance of a cardinal who retained some grains of prudence, some sparks of humanity. He was heard to say that if he saw at once an angel and a priest, his homage should be rendered, first and lowliest, to the churchman, not the seraph. The extravagance of his servility anticipated all that even Jesuitism could demand. By day the Jesuit was ever at his elbow; by night the Jesuit had access to his bedside. The Jenuit

was the instigator of every waking act; he struck the blow. The most revered of or to toll the bell for vespers.

duke, by burning Lutheranism out of his own provinces, Styria, Carniola, and Ca-The nobles fled to Bohemia, whence, on a future day, they were to Vienna. The people beheld in dismay They saw their churches in flames, and the gibbet erected among the ruins of the sanctuary. Then they themselves, refusing to recant, were driven from their land, wounded by the brutal troopers, impoverished by the pitiless law.

It may be difficult to conceive a hatred more implacable than that which Ferdinand already bore to the Protestant name. But scarcely had he been elected emperor, when an event occurred which added to the fury of his fanatism the rankling sense of personal insult. The nobles rose in armed defence, at once of their religion and their order. His capital was beleaguered by the Bohemian forces. balls crashed through his palace windows. Through one age-long night he clung in terror to his crucifix. In the morning he was in the hands of angry Austrian noble men. But at that moment the bugles of might allow them. A few of the ancient Dampierre are heard in the palace-yard. Five hundred Walloons have saved the imperial devotee!

When a Ferdinand was a coward. youth of twenty-two, in the midst of his soldiers, clad in gorgeous armor, he had galloped away with his suite from the dust of a herd of bullocks and swine. He had been horribly frig tened by those Bohemians, and nothing is so unforgiving as fear. It would have been easy to predict the kind of vengeance such a man would exact, when, by the v ctory of the White Mountain, his generals had placed Bohemia at his m-rcy. He retained his victims within his reach by feigned moderation and promises of pardon. Then | maintained by two gallant soldiers of for-

the Jesuit was the guardian angel of his the Bohemian magnates were martyred in very dreams. Other emperors had placed the circus of Prague. Forty-three miltheir glory in successful resistance to the lions of florins replenished the imperial papal pretensions, in victories which hum-exchequer from the confiscated estates of bled the Crescent before the Cross, or in those who were professedly pardoned. campaigns which laid the keys of wealthy The resources, the liberties, the records, cities at their feet. But Ferdinand is the literature of Bohemia were destroyed never so happy as when they allow him for ever. Then Moravia, Upper and to perform some menial office in the clois- Lower Austria, and Silesi, were devaster or the church. This shaveling Cæsar tated by every atrocity of persecution. is proud to minister as an acolyte at mass, The arts of the Jesuit and the ferocity of Dohna's dragoons were combined, to Ferdinand began his work, while arch- "work out salvation," as it as called, by treachery by pillage, by torture, by massacre. In Silesia (which had surrendered, trusting to the imperial promise,) we are told how two officers, seizing each the leg march an avenging army to the gates of of a child, cleft it is twain, and delivered the two halves to the parents, saying, bonfires of Bibles in every market-place. "There you have it, sub utraque." The north and west of Germany were filled with refugee. Ferdinand was about to realize his choice. The desert was beginning to take the pl ce of heresy, and he gave thanks accordingly to the Virgin and the saints.

The old aristocracy of Austria was now replaced by a new one—by Ita ian, Spanish, and Croatian purvenus—by creatures pampered with the spoils of the wealthiest heretical houses, devoted to Rome, to Hapsburg, and the Jesuits. The profits of the proscription were enormous, for it was to their riches more than to their opinions that the majority of the victims oxed their fate. Like the king of the vultures, the emperor first gorged hims If, wrile, at respectful distance, the meaner birds of prey stood watching round, waiting to pounce on the remains his appetite families still survived, but their position was isolated and precirious. They occupied an uncertain eminence—the monuments of that vanishing system which had once sustained them in such numbers and They re-embed those such strength. scattered boulders of rock which are seen in the Alpine valleys—fragments once supported, with a multitude of their fellows, by the great platform of a glacier; but now left behind, resing on the peaks and ridges of the ice, soon to slide down into the abysses upon either side.

The complete overthrow of the Protestant cause in Bohemia was but the first of many disasters. The conflict was next tune—the fair-haired, humpbacked Mansfeld, and the open-handed, chivalrous Brunswick. Both were compelled to give way before the overwhelming forces of the Empire. Then the King of Denmark assumed the lead. But the royal veteran was driven back through his own territories, hunted to his ships, forced to sue for peace. The counter-reformation was everywhere triumphant. The armies of the great Roman Citholic League were victorious from the Pomeranian marches to the shores of the Adriatic.

But this imposing success was fraught with danger to Ferdinand. The head of Papal Christendom, and the Cardinal . ho governed France, could neit er of them behold without alarm the dangerous preponderance which the House of Austria had acquired by its zeal. Germany lay mute at the feet of the dictator Wallenstein—the worshiped leader of the finest army in Europe. This Duk- of Friedland, with his hundred and fitty thousand men, was known to be devoted to the imperial intere t. No sooner had Charles V. overthrown the Protestant Leigue, than the jealous pontiff had begun to intrigue against the too successful persecutor. But the power of Ferdinand was now more formidable than had been that of The consequence is obvious. The leaders of the grand crusade against Prote tantism were at once divided into two parties. The old fend of Guelph and Gn-belline was revived in the seventeenth century, under other names and with other tacties—was revived in the presence of an adversary contending for very lif., humbled indeed, but exasperated and indomitable. That strife among the victors brought breathing time, brought succor to the vanquished. Once more the fallen cause of the Protestant found an avenger, and the invading armies of Gustavus overran the region which had been the source and scene of such innumerable wrongs.

On the one side Richelieu, on the other Wallenstein, led the two great sections of the Roman Catholic party. The in rigues of the former were seconded by the pope, by Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Popish League, by the new nobles of the Empire, by the Jesuits, and by the Italo-Spanish faction at the Court. Wallenstein, on the other hand, was strong in the greatness of his name, the devotion of his army, and, for a time, in the sup- | beside this the confiscation of a fortune so-

port of the emperor. He had crushed the Protestant power to make the emperor mighty, not to aggrandize the pope. He had not drawn his sword to become the executioner of the priesthood. He was the head of German against the Italian interest. He sought to humble electors, dukes, and princes, that Ferdinand might rule them as the kings of France and Spain c ntrolled their own noblesse: He would have remodelled the Empire, substituting for the smaller Protestant princes a military ari-tocracy, like that which afterwards sprang up beneath the · agles of Napoleon. At a word from his master, he would have marched to the gates of Rome. He was prepared to carry the war into the heart of France. There he would have raised the nobles against Richelieu and the Crown, as Richelieu had supported the German princes against himself and Ferdinaud. But Jesuit intrigue and French diplomacy prevailed on the emperor to dismiss the man whose genius might have given him almost universal monarchy.

The retirement of Wallenstein on shone the splendors of imperial state. His offcers became his courtiers. His sumptuous table, with its hundred dishes, was surrounded by his great captains, pensioned, to the very least of them, with a princely revenue. Sixty noble pages, gorgeous in azure velvet and in gold brocade, waited on the stern and mysterious chieftain who read his greatness in the Four-and-twenty chamberlains, stars. with their golden keys, did the honors of his palace. In his stables a thousand steeds were feeding at marble mangers. A hundred carriages accompanied him when he traveled forth, fitty drawn by six

horses, fifty drawn by tour.

The victories of Gustavus Adolphus restored the dreaded Friedlander to the supreme command. He was the only leader who could save the terrified priests of Vienna from the redoubted "Snow-King." He felt his power, and demanded unlimited control. He rescued Austria, and became in fact the master of the state. Such services could never be forgiven. It was pretended that he had conspired against that authority which he had always labored to make absolute. Ferdinand was thankful to be relieved by the hand of the assassin from the burthen of a benefit too great to be endured. And

colossal would fill his coffers in a moment. An old legend relates how on the incautious opening of a letter sent by a waterdemon there trickled first of all a few drops of water from the corner of the scroll. The drops ran into a stream; the stream swelled to an inexhaustible flood, till at last the strength of a great inundation undermined a mountain, pushed aside and overthrew its toppling bulk, so that the summit which the stars had visited became the bed of raging torrents. Somewhat thus did the fateful missives of diplomacy, fraught with subtle influences of ever growing force, overturn Wallenstein, the mighty one—the holder of sunless gold, the feaster of marauding men of prey—and the mountain that stood so strong, that was the haunt of the eagle, the lair of the lion, fell prostrate with all its hoard of golden ore, and all its shadowy forest secresies, and the place thereof knew it no more.

Ferdinand II. did not live to see the close of the Thirty Years' War. His successor, a third Ferdinand, beheld the final desolation of every district which former campaigns had spared. Cossacks and Poles, Walloons, and Croats, and—ruthless as the worst—the imperial troops themselves, completed the ravage of his fairest posses. sions. His arms were every where unfortunate. His family fled with their treasure to the heart of Styria, and were robbed upon the road by the bandit soldiery of the Empire. For eight months a pupil of Gustavus lay encamped in the very center of his realm; and there was now no Wallenstein whose genius might arrest the progress of the Swede. We read in the saintly fable of the Middle Age of that fell dragon which swallowed St. Margaret and her cross, and then, smitten by the power of the holy thing he had devoured, lay groveling in the throes of death, and yielded up, from his bursting entrails, the fatal prey. It seemed as though the persecuting Empire, having in like manner devoured Protestantism, was now about to be rent asunder and to perish in these convulsions—the victim, also, of its own ravening fury.

The peace of Westphalia frustrated for ever the Hapsburg design of rendering all Germany one absolute and Catholic monarchy. A great combined effort among the Romanist powers of Europe, to destroy the reformed religion by the sword, had signally failed. As they owed their cutor of the Huguenot at home, was

first advantages to dissension among Protestants, so they owed their final discomfiture to dissensions among themselves. The most zealous among them had exhausted their own resources by the ferocity of their crusade. Devout and devastated Austria saw heretical Sweden and Brandenburg aggrandized by a war which had been undertaken to extinguish heresy. The very violence of her efforts had only raised barriers against berself. There are shores upon our island which owe their safety from the encroachments of the sea to that beach of pebbles which the sea itself has thrown up. The more frequent and furious the storms, the more do they add to the bulk of this protecting dyke, which they create while they assail. Somewhat thus did the blind fury of Austria, in her resolve to overwhelm the Protestants, eventually build about her, like a breakwater, an entrenchment of Protestant States, on the north and on the west. At the conclusion of the war she saw the Dutch Republic acknowledged as a sovereign power. She saw France assume the lead in Europe. Was it for this that Ferdinand had paid the Cossack hordes to burn by hundreds his thriving Austrian villages, to maim and massacre by thousands the most industrious of his subjects? It was true that the House of Hapsburg could now hold court at Vienna, surrounded by an aristocracy the most servile in the world—by ennobled freebooters, spies, and desperadoes—by informers gorged with the price of infamy, and butchers red with the blood of the people—by men whose villainies were to be reckoned by the decorations which they wore—men who owed the glitter on their breasts to the blackness of their hearts. But by a righteous retribution the gain to tyranny at home was the loss of influence abroad. German princes did not now, as formerly, call the emperor master. Compared with the King of France he was insignificant. The emperor was a hero to the valets of the empire—and to them alone.

The age of religious wars had passed away before the Thirty Years' War attained its close. Already had the European States began to form combinations on a principle which overlooked the differences of creed. No man did so much as Richelieu to introduce this great change in the international politics of the continent. That rigid churchman, the perseabroad the ally of the Protestant Swede against the Catholic emperor. It was Richelieu who arranged that peace with Poland which left Gustavus Adolphus free to assail the Empire. Throughout his brief and glorious career Gustavus found his best auxiliary in the arts, the money, and the arms France.

When the Swedish hero was no more, his Chancellor Oxensteirn concerted his plans with Richelieu, and his general Wrangel, laid waste Bavaria in company with Turrene. When the danger of Aus trian supremacy had passed by, the ambition of Louis XIV. repeatedly united the Papal and the Protestant powers of Europe against the overweening pretensions of France. At the head of one such coalition stood William III. The victories of another were won by Marlborough and Eugene. When the war of the Spanish succession opened, the Jesuits who ruled the punctihous dullness of the Austrian court were but too happy to secure the The monkish support of the heretic. Leopold filled his ranks with Prussian and Hanoverian troops, his exchequer with Dutch and English gold. But this assistance was not obtained without mortifying concessions. Such an alliance with powerful and wealthy Protestant communities let in some rays of light which pierced even the priestly darkness of the imperial cabinet. A step had been gained when the emperor could affect no longer to ignore the political existence of heresy among the states of Europe. The power of obscurantism in Austria itself was still farther shaken when that country became dependent on Protestant governments for supplies. A third shock was inflicted by the entrance into the very court of Vienna of that skeptical philosophy which had been rendered fashionable by France. Thus far Austria was compelled to advance a little with the rest of the world. But the Austria of the present day—the Aus-! tria of the Concordat—seeks to abolish all memory of her brief twilight, and would return to a more than mediæval darkness.

In Joseph I. the Empire received a sovereign whose youth, unlike that of his predecessors, had never been poisoned by the arts of priestly education. Never had emperor exacted with more insufferable rigor the ceremonial observance of a court. But under the cumbrous traditional mechanism a new spirit was at work. During measured, almost cold. He is not more superior to the men about him at Vienna by the fertility and compass of his genius than by the moral elevation of his character. Where bribery is universal and excused, Eugene is incorruptible. Where implacability is identical with honor, Eugene was never known to avenge him-

his short reign the War of the Succession was prosecuted with a vigor which amazed those courtiers who had grown old under the Chinese régime of that phlegmatic teller-of-beads, Leopold I. Joseph read and thought for himself. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Marlborough. He placed Eugene on the footing of a friend. He mortified the Jesuits by his sneers; he terrified them by his threats. In vain did they write home to the Pope; in vain did they dress up their best ghost, to scare the innovator with menace from another world. The hobgoblin was flung into the palace moat. His Holiness was told to be quiet, lest worse things might follow.

The successor of Joseph—that feeble and listless piece of pomposity, Charles VI.—ventured, in many things, to follow the more liberal policy of his brother. For he had visited England and Holland, to whose alliance he was under the deepest obligation. He held the Jesuits in check, and so arrested extensive persecution. He enforced conventual reforms, and so put down many houses of ill-fame.

Charles was not only himself destitute of vigor and ability, he knew not how to discern or appreciate such qualities in others. Yet the finest military talents of the age were engaged to fight his battles. Peterborough and Staremburg retrieved his fortunes in Spain. Eugene, as commander, diplomatist, and statesman, devoted to a thankless master the maturity of his extraordinary powers.

It is impossible to proceed with the story of Austrian absolutism till we have paused to look on this Eugene—so incomparably the greatest man of his time—in so many of his thoughts beyond it—so wise, so brave, so good. His personal appearance is by no means one of promise. Below the middle hight, with a long lean face, of dark complexion, with a prominent nose, its great nostrils blackened by Spanish snuff, his dark and lustrous eyes are the only redeeming feature in a countenance usually directed upwards, as though wistfully seeking a something in the air. His demeanor is courteous, measured, almost cold. He is not more superior to the men about him at Vienna by the fertility and compass of his genius than by the moral elevation of his character. Where bribery is universal and excused, Eugene is incorruptible. Where implacability is identical with honor,

self upon an adversary. Assailed by intrigue and calumny in their most trying forms, he retained unruffled his admirable good humor. During a time of distress, Eugene increased the number of his workmen when others were reducing theirs. He declared himself prompted to religion, not so much by a dread of God as by gratitude for his benefits. "If I thought," said he, "that my soul would die with my body, I should still strive after goodness, I should act as I do now." During many years of Jesuit censorship, art had disappeared, and literature grown dumb. Eugene adorned the capital with public buildings. It was his delight to fill his choice and sumptuous library with curious books and manuscripts. His collection of engravings is still the pride of the Imperial gallery. He was the friend of Leibnitz, he corresponded with Montesquieu and So many famous victories Boerhave. never awakened in him the insolence of success, or the vain man's craving for applause. Never had the empire at the head of affairs a counselor so free from the characteristic vices of the imperial policy—a groveling despair after failure, a rapacious arrogance after success. did all that one man could do to restrain the senseless extravagance of the court, and to bring about a more equable distribution of the public burdens. scarcely necessary to add that, a character so great and noble became the natural mark of Jesuit malignity. There is reason to suppose that a poisoned letter (happily, fatal only to a dog,) which Eugene received after the battle of Oudenarde, was, in fact a characteristic token of regard from the fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Very striking is the contrast afforded by the Courts of Berlin and of Vienna under the contemporary sovereigns, Frederick William I. and Charles VI. At the former you see only military men; everywhere blue coats, pigtails, a d long sword; no flowing perukes, gorgeous brocades, or French finery. At the latter, the throng of courtiers wear the short black Spanish cloak, set off with point lace, red stockings and red shoes. No one in regimentals is presentable. Those who glitter with jewelery are the high nobility. Those distinguished by red heels are the lesser—the Di minores. There stands the emperor, splendid with scarlet and gold embroidery, be tecked with many-colored plumes, while every

one bows low, and drops upon one knee. His very name may not be pronounced on a public occasion without a similar reverence. Ten paces taken by him are equivalent to thirty paces advanced by an elector; and the Lord Chamberlain would pronounce the imperial glory for ever tarnished if his Majesty acknowledged the electoral genuflexion by more than half a Those admitted to an audience

have paid much and waited long.

At Berlin, on the contrary, Frederick William calls every officer his comrade. Every private among his dear "blue boys" finds ready access to a sovereign who is rather his colonel than his king. He is a father, in his rough fashion, to all the men of that tall Potsdam guard which his crimps have collected for him from every part of Europe. For giants are his hobby; and at Potsdam it is not length of pedigree or length of purse, but length of man which carries the day. At Vienna there are some thousand chamberlains. At Berlin, four generals suffice, for all such offices, a king who lives hard, works hard, and expects all about him to do likewise. Both courts lead a monotous life, from causes the most opposite. At the one there is too much to do, at the other too little. The monotony of Berlin is the monotony of a barracks and a house of business combined—now the parade, now the accounts, now the audience, as each inexorable hour draws on with its methodical press of work. The monotony of Vienna is that of interminable cerem nies, torpid drives, leaden pagentry. The Prussian king seems to be always inspecting balance-sheets or drilling his men. The Austrian emperor is always seated in state upon his throne, or kneeling in state in his church. During Lent, church going was carried to such excess that life must have been scarcely supportable. Poor Duc de Richelieu! Nothing on earth would have induced him to become ambassador at Vienna, if he could have foreseen his fate. "No one," he writes, "but a Capuchin in the rudest health, could hold out under the life we have been living lately. I have not had a quarter of an hour a day to myself. Between Palm Sunday and the Wednesday after Easter I calculate that I have passed a hundred hours in church with the emperor!" Unfeignedly do we pity him. It ought to have been considered in his salary.

The emperor always considered it be-

neath him to inquire into money matters. So half Vienna lived on his kitchen and cellar. It is easy to understand how it happened that one year he was charged 4000 florins for his parsley. Official and courtly blood-suckers drained the resources of the state. To walk thirty miles on a hot day might somewhat fatigue a robust pedestrian, even on level ground, and in England; but it would be impossible to walk half that distance through some of the woody regions of India, with midges and gnats, ticks and musquitoes, biting the skin or burrowing in the flesh, with fifty lecches clinging to each leg, with leeches crawling down the back, leeches trying to hang at either eyelid. But such a traveler in India is not at greater disadvantage, compared with him in England, than the Austrian government of Charles VI., compared with the administration of Prussia under Frederick William her second king. drove hard bargains with every one. No aristocratic idlers sauntered about the preciucts of his court. He was rough in manners, furious in temper, coarse in speech. He seldom passed a day without venting a passion by kicking, caning, and cursing some one near him. But he was an honest man, and he had a conscience. His people never groaned under a burden which he was too selfish, too indolent, or too timid to remove. He treated with bitter contempt the petty disputes about place and precedence which at Vienna would have assumed an import scarcely less momentous than the arrangement of a treaty or the scheme of a campaign. Eleven of his ministers of state were commoners by birth. He promoted officers from the ranks. He would be served by none but Prussians. He bequeathed to his successor a treasury filled by parsimo nious self-denial; an army, the best disciplined in Europe; and subjects united as one man in that vigorous sense of nationality which no art could kindle in the apathetic masses under Austrian rule. Throughout the Austrian dominions routine and ceremony were a kind of perpetual consu's—a dunmvirate, regulating and marring all things from the course of justice to the courses of a dinner table. A dish had to pass through four-and-twenty hands before it could reach its destination beneath the nose of Majesty. A memorial, or the account of a public creditor, had to be entered, reëntered, reported on,

signed, copied. vised, and what not, by more than eighty persons. To such processes our "Circumlocation Office" is a winged Mercury. In Prussia the courts were terrified into better speed, lest the king should come in and imprison or hang judge, attorney, or accused, out of band, to have the matter somehow done with. Lawyers he abhorred, and would not suffer one of the tribe to live in the country lest the farmers should grow litigious.

A room is still shown in the palace at Berlin where Frederick William was accustomed to pass his evenings—the president of a smoking club. This apartment was kept neat and clean as a Dutch kitchen—was much like one, indeed, with its plain furniture, and shelves of blue crockery. It is easy for imagination to fill it once more with clouds of smoke, and to discern through the azure mist, the king, his ministers, his generals, the envoys from foreign courts, perhaps some princely visitor, all seated round the long table, every man with his pipe in his mouth and a foaming tankard before him. The table is covered with German and French papers. Near the king sits General Grumbkow, a soldier without courage, a boon companion without faith, but a man who knows how to make himself necessary. Biberious Grumbkow, they call him, for he is a hard drinking old gourmand. He alone keeps an extravagant table, and the frugal king sends the foreign princes and ambassadors to him for entertainment. He is always needy, and always bribed, now by England, now by Austria. Opposite to Grumbkow sits his enemy, the rough-spoken but kindly Prince of Anhalt Dessau, to whose spirit and discipline the army owes so much Near him sits Ilgen, the polite, the crafty, the clear-headed,—a man of imperturbable serenity and unfathomable purpose. He has the department for foreign affairs, —the truest hearted, farthest sighted counsellor the king possesses. He, too, dislikes and suspects the servile Grumbkow. But Grumbkow has at once a paymaster and a supporter in his neighbor Seckendorf, the Austrian ambassador, who seldom quits the side of the king from seven in the morning to eleven or twelve at night, fair weather or foul, at the chase or table, at the club or the parade; who has bribed every accessible person from minister to valet; who lives only to keep his majesty in good humor

with the Court of Vienna. Seckendorf hates tobacco; but see how he fingers his empty pipe, how he works his upper lip, in courtly imitation, and seems to smoke as hard as the king himself. Observe, especially, that fat man, in a preposterous white wig, with a chamberland's gold key fastened to his coat. He is just standing up to deliver a pedantic explanation of some allusion in a newspaper more recondite than usual. It is Gundling, at once the court scholar and court fool—the butt of those merciless practical jokes in which Frederick William so delights. The favorite sport of the club is to tickle the vanity of the poor man by promises and flattery; to make him drunk and then disfigure him; to hoax him by sarcastic preferments, and then madden him by ridicule and horse-play. You see those small pans on the table, full of burning turf for lighting the pipes. One evening, a rival servant was introduced into the lover of books. club to tease Gundling by presenting him

with a satire he had composed against him as the "Learned Fool." Well, one of those very pans did the enraged Gundling snatch up, and flung the contents thereof into his adversary's face. the enemy, nimble and strong, flew at him, mastered the heavy doctor with one hand, and in the other, flourishing the glowing pan, belabored therewith the massive stern-works of the hapless Gundling to his heart's content. Sing, O Muse! the conflict of the sages—the encouraging shouts, and the tearful laughter of the club—the crash of broken pipes, and the torrents of spilt beer-the exultant face of the flagellator, with singed eyebrows and blackened cheeks—the yells and oaths of the struggling Gundling, as the branding implement descends, and is pressed home; and how, for four long weeks to come, he was disqualified utterly for that sedentary life, so dear to every

TO BE CONCLUDED.

From the North British Review.

DISINTEGRATION EMPIRES.* 0 F

A ROUGH resemblance (not more) brings | truth, the desperate and shameless corhere into comparison the instances of ruption, and venulity, and the tyrannous China and Russia. In China it is the wrongfulness of the administrative or existence and spread of the Taeping rebellion that renders European influences far more penetrative than otherwise they could be, and therefore more perilous. In Russia, whether the Polish rebellion is crushed or not just now, the effort to crush it deeply imperils those internal revolutions which the emperor, or a party about him, is endeavoring to effect. But it is not on the side of Poland only that dangers thicken. The corruption of the official mass throughout Russia is so deep, wide, and inveterate, that, to apply a remedy, or even a corrective, would demand the highest skill and courage, exerted through a long and a tranquil season. In

office-bearing class (the bureaucracy) is the fatal symptom in the case of Russia. The evidence that bears upon this alleged corruption is to be listened to with caution; for no reader of Prince Dolgorukof's book, or of Herzen's Kolokol, or of publications, similar passionate take them as if they were what it is manifest they are not; they are samples of what may be risked in the way of exaggeration, by writers who know that they are safe in thus provoking contradiction. "Will you tell me I can not make good my accusations? You dare not confront me before the European Public." There can be no reasonable doubt that the administration of government in every department, including that of courts of

Concluded from page 276.

justice, which is worst of all, has been corrupt and atrocious, beyond the usual measure of despotic governments. But we should recollect what is the true meaning of this corruption; and what is the probable consequence of the exposure to which at this time it is subjected.

Does the venality and the wrongfulness of the official class in Russia truly represent the moral condition of the mass whence the individual official men ardrawn; or would it be fair to say—The Russian people at large are such as these official persons show them to be? or ought we not rather to assume that the men in office constitute a class, privileged under an irresponsible tyranny, and defended by it from the vengeance of public opinion, to do all wrong things at their pleasure? This second supposition we should incline to accept as nearer to the truth than the first. But if the first hypothesis were taken, then there could indeed be little prospect of carrying out the reforms which the government is honestly intending and wishing to realize. Shall these, the very same men—trained in wrong as they are, and nursed in shamelessness—shall they be taught virtue by penalties, by exile, or by the knout? Cutting off the heads of mandarins produces little virtue in China; nor indeed elsewhere, if the culprits are so many that they bear a large appreciable proportion to the class out of which they come. But if these delinquents refused to be reformed, and must be removed, and others put in their places, where are those the r substitutes and successors to be found? Nowhere on the first supposition; and with extreme difficulty even on the second. An effective reform on the bureaucracy must be the work of a long and enlightened reign, the forces of which, and its tact, must be brought to bear upon the social system in all its breadth, and in such a manner as sha linduce an improved moral consciousness in the mass of the people to bear upon the official class with effective energy. But this will never be until a free press is allowed to do its part in Russia; but this is a revolution that is still far off.

A press much more free than we in England, or than most f us had imagined, has in fact made a commencement of its attack upon the official corruption of the empire. The imperial government has relaxed its censorship in certain specified

matters. But then in comes a peril of another order. The license allowed to the press for exposure of official corruption not only frightens and irritates the hosts of those who fatten upon ir, but it lifts a little a floodgate through which a deluge will enter. The mind and feeling of Russia has now been put in movement and it will not stay any where until it touches upon the doings of the Imperial Council. Hitherto injustices and official outrages have been submitted to; but then "Our Father" was believed to know that the wrongs of his children. Not so now; for now the "Father" has confessed that he is cognizent of the wickedness of his servants. Nor does the zeal he shows in attempting a reform by any means counterbalance the damage that has been done to Russian piety by the Imperial recognition of the facts. This Russian worship of the Czar received a deadly wound in the Crimean disasters. Nicholas literally died of it; Alexander II. politically succumbed at this stroke. In a sense somewhat the same, as we have said above, the paternal rule in China lost its vitality in the late assault upon Pekin. In Russia the damage that was done to the paternal sway, in a similar manner, has been greatly increased by the impoverishment of the government, and the derangement of the commercial system and of the revenue. But there follows a damage of a still more serious kin 1; and this springs from the aforesaid recognition on the part of the Imperial Government of the corruption which pervades its administration

A parallel instance—parallel to a certain extent—presents itself here, to which we may direct attention. It is not, on the whole, a comparable instance; nevertheless, the lesson it teaches is almost the same. We do not imagine that Rusia is threatened by a revolution similar to that of France in '89; neverthess there are points of res mblance in the two instances which might awaken alarm at St. Petersborg and Moscow. It was with admirable unwisdom that the Government and privileged classes of France, noblesse and clergy, confessed themselves to the oppressed and impoverished multitude, "We are wrong. We have always been wrong-doers; but we now repent, and we are resolved to relieve our troubled consciences, and to redress your grivances." So spoke the most enlightened

statesman—Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker -and thus many of the clergy also. It is startling at this moment to listen to the ominous, self-denying, recent utterances of some of the privileged classes in Russia. Thus they speak: "We consider it a sin of the deepest dye to live and enjoy the benefit of social order at the expense of other classes of the community. It is not right that the poor man should pay a rouble and the rich man no hing. could only be tolerated while serfage existed; but it now places us in the position of parasites, utterly useless to their country. We do not wish to enjoy such an ignominous privilege any longer, and we hold ourselves irresponsible for is further continuance." It must be needless here to cite ins ances, which the reader will easily call to mind, occurring in the history of the early years of the French Revolut on. The parallel holds good, too, in its oblique or obscure meaning. The confessions and the professions of the privileged classes in France were no doubt animated, if not prompted, by the feeling that the ingenuousness on their part was a mean, and i was to them the only means, of breaking up a political structure which they believed it would be possible to put together anew, under their own control, and in a manner no less advantageous to themselves; in fact, more so, masmuch as something like an Engl sh aris oceacy, if it could be copied in France, was a far better thing than the then degraded nobility of France. It may be conjectured that the Russian nobles, who now d nounce their own exemptions, and lay their privileges at the feet of the Emperor, saying, "We (now) hold ourselves irresponsible for their continuance," may have been moved by calculations of the same kind.

In morals it is a great truth, "He that confesses his sins and forsaketh them, shall find mercy;" but in politics, it seems that the reverse of this, slmost, must be admitted as an axiom—namely, that confessions and reform are—if not a road to ruin, a road dangerously near to it. It will always be so to a despotism; it need not be so to a government which at all times stands open to check from a free-spoken constitutional opposition. The theory of every government, absolute or constitutional, rests upon an assumption of infallibility. Every government that governs must speak in the tones, and must wear | with the minimum of advantage. Freuch,

the guise, of absolute wisdom and rectitude. In free governments the rebuke of this theoretic pretension occurs often enough to make itself an understood usage of State. It is not so, nor can it be so, within the circle of an absolute monarchy. Autocratic concessions, and imperial bestowments of rights, carry in themselves a fatal contradiction. Russia is now making experiment of this hazardous inconsistency. The mighty empire may override the peril, and all right-minded lookers-on will heartily wish for the realization of such a prospect. Serfdom abolished (the abolition now in March this year being finaly achieved) judicial reforms effected; triat by jury, or something like it, established, and a move forward made toward a representative constitution. Much, therefore, has actually been effected which may be reckoned upon as tending to prevent revolution or to anticipate Moreover, whereas France revolution. in '89 was frenzied by a destructive (atheistic) fanaticism Russia, if it has a fanaticism at all, it is of the conservative kind. The stolid superstitions of the Greek Church are to be reckoned upon so far as counter-active revolutionary movements, rather than as promotive of them.

But among these reforming movements there does not appear to be any organic correspondence or real harmony. Every reform has a soicidal tendency. It does not spring, as among ourselves, from first principles in the constitution. In England, reform is speedily taken up, or is assimilated as nutriment. In Russia it is always to be teared that, when elements so discordent and poured together into the caldron of the State, the mixture will explode. The Imperial will is still absolute; it advises with itself, or with those who have no responsibility toward the people, and have no constitutional existence. An army (which is still far too large for any proper purposes) gives the autocrat what might be called a gymnasium, of which he avails himself for keeping his personal despotism in practice. The reforming experiment is watched over from the camp, and it may be brought to a stand at any moment, if likely to get on at too great a speed. As to the political enlightenment of the instructed—the reading classes, an incoherent course is pursued by the Government, which seems intended to combine the maximum of danger English, and German books and magazines are procurable, and are actually read to a great extent in St. Petersburg and Moscow, yet with restrictions which irritate curiosity to no purpose. What good can come of the block-covered or the erased paragraphs in English newspapers, which tell the Russian reader that there is a something which we, the imperial censors, will not permit him to see. It may be said, and truly said, that an autocratic government can not with any prudence permit what a free and constitutional government allows easily and safely. Grant this, and then our conclus on follows, that those movements which are now in progress in Russia, auspicious as they are, and which we on this side should be inclined to welcome at the beginnings of better things, are all of them of the nature of political disintegration: they are contradictions. If the lion were indeed the living lion, it is certain that the honey of constitutional freedom would not thus have been deposited in his entrails. When it comes to this, that "out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," we may assuredly infer that what the bees have thus swarmed in is not the living lion, but a carcase.

An incoherence, which perhaps no administrative skill would be able to avoid, attaches to the measures of the Russian Government at this time. At the moment when actual dismemberment is within prospet on the side of Poland, and perhaps even of Finland, as well as the Caucasian provinces, a dangerous reaction in favor of these agitations is taking place in the very heart of Russia, even at St. Petersburg and in Moscow, consequent upon the utter distrust which prevails there as to official reports of military movements. Distrust of its Government is a yeast which works in the mass, and renders the public mind at once tumid and acrid. The Russian people—and by this word we must now be understood to include a numerous and powerful class, or rather two or three independent classes—has come to know that, from the beginuing to the end of the Crimean war, its credulity was grossly abused by the Government, which did not understant that the plain truth can never be so dangerous as the lie is always. This rule of State is at this time receiving its illustra tion in Russia. Intelligent Russians in both capitals, if not elsewhere, who freely!

read French, English, and German newspapers and reviews—and these readers are now more than a few-have come to know that the accounts of military movements supplied by the Government are quite unworthy of confidence. In regard therefore, to the course of events lately in Poland, or elsewhere, the public—numerous and intelligens as it is, must wait until the truth comes round to it through the foreign press, which, however, will not ever come to it otherwise than in fragments. This ill-judged policy of repression and garbling, of blotching and erasure, imparts an acrid sharpness to what might be a patriotic feeling; and of this irritation the Imperial Government is the object. Truly, in the business of State, "the way of transgressors is hard." Hard it is for a government to go on in the path of despotism; and still harder is it for rulers to turn their feet on to a better path.

There is a peculiari'y attaching to the perplexed course of the Russian Government which deserves to be noticed. It is this— hat We tern light, Western movement and progress comes into Russia always as an importation. It is brought across the gulf of a language which has failed to assimilate itself in any appreciable degree with the European dialects— English, French, or Italian. mind enough in the Slavovian people; but what they need for guidance, at a time of internal renovation and reform, must all be sought for abroad; it must be obtained from England mainly, from France in part, from Germany in p.rt. The subject-marter of conversation in the silons of St. Petersburg, and in the trakt rs and club-houses of Moscow, is, as one might say, a TEXT in a foreign tongue; but the Targum is in the Slavonian vernacular. There will always be a difference—a difference which has the characteristic color of exaggeration, b tween the text of political discourse and the commentary of random talk. It was in a way somewhat similar to this that, for some time before the fatal period of the assembling of the States General, the political doctrine of England, which, because it was a native product, had worked uself off well among ourselves, became in France, as an importation, a source of mischief. It was thus, also, that English deism—among ourselves a philosophy reappeared in France as an atheistic frenzy. The constitutional sobriety of 1688, crossing the Ceannel, raved as a fanaticism in '92 and '93. In Eugland, whether it might be speculative theism, or theoretic democracy, or any other exaggerated style of thought, it found expression easily and at once as a native product, in the soberly robust language of Hobbes, and of Shaftesbury, and of Milton, and of Hume, and of Bentham The language, and the tought, and the modes of action h d grown up together, and they knew each other. It was not so with the great French writers of the They wrote in ante-revolution time. French; they thought in English; and there was a break, "a fau t," between the thought and the tongue. A similar dissonance is apparent in the instance of those Russian writers who find that they can write at ease only when they write treason, which must be issued in Paternoster Row, and then be smuggled into Russia.

Whether it be in Russia or in France, in Austria or in Prussia, wherever despotism is clung to, and the autocrat will be autocrat—wherever, as the necessary consequence of this blind obduracy in cling ing to what is doomed the press is ruled, and overruled, and threatened—wherever a bewildered government, always fright ened, willful, perplexed, believes that it must hasten to shut the shutters on this or that side of the house where daylight is dreaded—wherever such is the policy of a government, and such the dangerous condition of a people—there it must be true that even the most auspicious movements towards reform are disintegrative. They are incoherences; they are grants, they are not growths. It is thus that Europe from end to end is heaving. Peoples and governmen's (continental) are working out the truth that it is more difficult to be partially wise than to be quite absurd.

Russia at this time disintegrates, and a natural consequence, if not an inevitable issue, is, dismemberment. If this also should follow Europe will be relieved from a terror—the future quartering of Cossacks in each of its capitals.

Speculations, more or less probable, concerning the destinies of the North-American Federation are far from being of recent date. It was not the echo of the shots fired at Fort Sumter that gave rise to those speculations, either among

American statesmen or thoughtful men in Europe. In times long ago gone by, when American statesmen were such as well deserved the appellation, these forecastings of the course of events were freely indulged in among them; and these predictions, not widely unlike the actual events of this civil war, might be cited from the writings and the recorded speeches of the most enlightened of them. Then, if we look at home among the political writers and the public men of France and of England, similar modes of thinking have not been rare; De Tocqueville brings up the band. in nifest that there can be no room to allege that these prophesyings of dismemberment have suddenly sprung out of unlooked-for events, or that predictions of the breaking up of the Union are ephemeral newspaper creations. Such is not the fact. Those among us whose meditations concerning the destinies of nations have been going far and wide now there many years will have found little in the news from America that can be regarded as altogether unlooked for. The events which history will put on its next page have indeed startled us at the first hearing; but then, if they are regarded as developments of well known causes, they have seemed to be almost matters of course.

Forecastings of dismemberment have taken their rise from several grounds of calculation that are clearly distinguishable, and which, in truth, have an entirely independent meaning. As, for instance: there is what may be called the geographical, or the physico-geographical, aspect of the subject. Let it be that nationalities are not thought of, races are not considered, political structures are not brought forward; and, in a word, that nothing is kept in view but this huge map of the Western world, which spans every thing between the two oceans. We think, then, of this vast area in relation to the absolute distances it includes, and to those extreme differences of climate and of produce which thence result; and we think especially of the unalterable problem which relates to those mighty out-falls of water that must always put the welfare of the remote interior of a con inent into the custody of the occupants of the exits and their deltas. If these things only be kept in view, then the theorist who would speculate upon the future history of the continent is fain to say, not only that there is under his eye material enough for three, four, or five independent States, but much more of surface than can ever be properly swayed from one center, and more interests than (if the lessons of his tory are to be regarded) can ever be bound into one bundle. These future communities may indeed keep clear of war; but then they must keep clear of large political organizations: they must know each other afar off; they must hug treaties of peace, but must eschew federation.

When upon the map of a continent we bring in some peculiar elements, relating to the human occupation of these boundless regions, then our problem embraces not only what attaches always to races, but antipa hies of a special kind, harbored grudges; and, not least, though it may be undefinable perhaps, certain incompatibilities of temper, of taste, of habits, which are often quite enough to forbid any sort of partnership between those who, nevertheless, may individually be very estimable people.

But in the instance which is now actually before us, there is present an element that is altogether peculiar, and which, even if it stood by itself, must either be removed, or it must sooner or later necessitute a political severance of the States that are implicated therein. By a stern necessity, which possesses at once the coherence of the deepest moral reasons and the force of political ambition, and the vehemence (must we not say it?) of a religious fanaticism, the existence of slavery—slavery, not merely tolerated or borne with (on one side) but newly affirmed and gloried in - slavery thus edited anew as a doctrine, and vouched for by powerful communities, must sever these from communities that are not implicated therein. Undoubtedly, this severance must in the end take place, notwithstanding the fact that large commercial interests—interests latent, and interests patent—bind together the two mases. It has been found, again and again, that whenever, in Congress, legislation has been attempted on the false hypothesis of a common understanding as to slavery, embarrassment has been the consequence, threatening disruption at every moment. And not less certainly has disruption been threatened in the administration of a Government which exists under this same impracticable condition

of tolerating an intolerable evil. So it has been from one presidential epoch to another; and thus the miscalled "United States" have been torn by periodic convulsions, resembling those that afflict kingdoms where there are rival claimants of the throne. The last of these elections involved a revolution, if not a civil war, not less inevitably than would a change of dynasty in any European kingdom. Is it a Bourbon or is it a Napoleon that snatches the scepter of France? Is it Buchanan or is it a Lincoln that is carried in triumph to Was ington? In the one case, not less certainly than in the other, revolution by coup d'état, or else a civil war, ensues.

Dismemberment would present itself as inevitable sooner or later, not the less certainly than before, even if slavery were suddenly abolished, and if the black populati n were deported, or were e-tablished in some remote wilderness. This upshot of the boundle-s territorial developments of the interior regions, and of their populations, would command the approval of well informed men, not less in America than it does in Europe, if only the subject could be looked at apart from those ungoverned preposses ions which so much ru e the American mind. These national impulses get strength just now from an artificial source, namely a confusion of ideas which blends the Union feeling call it patriotism if you please—with a strong sense of the manifest duty of the now-present Government at Washington to maintain the Federal map in its integrity, and to defend itself loyally, and to hand the Union over to the next occupants of the Government offices undamaged and complete, if it may be don-.

A case may well be imagined, even if it be unlikely to occur in fact: namely, that of a President who, in his inner conscience, may believe that the disruption now aimed at by the Conf derate States would, if peaceably effected, be beneficial on both sides, and in no way prejudicial to the great American commonwealth; nevertheless, and notwithstanding this his iedividual opinion, he recognizes his presdential duty, as head of the State, to oppose and to prevent any such disruption by all means in his power. In such a case, this imaginary President would possess, if so we may speak, two consciences, the several requirements of which he might be conscientiously fulfillUnion, and yet he may think with the d suptionists. He need not proclaim this his inner belief, but he may silently hold it in all sincerity; and who shall affirm that the actual President Lincoln—who is a lowed to be a man of conscience, as well as clear-sighted—does not in fact at this very moment, and in this very manner, harbor two consciouces?

We decisively think that, on this side the Atlantic—in England especially—too little account has been taken of the rightfully pleaded loyalty of the Federal States. To maintain the Union by force of arms, if it could not be maintained by other means, and consequently to denounce the Confederates as rebels, at least until they shall have made good their defection, is a course that ought not to be blamed; at any rate, we English must not blime it. But then, if we di not b'ame this loyalty, why should we withhold our cordial sympathy from those who act it out? Why be cold or cynical when, as no *, a great peop'e is seen to be doing its duty, and is doing it at so prodigious a cost? Those among us who may be in correspondence with men of feeling and intelligence in the Northern States, are finding expressions of the sort in this letters: "At the moment of the first hostile act on the part of the seceding States, eighteen millions of men started to their feet for the maintenance of ORDER, and in defence of lawful government." "We are fighting," they say, "for peace and order against rebellion." The writers of such letters do not allegslavery as the cause of quarrel between the North and the South—it is not slavery, but rebellion. A correspondent who, judging of him by his letters, is clearrighted, and quite temperate and calm (this is great praise just now) says of the present war, that it is "no more to be avoided than the best war that was ever waged." Again, the same writer says: "If we (the Northern States) were to lie down and allow the rebellion to triumph, we would (should) deserve the execra tions of all mankind:" he says, "Do not listen to sneers uttered in disparagement of our just and upright war of self-de Another writer, to whom, in fence." truth, we are not able to accord the same praise of calmness and temper, repeats, in varied forms, the affirmation that, al-

remotely in prospect, as a probable and a hoped-f-r ultimate result of this war the war itself, in its broad aspect, is a war for crushing a great rebellion. writer (Hon. Charles G. Loring) challenges the sympathy of the world in behalf of those who are maintaining "the cause of freedom, humanity, and good government." He says, as to the North, "We entered into (the war) solely for the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution." He complains—and the complaint is, to a great extent, reasonable—that in England, and throughout Europe generally, there is "no willingness even to listen to our protests and argument, founded on the necessities of our condition compelling us to the work of crushing the rebellion, and of preventing secession, as the only means of preserving our national life."

There last words, "the national life," touch the pitch of the subject in hand. The war now waged by the Federalists the Northern States—has taken for its plea hitherto, the belief that it is "the only means of preserving our (American) national life." Whatever may be the exceptions that might be taken against this belief, it yet deserves—so we strongly think—a much more respectful consideration than, for the most part, it has received in Britain. It is true that when, in the calm mood of lookers-on, we enter upon the thorny argument concerning the right of secession, asserted on the Southern side, and denied on the Northern, we quickly become entangled among legal refinements and constitutional controversies, which show an aspect of endless perplexity. And from the ground of these perplexities, we—the European public may very properly retire. We, on this side the Atlantic, ought not to think ourselves sufficient for these things; and it might be well not to meddle with matters so far bey nd our lines. But if this forbearance be, on our part, proper, a consequence th nce resulting is this—that we should allow the plea which is urged by the people of the Northern States, and Northwestern too, to be valid and good. The plea is good, on the premises assumed. On these premises, the war was indeed inevitable.

praise of calmness and temper, repeats, in varied forms, the affirmation that, although the extinction of slavery is held. The President and Government had no alternative but to defend public order; or otherwise to acknowledge that the Federal Constitution was actually de-

funct; or, in other words, to admit the fact of the extinction of the national life of the "United States." Let each of us, supposing himself a New-York or Boston citizen, put the question to his neighbor, at the moment of the at ack upon Fort Sumter, "What now, think you, is to be done?" There could be but one answer -"We must uphold the Government at all costs." Some of us might advise attempting a compromise; and some might recommend the amputation of a limb long ago known to be incurably ciseased. Try these expedients if you please; but at least we in st now show fight, we must obey the call of the Government, and prove our loyalty, and then enter upon argument, and ciscu-s articles of compromise. If this paramount and foremost duty were in some way di-charged, then a temperate review of the grounds assumed in justification of secession might have been attempted, per aps hopefully. But thus far, as we tick, the North has ground of complaint against us for withholding, or for too gradgingly according, our syn pathies with them on so signal an occasion. We ought to tave made more a lowance than we did make for excited feelings; we should have hastened to wish them good speed—"God speed"—before the outburst of resentment had taken place. Why was it not so? An answer to this question might be giv n. It admits of several answers; but these could not be brought forward without adding offence to off nce, irritation to irritation. The revulsion of feeling which has seet the tide of English feel ng southward, in a manner not due to the merits of the parties, has not been causeless. are willing to postpone our vindication on this ground. We wait until the war is over, and its irritations soothed or forgotten. At the outbreak of the American civil war, when English sympathies, ambiguously given, were called for by the Northern people, the reply was in substance this—"We can profess little sympathy on your side, for in truth you are not fighting against slavery; if indeed you were striving to bring Southern slavery to an end, we should feel with you, and should be ready almost to help you. But you are fighting only for a boundary line; this war is nothing better toan a contest for political mastery, and we can have no feeling in a quarrel of this sort; or, if any, we must go with a people (as is

our English wont) that is seen to be contending for its undependence at fearful odds." There has been more semblance of truth than substance in this English statement of tre righ s of the quarrel and of its purport. A time must come, if it has not already come, when the people of England, fair-play loving as they are, must correct the hasty judgment they have hitherto formed; and after they have set forth strongly our grounds of exception against the Fed ral States, or against the Federal Government, we must freely give our sympathy to the side to which, in the main, it is due, and must reject, in tones of rescutment and of disgust, those hollow pretexts of the South which we have too readily listened to. To the North we shall come to say, "We think you are wrong on the and that point; but if your quarrel be looked at broadly, then we say you are right, and we accord you frankly, although tardily, our sympathy, and along with this sympathy all the moral support which it implies and which it can impart.

The restoration of order, understood in the ambiguous sense in which the Northern States und rstand it, may include what can never in fact be realized -nam-ly, a conquest of the Confederate States, and a consequent military occupation of those vast regions, embracing the seaboard South, the Gulf States, and the Northwest center. Order, in this sense, will never, so we b lieve, henceforward be restored. But in an abated and practicable sense, order is recoverable; order, indispensable as it is to the political supremacy of the Northern States, in their relationship to that of the Slave States, must be fought for, and secured at auy cost, short of the loss of their own liberties in the struggle. We may well grant that this civil war should be regarded, and should be called, "a just war," carried on for the reëstablishment of lawful government, up to a certain point, and liable to certain conditions. A civil war is clearly justifiable on the part of a settled constitutional government, within assignable l mits; but when those limits have been reached, and when public men —saving those whose individual repute is directly compromised in the issue of the conflict—agree in thinking that the limits of warrantable war have been touched. and even overpassed, then a willful and desperate resolution to go on, at the cost of the life and treasure intructed to the gove

ernment, becomes in the highest degree culpable; and it will be denounced as immoral by lookers-on all the world over. We may here appeal to our American friends of the Federal States, and ask them to say if the limits of justifiable war, on the part of Great Britain, had not been reached in 1776? Let them tell us, Were not those limits unwarrantably exceeded from year to year during the six following years? Americans will not deny this. We, on the side of England, will not deny this, and now we hold them to the same rule. We only profess the same great principle when we affirm— England, and France, and Europe, agree to affirm it—that these reasonable limits are now touched, if not already over-

passed, by the Federal Government; and that whereas the Confederate States declare themselves desirous of peace, if only their independence were acknowledged, the war has become, or will very soon be, worthy of condemnation as wrongful. The Union does not any longer exist in any sense; or if, indeed, a device might still be found for restoring it—which is quite possible—a factitious combination, which would bind together the most intense hatreds, harbored purposes of revenge, a bundle of fire-brands, poisoned arrows, blood-stained scalping-knives, and loaded shells, would show what materials it is made of in the very next turn of national affairs.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

NEW NOTES FROM OLD STRINGS.

"It is kind to passion to give it time to cool."

Burke on the Marriage Act.

In matters of marriage, parents are all for prudence, children for passion. The young ought to be rather less positive, because they only know one set of feelings; and the old more generous, because they have known both.

"I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Inviting it no more to hide
Within itself its purple pride."
CRASHAW.

The wild rose opens at one touch of the ray; not so the coyer child of cultivation, with its many foldings. Is it not thus sometimes with the sun of love and the hearts of maideus "gentle and simple?"

"Let his path be strewn with purple," says the faithless Argive queen, who wants to get rid of her lord. And let the English wife who desires to keep hers, strew one path with the softest VOL LIX.—NO. 4

tapestry — that which leads from the attachment of passion to the attachment of habit.

ÆSCHYLUS, translated.

"Elle le vit à travers la poésie qui état en elle."

Dunas, Albine.

Before marriage, the imaginative, especially imaginative women, clothe the object of their passion out of the storehouse of their fancy. It is unfortunate that after marriage fancy is rarely so charitable; however, it is, sometimes, giving the eternal variety of the lover's mind to an object which has little of its own. In such cases it is genius that makes passion permanent.

Dumas.

"Antony. I have offended reputation—
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sirs! the Queen!
Antony. Oh! whither hast thou led me,
Egypt?"
Antony and Cleopatra.

If a man suddenly and widely deviates

from an anticipated course, suspect a secret nail biasing the compass of the judgment, or maybe a screw—probably, to use a carpenter's term, a female screw; or, to use another metaphor, Many a noble galley has been warped from its course by the mere zephyr-sigh of a Cleopatra—stronger than all the storms of reproof, or the trade-winds of prudence and profit.

The sexes are said in marriage to seek opposite temperaments. An ardent man's nature doubtless often seeks repose in union with a mild and passive woman. But there is an unfortunate exception; a high-p-rited woman is inclined to despise any but a high-spirited man. Where the spinster's toast is " a high-spirited lover," the matron's amendment would often be "a submissive husband," How difficult to reconcile the two! But the next best thing to a subdued spirit is a soft and warm heart, which is very far from being always an obedient one. A man endowed with this, though he can not always be reduced to submission, can be made to suffer intensely for the want of it.

"Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved."—Charge,

I will apply this to a kindred subject. Between an uneasy, I will not say a miserable marriage, and permanent cellbacy, there is much the same difference as there is between sitting down on a chair with one or two unil-points projecting from the seat, and never sitting down at all. In time, and with patience, you may have the somewhat painful pleasure of wearing down the asperities, and it will be hard if you can not now and then vary the points of contact.

"I saw thee smile; the sapphire's blaze Beside thee cease to shine."—Bysox.

"To buy the gems of India's coast
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
But India's shore shall never boast
The living luster of her eyes."—GAY.

In assimilating ladies to jewels, there is one mode of treatment which we should studiously avoid — eutting them when they are plain.

"Is lighting in the most sublime speculations—for, never intending to go beyond of.

speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnifi-

BURKE, Thoughts on French Revolution.

It is, perhaps, on this principle that many ladies who have been, for the plainest reasons, omitted by Nature in the catalogue of the banking, are so often the most severe critics of the personal appearance of their male acquaintances.

"Man gives up at once all pretensions to the infinite, while he here find that neither in thought nor vision is he equal to the finite," GOETHE, Letters from Switzerland.

Scott, I think, says that those faces which have charmed us the most escape us the soonest. So does Sir T. Browne; so, too, Co cridge; and About makes the same remark in his Treate et Quarente. The ideal beautiful may well be eternally fugitive, when the real, which has once shone upon us, is so difficult to recover.

"The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field."
Millrox,

Milton shows his own art admirably in the artful compliments of the seepent—all too much for E.e. Within the space of a page or two, but at judicious intervals, he calls her "sovran mistress," "so'e wonder," "heaven of mildness," "celestial beauty," "goddess," "empress of this fair world," "sovran of creatures, universal dame." She had never heard such fine things before from God or from her husband. Bon-constrictors, before they swallow their victims, still copiously inbricate them with the saliva of flattery.

Worse than the falsest of false jewels are talse tears,

"No mnisture sooner dries than woman's tears."

BEAUMONT AND FLATCHER.

Yes, quiet irrespectively of sex, the tears of joy; and still quicker, the tears of ill-temper, where they are taken no notice of.

[&]quot;Some weep not to relieve their griefs, but

[&]quot;Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye."
Young,

"My dear, your everlasting blue velvet qui'e tires me."

THACKERAY, Rose and Ring.

Modes of comparison often vary according to the subject-matter. In the case of the more costly and durable articles of ladies' dress, we make use of the indefinite and definite articles, and the demonstrative pronoun, as: a velvet dress, the velvet dress, and finally that velvet dress—the two latter degrees of comparison being odious.

"Whether France or Flanders would have drawn so much money from England for figured silks, lace, and tapestry, if they had not had academies for designing."—BISHOP BERKLEY'S Queries.

This query was published a hundred and ten years ago, and for a very long time produced no practical answer, like many other sensible questions of the same prelate. This may go far towards accounting for w at some consider to be a superior natural faculty in the French for the arrangements of form and color. Honor to the memory of Prince Albert!

"Wisdom sits with children round her knees."
—Wordsworth.

Unfortunately, in our day, Folly also often sits with little coxcombs an i columbines round her knees, of her own bediz ening, spoiling their simplicity instead of taking lessons from it, till we almost worder sometimes at the arrangements of Providence in granting Folly so large a family to bring up on her own principles.

"Equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of other's moiety."— King Lear.

Even in dress, if the plebeian infant has generally bare feet, the juvenile aristocrat frequently shivers with its little naked red legs; and if the poor woman has often no bonnet to her head, it is not very long since her richer sister only had one to the back of her neck.

"Like virgin parchment, capable of any inscription."

Massinger, New Way to Pay Old Debts.

This is a good deal like Locke's famous "white page" of the child's mind—a

subject which has made so many page's black. The young mind is far more like a page inscribed with invisible ink, of which the characters come out readily enough as soon as the proper tests are applied.

"That die is on me
That makes my whit'st part black."
SHAKSPBARE, Henry VIII.

The best dyeing is triple—in the wool, in the yarn, and in the cloth. A nature originally sly, home-maxims tending to shrewdne-s rather than sen-ibility, with a finish at a low attorney's office, are extremely likely to result in "a good standing black."

Parents laugh at children for being in too great a hurry to see their little plants in flower, and are often themselves quite as ridiculously impatient to see the seeds of education in instantaneous bloom. Where there is too much forcing, the results are generally messes, in the English rather than the Latin sense of that term (harvests.)

"That ripeness which so soon began And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy or man." Pope.

Trees that bear double blossoms often bear no fruit at all.

"Your son comes forth a prodigy of skill;
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due
share."

COWPER, Tirocinium.

G. SAND.

And, on the other hand, prodigies of stupidity are quite as often the fictions of the indolence of schoolmasters, as prodigies of genius are the fictions of the van-

The bitter experience of the evils of an unsubdued and unchastened will seems to have made an authoress, of whom we should have least expected it, an advocate of corporal punishment. If we are atraid to whip our children when they deserve it, not only will the world hereafter, in some way or other, whip them, but ourselves in and through them; so that instead of one whipping, which might be regulated, there will be two, which can't.

"The young boys that went to Athens, the first year were wise men; the second year, philosophers (lovers of wisdom;) the third year mere orators; and the fourth but plebeians, and understood nothing but their own ignorance."—Menedemus (quoted by Jeremy Taylor.)

Thorough education is quite as necessary for giving humility as for creating assurance; for ballast as much as for gas, sails, and feathers.

"He who owes himself to himself is the substantial man."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

True, generally, as regards the final, rather than the earlier stages of e tucation. Self-education and home-education are, for the most part, far more productive of vanity than public education.

"Javat integros accedere fontes."—Lucretius.

Selections of beauties should be for children and the busy. A child might be lo t in the spring, if deep, or wearied in the garden, if spacious; and some have no time to go to either. So we give them a cup or a flower. But generally it is better to traverse the garden, and pluck our own roses, even from amongst thorns, than to be sprinkled with a few drops of the rose-water of extractors and quintessencialists.

"Hesperiæ segetes vincto fossore coluntur."
LUCAN.

"The harvests of Italy are cultivated by the slave," says the poet. The line is extremely appropriate to the lad who has to be lashed into a linguist.

So, like a child, who declines to say A because B comes after it, many a youth has shrunk from an act of virtue for fear of being called a hypocrite if his future actions should not be in conformity with it, or a saint if they should.

"Nature instinctively husbands the resources of her children's vocal organs, and reserves their breath for necessary occasions."

The Times' Critique on Max Müller.

Difficult to reconcile with many of the phenomena of the day; and perhaps a good deal might be written on this assertion pro and con. For the present it is

worth while to mention one absurd amplification of high-class slang, by which sense gains nothing. "The cold was something fearful." "The picnic was something tremendously jolly." Fancy it in Latin, with the aliquid negotium!

The nuns of Venice threw their flowers behind them when they renounced the world. We men are often obliged to throw our bouquets in the rear when we seriously enter upon it. Classics, poetry, college friendships—how much has often to be resigned when our youth's education is over.

"Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop Than when we soar."—Wordsworth.

Rarely illustrated by those very clever people who condescend to write books for the young. This particular kind of stooping generally seems to produce a sort of grotto del cane or apoplectic effect on the writers. Amongst the most conspicuous monuments of human folly are many of the books written for the young, especially books of instruction.

"No mean statesmen now, when they do write
Their names, do, for their honors, so contrive it,
You can hardly know a nobleman from a mark."
Shirley, Royal Master.

Some readers will remember how Shakespeare speaks of the same thing in Hamlet: "Our stati-ts hold it a baseness to write fair." Montaigne describes precisely similar affectation in France, declaring that he has known persons of consequence "desavouer leur apprentissage, corrompre leur plume, et affectur l'ignorauce d'une qualité si vulgaire." Trey were fondly returning in thought, with Lord Malmesbury, to the time when Charlemagne was struggling to "indite a loveline,"—an art which the "sturdy Teutons," according to Mallet (Northern Antiquities) for a long time positively refused to acquire; when Frederic Barbarossa could not read (Turner;) when Cœur-de-Lion (vide Rouen Museum) was fain to put his mark; when the mailed baron

"To humble clerks and poor dependent men Left the light duties of the peacetal pen." Crassa. and made

"The writer but a drudge to praise."—(NAT. LEE.)

Long before, Prince Eugene, perhaps the first condescended to say: "One must work sometimes for the newspapers."

Good, or at least intelligible, writing is one of the points on which, nowadays, all our batches of examiners in their several departments ought to insist. And here I would say a word or two, which I trust may be of some servic to the Post-Office and the public generally, more especially on the subject of the writing of names People are so familiar and addresses. with their own names and places of abode, that they seem to fancy every one else must be equally cognisant of them. Of all the words that flow from a bad writer's pen, these are invaria bly the most unintelligible. may be a certain amount of conceit in this, like that of some of our London bankers, who decline to print their directions in full on their cheques, fondly fancying that every countryman who happens to hold one of their drafts must necessarily know their houses of business; or of some of our genteeler trades-people, who only allow their names to appear on some inner door, undiscoverable except by severe research. The poet Pope, we are told, learned to write by imitating printing; and it is heartily to be desired that some people would, whenever they attempt to indite the name of a person or a place, try some process of the same kind. Not that words of another description are altogether unimportant. is confusing to receive an epistle in which an auspicious event appears as a suspicious one; which leaves us in doubt between precious and previous; in which a hawthorn looks like a lanthorn, a divorce like a diocese, and an election like a skeleton.

In the matter of spelling, too, times are Jeames of Buckley much changed. Square is a scholar compared with the Pretender, who insisted on signing himself "Gems," and defending his honor with his "sord," and the fitness of things should prevent an ensign who has been educated at a high-flying academy from being beaten by a corporal who has enjoyed all the advantages of a charityschool. Ridicule, in fact, is beginning to attach itself to what may be called arbi- | at play, good at work " cleverness, where

trary rather than even phonetic spelling. Formerly men read as loosely as their triends wrote, which was indeed a mutual accommodation; and the same individual had the most various ideas, on different days, of the spelling of the same word. Our indistinct national pronunciation, and our S xon abundance of consonants, militate, it must be confessed, against very accurate spelling; and, after all, thousands of lives are not likely to be staked on a difference so delicate as that which exists between δμοούσιον; and δμοιούσιον; but the Greek ear was accurate, and imperial Greek theologians were tenacious.

Finally, there is something "previous e'en" to writing and spelling, on which examiners would do well to insist—distinct utterance—setting their faces against the absurd gargling of many of the youth of the present day. The scene in Molère, and the passage in Lord Shaftesbury, and the combined efforts of Sir J. Stoddart and Sir Benjamin Brodie to explain the oral forma ion of the vowels, no longer seem in the slightest degree farcical.

There is nothing like beginning early. Let the youngest mothers in England train their infants' voices to the imitation of the perhaps toothless but still comparatively plain-speaking grandsire, rather then of the young father's ridiculously guttural intonations.

"Good and ill like vines entangled are So that their grapes are often plucked together." SHELLEY.

A twining parasite too often rises with the rising branch; scarcely a virt le flourishes without its neighbor peril; scarcely an advance is made without tripping upon some fresh stumbling-block, the natural ercumbrance of the new ground on which we are treading.

"Imitatores servum pecus."—Horace.

In treatises on education less notice has been taken of the imitative faculty than it deserves. To speak briefly and generrally, no doubt this faculty exists in the highest form in the highest minds, but, at will, suspended, subordinate, working under originality. It is more active and dominant in minds of a secondary order. This is generally the clue to the "good

a lad catches with equal readiness the knack of handling a cricket-bat or a foil, and the run of hexameters and pentameters. There is a third stage, in which people can do little but initate; and a lower still, in which men follow example almost helplessly.

"D'Avila, observes that Jacques Clement was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friers used to make sport with. But at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering the king."—Swift, in Examiner.

There is often, no doubt, a great degree of mental weakness in criminals. One form of it is an excessive share of the monkey and parrot part of our nature—that weak imitativeness by which exam-

ples of the same crime are multiplied. In the case of officer-shooting, for instance, mere example has turned malice into murder, without any increase of aggravating causes, and without any hoped-for diminution of penal consequences. In France, at one time, there was a rage amongst lovers for committing suicide in pairs: for a long time they tied themselves together with blue ribbon; then—ghastly ffort at originality—they tied themselves together with red.

"For achieving of a desperate conspiracy, ... take such *n one as hath had his hands formerly in blood."—Bacon, from Machiavelli.

As far as the individual is concerned, in matters of great moment, especially in great crimes, a single performance is an education.

Exic.

ETRUSCAN CITIES AND THEIR RUINS.

A VENERABLE antiquity rests upon the old Erruscan cities of Ita y and their ruins. Their origin and history stretch far back into remote ages, grasping hands with ancient Egypt and Greece, long anterior to the foundations of Rome. Herodotus and Strabo wrote of the Etruscans, who, having conquered the ancient Umbrians and Pelasgi, spread them-elves over the whole of Central Italy. T eir citie, long ago in ruins, still remain the wonder o Etruscan vases and bronzes enrich the museums of Rome and Naples, and other Italian cities, in vast variety. We have spent many hours in examining and admiring their curious and beautiful forms, in the galleries where they are treasured up. A fresh chapter in the history of these old cities can hardly fail to interest any of our readers, who find a charm in the antiquities of the old world. A letter, under date of May 17, 1863, at Florence, from the pen of A. E. Douglass, Esq., our triend and neighbor at Rye, Wesche-ter Co., now soj-urning in Italy, has been kindly placed at our disposal for some extracts, at our own request,

though not written for publication. In the name of Dr. Anderson mentioned in the letter, many of our readers will recognize the person of the learned profesor in the Theological Seminary at Rochester in this State.

The letter, after a graphic description of scenes and incidents of travel after leaving Rome, says: "We went up to Assisi, a town clinging to the mountain side, far above the road. We saw the Cathedral and numberless churche: we went into excavations under the public •quare, and walked on old Roman pavements; we saw the pediment of a Roman temple with six splendid corinth an columns still perfect; we went into the wonder and glory of Italy, the great Franciscan Convent built over the tomb of that saint, and rising in successive stories against the hillside—the church being three churches, one above the other, lit by stained-glass windows and covered sides and ceiling, with marvelous frescoes of Cirvabue. Giotto, and other great masters, in exquisive preservation. From the terrace in front of the church the view was wonder-

ful, and the atmosphere so clear, that we appreciated the yesterday's storm which had at the time so chartened us, but evidently for our good. We could count over twenty towns and cities, mostly on hill-tops, and marking sites that the aboriginal Umbrians and Etruscans had selected centuries before Rome existed. Well, we tore ourselves away—down the hill and off to Perugia. Before reaching it we stopped at a tomb by the side of the road, a remnant of the necropolis of the old Etruscan town of Perusium. The custode was summoned, and we descended some thirty feet with lighted torche; the door was unlocked, and we were in company with the ashes of the aristocratic Etruscan family of the Volumnii—whose names in a language that only savants could read, (and even they can make out no hing but the names) were inscribed on marble and alabaster chests, that were carved on the sides in bas relief with stories of Greek mythology, while the effigy of the occupant reclined upon the cover. Some eight or ten of these ash-chests we saw in an interior chamber, which were sculptured above and on the sides into panels, while a medusa's head wagged its capillary snakes and lolled out its derisive tongue at us from the center of the ceiling.

I wonder if the old Etruscans, that had sought seclusion and repose for their ashes, ever anticipated the visit of a slim gentleman in spectacles, and a taller one in a wide-awak-—and of three ladies who ventured unabashed to laugh in such august presence, a d who did not appreciate the renown of the Volumnii; indeed, never heard of them before. We walked through seven underground chamberssome unfinished, waiting for oth-r members of the family to enter—whose bones and ashes have no doubt passed through all the phases of vegetable life in the plains around. Then we saw Perugia, and lodged in an old palace with immense frescoes upon the ceilings of our rooms, and mysterious passages, and closets, and winding stairs—a perfect jewel of a house for the Radel ff school. The next day (for I won't describe Pe ugia or I should never stop,) we were off early, and in two or three hours were skirring the shores of Lake Thrasymene—reading the account of the great battle between Hannibal and the Romans, and satisfactorily locating every incident of the contest. We lunched | road to the town, not into it, however, for

at Camuseia, and hiring a calessa, Dr. Anderson and I rattled up the hill with driver and guide to the old Etruscan town of Cortona, which still retains well defined portions of its original walls-immense blocks of stone laid accurately together without cement, and since built upon by Roman and medieval builders. In an hour and a half we had seen all the sights, which I spare you, and had reached our inn, where our lunch awaited us, and that night we slept at Arezzo, having "done" the town before dark. I made an excursion to a city I very much desired to see; and it was on this wise. Being deeply interested in Etruscan antiquities, and Tuscany being the principal locality where these old cities are principally found, I soon sounded Dr. Anderson on the subject, and he proved to be of the same mind as myself; so leaving our resspective families in Florence, he and I started with hand-bags, and took a seven hours' journey by rail to Chiusi, which twenty-three hundred years ago w-s a large and prosperous city, unconscious of the foundation of such a voracious community as Rome, which, within three centuries was to swallow up herself and neighbors so effectually that even history has preserved but little record of their existence, much less of their arts and customs, which latter, Rome appropriated as her own without acknowledgment. For you will find on consulting Roman histories that the kingly family of the Tarquins was Etruscan, and it is not the least remarkable thing in the world, that within a few years past an old tomb has been disclosed in the almost forgotten site of the most famous Etruscan city, which has the name of Tarquin painted over the several cells in its regal chambers, showing it to have been the resting-place of the ashes of that distinguished family. It is such discoveries as this that have wakened up among antiquarians an intense interest in the relics of this pre-Roman nation, and one of the places which has given up from the bowels of the earth the most curious objects illustrating those strange people and their manners is this aforesaid city of Chiusi. So we went there, reaching the railway-station, about two miles from the town, at about two o'clock, and secured a ricketty "calessa," (or small carriage of the country) and a dilapidated horse to take us up the steep and circuitous

the respectable Italian inn which we sought, was built against the hill-side below the entrance—and there within three quarters of an hour we had selected bedrooms, made our lunch, secured for the afternoon the vehicle that had just conquered the hill, as well as made a bargain for his services with the renowned Giambattista Zeppoloni—a little, stunted, thin, gray-haired old shoemaker, known by savants as the guide to Chiusi and environs. We first drove three miles to the *Poggio* Gajella over a very beautiful country, a conglomeration of knolls rising in a confused mass out of an extensive plain. The plain cultivated like a garden, and the rolling land over which we rode, wooded thickly with oaks and verdant with dewey herbage—for this season makes a paradise of this part of Italy for which the summer substitutes malaria. These rounded knolls were of every conceivable shape, generally quite steep, and on one of the ridges rose this Poggio (or *Hill.*) It was about sixty feet high, and some three hundred feet in diameter at the base, where in Etruscan times it was encircled by a thick wall, now obliterated. The hill is covered thickly with splendid oaks, and externally shows no rock, but we entered a hole at the base and soon found ourselves in a square room cut in the soft tufa, of which the whole country is composed. This was the tomb of some noble family two thousand three hundred years since, and when discovered it contained sarcophagi and ash-chests and vases with bronze utensils and some gold ornaments. From it various passages led into the hill, and at the suggestion of the guide, the Doctor and I got down on our hands and knees with our wax tapers in our mouths, and crawled through a passage not over three feet high and two wide, for a distance of two hundred feet, the route curving and twisting in different directions without any apparent reason, and opening into lateral passages, which were "blinds," as they generally terminated after a short distance. This brought us out into another series of tombs, on the other side of the hill, some nine in number, and there were many others on the same level which had fallen in or been covered up, and could not be seen. This whole hill was divided into three levels or stories, and so far upwards of forty tombs had been discovered in it, though the washing away of the sides in the course of centuries must

have destroyed many more. It must have been in its palmy days a magnificent family necropolis, and has been supposed to be that of Lars Porsenna, the conqueror of Rome, as it more nearly realizes the extraordinary description of his pyramidal tomb given by Varro and quoted by Pliny.

This is now denied by antiquaries. There was nothing left in these tombs; so after some learned speculations between ourselves, of which unfortunately the world must be deprived, we continued our ride, passing the sites of many other tombs which have fallen in or been covered in after the objects discovered had been abstracted. Thousands of tombs have been discovered in this cluster of knolls, but only left open long enough to admit of taking out the various vases and sarcophagi, etc., which they generally contained; this done to save the ground for cultivation, the holes are filled up and the tomb forever disappears. On the west of Chiusi beyond the plain, a range of mountains rises, among which many thousand similar tombs have been opened, despoiled, and reclosed; millions of persons must have been buried there, and further research would no doubt reveal as many tombs more. From this one locality all the museums of Europe have been copiously supplied, and you can imagine our interest in looking at the site of a city so famous at so remote a period, and whose only history, social or political, is to be read in its necropolis, and read only by the paintings on the interior of the tombs or the vases; they contain pretty much as Egyptian social life is gathered from the drawings discovered by Belzoni and Champollion. But the language of Eyturia is lost; the alphabet, singularly enough, hus been found at length on some of the vases and some of the proper names in the inscriptions (from their being names which appear in Roman history) have been made out, but further than this no one has yet gone, and the inscriptions remain a sealed book. We went on over the hills and down dark and deep valleys, occasionally leaving the carriage where the road was very bad, until we found ourselves at another tomb, discovered some ten years since, in the hill side near the city. We found a little open area excavated in the tufa of the hill, on either side of which assmall chamber was excavated, supposed to be for the domestics or favorite eleven.



of the family. Right in front as we entered was a door about five feet high, closed by two immense slabs of stone like a folding door, closing perfectly and revolving upon pivots of the same -tone above and below. These we opened with something of a feeling of reverential respect for the builders of that age, and we entered a chamber about eight feet high and perhaps ten square, whose ceiling was carved into panels and painted in different colors. The sides had a frieze just under the cornice painted with figures, showing the games and amusements of the day, quite perfect, considering how long ince they were executed, and that the admission of air always injures them by affecting the surface of the rock.

From this chamber we went into another directly before us and similarly ornamented, having a stone ledge or couch around it, upon which the funeral chesis and urns were placed, though none of these articles are left in the chamber. From the first room a doorway opened on the side into an unfinished chamber, with the marks of the pick fresh as if made yesterday. The family were no doubt preparing quarters for the members that they expected would be added to them in life, and would want a restingplace after death; but his ory is silent as to what public calamity cut them off from the chance of continuing their work, and denied a burial with their fathers to the descendants. Perhaps it was the savage irruption of the Gaus in the fourth century of Rome, or the conquest by Rome herself in the fifth century. Close by this tomb is the "Jeweler's Valley," so called because after heavy rains the peasant have found in the soil articles of jewelry, ear-rings, and finger-rings, and brooches, and scarabia, and intaglios in cornelian, for who e presence in that particular spot there is no accounting. It was now late, and looking at one more tomb with an arched roof of cut stone without cement, as perfect as when built, and with its contents un ouched and the burnt bones still in the chests, and the unreadable inscriptions without, we closed our hard work for the day by a dinner in the Italian manner at our inn, where as a salad they gave us beans in tre pod uncooked, and which, of course, we were expected to relish.

dred objects—vases, bronzes, etc., which we were solicited to buy in the lump, for about \$800, but about which we did not think it worth while to decide, as our investment in Etruscan ware was to be confined to something we could carry in a hand-bag already well stocked, and we had little hope of finding room for even a single sarcophagus of six feet in length and weighing a couple of tons; so we gravely bargained for the collection at a very great distance from the asking price, (though even that experiment is dangerous in Italy) and increased the respect of our hostess thereby, though we could not make a satisfactory arrangement with her. I will not describe the collections we aw in private houses the next morning in the town itself, a dull, inanimate cluster of massive stone houses with nicely-paved and clean streets, and glorious views from its walls, but by ten o'clock we had a nice little calessa, a good horse, our guide with a driver, and were off for Cotano, about seven miles, to see the place, and a fine Etruscan collection in private hands said to be well worth seeing. There was a great satisfaction in thus visiting places out of the traveling We saw Italy and Italians as it and they are among themselves, not as they are infected by the traveling wealth, intellect, and manners of English or The day was fine, the ride Americans. delightful, our guide disposed to be humorous, and the pace of our steed rapid. We reached the town, comprising a castle on a pinnacle of rock jutting out of the mountain-side, and a thick cluster of houses clinging to the slope below it, with the steepest of zigzag streets, tasking our pedestrianism severely as we had to walk up; still before attempting it we were refreshed by a visit to the principal landed proprietor of the place, whose house, with an unpretending front, faced the square where we left our carriage, and who had the principal collection to be seen in the place. We went up as usual some two flights of stone stairs, and made known our wishes.

The gentleman unfortunately was out, but his "Maestro di Casa" thought he would soon return, and invited us to pass through the house into the garden, which at the back of the house being on the hillside was on a level with the third floor, After dinner we went into the museum we did so and were charmed with the of the house where we saw some eight hun- profusion of the flowers and their arrangement, the fine shrubbery and intricate walks. The gardener made his appearance, and asked if "our excellencies" would be pleased to visit the Grotto. Our excellencies were pleased to do so, and were astonished as well as pleased at what they saw. We walked through passage after passage cut in the bowels of the hill, gradually winding upwards, now and then opening out upon some charming terrace, from which the view was enchanting, and now catching faint rays of light from above, until we emerged some one hun dred feet above the house and found a hill side still rising above us, with winding paths, lined with trimmed cypress trees leading up to a knoll, where were seats and a summer-house. All this grotto, giving us a walk of at least a quarter of a mile, is cut in the rock, and the surface of the rock covered with shells and quaint fragments of stalactites, while the path occasionally opened into chambers, in which played some diminutive fountain, or murmured some tiny cataract, lit up by some special shafts cut into it from the outside When we emerged, we declined going further on towards the hill-top, as our time was limited, but the gardener says, "at least your excellencies must see the glen, and the monument;" so we yielded ourselves passively to the influences around us, and walked along on the same level until we reached a kind of glen thickly shaded, so thick that although on the hillside we could not see out, and through all kinds of intricate paths we walked until we reached a neat wooden cottage (a thing you never see in Italy.) Over the door we saw in large letters "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The door was unlocked and we Opposite us hung a portrait of Washington, while around on the walls were painted the names of the various battle-fields of the Revolution, and various wise sayings of Ben. Franklin. Imagine our surprise in this out-of-the-way spot, to find such an object—it was quite bewildering, and we wandered back to the house, speculating very unsatisfactorily over the incident. We saw many other curious things in the grounds, but finally met the proprictor, who greeted us very cordially and showed us his choice museum and library, and from him we learned that his wife in the helmet, in which he was buried, could speak English, (which he could not) and was wise in the History of America, and the lore of Mrs. Stowe. We had a pleasant interview with this gentleman, que Cento," or medieval objects - cashage

"Cavaliere Terrisi," and he showed us his library, which was quite extensive, and comprised many valuable works. After this we scaled the ca-tle hill, and saw another collection of Etruscan bronzes, seven of which I priced, and was told by the proprietor I could have them for one hundred and sixteen Napoleons, four hundred dollars, a price that we declined, as we were not prepared to pay over a tenth of the same. We then drove off to Sarteane, about four miles, on a still higher hill, a most picturesque old town, commanding a superb view of the great valley of the Chiana. In this view were comprised three lakes "Trasimene," "Lago di Montepulciano," and "Lago di Chiusi," while Cortona, which we had seen in our journey from Rome, was plainly visible fifteen miles off on its hill. We went into the only inn the place could boast of, passed through a room with a long table, at which a dozen men were drinking, then through a kitchen and found a stairway which took us up to a clean little room where we sat awhile, and ordered a "colaziore," and then started off to visit Signor Farelli, to whom I had a letter of introduction. You can hardly imagine it possible to live in such bleak unfurnished houses as some of these even wealthy gentlemen do. Stone floors, a few old chairs, and a deal table, constitute the furniture of the rooms. His museum however was extremely rich, abounding in hundreds of bronze figures and utensils, some very beautiful and in remarkable preservation. Bronze shields and spears, and armor of Etruscan warriors. Vases of every shape, beautifully ornamented, some quite unique. Choice intaglios by the hundred, Scarabei of cornelean, finely engraved. Then gold necklaces of great weight and value, adorned with choice stones and curious charme, ear-rings and finger-rings, and bracelets of gold, excelling in minuteness of workmanship, any skill of the present day, all got out from these tombs, where sometimes they decorated a corpse, which had now vanished, and at other times were deposited in urns with the ashes, and gave evidence of having been themselves exposed to fire. One thing that interested me much was a warrior's skull, still encased while the shield and spear were suspended by his side. In addition to these Etruscan remains, were a large collection of "Cin-



mens of Raphael and Majolica ware. We saw other objects of interest in Sarteano,! but trivial compared to this of Signor Farelli, which excelled any private or public | Rome or Naples, in extent or interest. museum we had seen in the value of the articles. The town was very quaint and singular, with an old ruined fortress on the usual pinnacle, for all these ancient towns were clustered around some such stronghold for protection in those unquiet times. | ing.

of carved ivory, etc., etc.—also fine speci- | We had a charming drive back to Chiusi, and still time that afternoon to visit another tomb, and also the Christian Catacombs, which were nothing like those of The next morning we took the railway to Sicua, where we remained some six hours, seeing every thing of interest there, which I will not describe, and then made our way to Florence, arriving the same even-

From the Leisure Hour.

GLAISHER'S MR. BALLOON ASCENT 0F MARCII 31st.

Mr. Glaisher gives the following report of his a cent with Mr. Coxwell, whose skill and judgment in managing his great balloon make him a valuable assistant in scientific aërostation:

One of the principal subjects of research in the balloon experiments of last year was the determination of the law of de orease of temperature with increase of elevation. It is a subject to which very great interest is attached, and to the determination of which a great deal of labor and research has been devoted resulting in the adoption of the theory of a uniform rate of decrease of 1 deg. of Fahrenheit's scale for every increase of 300 feet. The results from my several ascents last season were that, when the sky high the temperature was just zero of was clear, a decline of 1 deg took place within 100 feet of the earth, while at the hight of 30,000 feet a space of fully 1000 feet had to be passed for a change of 1 deg. of temperature; and that between these limits a gradually increasing space was required for a change of temperature to the same amount, plainly indicating that the theory of a decline of 1 deg. of temperature for every 300 feet of elevation must be abandoned.

The previous eight balloon ascents were made in the months of July, August, and September. It became of the highest importance to have similar experiments in the other months of the year; and the

British Association, at its meeting in Cambridge, voted £200 for further ex periments to be begun in the spring, and some of these, if possible, during the prevalence of the east wind.

The balloon left the earth at 4h. 16m. P.M., the temperature of the air being 50 deg. A 4h. 25m we were one mile high, with a temperature of 33\frac{1}{2} \deg.; the second mile was reached at 4h. 35m., with a temperature of 26 deg.; the third mile at 4h. 44m., when the temperature was 14 deg.; and 3\frac{3}{4} miles high the temperature was 8 deg. A warm current of air was met with, and the temperature rose to | 12 deg. at 4h. 58m.; at 5h. 2m. we passed out of this current, and when at 4½ miles Fahrenheit's scale.

In descending, the temperature increased to 11 deg. at about three miles high, at 5h. 38m.; then a cold current wa- met with, and it decreased to 7 deg. We soon passed through it, and the temperature increased to 18½ deg. at two miles high, to $25\frac{1}{2}$ deg. at one mile, and to 42 deg. on the ground, which was reached at 6h. 30m.

The air was dry before leaving the earth; it became very dry at lights exceeding two miles, and at hights exceeding four miles the tempera ure of the dew po nt was fully minus 40 deg.

The course of the balloon on leaving

the earth was from the east, and continued so till about 4h. 30m., when it changed, and at about 4h. 45m. the Crystal Palace appeared under us; its course again changed, and we met with several different currents of air.

When one mile high the deep roar of London was heard distinctly, and its murmuring noise was heard at greater elevations. At the hights of trree and four miles the view was indeed wonderful—the planlike appearance of London and suburbs, the map-like appearance of the country generally; then, running the eye down the winding Thames, the white cliffs at Margate, and on to Dover. Brighton was seen, and the sea beyond, and all the coast line was clear up to Yarmouth. north was obscured by clouds. Looking under us, and to the south, there were many detached cumuli clouds resting apparently on the earth, like patches of shining wool, and in some places a solitary cloud, thus apparently resting on the earth, surrounded by a clear space for many miles.

Looking towards Windsor the Thames was like burnished gold, and the surrounding water like bright silver. Looking towards Putney the rippling of the water along the banks of the river was distinctly seen. Railway trains were the only moving objects visible, and they looked like some creeping thing, caterpillar like, and the steam was like a narrow line of serpentine mist. Taki g a grand view over the whole visible plain beneath I was struck with its regularity.

The view did not seem natural; it was too even, apparently artificial. The effect of the river scenery was very remarkable in this respect; all the ships looked very diminutive, but were visible beyond the Medway.

At 5h, we could plainly dis inguish Greenwich Park as a small garden, and the Royal Observatory as a gray speck. The "Green Man Hotel," Blackheath, was quite distinct; all the docks were mapped out, and every object of moderate size was seen clearly with the naked

At the hight of three miles and a half Mr. Coxwell said my face was glowing purple, and afterwards both our faces were very blue. At hights exceeding three miles the feet and tips of the fingers were very cold. The sky was of a deep prussian blue. When three miles high, on descending, Mr. Coxwell, forgetful of the fact of the grapnel having been exposed to a temperature of zero, incautiously took hold of it with his naked hands, and cried out, as in pain, that he was scalted, and he called on me to assist him to drop it. The sensation was exactly that of scalding water.

The blackness creeping over the land at sunset was very remarkable, while the sun was still shining upon us. The general results of this ascent confirm in a very remarkable degree those obtained from the preceding experiments, and indicate that very few more extreme high ascents will be necessary for this purpose.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE USE OF WOODS IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF NATURE.

which, collectively considered, are called the Vegetable Kingdom, the woods undoubtedly take the first rank. Trees are indeed the supreme rulers of the plantworld. When grouped together into forests, they exercise an important influence on the climate of countries; and not only

Among the different plant-communities | overshadow connected with their-existence by the most intimate ties, but even the prosperity and the well-being of man himself.

The woods show us, in the clearest and most direct manner, the reciprocity of action which subsists among the different members of the vegetable kingdom. If is the life of the lowly plants which they the trees and other plants did not grew: together in communities, their life as individuals would be in the highest degree endangered. United together, trees mutually shelter each other on all sides against storms and the drying effect of the sun's rays. This reciprocity of action is highly interesting. Thus, herbaceous plants and grasses envelop the earth with a protective covering. They allow the sunheams access to the young seedlings, and also give them a sufficient amount of shade, so that the sun's rays are prevented from drying the soil, and thus injuring their young life. It is thus that trees grow up at first under the stadow of the smallest members of the vegetable kingdom, only to reciprocate, as they approximate to the period of their maturity and strength, the favors which they received in the hours of weakness and infancy. Under their summits the shadowed earth retains its moisture, and the herbaceous plants and grasses—those poorer plantchildren of Nature—are thus fed, whose tender rootlets have not the ability, like the roots of trees, to draw their moisture deeply out of the earth. So also, when showers of rain fall on forests, the leaves of the tree catch the drops, break the force of their descent, and the plants thus sheltered drink in the moisture of the storm, whilst they escape its violence. The moss-covering, too, which forms on the ground in woods, at least in temperate climates, continues to retain the fallen moisture long after the storm has passed and sun-smiles brighten the earth, whilst the shadow of the trees prevents its evaporation.

It follows that a wooded soil is favorable to the production of springs; also, that the continued existed of moisture in woods, and the constant evaporation from them, will produce a cooler atmosphere, and therefore a lower degree of temperature, in a country where they abound. It is not difficult to make this intelligible to the reader. The ocean, winds, and woods may be regarded as the several parts of a grand distillatory apparatus. The sea is the boiler in which vapor is raised by the solar heat, the winds are the guiding tubes which carry the vapor with them to the forests, where a lower temperature prevails. This naturally condenses the vapor, and showers of rain are thus distilled from the cloud-masses which float in the atmosphere by the woods beneath them. The grateful moisture descends on the

thirsty landscape, replenishing its numerous springs. The little streamlets which issue from them continue to flow, and a confluence of their waters forms brooks and rivers, the natural arteries of a country, and the natural means of intercourse and commerce.

The Turks, although only a semi-civilized people, seemed to be aware of the cooling influence which forests exercise on the spot where they are located. There is, at this day, in the neighborhood of Constantinople, a splendid wood of the finest beech and oak, which is protected by law, because it feeds a spring, the water of which supplies the whole city. It is conducted there by an aqueduct.

When a country is deprived of its forests, the springs and rivulets are exhausted,* and the climate is rendered warmer and drier. Hence, where there is a temperate zone, and an incessant supply of moisture from the neighboring seas, the woods are of far less consequence; in fact, it is far better to cut them down, for they make the climate too moist and cold, a d prevent the successful cultivation of The present agricultural condition of Finland, in Northern Russia, establishes this fact; for the removal of its woods has dried up its swamps, and forwarded cultivation, whilst it has rendered the climate milder and more habitable. But where the country is not situated near seas or oceans, and the climate is continental, then man must be careful, in cutting down the woods, not to transgress the limits which nature has prescribed.

Where there are mountains, the woods must be allowed to stand. A wood, by the roots of its trees, as well as by its thick moss or grass covering, binds together the soil on the declivities of the mountains, and thus in the most natural and simple manner strengthens it. If we take the wood away, the springs are dried up, and the moss or grass covering disappears. The power of the rain, no longer broken by millions of leaves, and by the grassy mantle, comes down in unrestrain-

^{*} This is eminently true of Spain, whose great central plateau as we observed a few summers ago in traveling over, it is almost entirely denuded of its primeval forests, leaving it in summer dry, barren of grass, and dreary. The springs and rivers in summer are nearly dried up. We inquired the reason; the answer was and is, that the inhabitants cut down the trees many years ago, because they said the woods harbored birds which destroyed the grain. Miserable folly!—Ed. Eguegric.

ed violence, and the loose soil, torn from the mountain-side, is carried down into the subjacent valleys. Here it settles as sand and mud, which fills up the brooks and rivers, and renders their waters turbid, so that they overflow their banks, and inundate the plains. This sand and mud is left on the grass-covering of the plains when the storm subsides, and the waters return to their accustomed channels. But every farmer knows that crops of hay raised on meadow frequently inundated are worthless as food for cattle. At length, in the course of years, these swampy pastures become overspread with sand; the former riches and prosperity of the inhabitants slowly disappear, and the once happy valley becomes uninhabitable. But this is not all. The whole landscape gradually changes, an entirely new plantcovering is produced, and in warmer climates, poisonous gases are developed from the swamps, as in the Pontine marshes of Italy. It is thus that inischief done to the woods on mountains is a bequest of destruction to coming generations.

No country in the world was formerly more healthy or more richly cultivated than Italy, once the "Garden of Europe," now only an extensive morass. Where at one time the richest life prevailed, gloomy death threatens to extinguish its fresh torch. He is aided by malaria, a disease whose existence is to be attributed solely to the unhealthy decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in the stagnant marshes so abundant in the country. The poisonous effluvium spreads.

Ague, liver, and hypochondriacal affections are in its train. Pale and yellow complexions, with weak eyes, a swollen abdomen, and a wearisome gait, the accompaniments of these diseases, are every where to be seen among the poor inhabitants, the greater portion of whom are carried off prematurely. What has made this once prosperous, healthy, and populous country so poor, diseased, and deserted? The woods have been removed from its mountains! Look at the map, and you will see that these run through the center and north-western portions of the Italian peninsula. The Apennines are at present almost entirely denuded of the noble forests which once flanked and protected their sides, and all travelers agree that there is now no country so

what is called the States of the Church, and which lies along the Apennine chain, between Genoa and Naples.

Leaving Italy for Germany, the traveler will find that that country also is not exempt from evil results wherever its mountain-woods have been removed. A journey amongst the forests of Thuringia and the Harz Mountains furnishes abundant vouchers of this fact. Woods are also useful along the sea-shore, where the coast is low and sandy, as their roots bind together the loose sand, and prevent its being drifted inland by the sea-breezes. One or two examples will show this in a striking light.

The sea-sand having overflowed the country situated in the neighborhood of Gascogne, on the western coast of France, and threatened to make it valueless and uninhabitable, Bremontier, a resident of the province, succeeded in opposing an effectual barrier to its further progress by planting a wood. He first of all planted the sand loving bloom (Sarothumnus scoparius,) and produced in its shade young pine-trees, and so brought the overflow of the sea-sand to a stand-still.

By reference to the map of Prussia, it will be seen that there is situated in Eastern Prussia, between latitude 54° 15' and 54° 45' north, and longitude 19° 15' and 20° 25' east, an extensive lagoon, called the Frische Haff or Fresh Gulf, which is separated from the Baltic by the Frische-Nehrung, or Fresh Beach, a tongue of land thirty-eight miles in length by one in breadth, the north-east extremity of which communicates with the Baltic by a channel half a mile across. The low shores along this coast are washed by the waters of the Gulf of Danzig, and in the middle ages, its dunes or hills of blown sand, which stretch almost from Danzig to Pillau, were covered with a thick pineforest and an undergrowth of heath. King Frederick William of Prussia wanted money. One of his noblemen wishing to secure his favor, promised to procure it him without loan or tax, if he would permit these forests to be removed. The king not only allowed the forests in Prussia to be cleared, which at that time were certainly of little value, but he also permitted the whole of the woods on the Frische-Nehrung to be felled, so far as they were Prussian. The financial operation was perfectly prosperous; the king miserable as that which is included in had money. But in the elementary operations which followed therefrom, the state of glaciers, and protect the inhabitants of received such an injury that its effects remain even to this day. The sea-winds can now sweep unimpeded over the denuded hills, the Frishe-Haff is already half filled with sand—its depth being now in no place more than twelve feet—and sedges grow for some distance in its shallowing waters, threatening to convert it into a monstrous swamp; the anchorage extending between Elbing, the sea, and Königsburg is endangered, and the fishing in the Haff injured. In vain have all possible efforts been made, through sandheaps and pastures of course sea grass, to cover again these hills with matted roots; the wind mocks at every exertion. The operation of the Prussian nobleman brought the king 200,000 thalers or £45,-000; now the people would give millions if they had the woods back again.

The woods in their united might are truly a natural fascine or fortification, which serves to withstand the perpetual encroachments of the sand-hills on low and exposed shores; growing on the sides of mountains, they stay the progress!

the valleys against the avalanche or mountain snow-ball, which, as it rolls down the mountain side, gradually accumulates in magnitude and velocity, until it encounters a forest of hardy mountain pines, which bravely await its onset. Though the foremost trees may crash and fall beneath its ponderous weight, yet they check its onward progress; and the united strength of its forest assailants finally shatters it to pieces.

It is plain, from these considerations, that there are other things which ought to enter into our calculations before a wood is cut down beside the mere value of the trees as timber. If trees are removed from a mountain-side, from low, sandy, and exposed shores, or from an inland district only scantily supplied with water, there is no end to the mischievous consequences that will ensue. By such ignorant work as this, the equilibrium in the household of Nature is fearfully disturbed, and her wise and beneficent arrangements for our own good are completely frustrated.

From The Leisure Hour.

LONG-SIGHTED S U B J E C T. 'A

ties possessed by human beings in common, which is exercised in such various degree, and under modifications so numerous and astounding, as the faculty of sight. The events of our daily life make us familiar with all degrees of blindness, and we rarely think of awarding our compassion to people afflicted with anything far short of total deprivation of vision. We see numbers of persons whose sight is so limited, that every thing which they have to exam ine closely must be brought almost in contact with the face, before it can be subjected to scratiny. We pass and are passed by our friends in the street, be-

THERE is, perhaps, no one of the facul- | see one man traveling over the newspaper, with the print at close quarters with his features, and another reading it freely at arm's length. These varieties of vision are so common, and in regard to ordinary affairs people get on so well in spite of them, that we treat them, for the most part, with unconcern, and leave them to be dealt with by the spectacle-maker. There are, however, other phases in the powers and varieties of human vision, which are far less common, and which, therefore, excite more remark. We refer to the extraordinary powers of sight possessed by some—powers of long or far sight, of microscopic sight, of quick sight cause we fail to recognize each other's | — with which those who possess and culticountenances at a fathom's distance. We vate them astonish their fellows. Thus,

there are persons who will read an inscription on a sign-board, at a distance at which another of ordinary sight will hardly distinguish the board itself. Now and then, we meet a man who can recognize the faces of a crowd of acquaintances at the length of a quarter of a mile. kind of telescopic vision, however, seems to be possessed in greatest perfection by seamen and navigators. We have known a sailor on board a ship, in the middle of a dark night, announce a sail in the offing a mile off, which he saw with the naked eye, though we failed to see it through the captain's glass; and the other day at Hastings, a pilot startled us by pointing to a three-master on the far horizon, describing it by the unassisted eye, though to us it came barely into view through a powerful Dollond. Contrasted with this telescopic sight of one class of seers, is the microscopic vision of another class the men who write the Ten Commandments in an area no larger than a sixpence; who fabricate lever watches to wear on the finger; or manufacture twenty pair of scissors, complete in all points, brilliant in polished steel, and weighing exactly half a grain the score. Another class, again, possess quick sight; they can peruse an entire landscape as it is revealed by a flash of lightning at midnight; or they can follow the course of the cannon ball as it is fired from the cannon, and track its entire route. At the siege of Gibraltar, a number of men and lads thus remarkably endowed, were set to watch the traject of the shot from the bombarding vessels of the Spaniards, and to warn the men on the rock, when a ball was making for the embrasure at which they were working their gun—and many lives were thus saved. Such remarkable faculties of vision are generally natural gifts; but they are always improved, and sometimes, indeed, they are acquired, by the habit of observation and by continual practice—as is the case with draughtsmen, surveyors, aronauts, and numbers of artificers, to whom their calling is their teacher, as with those who navigate the seas.

The above remarks may serve to introduce a brief notice of a Frenchman, who certainly possessed the faculty of seeing at a great distance, to a degree of perfection of which there is no other instance on record, and concerning whom things are related, which might be reasonably set down as fabulous, were they not established by

incontestable authority. M. Fillifay resided at the island of Mauritius in the beginning of the present century. In the year 1810, he startled the inhabitants of the island, which was then under the dominion of the French, by announcing that an English fleet was assembling at Rodrigues, and preparing to advance and attack Mauritius. When questioned as to his authority for such an assertion, he declared that he had seen the British fleet rendezvousing at Rodrigues, from the summit of Long Mountain, a peak some thousand feet in hight, at no great di-tance from Port Louis. His explanation was at first received with laughter by the French Governor, Rodrigues being three hundred miles off, and of course, as every one supposed, far out of the reach of human vision; but as the seer persisted in his declaration in spite of the ridicule he met with, the governor had him taken into custody and clapped in prison, for the crime of raising false alarms. But in a short time the false alarm was found to be a true report; the British fleet appeared off the island, and soon commenced the attack which changed the destinies of Mauritius, by transferring it to British rule. As a matter of course, M. Fillifay came to be regarded as a man of rare powers; his extraordinary vision was no longer doubted, and he was commissioned to exercise it for the good of the community.

Being allotted a liberal pension for his services, he betook himself daily to his lofty point of observation, and seldom failed to report the approach of vessels bound for the island, long before they made their appearance to other eyes. His reports were so numerous, and they were always so thoroughly justified by the event, that, strange as they were at first, they ultimately became familiar, and were entered on the books as ordinary matters. At one time he descried a large Indiaman dismasted, four hundred miles distant from the island, and reported her as erecting jury-masts and steering for that port, in which she actually arrived about a week later. At another time he reported a marine nondescript, which he described as two ships joined together; and a few days after, a four-masted American schooner, resembling nothing which had ever been seen in those seas before, arrived in Port Louis harbor.

The reader will perhaps object, that

owing to the convexity of our globe, the tallest ship would be below the horizon line, at the distance of one hundred miles, much more at four hundred, and that therefore it is physically impossible that at such distances they could be seen. This is true; but M. Fillifay did not look on the sea for vessels so far remote, but in the sky, and he saw, not the vessels themselves, but their inverted images, in the unclouded heavens above. Scoresby tells us that he thus saw his father's vessel when it was nearly one hundred miles distant in the Polar Seas. M. Fillifay invariably chose the early dawn for the time of his observations, when the atmosphere seaward was free from exhalations. He lived to a good old age, and he visited Bourbon and other of the adjacent islands, and he also spent a short time in Europe; but in no other place than Mauritius was he able to exercise his amazing faculty of l

vision with success—a fact which must be attributed to the exceeding rarity of the air on that island. He professed, during one part of his life, to be able to impart to others his peculiar powers of vision; and probably he thought that what was so simple a matter to him, might be easily acquired by others. Experiment, however, convinced him ultimately that such was not the case; it was in vain that he pointed out to his pupils what he saw himself, and read off the writing in the heavens hundreds of miles away; all they could do was to marvel at the powers in which they could not participate, and finally the business of instruction had to be abandoned as hopeless.

M. Fillifay has been dead many years; his occupation died with him, for no man has since appeared, bold enough to put in a claim for the office he vacated.

From Chambers's Journal.

HOW THE LLAMAS GOT TO AUSTRALIA.

among other novelties that interested them was an animal which appeared to be a cross between the sheep and the camel, but which, as it partook more of the features of the former, they denominated carneros dé la tierra, or sheep of the country. "These animals," writes one of the travelers, "are of great use and profit to their masters. They are large enough to serve as beasts of burden; they can carry about one hundred pounds or more, and the Spaniards used to ride them, and they would go four or five leagues a day. Their wool is very good and fine, particularly that of the species called pacas (alpacas,) which have very long fleeces. The expense of their food is trifling, as a handful of maize suffices them, and they can go four or five days without water. Their flesh is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile."

When the Spaniards first visited Peru and other novelties that interested the em was an animal which appeared to be cross between the sheep and the camel, at which, as it partook more of the feares of the former, they denominated carres of the former, they denominated carres of the tierra, or sheep of the country. These animals," writes one of the travers, "are of great use and profit to their asters. They are large enough to serve that in his day no fewer than three hundred thousand were employed in the transport of the produce of the mines of Potosi alone, while four millions were annually slaughtered for food. The garments of the natives were also woven from their wool. This very serviceable animal was no other than that of which the three species are now known as the llama, alpaca, and vicugna.

The llama and the alpaca resemble each other closely, but the latter is somewhat shorter in the limbs, and possesses a more copious and silky fleece. The vicugna is much smaller and more agile than either of the others, and lives among the lofty crags and precipices of the Cordilleras, on the skirts of the region of perpetual snow. The Peruvian coast consists of a narrow strip of verdant land, from which abruptly ascend the steep slopes which lead to bleak and barren table-lands. On

the top of the latter, at an elevation of from eight thousand to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the llamas and alpacas browse in herds on moss, lichens, and the rushy grass called ycho. There they are exposed to severe vicissitudes of climate. Snow lies on the ground for six and sometimes eight months of the year. The winds are keen and boisterous and storms frequent. These animals are no less remarkable, however, for their endurance than for their patience, docility, and intelligence. They shift for themselves with singular success even in the most unpromising localities, and require little attention from the shepherds. They accommodate themselves both to heat and cold, and can dispense with water for a long period. Now-a-days they are little used as beasts of burden, but they are killed for the table, and their wool constitutes an important article of commerce. The staple of the wool is from eight to twelve, and sometimes even twenty inches long—that of English wool being seldom more than six inches long. The fleece also averages from ten to twelve pounds, whilst that of our sheep is seldom more than eight pounds. The filaments are of a soft, lustrous, silky character.

The Spaniards, who were active promoters of that useful science which has lately risen into notice under the somewhat awkward names of "acclimation" and "applied zoölogy," introduced horses and cattle into America, and looking about for some animal to import, by way of exchange, into their own country, selected the llama. War, however, broke out, and the idea was dropped. It was revived several times, but was not carried out till the beginning of the present century, when a dozen llamas were deposited in the menagerie at San Luca, in Lower Andalucia. They throve very well for a time, but gradually died out, it is supposed, through an intermixture of breeds, which produced mules. Since then the llama has been found to do very well in various parts of England and Ireland, and, better still, in some of the Highland districts of Scotland. In many respects it is peculiarly adapted to Australia, and the problem of its settlement there appears to have been successfully determined.

The two great drawbacks to the breeding of sheep in Australia are the sparse herbage and the sudden droughts. The grass never forms turf; it grows in tufts,

so that however green a plain may look at a little distance the dark soil always discloses itself between the blades when you are near at hand. At the best it takes from three to five acres to feed a single sheep which, under less favorable circumstances, is apt to be exhausted before it can get a meal. But the llama has not only more energy and endurance, but is very well satisfied with the coarse vegetation which the sheep rejects; it can also do without water for an almost incredible time, so that it is independent of the treacherous water-courses, which suddenly dry up into beds of sand, and cause the sheep to perish of thirst.

These circumstances render this animal well suited to Australia. Many and serious obstac'es had, however, to be overcome before the promising immigrant could be introduced into the great Southern continent.

The government of Peru absolutely prohibited, under severe penaltics, the exportations of any llamas; hence none could be shipped from a Peruvian port. Mr. Ledger, an enterprising colonist, having made up his mind to bring a flock from Peru to New-South Wales, conceived the daring design of smuggling them over the Andes, taking them to Chili overland, and there embarking them for their new home. This undertaking was attended with innumerable difficulties, dangers, and hardships. There is nothing very wonderful in smuggling such things as lace or tobacco, which can be easily secreted; but it was truly a bold and original idea to smuggle several hundreds of large living animals, which were jealously guarded as a national monoply. The llamas could not travel very quickly; they had to feed by the way, and care had to be taken to avoid the observation and lull the suspicions of the authorities. Mr. Ledger's intimate knowledge of two Indian languages and acquaintance with the customs of the natives, enabled him to get safely to the frontier, where nothing but great courage, aided by a bold statagem, enabled him to elude a guard which was sent to arrest He succeeded in reaching Jujuy him. and Salta, in the extreme north of the Argentine Republic, and then, turning westward, he again crossed all the intricacies of the vast Cordillera into Chili. At length he had the satisfaction of starting with his whole flock from Copiapo, and soon after-

ly four years of incessant labor to this object. He lost a number of the llamas (we use the word in its broad generic sense, without reference to species,) but the majority of them were safely landed, and have since prospered even beyond expec They have rapidly increased, Mr. E. Wilson states, in numbers, appear to be free from all diseases, and thrive better upon the indigenous herbage, even of the rougher and coarser descriptions, than when fed with clover, lucerne, or other cultivated grasses. Mr. Ledger calculates that, in fifty years, the flock introduced by him will have increased to nine mil-'lions seven hundred and sixty thousand, yielding a clip of sixty-eight millions three hundred and twenty thousand pounds!

In consequence of the success of this experiment, it is probable that there will be a considerable export of llamas to Aus tralia during the next few years. Peruvian government, astounded at Mr. Ledger's wholesale smuggling under their very eyes, have withdrawn their prohibition, and seem resolved, since they can not prevent the traffic, to turn it to profitable account. Mr. Duffield, a gentleman connected with an eminent house in South America, has obtained a "concession" from the Peruvian and Bolivian authorities for the exportation of fifteen hundred pure alpacas, and has pledged himself to land the first five hundred in Australia by next October. This gentleman is now engaged in collecting the herd for which he has contracted. In a recent letter to Mr. E. Wilson, written from Potosi, he says: "What has pleased and rewarded me most for the horrible journeys I have passed, is in being able to verify by personal observation the important fact that the alpaca will live and thrive in the hottest and coldest climates, enduring all rigors and trials of the most rapid change from one extreme to the other, provided the climate be dry. There was a time when the Peruvians were among the first agriculturists of their age (before Spain turned them all into slaves and miners,) when the alpaca browsed in the moist and filthy atmosphere of the Peruvian coast; and if this intelligent and invaluable animal could live and thrive there, there is no part of Australia or New-Zealand where it would not equally live and thrive. If you could see the hot sandy desert where I met with these animals, or the bleak, barren, and horribly desolate mountains have been willing to give them away for

which they climb in search of a very precarious living for eight months of the year, you would wonder how these creatures live. Here and there, they will find a few dry ferns growing between barren rocks, or sheltered from the scorching heat between large stones. The ice-plant and its relations, with a few other green things, that only just peep out of the earth, and which no sheep could nibble, form the chief food of the alpaca, together with any hardy shrub which the Indian has not cut down for firewood. In short, they will live where a sheep would die; and one of the great benefits which this animal will confer on Australia will be, in the fulness of time, to make its waste, unconquered, and almost impenetrable lands as valuable as its glorious, broad, agricultural plains. The flesh of the llama requires to be known before any one, who has not tasted it, can believe in its flavor, which has a dash of fine mutton and luscious veal."

One can not help thinking there is something significant in the appearance of the llama on the Australian scene just at the moment when on all sides such energetic and successful explorers as M'Dowell, Stuart, Gregory, Howitt, Landsborough, and Walker are opening up vast tracts of new country, much of which is unsuitable for sheep and cattle, but admirably adapted for an animal less nice about its food, and less dependant on supplies of water. At the same time that such scope is offered to the enterprise in this respect, the demand for alpaca-wool continues on the increase. It is now rather more than twenty-five years since Mr. Titus Salt first brought this material into vogue. He was walking one day through the Liverpool docks, when he observed a tuft of an odd-looking substance, half hair and half wool, projecting from a rent in a large Always on the alert to discover some new material fit for weaving, he pulled out a handful of it, rubbed it between his fingers, twisted it, tried to snap it in two, separated it into fibers, and tested its qualities in various other ways. Then he took it home, and examined it more carefully. The result was, that next morning he made an offer for the bales of this new stuff to the firm to whom they had been consigned. As they had lain in the docks for some time, and as nobody seemed to know to what use the material could be applied, the agents would almost

nothing, rather than keep them on their hands. They were therefore equally surprised and delighted when Mr. Salt offered to give them eightpence per pound for the whole consignment, and gladly closed with the bargain. This was the first introduction of alpaca-wool to the English market. Mr. Salt, after many difficulties, succeeded in adapting his machinery to the spinning and weaving of the new wool, and has since been continally im-

proving the processes. Other manufacturers took up the idea, and Bradford is now the flourishing seat of a great alpacatrade. Mr. Salt's own works at Saltaire contain twelve hundred power-loom, and produce annually, it is calculated, five thousand miles of webs. If the llama is naturalized in Australia, we may expect, before long, to see a great extension of this already important manufacture.

C II A R L E M A G N E AND HILDEGARDE.

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

who live in the history of past ages, few have surpassed, in deeds of renown and extent of dominions, the Emperor of the West. Charlemagne stood up, head and shoulders, above all the monarchs who preceded or followed him for centuries. H.s historic portrait stands out in bold relief on the canvas seen from afar. have chosen for an embellishment in the present number of The Eclectic a remarkable and graphic scene in the life of Charlemagne. It has been beautifully engraved by our artist, Mr. George E. Perine, and it is due to our readers to record a brief explanation of the scene in the engraving, in order to impart additional interest to the engraving. It does not lessen the interest to know that Charlemagne, though he lived and died a thousand and fifty years ago, yet lives in his numerous living descendants of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth lineal descent, of which we have given a brief sketch in a previous volume of this work. In this explanation but little is requisite except to refresh the memory of our readers. Charlemagne was born April 2d, 742, and died in 814, January 28th. He became sole emperor of the West in 770. His first queen or empress was the Princess Desideria, daughter of the King of the Lombards. After some years he caused himself to be divorced from her for the same reason that Napoleon did

Among the great men and monarchs him no children. His second empress was Hildegarde, a Swabian princess of royal blood. The incident which led to it is depicted in the engraving. It happened on this wise, as it is related. Charlemagne arranged a hunting expedition for his nobles and noble ladies. It is supposed to have occurred in the famed forests of Thuringia. The Princess Hildegarde was of the party. Her beautiful face and form, and the grace and dignity with which she rode and managed her charger, attracted the attention of Charlemagne, and he fell in love with her. During this hunting excursion, while riding alone with her in some part of the forest, their passage was obstructed by a wild bull. The Emperor sought a combat with the furious beast, which drove his horns into the body of the Emperor's horse, as seen in the engraving, and he would soon have been overpowered but for the timely assistance of the Princess Hildegarde, who gave the animal a death-blow with her The scene in the engraving represents the critical moment, and Charlemagne expresses his gratitude in the following words: "Thanks, my guardian angel! From this day you are Empress." They were soon after married, and Hildegarde became the happy mother of children. The union, thus auspiciously began and consummated, continued a happy one for thirteen years. It is a curious fact that the charter given by Charlemagne to from the Empress Josephine—she bore | St. Arnulph's monastery, near Meta, in

dated from "Ascension Day, 783, on the eve of which our beloved wife died, in the thirteenth year of our union." The Princess Hildegarde is thus the great ancestor of many families of note in various communities in this country. Among these are the families of Chauncy, which are the descendants of President Chauncy, of Harvard College. The late Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) and the late Professor Goodrich, of Yale College, were the thirty fourth lineal descendants of Charlemagne and Hildegarde. In the life of these two illustrious persons we find the following. A young man whom Charlemagne had educated became his private secretary on account of his talents and accomplishments in the art of dictating and writing. One day, on the news being brought to Charlemagne of the death of a certain bishop, he asked whether the prelate had sent before him into the other world any of his wealth and of the fruits of his labors; and on the messengers replying, "My lord, not more than two pounds of silver," the young man sighed, and unable to contain the lively thought within him, exclaimed: "A poor provision for so long a journey!" Charlemagne, after a few moments' reflection, said to him: "What thinkest thou? If thou hadst this bishopric, wouldst thou make a better provision for so long a journey?" The youth, with his mouth watering at these words as at grapes of the first vintage dropping into it of themselves, threw himself at his feet saying: "My lord, herein I trust myself to the will of God and to thy power." And Charlemagne said to him: "Keep thee behind this curtain at my back, and thou wilt hear how many protectors thou hast." In fact the courtiers, all impatient and en vious of one another, endeavored to obtain the vacant bishopric through those about the Emperor's person. But he, holding himself firmly to his purpose, re- Ebro must needs be a giant.

fused every one, saying that he would not break his word to the youth. At last Queen Hildegarde sought the King in person, in order to secure the bishopric for her own secretary. As Charlemagne received her request, most graciously saying that he neither could nor would refuse her anything, but that he never could forgive himself should he deceive the youth, Hildegarde did as all women do when they wish to bend their husband's will to their own wishes. Dissembling her passion and softening her big voice, she strove to coax the unshakable soul of the Emperor into a compliance, saying: "Dear Prince, my lord, why throw away the bishopric on this child? I beseech you, my sweetest lord, my glory, my support, to bestow it upon my secretary, your faithful servant." Then the youth, whom Charlemague had placed behind the curtain in order that he might hear all the solicitations of all the suitors, grasping the curtain and the King together, cried out in an imploring tone: "Stand firm, lord king, and suffer not the power which God has confided to thee to be wrested from thy hands." Then Charlemagne ordered him to show himself, and said: "Take the bishopric, and see that thou sendest before me and before thyself into the other world greater alms and a better provision for that long journey whence there is no return."

Charlemagne was in form and stature of a large and well-built frame, with a noble head, and very large and quick eyes, and a nose a little prominent, and a chest somewhat protuberant, and a clear voice. The chronicles of St. Deny's relate how he split a knight in twain with one stroke of his sword. He could carry a man fully accoutred and standing upright on his hand. The emperor was proportionate to the empire, and it has been concluded that he who reigned from the Elbe to the

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Education in Modern Europe seems to be exempt from the experiments which have matured or advanced almost every science and art. It is not the reproach but the glory of our medicine that it is empirical in the true sense of the word. Our natural science depends upon the double evidence of experiment and observation. Why is the training of the mind to be alone free from the operation of what seems to be a universal law of progress? Why, for instance, should we not try the effect upon a Western intellect of an Eastern education, or the converse? Some radical change of system seems called for by the present state of education among us. There is so much to be taught besides the old groundwork of classics and mathematics, that any but the most capacious intellects refuse to receive the flood of knowledge, which flows over the sides of the vessel and leaves nothing but its dregs. To this overburdening of the mind may perhaps be ascribed the want of commanding genius that characterizes our day. There is much mediocrity and some excellence, but little of that dazzling ability which overleaps all difficulties and remains like a beacon to guide the ambition of generations to come.

Apart from the practical good that may accrue from the study of alien systems of education, there is great interest in an at tempt to trace how famous minds grew and were nourished. When we see some great monument of human art, our first! that strange mass of literature, the vast wish is to know by whom it was designed, | Talmud and Targums, which no modern and what was the history of its construction. The same feeling makes us look example of the evil of exclusive attention with an interest that in private life would be curiosity into the mental history of those who works have been our constant tament, much of which is not very redelight perhaps from childhood; and our mortification when we cannot trace the fluence not traceable in the works of the origin of the Thousand and On Nights. Rabbins,—in the days of the Talmud, it or begin no doubt that the I ind and was natural that education should be car-Olyssey were really written by Homer, is ried to the furthest extreme. not unlike that we feel when we contem- | was destroyed," says the Talmud itself,

plate some vast or beautiful structure, and ask in vain who was the architect

Although Homer did not begin his tale of Troy from the fatal egg, we can scarcely follow Horace's advice, and start in the midst of our subject. The education of children is no small part of our question, though it is scarcely the weightiest; so we take early education first, confining ourselves to that of boys, as we propose leaving the complete subject of female education for another occasion.

In the primeval age children seem to have been very much left to the kind care of Nature, their minds as unfettered with learning as their bodies with clothing. It was reserved for a decrepit or overwrought civilization to smother them, like young mummies, in the bandages of premature wisdom. With the ancient Hebrews, only those children who were intended for the priesthood seem to have received any special training. The father of the family was strictly commanded under the Law to instruct his children in the history of the chosen people, and in their religious and moral duties. Probably he also taught them to read and write; for there is evidence that the mass of the Israelites had this knowledge, as in the passage which is constantly quoted incorrectly: "Write the vision, and make [it] plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it" (Hab. 2: 2.) In the early centuries of the Christian era, when the Jewish mind fed upon itself and produced scholar has read through,—a melancholy to but one study, and a signal reply to all who do not recognize in the Old Tesmote in date from these writings, an in"because the education of children was neglected." The father instructed his child until he had attained an age of six years. One of the Rabbins would never eat his breakfast until he had repeated with his son the lesson of the day before, and taught him something in addition. At the schools a master was provided for every five and twenty children; if there were forty, he could have an assistant. school should not be established in the most crowded part of towns, for fear of the children's health; nor near a river, to be crossed by an insecure bridge. Josephus might well say that the chief care of his people was to educate their children. The result of all this was, that the Rubbins were the most useful in rhyming prose. In two respects this pedants that ever lived. The ancient | Egyptians, the most literary nation of people generally, even the lower orders, antiquity, do not seem to have begun ed. ucation at an early age; while the Persiant, putting aside Xenophon's Cyropredia as really Greek, are not known to the manners of grown-up people to a dehave taught their children, before they gree which is astonishing to Westerns; were twenty years of age, any thing but this is rather due to home-training more than horsemanship, to handle to than school-education. bow, and to speak the truth; the last of similarly, commence their training early; which accomplishments has been griev-, ously neglected by their degenerate descendants, who are famous even in the East for their skill in falsehood. The ancient Greeks, like their rivals, were more attentive to the body than the mind; and the notices of their method of education that have come down to us are scarcely clear, except upon the importance of gymnastic exercises. Plato seems to object to very early mental training; and Aristotle is of the same opinion, of advantage to gain the accents of foreign both laying great stress upon the educa- languages while the organs of speech are tion of the body. There were schools, most flexible, according to the practice of and the course of instruction was in the Russians, which has made them speak grammar, music, and gymnastics, and sometimes, it seems, in drawing also. Grammar comprehended reading, writing, and arithmetic. The works of the poets were read, and largely committed to memory; a practice that was constant until late times, and is advised by Plato. At sixteen or eighteen instruction save in gymnastics seems to have been optional. The Romans had schools, perhaps even for girls, where reading, writing, arithmetic, and the twelve tables were taught. When childhood was past, the weal hy Roman youth traveled for the purpose of instruction, more particularly staying at Athens. The Muslims are at- like the prematurely

tentive to the religious training of their sons; and to almost every mosque in town or village a day-school is attached, in which the boys of all classes, but mostly of the middle and upper ranks, are taught to read and to recite the whole or part of the Kurán, and the simplest arithmetic, at the cost of about two pence a week. Writing is rarely taught, and the girls learn to sew and embroider at home. The recitation of the Kur-an is worth hearing, as a marvelous stretch of memory. A boy is delighted to go through it for a trifling present, and to ceaselessly rock his head and recite for six hours without making a slip. It must be remembered that the Kur-an is written education is eminently successful: the have a good acquaintance with the principles of their religion; and the children, without losing their childishness, acquire The Chinese, but instead of confining their instructions to religious and moral duties, they soon begin the business of general education. This, too, is the method of the modern Western nations.

Is it better to confine the education of children to what is needful for their guidance in after-life, or should purely intellectual training be gradually commenced? The practical matter is, whether any child-learning is really recollected. It is the best English and French out of the two countries in Europe. But to fill the perturbed little heads with the crude elements of science, to teach any thing that involves a why, is to check the natural mode of learning. In after-years this very desire for a reason is the main impediment to learning, and at last we become wise enough to regret the days of spotaneous acquirement. But it is a still more serious evil that over-much cramming the mind cramps the body, when too soon exe is neglected, and the inevitable late of study are adopted. Very oft school is to the middle

of the poor, who carries, drags, and nurses her many successors, a resource of the overworked who wish to be quiet, or of the victims of fashion who desire to be undisturbed. Does any boy or girl learn any thing beyond duty before ten or twelve? There is the pith and marrow of the whole question.

After childhood, our subject becomes alarmingly wide. There is the matter taught, and how it is taught, schools and colleges, teachers and professors, suggesting half the controversies that the distribution of our vast educational grant of near a million occasions, and those which the universities have been practically, if not actually, debating since our learned men were obliged to go to Cordova to learn physic and science.

Look at any class of modern objects which afford scope for taste, and you will see how bewildered our workmen have been at the multitude of examples. Some follow the Greeks, some the Romans; some imitate the false lines of the Chinese patterns, others borrow their ideas from the wild taste of the Italian Majolica. We look in vain for a compact style. There is the advantage of the ancients, and those moderns who have been accidentally shut out from foreign influences. Tue Greeks matured their art, and cared nothing for what Egyptians or Assyrians were doing. To sculpture Pericles in an Egyptian style, would have been as ridiculous as the old fashion of acting Julius Cæsar in top-boots, and Cleopatra in powder and patches.

The old Egyptians, as we learn from the note-books of their scribes, gave their young men of the richer classes a very careful education. They were taught the doctrines of their complicated religion, and its multitudinous prayers; the art of polite letter writing, the elaborateness of which is attested by remaining examples; and the sciences of geometry, astronomy, and astrology. Foreign languages they entirely neglected, as we see by their careless spelling of foreign names There were colleges for students as well learned men at the chief temples; and the chasm of ages is bridged over when we read, in the letter of a civilian scribe at a foreign post, deep regrets for the studentlife in the temple of Hermes Trismegistus, where, he pathetically says, there was no end of beer. We have a like system to that of Egypt in that modern Egypt,

China; where, however, it is carried to an unwise extreme in the minute examinations, rewards, and degrees, for each stage, which have reduced the whole empire to a centralized machine, which falls to pieces when it is worked by weak or careless hands. Thus did the Bourbons before the French Revolution, and the late emperors of Russia, whose policy is reversed, perhaps too late to undo its effects. The Talmudic Jews followed a method like this, though we have no means of judging of its political effect, as they were rigidly debarred from politics. Its intellectual working may be seen in the wilderness of the Talmud and the cognate writings, which show the most melancholy instance that literature affords of a purposeless pursuit of trivialities. Before we come to such systems in modern Europe, let us look at the history of Greek instruction.

The Greeks had no colleges. Philosophers gathered around them followers, whom they instructed generally in some place of public resort; as the Stoics, who took their name from the portico (Stoa) in which their master taught; the Academic school, which resorted to the groves of Academus; or the Peripatetics, who walked about in their discussions. manner of teaching—implying the absence of books and all the modern machinery of instruction, and irregular in its practice, as well as ending in no special distinction for the pupils, except what they gained from the general opinion of the philosophers—is strangely repugnant to all our modern ideas. Yet remember what it effected, first of all, in Greece itself; how the philosophers led not alone the world of thought, but the world of action; and literature was not the ornament of generals and statesmen, but the mainspring of their actions; then how; passing from Greece to Greece's conquerors, the influence of philosophy, in spite of all the efforts of the old Roman party, worked into the very heart of Roman civilization, and gave the Romans a literature, historians, orators, statesmen, who drew from the abundant spring of Greek philosophy; observe that influence, when Greece and Rome had perished, breaking forth in the freshness of youth with the Christians of the West and the Muslims of the East; and now at last; when Aristotle has been shaken in his empire after an unexampled length of

rule, and the world has begun to say that Greek philosophy is at last exhausted, see Plato taking Aristotle's place, and the dominion of Greek philosophy spreading once more. When we were told how an intrepid traveler in the far-away unknown center of Africa came upon a learned black, who had studied at the University of Cairo, solacing himself among his barbarous fellow-countrymen with the study of Plato in Arabic, we felt what a powerful influence this must be that, in another language, and a land so alien, could still assert its power. Is it well to disregard the system that produced Plato and Platonism, and to fortify ourselves with the ignoble examples of China and Japan?

The manner of Greek instruction, from the days of Socrates downwards, is abundantly stated in the philosophic writings, and most of all in those that have that dialogue form which has so strangely disappeared from modern use. They show us the philosopher surrounded by his friends, discussing with them every subject which observation or experience suggested, giving an equally patient hearing to the wise and to the ignorant, and seeking not to make a display of learning but to elicit truth. No doubt these dialogues do not fairly represent what really took place, since, though founded upon reality, their object is to explain certain theories, not to preserve the very words of debate. This method, too, had its abuse. It gave great room for display; and as the national genius declined, the Sophists who called themselves wise men succeeded to those who took the modest name of lovers of These men, finding that the great intellects of the philosophers, though they had not exhausted, had certainly handled with a skill their successors could never reach, the chief problems of mind and matter, invented a pursuit of trivial questions, a system of arguing for arguing's sake, that would have ended in bringing philosophy into contempt, had not Christianity rescued it from their hands, and taken it into a new arena of thought. Heartily as St. Paul condemns the Sophists and the Talmudists, yet it was in the school of one Tyrannus that he disputed daily for two years. And who can doubt that when he condemned the narrow aspirations of many of the Greek philosophers, and showed that even the light of nature had not been used aright by them, he pointed out where it had inflexion and syntax, rhetoric, versification,

shone upon their better paths of thought, and raised Plato from the cold blank of a heathen ideal to the momentary enthusiasm which made him picture, in language that reads almost like prophecy, the sufferings by which a perfect man should be proved to be God? But the substance of what the Greeks taught is not the main question; we are chiefly concerned with their method.

The Greek method of teaching was adopted by the Arab conquerors of the East. Before two centuries had passed that counter-conquest, the nobler from its being won by the silent of influence of mind, which Horace commemorates of the empire of Rome, had been wrought with the empire of Baghdad. Neither the prejudice of race, nor strong religious fanaticism, could put a barrier to its success; and a nation which, though loving its own literature, had burnt the library of Alexandria, devoted itself to the study of the writings of pagan Greeks. Greek philosophy came the Greek method of teaching; and the records of the disputes of the learned Arabs of those days revive the society that Plato and Xenophon had portrayed. From one great city to another this system spread, and and its latest and present capital is Cairo, still the center of Arab learning. As it is safer to speak of the present than of the past, more especially when this can be done from personal knowledge, we may give some notice of this method as it is pursued at the Mosque of El-Azhar, the University of Cairo, which still exists, notwithstanding the unjust spoliation of Turkish rulers, who, having destroyed every one of the many colleges of the other mosques, have dared to curtail the income of this chief home of Muslim learning.

The Mosque of El-Azhar is a spacious square court, having a deep portico for prayer in the side towards Mekkeh, and in the other three sides lesser porticoes, containing a number of apartments, each of which is devoted to students of a particular nation or province of the Muslim world. Each apartment has its library, from which, and the lectures of the professors, the students derive their educa-The students arrive only able to read and recite the Kur-an, sometimes to write. To quote from Mr. Lane: "The regular subjects of study are grammatical

logic, theology, the exposition of the Kuran, the traditions of the Prophet, the complete science of jurisprudence, or rather of religious, moral, civil, and criminal law, which is chiefly founded on the Kur-án and the traditions; together with arithmetic, as far as it is useful in matters of law. Lectures are also given in algebra, and in the calculations of the Mohammadan calendar, the times of prayer, etc." (Modern Egyptians, 5th edition, p. 211.) Until Mohammad 'Alee seized the property of the mosque, all students, and they were for the most part poor persons, received daily rations from the mosque. Now most of the strangers can alone be thus supported. None pay any thing for their instruction. No professor receives either salary or pay. The professors, the most learned men of the East, support themselves by copying books and private teaching, and the students do the same. Who would imagine that in the nineteenth century there should exist among a people far below us in civilization so noble an institution, such an institution as would, if projected among us, be thought the wild invention of a fantastic imagination.

Though the students arrive at the Asher with the most rudimentary knowledge, they there receive no systematic education except by lectures. But as the professors are unpaid, they are ready to answer the questions of all students with impartiality. At the time of lecturing the professor seats himself on the matted ground against a pillar, and the students form a ring around him. He selects a portion of a well-known work, and reads or speaks a lecture in the form of a commentary upon it. After the lecture is concluded, the auditors can ask any question that it has suggested. As far as the instruction goes, it is as complete as possible, and it has produced men of eminent learning. The only objection that can be raised is, that it might not be practicable with a wider range of studies. Such a range might necessitate modifications of detail; but surely such modifications have nothing to do with its noble impartiality. The extraordinary manner in which memory is trained under this system is scarcely intelligible to a Western mind. It is not unusual for a student to know by heart several treatises, and even a lexicon, the books in use being almost all in manuscript, and therefore few and costly. But we must remember that

the time is not long past at which European scholars were so well acquainted with the contents of books to which they now only occasionally refer, that they could largely cite authorities from memory in discussion or controversy. There have been recent instances of great mental ability of this kind, as those of Lord Macaulay and Niebuhr the historian; but their memories were probably natural. The great success of this limited range of studies, which sends out admirable logicians and accomplished writers, all thoroughly acquainted with their religion and laws, affords a subject of important inquiry; for it is exactly in this groundwork that modern Western education fails. If our scholars were as thoroughly grounded in the principles of religion and logic, we should find fewer of them coming in middle life to the consideration of the subjects which they concern entirely unprovided with the necessary implements, and using in their stead the incongruous weapons of classical and mathematical study.

The university-system of the Arabs is essentially the same as that which prevailed throughout Europe in the so-called Dark Ages. The object for which the colleges and universities of the West were founded was the instruction of poor students. The professors were indeed often salaried, but insufficiently, and their places were rather honorable than lucrative posts. Hence the multitude of learned men raised from the ranks to the highest places in Church and State. The Church of Rome alone still claims the glory of preserving this antique liberality; but it may be urged by its opponents that it is not wholly unselfish. Those of its colleges and schools that give a free education, do so to candidates for the priesthood. More liberal in this matter than any other church, when the greatness of these establishments is considered, Rome is yet far behind the excellence of medieval practice.

That the Eastern and Western systems were identical, can be shown by the his tory of the learned men of medieval Europe. John of Salisbury, who lived in the twelfth century, tells us that he went to Paris and studied logic under the Peripatetic of Palais, the famous Abelard; afterwards followed Magister Albericus, remaining two years with him and Robertus Metridensis, an Englishman; for three

years he studied grammar under William de Conchin. Under one Richard, surnamed the Bishop, he retraced all he had before learned, and particularly the quadrivium—arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music—into which, and the trivium —grammer, logic, and rhetoric—elementary education was then divided; he next followed Harduin, specially re-studied rhe toric and logic, and closed his course with theological instruction under two masters for three years. These studies occupied twelve years. Do you not suppose that he was fortified with great funds for such an enterprise of scholarship? On the contrary, he tells us that he was poor, and supported himself by teaching the children of the noble. There is no need to point out how completely this corresponds

with the practice of the East. The colleges of modern Europe, which are not purely ecclesiastical, have all one system divided into two important branch-Professors are salaried, and the expense of education virtually falls not on the foundation, but on the pupils. The expense varies greatly at different colleges, in accordance with the wealth of the middle and upper classes, and the cost of living. The essential difference is, that most colleges follow the professorial system of teaching, but that a few adopt the tutorial. Oxford and Cambridge notably teach by tutors, the Scotch universities by professors. It may perhaps safely be said that the English method is of more advantage to some individual pupils, the Scotch to the whole mass. In the former, the undergraduate depends very much upon the acuteness of his tutor; in the latter, the greater ability is sure to gain the higher places. Of course no amount of inequality in tutors can prevent the highest merit from winning distinction, or raise the lowest far out of its proper level; still there must be a certain disturbance of the natural order in which the other system would inevitably arrange the competitors. Besides, the English method necessarily tends to make the professors poor sinecurists, and to increase the expense of education. It puts a large body of tutors in the place of a few professors, and thus reduces the income of the professor to onetenth of what his equal at a Scotch university receives, while making the cost to the student perhaps three times as much. Without drawing an invidious comparison between medieval principle and modern!

practice, we may ask how far learning has gained by the change, and particularly by an innovation that has virtually abolished the professors as a working body. Without entering into all the details of education, we must glance at three chief questions—the range of subjects taught, the cost of learning, and the persons who should have the charge of instruction.

The range of subjects to which educated men pay attention has been constantly widening, until their grasp by any single mind has been rightly pronounced impossible. University education has remained, so far as compulsory instruction and honors worth the winning are concerned, in the old position of three centuries ago, refusing to see beyond the limited horizon that was then allowed to man. At Oxford or Cambridge, Göttingen or Bonn, the student who would achieve distinction must go through the same classical course as three centuries ago. If he would take the highest place, he must also devote himself to the higher mathematical sciences. What chance has he, at the time when the mind is most flexible, of making himself profoundly acquainted with any other class of subjects which may engage him in the serious work of afterlife? The reply that is always made to this is, that if, for instance, a man devote himself wholly or even mainly to natural science, the want of a classical education makes him an inelegant scholar, lacking all the refinement which springs from the deep study of the models of antiquity. But can this be asserted of the great medieval doctors who lived before the revival of Greek literature, of the Oriental scholars of Shakespeare, who "knew little Latin, and less Greek?" The cause is not the want of classical knowledge, but the want of university education. doubt classical knowledge tends to refinement; but is there not a sufficient fountain of refined literature in our own mother tongue? The remedy is not so easy to perceive. Latin is still so far the learned language of the modern world, and must always so greatly retain its place, that a good rudimentary knowledge of it is absolutely necessary to every scholar. Greek, less necessary for use, is of all languages most for adornment; and no one can hope for a scholar's career if he has not some acquaintance with the learned language of antiquity. Yet surely, when some such grounding has been form-

ed, the student might be allowed to choose his special course, and encouraged to expect that the distinction of his after-days should begin at the time of his days of study; that university honors should be the earnest of the harder-won but less welcome trophies of the battle of life. Instead of two serious and one imaginary chances of honors, as at the English universities, there would then be not less than ten or twelve; and should any Admirable Crichton be found to succeed as a decuple or duodecuple first-class man, he would only be the exception proving the truth of the rule of the present injustice.

We can not discuss the details of instruction, though there are one or two points that so strikingly differ in the old and the new systems as to require a special notice. Memory now has a far less important place than formerly among the faculties called into play in the service of education. We have spoken of the extraordinary power of memory as worked in the Oriental school and college teaching; and it may be questioned whether it is not worth while to inquire how much we lose by neglecting to develop this faculty. The cost of learning is a more serious question than even that of academic hon-

Popular speakers never fail to tell their hearers that genius will always raise itself; but can they prove this truth with which they tickle the ears of those who can not get through the bars of exclusiveness? Take a list of archbishops and bishops of former centuries and of modern times, and see if as many of those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as of their predecessors have arisen from the ranks, not of the clergy, but of the populace. An English swineherd was the only English pope; but now an archbishop of the English Church who is the son of a rich tradesman is a kind of phænix. The time of Wolseys is gone.

The question, to whom should instruction be intrusted, is that which has been rising at every page of this paper. The contrast of the East and the West is nowhere stronger than here, nowhere more to the disadvantage of the leaders of progress. Have we gained by the change from the public teaching of professors who filled halls, and, when halls did not suffice. barns, with eager listeners, to the private teaching of clever men, whose position is due, not to university honors, but to their skill in the modern science of cramming ?

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Boston, have sent us a neat volume entitled Lilian, | thirty five votes out of f rty. The claim in itself is a beautiful story, written in an easy and graceful style. The scenes and incidents are like word paintings, and the portraits of the personages stand out like images on the canvas.

Also, they have sent us a copy of the Out-Door Papers by T. W. Higginson. The contents are "Physical Courage," "A Letter to a Dyspeptic," "The Murder of the Innocents," "Barbarism and Civilization," "Gymnastics," "A New Counterblast," "The Health of our Girls," "My Out-door Sudv," "The Life of Birds," "The Procession of the Flowers," "Snow;" a sufficient variety of topics to satisfy any one.

THE EMPEROR AND THE INSTITUTE. - A French correspondent informs us that the Emperor really intends to be elected at once to the Institute, and that M. Guizot will propose his election by acc amation. This dispenses with the irksome necessity of a canvass for individual votes. The ground of his claim will be the Idées Napiléoniennes, and not the Life

TICKNOR & FIELDS, the well known publishers at | of Casar, and the Emperor will be elected by about not an unfair one, the Emperor being, after all criticism, a very remarkable thinker, and we question if learned bodies are injured by contact with the actual life of the nation. It is the intrusi n of the Emperor by force, the smashing of locks with the scepter, that the Academy should resist, and to which Englishmen of the same calibre would certainly never yield M. Guizor's argument, we are told, is that refu-al would certainly be attributable to disaffection, and furnish a pretext for de troying the Institute, either by a great increase of numbers, or by applying the law relative to associations.— London paper.

> THE second volume of Allibone's Dictionary of Authors will be issued as soon as possible. The author is working at it most assiduously The curious will be interested to know that he was recorded six hundred and eighty authors by the name of Smith, of whom more than eighty rejoice in the Christian name of John,

PRESERVATION OF TIMBER BY SULPHATE OF COPPER. —A pamphlet is in circulation containing a short description of Dorsett and Bisthe's patented process of preparing wood by the injection of heated solutions of sulphate of copper; a process said to have been adopted by Freuch, Spanish, and Italian, as well as other Continental railway companies; by the French Government for their navy and other constructions; and by telegraph companies for poles on Continental lines. The advantages of the injections by sulphate of copper are thus sun med up by the patentees: 1. It is cheaper than creosote, and can be employed in places where creosote can not be had. 2. Wood pre pared by it is rendered to a great extent incombusicle. 3. Wood for out-door purposes to prepared, has a clean yellowish surface, without odor; it requires no painting; remains unchangeable for any length of time; and can be employed for any purpose, the same as unprepared marerial, and carried with other cargo without hindrance. It is recommended for railway and other use in India.

New Map of the Nile District.—The source of the White Nile, in the Lake of Victoria Nyanza, is at least four degrees south of the equator, which must give a length to the Nile up the end of this branch of at least three thousand miles. The eastern bank is a vast gold field. It seems to be determined that the region about the equator is a huge plateau of enormous swamps, from which rivers emerge in various directions, some flowing northward, like the Nile, and some east or west, like the Zambezi and the Benoué.

"THE DUKE" AT LIVERPOOL.—The Wellington Statue at Liverpool was manugurated on the 16th ult., in the presence of some 30,000 or 40,000 persons. The monument is situated in the magnificent open place, one side of which is formed by the principal façade of St. George's Hall, and it will form a most interesting feature of the town. The monument was designed by Mr. Lawson, of Edinburgh, and statue by his brother, a pupit of Mr. Acams, of London. The whole work cost about £5000.

THE complications in Prussia increase. The vote of the Chamber retuing the unconstitutional demand of Mini-ters to be exempt from the discipline of the Chamber was carried last Friday, by 295 to 20 votes. Nothing, indeed, could be more inconsistent, as the offending Minister Von Roon had, as lately as the 19th of September, submitted himself dutifully to the discipline of the President, who warned him that it was unparliamentary to call any deputy's language "senseless," (widersinnig) and he withdrew the remark. Now, however, they persist, and have even managed to implicate the King in the quarrel. On Thursday last, Herr Von Bismark read a message from the King, reproving the House for supporting the unconstitutional conduct of its President, stating that "such a position for the Ministers does not correspond with the dignity of the Crown," and advising the Chamber "to terminate such a state of things in order that the business of the House may continue." The Minister then left the House, and Herr Virchow moved that the royal message be referred to the committee on the address, "as the Minister had misinformed the King." This course

was unanimously adopted. In diplomacy, as in chess, the game usually approaches a termination when the player moves his king. The checkmate must come soon, or the board be violently overthrown.—Spectator, May 23d.

THE Drawing-room held on Saturday by the Princess of Wales, as representative of the Queen, was attended by nearly two thousand lactes, the carriages stretching in one direction from Harley street to St. Jacies's. The reception occupied nearly four hours; many ladies were cooped up in their carriages for six hours, and many more was ed three in the effort to get away after the presentation. The same complaint is heard after every drawing-room, and all the arrangements seem out of keeping with the age. The number of persons desiring to be presented has increased with the national wealth, while the habits of the Court have become more and more secluded. The Stuarts received always, and even the present tamily, though their e iquette has always been more rigorous, once received every week. Could not the number of drawing-rooms to be held in the reason be fixed, and a reception suite erected of something like adequate size? To recommend the adoption of the dress of the century, instead of the preposterous foorman's livery now called a Court-dress, would, we suppose, be herery.—Ibid.

The Snows and Seas of Mars.—Mars has lately presented a favorable opportunity for the examination of its surface. The constitution of this planet more nearly approaches that of the earth than any other in the system. Snow can be detected at both poles, the white circle increasing in winter and decreasing in summer. It has been found that the center of this region of snow does not coincide exactly with the poles of the planet. And in this respect it is like the earth, whose greatest cold is not exactly at the pole. A greenish belt with deep bays and inlets near the equator, which is suspected to be a sea, has recently been detected.

The termination of the snowy region is very sharp and aurupt, giving the idea of a lofty cliff. A reddish island in the above sea has also been detected. The probability of Mars being inhabited is greater than that of any other placet. Its density is very nearly that of the earth. heat and light of the sun would only be half that enjoyed on our globe; but then this may be compensated by an atmosphere which may form a warmer wrapping than ours, and by a more sensitive ray. A great part of the surface of the globe is covered with snow for half of the year: the people in Mars would not be worse off than we are in Canada, and life is tolerable here. Prople emigrating from this planet to Mars would find that they were only hulf as heavy as they are here, which some would not regard as a disadvautage.—Leitch.

MARVELS OF THE WHEAT-PLANT.—One of the most marvelous faculties of the wheat-plant is that of sending up a multitude of stalks from a single grain, known as tillering. It is the secret of its great productiveness. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the limit of this faculty, and the results have been truly wonderful. An English gentleman sowed a few grains of common red wheat on the second of June, one of the plants

